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1805

Elegant Extracts:

OR,

useful and entertaining

PIECES of POETRY,

Selected for the Improvement

of Young Persons:

being similar in Design to

ELEGANT EXTRACTS IN PROSE.

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Their's is the Sunshine of the Breast.——*Gray.*

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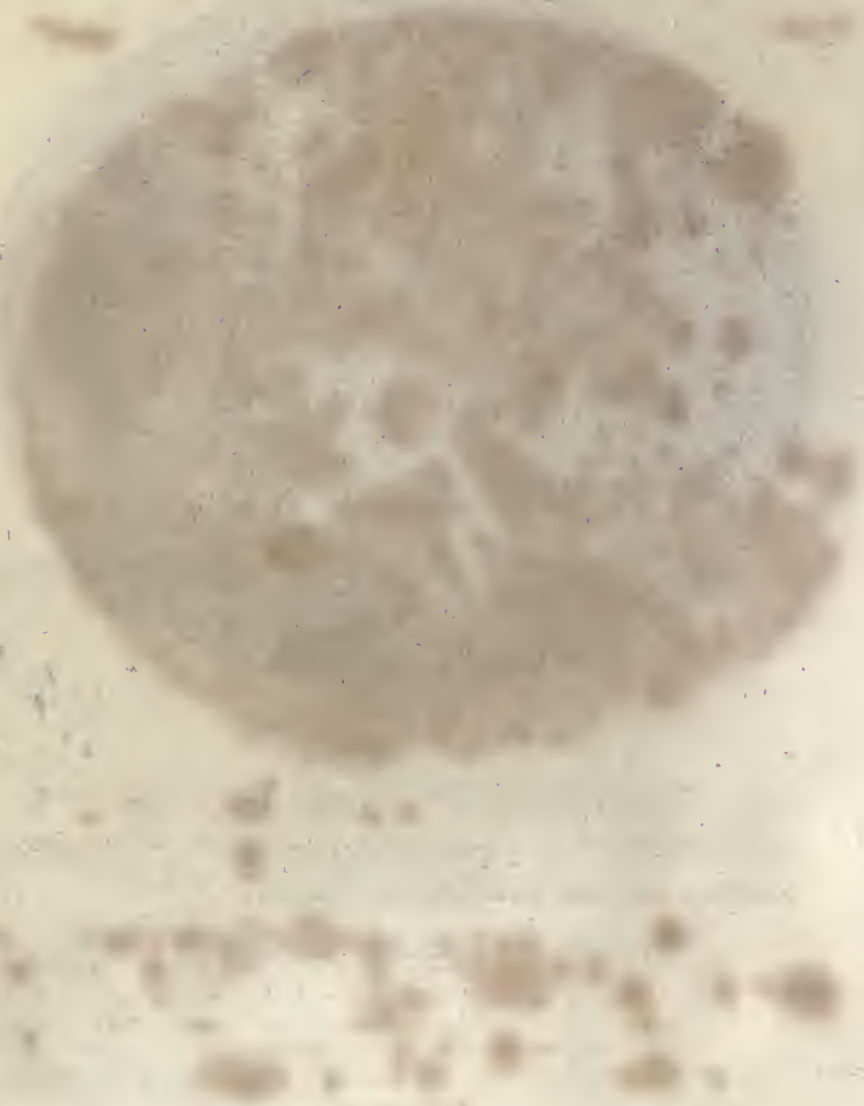

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN

POETRY.

Printed by Luke Hansard,
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PREFACE.

SINCE Poetry affords young persons an innocent pleasure, a taste for it, under certain limitations, should be indulged. Why should they be forbidden to expatiate, in imagination, over the flowery fields of Arcadia, in Elysium, in the Isles of the Blest, and in the Vale of Tempe? The harmless delight which they derive from Poetry, is surely sufficient to recommend an attention to it, at an age when pleasure is the chief pursuit, even if the sweets of it were not blended with utility.

If indeed pleasure were the ultimate object of Poetry, there are some who, in the rigour of austere wisdom, would maintain that the precious days of youth might be more advantageously employed than in cultivating a taste for it. To obviate their objections, it is necessary to remind them, that Poetry has ever claimed the power of conveying instruction, in the most effectual manner, by the vehicle of pleasure.

There is reason to believe that many young persons of natural genius would have given very little attention to learning of any kind, if they had been introduced to it by books appealing only to their reason and judgment, and not to their fancy. Through the pleasant paths of Poetry they have been gradually led to the heights of science: they have been allured, on first setting out, by the beauty of the scene presented to them, into a delightful land, flowing with milk and honey; where, after having been nourished like the infant at the mother's breast, they have gradually acquired strength enough to relish and digest the solidest food of philosophy.

This opinion seems to be confirmed by actual experience; for the greatest men, in every liberal and honourable profession, gave their early years to the charms of Poetry. Many of the most illustrious worthies in the church and in the state were allured to the land of learning by the song of the Muse; and

they would perhaps have never entered it, if their preceptors had forbidden them to lend an ear. Of so much consequence is the study of Poetry in youth to the general advancement of learning.

And as to morals, "Poetry," in the words of Sir Philip Sydney, "doth not "only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect of the way, as will entice "any man to enter into it; nay, the Poet doth, as if your journey should be "through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, "full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with ob- "scure definitions, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful pro- "portion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill "of music;—and with a tale;—he cometh unto you with a tale, *which holdeth* "*children from play*, and old men from the chimney corner. Even those hard- "hearted evil men, who think virtue a school-name, and despise the austere "admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reasons they stand "upon, yet will be contented to be delighted; which is all the good fellow "Poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness; which seen "they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a *medicine of* "*cherries*."

Thus Poetry, by the gentle, yet certain method of allurement, leads both to learning and to virtue. I conclude, therefore, that under a few self-evident reflections, it is properly addressed to all young minds, in the course of a liberal education.

It must be confessed, at the same time, that many sensible men in the world, as well as in the schools of philosophy, have objected to an *early* study of it. They have thought that a taste for it interfered with an attention to what they call the MAIN CHANCE. *What Poet ever fined for sheriff?* says Oldham. *It is seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold and silver in Parnassus*, says Mr. Locke. Such ideas have predominated in the exchange and in the ware-house; and, while they continue to be confined to those places, may perhaps, in some instances, be proper and advantageous. But they ought not to operate on the mind of the well-educated gentleman, or the man of a liberal profession; and indeed there is no good reason to be given why the mercantile classes, at least of the higher order, should not amuse their leisure with any pleasures of polite literature.

That mere men of the world object to the study of Poetry as a part of education, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that many, from want of natural sensibility, or from long habits of inattention to every thing but sordid interest, are totally unfurnished with faculties for the perception of poetical beauty.

beauty. But shall we deny that the cowslip and violet possess a vivid colour and sweet fragrance, because the ox who fattens in the meadow tramples over them without perceiving either their hues or their odours? The taste of mankind, from China to Peru, powerfully militates against the few and narrow-minded opposers of Poetry.

Young minds, indeed, have commonly a taste for Verse. Unseduced by the love of money, and unhacknied in the ways of vice, they are, it is true, delighted with nature and fact, though unembellished; because all objects with them have the grace of novelty: but they are transported with the charms of Poetry where the sunshine of fancy diffuses over every subject the fine gloss, the rich colouring, of beautiful imagery and language. "Nature" (to cite Sir Philip Sydney again) "never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets "have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet smelling flowers, "nor whatsoever may make the earth more lovely. The world is a *brazen* "world—the poets only deliver a GOLDEN; which whoever dislike, *the fault is* "*in their judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of* SWEETLY-"UTTERED KNOWLEDGE."

It will be readily acknowledged, that ideas and precepts of all kinds, whether of morality or science, make a deeper impression when inculcated by the vivacity, the painting, the melody of poetical language. And what is thus deeply impressed will also long remain; for metre and rhyme naturally catch hold of the memory, as the tendrils of the vine cling round the branches of the elm.

Orpheus and Linus are recorded in fable to have drawn the minds of savage men to knowledge, and to have polished human nature, by Poetry. And are not Children in the state of nature? And is it not probable that Poetry, may be the best instrument to operate on them, as it was found to be on nations in the savage state? Since, according to the mythological wisdom of the ancients, Amphion moved stones, and Orpheus brutes, by music and verse, is it not reasonable to believe, that minds which are dull, and even brutally insensible, may be penetrated, sharpened, softened, and vivified, by the warm influence of fine Poetry?

But it is really superfluous to expatiate either on the delight or the utility of Poetry. The subject has been exhausted; and, whatever a few men of little taste and feeling, or of minds entirely sordid and secular, may object, such are the charms of the Goddess, such her powerful influence over the heart of man, that she will never want voluntary votaries at her shrine. The Author of Nature has kindly implanted in man a love of Poetry, to solace him under the labours and sorrows of life. A great part of the Scriptures is poetry and verse

The

The wise son of Sirach enumerates, among the most honourable of mankind, SUCH AS FOUND OUT MUSICAL TUNES, AND RECITED VERSES IN WRITING.

With respect to this Compilation, the principal subject of this Preface (but from which I have been seduced into a digression, by giving my suffrage in favour of the art I love)—if I should be asked what are its pretensions, I must freely answer, that it professes nothing more than (what is evident at first sight) to be a larger Collection of English Verse, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, than has ever yet been published IN ONE VOLUME. The original intention was to comprise in it a great number and variety of such pieces as were already in use in schools, or which seemed proper for the use of them; such a number and variety as might furnish something satisfactory to every taste, and serve as a little Poetical Library for school-boys, precluding the inconvenience and expence of a multitude of volumes.

Such was the design of the Publication. The Editor can claim no praise beyond that of the design. The praise of ingenuity is all due to the Poets whose works have supplied the materials. What merit can there be in directing a famous and popular passage to be inserted from Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Gray, and many others of less fame, indeed, but in great esteem, and of allowed genius? Their own lustre pointed them out, like stars of the first magnitude in the heavens. There was no occasion for singular acuteness of vision, or for optical glasses, to discover a brightness which obtruded itself on the eye. The best pieces are usually the most popular. They are loudly recommended by the voice of Fame; and her eulogy, when long continued, becomes an infallible guidance.

Utility and innocent entertainment are the sole designs of the Editor; and if they are accomplished, he is satisfied, and cheerfully falls back into the shade of obscurity. He is confident that the Book cannot but be useful and entertaining; but he is at the same time so little inclined to boast of his work, that he is ready to confess, that almost any man willing to incur a considerable expence, and undergo a little trouble, might have furnished as good a collection.

As taste will for ever differ, some may wish to have seen in it passages from some favourite, yet obscure poet, and some also from their own works; but it was the business of the Editor of a *school-book like this*, not to insert scarce and curious works, such as please *virtuoso readers*, chiefly from *their rarity*, but to collect such as were *publicly known and universally celebrated*. The more known, the more celebrated, the better they were adapted to this Collection; which is not designed, like the lessons of some dancing-masters, for *grown gentlemen*,

Gemen, but for *young learners only;* and it will readily occur to every one, that what is old to men and women, may be, and for the most part must be, NEW *to boys and girls receiving their education*. Private judgment, in a work like this, must often give way to public. Some things are inserted in this Volume, entirely in submissive deference to public opinion; which, when general and long continued, is the best criterion of merit in the fine arts, and particularly in Poetry. Whatever was found in previous collections, which experience had pronounced proper for schools, has been freely taken and admitted: the stamp of experience gave it currency. The freedom of borrowing, it is hoped, will be pardoned, as the collectors, with whom it has been used, first set the example of it.

It is unnecessary, and perhaps might be deemed impertinent, to point out the mode of using the Collection to the best advantage. It is evident that it may be used in schools either in recitation, transcription, the exercise of the memory, or in imitation. It furnishes an abundance of models, which are the best means of exciting genius. Such *Arts of Poetry* as those of Gildon, Bysshe, Newbery, and their imitators, effect but little in the dry method of technical precept; and the young Poet, like the Sculptor, will improve most by working after a model. It is evident that this Collection may be usefully read at ENGLISH SCHOOLS, *in the classes*, just as the Latin and Greek authors are read at the *grammar-schools* by explaining every thing grammatically, historically, metrically, and critically, and then giving a portion to be learned by memory. The Book, it is hoped, will be particularly agreeable and useful *in the private studies* of the amiable young student, whose first love is the love of the Muse, and who courts her in his summer's walk, and in the solitude of his winter retreat, or at the social domestic fire-side.

In the latter part many little pieces are admitted, mere *lusus poetici*, chiefly for the diversion of the student, which almost require an apology. They are, it must be confessed, no more than flowerets at the bottom of Parnassus; but it is hoped, that their admission will be approved, as they may gradually lead the scholar to ascend higher up the hill, who might have been deterred from approaching it if he had seen nothing in the whole prospect but the sublime, the solemn, and the sombrous.

The reader will have no cause to complain, if instead of *Extracts*, he often finds poems inserted entire. This has been done whenever it seemed consistent with the design, and could be done without *injustice*. In this matter, the opinion of those who must be supposed best qualified to give it, was asked and followed. The wish was to take nothing but what seemed to lie on the *common*, relinquished or neglected by the lord of the manor.

Though

Though the Book is divided into Four Parts, yet the formality of regular and systematical arrangement of the component pieces, has not been strictly observed. Such compilations as these have not unfrequently been called garlands and nosegays: but in a garland or nosegay, who would place the tulips, the lilies, the pinks, and the roses in separate compartments? In a disposition so artificial, their beauty and fragrance would be less pleasing than if they were carelessly mingled with all the ease and wildness of natural variety. I hope the analogy will hold: if not, I must throw myself in this, as I do in all other circumstances of this Publication, upon my Reader's indulgence. I expect not praise; but I confide in receiving pardon.

Perhaps the Reader will be the more inclined to extend it towards me, if I do not weary him with apologies. I will then conclude my preface with the ideas of Montaigne:—"*I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have "brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them.*"

*** *In this Edition, as in the numerous preceding ones, great Improvements have been made. The favourable Reception of the Book has indeed encouraged the Editor to render it, in every new Impression, still more acceptable. But several Poems are now added for the first time, and some* Poematia, *which were never printed before. The Collection was originally formed for the use of* Tunbridge School; *and a few School Exercises of* Tunbridge Scholars *have been very sparingly inserted, with a View to encourage ingenuous Youth, who, in that ancient Place of classical Education, devote themselves to Studies of useful and polite Literature.*

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ELEGANT

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE FIRST.

SACRED AND MORAL.

§ 1. *An Addreſs to the Deity.* Thomſon.

FATHER of light and life! Thou GOOD SUPREME!
O teach me what is good. Teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs! [pure;

§ 2. *Adam and Eve, in a Morning Hymn, call upon all the Parts of the Creation to join with them in extolling their common Maker.* Milton.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitt'ſt above theſe Heavens
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance, not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſtreaming lake, duſky or grey,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe!
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven's gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

§ 3. *On the Deity.* Mrs. Barbauld.

I READ God's awful name emblazon'd high,
With golden letters on th' illumin'd ſky;
Nor leſs the myſtic characters I ſee,
Wrought in each flower, inſcrib'd on ev'ry tree;

In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With thee in ſhady ſolitudes I walk,
With thee in buſy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.

Thy hopes ſhall animate my drooping ſoul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul:
Thus ſhall I reſt, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myſelf omnipotent in thee.

Then when the laſt, the cloſing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my ſwimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I ſtand, and ſtretch my view to either ſtate;
Teach me to quit this tranſitory ſcene
With decent triumph and a look ſerene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

§ 4. *Hymn on Gratitude.* Addiſon.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſs'd,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

§ 5. *Hymn on Providence.* Addiſon.

The Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

§ 6. *Another Hymn, from the beginning of the 19th Pſalm.* Addiſon.

The ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled Heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth,
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm

Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball!
What tho' nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

§ 7. *Another Hymn.* Mrs. Rowe.

The glorious armies of the ſky
To thee, Almighty King,
Triumphant anthems conſecrate,
And hallelujahs ſing.

But ſtill their moſt exalted flights
Fall vaſtly ſhort of thee:
How diſtant then muſt human praiſe
From thy perfections be!

Yet how, my God, ſhall I refrain,
When to my raviſh'd ſenſe
Each creature every where around
Diſplays thy excellence!

The active lights that ſhine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their ſkilful Maker's praiſe
With ſilent elegance.

The bluſhes of the morn confeſs
That thou art ſtill more fair,
When in the Eaſt its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreſhing breeze
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom
In balmy whiſpers own, from Thee
Their pleaſing odours come.

The ſinging birds, the warbling winds,
And waters murm'ring fall,
To praiſe the firſt Almighty Cauſe
With diff'rent voices call.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And ſhall I ſilent be?
No; rather let me ceaſe to breathe,
Than ceaſe from praiſing Thee!

§ 8. *Another Hymn.* Mrs. Rowe.

Thou didſt, O mighty God! exiſt
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of ſpace:

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was ſtay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty ſprings
Their liquid ſtores diſplay'd;

Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The ſtreaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celeſtial arch,
Or ſtarry poles were rear'd:

Before the loud melodious ſpheres
Their tuneful round begun;
Before the ſhining roads of heav'n
Were meaſur'd by the ſun:

Ere through the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung;
Or to their harps the ſons of light
Ecſtatic anthems ſung:

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name;
Thy bliſs, O ſacred Spring of life!
Thy glory, was the ſame.

And when the pillars of the world
With ſudden ruin break,
And all this vaſt and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

When from her orb the moon ſhall ſtart,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſun roll back,
And all the trembling ſtarry lamps
Their ancient courſe forſake;

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlaſting years,
Shall thy exiſtence be.

§ 9. *Another Hymn, from Pſalm 148th.* Ogilvie.

Begin, my ſoul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praiſe th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and ſeas and ſkies,
In one melodious concert riſe,
To ſwell th' inſpiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celeſtial plains,
Where gay tranſporting beauty reigns,
Ye ſcenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your ſhining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling ſound!
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundleſs mercy ſing:
Let ev'ry liſt'ning ſaint above
Wake all the tuneful ſoul of love,
And touch the ſweeteſt ſtring.

Join, ye loud ſpheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting ſtrain,
And praiſe him in the ſhade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vaſt abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye ſhades, diſpel!"—th' Eternal ſaid;
At once th' involving dark neſs fled,
And nature ſprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that ſkims the plains,
United praiſe beſtow:

Ye dragons, ſound his awful name
To heav'n aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye ſwelling deeps below.
Let every element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burſt with awful voice
To him who bids you roll;
His praiſe in ſofter notes declare,
Each whiſpering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the ſoul.
To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature ſhook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.
Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye inſects flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourſe riſe:
Crop the gay roſe's vermeil bloom,
And waft its ſpoils, a ſweet perfume,
In incenſe to the ſkies.
Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and ſing;
Ye plumy warblers of the ſpring,
Harmonious anthems raiſe
To him who ſhap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praiſe.
Let man by nobler paſſions ſway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praiſe employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the ſound,
The gen'ral burſt of joy.
Ye whom the charms of grandeur pleaſe,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of eaſe,
Fall proſtrate at his throne:
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praiſe him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
An image of his own.
Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praiſe th' eternal Source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his bleſs'd name—then ſoar away,
And aſk an angel's lyre.

§ 10. *Pſalm 4th.* Merrick.

Defender of my rightful cauſe,
While anguiſh from my boſom draws
The deep-felt ſigh, the ceaſeleſs pray'r,
O make thy ſervant ſtill thy care.
That aid, which oft my griefs has heal'd,
To aid again, entreated, yield.
How long, ye ſons of pride, how long
Shall falſehood arm your impious tongue,
And erring rage your breaſt inflame,
My pow'r to thwart, my acts defame?
To God my heart ſhall vent its woe,
Who, prompt his bleſſings to beſtow
On each whoſe breaſt has learn'd his fear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear.
Him wouldſt thou pleaſe? With rev'rend awe
Obſerve the dictates of his Law:
In ſecret on thy couch reclin'd
Search to its depth thy reſtleſs mind,
Till huſh'd to peace the tumult lie,
And wrath and ſtrife within thee die.
With pureſt gifts approach his ſhrine,
And ſafe to Him thy care reſign.
I hear a hopeleſs train demand,
"Where's now the wiſh'd Deliv'rer's hand?"
Do Thou, my God, do Thou reply,
And let thy preſence from on high
In full effuſion o'er our head
Its all-enlivening influence ſhed.
What joy my conſcious heart o'erflows!
Not ſuch th' exulting lab'rer knows,
When to his long expecting eyes
The vintage and the harveſts riſe,
And, ſhadowing wide the cultur'd ſoil,
With full requital crown his toil.
My weary eyes in ſleep I cloſe,
My limbs, ſecure, to reſt compoſe;
For Thou, great God, ſhalt ſcreen my head,
And plant a guard around my bed.

§ 11. *Pſalm 5th.* Merrick.

The words that from my lips proceed,
My thoughts (for Thou thoſe thoughts canſt read,)
My God, my King, attentive weigh,
And hear, O hear me, when I pray.
With earlieſt zeal, with wakeful care,
To Thee my ſoul ſhall pour its pray'r,
And, ere the dawn has ſtreak'd the ſky,
To Thee direct its longing eye:
To Thee, whom nought obſcur'd by ſtain
Can pleaſe; whoſe doors to feet profane
Inexorable ſtand; whoſe Law
Offenders from thy ſight ſhall awe.
Let each whoſe tongue to lies is turn'd,
Who leſſons of deceit has learn'd,
Or thirſts a brother's blood to ſhed,
Thy hate and heavieſt vengeance dread.
But I, whoſe hope thy Love ſupports,
(How great that Love!) will tread thy courts,
My knees in lowlieſt rev'rence bend,
And tow'rd thy ſhrine my hands extend.
Do thou, juſt God, my path prepare,
And guard me from each hoſtile ſnare;
O lend me thy conducting ray,
And level to my ſteps thy way.
Behold me by a troop inclos'd,
Of falſehood and of guilt compos'd:
Their throat a ſepulchre diſplays,
Deep, wide, inſatiate; in their praiſe
Lurks flatt'ry, and with ſpecious art
Belies the purpoſe of their heart.
O let the miſchiefs they intend
Retorted on themſelves deſcend,
And let thy wrath correct their ſin,
Whoſe hearts thy mercy fails to win.
May all whoſe truſt on Thee is plac'd,
Peace and delight perpetual taſte,
Sav'd by thy care, in ſongs of joy
Their ever grateful voice employ,

And

And ſhare the gifts on thoſe beſtow'd,
Who love the name of *Jacob*'s God.
To each who bears a guiltleſs heart,
Thy grace its bleſſing ſhall impart;
Strong as the brazen ſhield, thy aid
Around him caſts its cov'ring ſhade.

§ 12. *Pſalm 6th.* Merrick.

O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulneſs of thy vengeance ſhed.
With pitying eye my weakneſs view,
Heal my vex'd ſoul, my ſtrength renew;
And O, if yet my ſins demand
The wiſe corrections of thy hand,
Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.
Return, great God, return, and ſave
Thy ſervant from the greedy grave.
Shall Death's long-ſilent tongue, O ſay,
The records of thy pow'r diſplay,
Or pale Corruption's ſtartled ear,
Thy praiſe within its priſon hear?
By langour, grief, and care oppreſt,
With groans perpetual heaves my breaſt,
And tears, in large profuſion ſhed,
Inceſſant lave my ſleepleſs bed.
My life, though yet in mid career,
Beholds the winter of its year,
(While clouds of grief around me roll,
And hoſtile ſtorms invade my ſoul.)
Relentleſs from my cheek each trace
Of youth and blooming health eraſe,
And ſpread before my waſting ſight
The ſhades of all-obſcuring night.
Hence, ye profane: My Saviour hears;
While yet I ſpeak, he wipes my tears,
Accepts my pray'r, and bids each foe
With ſhame their vain attempts forego,
And, ſtruck with horror from on high,
In wild diſorder backward fly.

§ 13. *Pſalm 8th.* Merrick.

IMMORTAL King! Through Earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praiſe, and name!
Whoſe reign o'er diſtant worlds extends,
Whoſe glory, heav'n's vaſt height tranſcends.
From infants thou canſt ſtrength upraiſe,
And form their liſping tongues to praiſe:
By theſe the vengeance-breathing Foe
Thy mightier terrors taught to know,
In mute aſtoniſhment ſhall ſtand,
And bow beneath thy conqu'ring hand,
When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye
I view the wonders of the ſky,
Whoſe frame thy fingers o'er our head
In rich magnificence have ſpread;
The ſilent Moon, with waxing horn,
Along th' ethereal region borne;
The Stars with vivid luſtre crown'd,
That nightly walk their deſtin'd round.
Lord! What is Man, that in thy care
His humble lot ſhould find a ſhare;
Or what the Son of Man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thy ear ſhouldſt bow?
His rank awhile, by thy decree,
Th' Angelic Tribes beneath them ſee,
Till round him thy imparted rays
With unextinguiſh'd glory blaze.
Subjected to his feet by Thee,
To him all Nature bows the knee;
The beaſts in him their Lord behold;
The grazing herd, the bleating fold,
The ſavage race, a countleſs train,
That range at large th' extended plain,
The fowls, of various wing, that fly
O'er the vaſt deſert of the ſky,
And all the wat'ry tribes, that glide
Through paths to human ſight deny'd.
Immortal King! Through Earth's wide frame,
How great thy honour, praiſe, and name!

§ 14. *Pſalm 23d.* Merrick.

LO, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want ſhall never more be mine.
In a paſture fair and large
He ſhall feed his happy Charge,
And my couch with tend'reſt care
'Midſt the ſpringing graſs prepare,
When I faint with ſummer's heat,
He ſhall lead my weary feet
To the ſtreams that ſtill and ſlow
Through the verdant meadow flow.
He my ſoul anew ſhall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I ſtray,
Teach my ſteps the better way.
Though the dreary vale I tread
By the ſhades of death o'erſpread;
There I walk from terror free,
While my ev'ry wiſh I ſee
By thy rod and ſtaff ſupplied;
This my guard, and that my guide.
While my foes are gazing on,
Thou thy fav'ring care haſt ſhown:
Thou my plenteous board haſt ſpread;
Thou with oil refreſh'd my head;
Fill'd by Thee my cup o'erflows;
For thy Love no limit knows.
Conſtant, to my lateſt end,
This my footſteps ſhall attend,
And ſhall bid thy hallow'd Dome
Yield me an eternal home.

§ 15. *Pſalm. 122d.* Merrick.

1.

THE feſtal Morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd Dome
Thy preſence to adore:
My feet the ſummons ſhall attend,
With willing ſteps thy Courts aſcend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2.

Ev'n now to our tranſported eyes
Fair *Sion*'s tow'rs in proſpect riſe;
Within her gates we ſtand,
And, loſt in wonder and delight,
Behold her happy Sons unite
In friendſhip's firmeſt band.

3.
Hither from *Judah*'s utmoſt end
The Heav'n-protected Tribes aſcend;
Their off'rings hither bring:
Here, eager to atteſt their joy,
In hymns of praiſe their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

4.
By his Command impell'd, to Her
Contending Crowds their cauſe refer;
While Princes from her Throne,
With equal doom, th' unerring Law
Diſpenſe, who boaſt their birth to draw
From *Jeſſe*'s favour'd Son.

5.
Be Peace by Each implor'd on thee,
O *Salem*, while with bended knee
To *Jacob*'s God we pray;
How bleſt, who calls himſelf thy Friend!
Succeſs his labour ſhall attend,
And ſafety guard his way.

6.
O may'ſt thou, free from hoſtile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild waſtes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her ſtand,
And in thy courts with laviſh hand
Diſtribute all her ſtore.

7.
Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O *Salem*, fail
To bleſs thy lov'd abode?
How ceaſe the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to ſeek, whoſe walls incloſe
The manſion of my God?

§ 16. *Hymn to Cheerfulneſs—The Author being ſick.*—Dr. Akenſide.

How thick the ſhades of evening cloſe!
How pale the ſky with weight of ſnows!
Haſte, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyleſs day retire!
—Alas, in vain I try within
To raiſe the dull, dejected ſcene,
While rous'd by grief theſe fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that ſtorms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning ſound
Renew my mind's oppreſſive gloom,
Till ſtarting horror ſhakes the room.
Is there in Nature no kind power
To ſooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire diſeaſe,
And teach theſe wintry ſhades to pleaſe?
Come CHEERFULNESS, triumphant fair,
Shine through the painful cloud of care:
O ſweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleaſure's queen!
Aſſuage the flames that burn my breaſt,
Attune my jarring thoughts to reſt;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My ſong ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.
As once ('twas in Aſtrea's reign)
The vernal pow'rs renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging thro' the ſpheres above,
And downward hither caſt his eye,
The year's returning pomp to ſpy:
He ſaw the radiant God of day
Lead round the globe the roſy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were ſhedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora paſs'd,
And Heſper's golden lamp was laſt.
But, faireſt of the blooming throng,
When Health majeſtic mov'd along,
All gay with ſmiles, to ſee below
The joys which from her preſence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And fields, and flocks, and ſwains rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confeſs'd,
And ſoon his vows inclin'd her breaſt,
And, known from that auſpicious morn
The pleaſing Cheerfulneſs was born.
Thou, Cheerfulneſs, by Heav'n deſign'd
To rule the pulſe that moves the mind,
Whatever fretful paſſion ſprings,
Whatever chance or nature brings
To ſtrain the tuneful poize within,
And diſarrange the ſweet machine;
Thou, Goddeſs, with a maſter-hand
Doſt each attemper'd key command,
Refine the ſoft and ſwell the ſtrong,
Till all is concord, all is ſong.
Fair guardian of domeſtic life,
Beſt baniſher of home-bred ſtrife,
Nor ſullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deform the ſcene where thou art by:
No ſickening huſband damns the hour
That bound his joys to female pow'r:
No pining mother weeps the cares
That parents waſte on hopeleſs heirs:
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother riſes to the friend:
By thee their board with flowers is crown'd,
By thee with ſongs their walks reſound,
By thee their ſprightly mornings ſhine,
And evening-hours in peace decline.
Behold the youth, whoſe trembling heart
Beats high with love's unpitied ſmart;
Tho' now he ſtrays by rills and bowers,
And weeping wears the lonely hours;
Or, if the nymph her audience deign,
Shames the ſoft ſtory of his pain
With ſlaviſh looks, diſcolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into ſighs;
Yet thou, auſpicious power, with eaſe
Canſt yield him happier hearts to pleaſe,
Exalt his mien to manlier charms,
Inſtruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding paſſion move,
And teach the dignity of love.
Friend to the Muſe and all her train,
For thee I court the Muſe again;
And may the votive lay diſcloſe
How much to thy fair aid ſhe owes!
See, when thy touch reveals her mine,
How pure the ſtores of fancy ſhine;

Hark!

Hark! when thy breath her ſong impels,
How full the tuneful current ſwells.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Inſtruct the nightly ſtrains of Y——;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy myrtles crown'd the * Leſbian meads:
Thy voice awak'd † Sicilian reeds;
Thy breath perfumes the ‡ Teian roſe,
And Tiber's vine ſpontaneous flows;
While Horace wantons in thy quire;
The gods and heroes of the lyre.
See where the pale, the ſick'ning ſage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſt,
Or glooms congenial to his breaſt)
Retires in deſert-ſcenes to dwell.
And bids the joyleſs world farewell.
Alone he treads th' autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid,
He ſees the nightly damps ariſe,
And gathering ſtorms involve the ſkies;
He hears the neighb'ring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole;
Then, ſtruck by every object round,
And ſtunn'd by ev'ry horrid ſound,
He pants to traverſe nature's ways:
His evils haunt him thro' the maze:
He views ten thouſand demons riſe,
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And Chance and Fate aſſume the rod,
And Malice blots the throne of GOD.
—O Thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing!
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpel the gloom
Till Nature wears her wonted bloom,
Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſic ſwell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that preſiding cauſe
Who founds in diſcord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure every pain,
Subdues the hoſtile forms to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſt.
O Thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing!
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſooth to peace corroding care.
But moſt exert thy genial power
On friendſhip's conſecrated hour:
And while my Agis leads the road
To fearleſs wiſdom's high abode;
Or, warm in freedom's ſacred cauſe,
Purſues the light of Grecian laws;
Attend, and grace our gen'rous toils
With all thy garlands, all thy ſmiles.
But if, by fortune's ſtubborn ſway
From him and friendſhip torn away,
I court the Muſes healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To ſuch indulgent, tender themes
As juſt the ſtruggling breaſt may cheer,
And juſt ſuſpend the ſtarting tear;
Yet leave that charming ſenſe of woe,
Which none but friends and lovers know.

§ 17. *The 8th Pſalm tranſlated.* Chriſtopher Pitt.

O KING eternal and divine!
The world is thine alone:
Above the ſtars thy glories ſhine,
Above the heavens thy throne,

How far extends thy mighty name!
Where'er the ſun can roll,
That ſun thy wonders ſhall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

The infant's tongue ſhall ſpeak thy power,
And vindicate thy laws;
The tongue that never ſpoke before,
Shall labour in thy cauſe.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Yon ſtretching waſte of azure ſkies,
With ſtars and planets crown'd:

Who in their dance attend the Moon,
The empreſs of the night,
And pour around her ſilver throne,
Their tributary light:

Lord! what is mortal man, that he
Thy kind regard ſhould ſhare?
What is his ſon, who claims from thee,
And challenges thy care?

Next to the bleſt Angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world aſſign'd
To dignify his ſpan.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign;
The flocks that through the valley ſtray,
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger ſpeeds his flight,
And trembles at his power;
In fear of his ſuperior might,
The lions ceaſe to roar.

Whatever horrid monſters tread
The paths beneath the ſea,
Their king at awful diſtance dread,
And ſullenly obey.

O Lord, how far extends thy name!
Where'er the ſun can roll,
That ſun thy wonders ſhall proclaim;
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

§ 18. *Pſalm the 24th paraphraſed.* Pitt

FAR as the world can ſtretch its bounds
The Lord is king of all,
His wond'rous power extends around
The circuit of the ball.

* Alcæus and Sappho. † Theocritus. ‡ Anacreon.

For he within the gloomy deeps
Its dark foundations caſt,
And rear'd the pillars of the earth
Amid the watery waſte.

Who ſhall aſcend his Sion's hill,
And ſee Jehovah there?
Who from his ſacred ſhrine ſhall breathe
The ſacrifice of prayer?

He only whoſe unſully'd ſoul
Fair virtue's paths has trod,
Who with clean hands and heart regards
His neighbour and his God.

On him ſhall his indulgent Lord
Diffuſive bounties ſhed;
From God his Saviour ſhall deſcend
All bleſſings on his head.

Of thoſe who ſeek his righteous ways
Is this the choſen race,
Who baſk in all his bounteous ſmiles,
And flouriſh in his grace.

Lift up your ſtately heads, ye doors,
With haſty reverence riſe;
Ye everlaſting doors! who guard
The paſſes of the ſkies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burſt the gates of day.

For ſee! the King of Glory comes
Along th' ethereal road:
The cherubs through your folds ſhall bear
The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
Oh! 'tis the Lord, whoſe might
Decides the conqueſt, and ſuſpends
The balance of the fight.

Lift up your ſtately heads, ye doors!
With haſty reverence riſe;
Ye everlaſting doors! who guard
The paſſes of the ſkies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burſt the gates of day;

For ſee! the King of Glory comes
Along th' ethereal road:
The cherubs through your folds ſhall bear
The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
Oh! 'tis the God, whoſe care
Leads on his Iſrael to the field,
Whoſe power controuls the war.

§ 19. *Pſalm 29th.* Pitt.

Ye mighty princes, your oblations bring,
And pay due honours to your awful King;
His boundleſs power to all the world proclaim,
Bend at his ſhrine, and tremble at his name.
For hark! his voice, with unreſiſted ſway,
Rules and controuls the raging of the ſea;
Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
And in their watery cavern awes the deeps:
Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around
Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful ſound.
The blaſted cedars low in duſt are laid,
And Lebanon is left without a ſhade.
See! when he ſpeaks, the lofty mountains crowd,
And fly for ſhelter from the thundering God:
Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,
And in wild meaſures lead th' unweildy dance.
His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire,
Back from the blaſt the ſhrinking flames retire.
Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah ſpeaks,
With all his Savages the deſert ſhakes.
At the dread ſound the hinds with fear are ſtung,
And in the lonely foreſt drop their young,
While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
His glorious honours, and adore his name,
High o'er the foaming ſurges of the ſea
He ſits, and bids the liſtening deeps obey:
He reigns o'er all; for ever laſts his power,
Till nature ſinks, and time ſhall be no more.
With ſtrength the ſons of Iſrael ſhall he bleſs,
And crown our tribes with happineſs and peace.

§ 20. *Pſalm 46th paraphraſed.* Pitt.

On God we build our ſure defence,
In God our hope repoſe:
His hand protects us in the fight,
And guards us from our woes,

Then, be the Earth's unwieldy frame
From its foundation hurl'd,
We may, unmov'd with fear, enjoy
The ruins of the world.

What though the ſolid rocks be rent,
In tempeſts whirl'd away?
What though the hills ſhould burſt their roots,
And roll into the ſea?

Thou Sea, with dreadful tumults ſwell,
And bid thy waters riſe
In furious ſurges, till they daſh
The flood-gates of the ſkies.

Our minds ſhall be ſerene and calm,
Like Siloah's peaceful flood;
Whoſe ſoft and ſilver ſtreams refreſh
The City of our God.

Within the proud delighted waves
The wanton turrets play;
The ſtreams lead down their humid train,
Reluctant to the ſea.

Amid the ſcene the temple floats,
With its reflected towers,
Gilds all the ſurface of the flood,
And dances to the ſhores.

With wonder ſee what mighty power
Our ſacred Sion cheers,
Lo! there amidſt her ſtately walls,
Her God, her God appears!

Fixt on her baſis we ſhall ſtand,
And, innocently proud,
Smile on the tumults of the world,
Beneath the wings of God.

See!

See! how their weakneſs to proclaim,
The heathen tribes engage!
See! how with fruitleſs wrath they burn,
And impotence of rage!
But God has ſpoke; and lo! the world,
His terrors to diſplay,
With all the melting globe of earth,
Drops ſilently away.
Still to the mighty Lord of hoſts
Securely we reſort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our ſuccour and ſupport.
Hither, ye numerous nations, crowd,
In ſilent rapture ſtand,
And ſee o'er all the earth diſplay'd
The wonders of his hand.
He bids the din of war be ſtill,
And all its tumults ceaſe;
He bids the guiltleſs trumpet ſound
The harmony of peace.
He breaks the rough reluctant bow,
He burſts the brazen ſpear,
And in the crackling fire his hand
Conſumes the blazing car.
Hear then his formidable voice,
" Be ſtill, and know the Lord:
" By all the heathen I'll be fear'd;
" By all the earth ador'd."
Still to the mighty Lord of hoſts
Securely we reſort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our ſuccour and ſupport.

§ 21. *Pſalm 90th paraphraſed.* Pitt.

Thy hand, O Lord, through rolling years
Has ſav'd us from deſpair,
From period down to period ſtretch'd
The proſpects of thy care.
Before the world was firſt conceiv'd,
Before the pregnant earth
Call'd forth the mountains from her womb,
Who ſtruggled to their birth;
Eternal God! thy early days
Beyond duration run,
Ere the firſt race of fleeting time
Was meaſur'd by the Sun.
We die; but future nations hear
Thy potent voice again,
Riſe at the ſummons, and reſtore
The periſh'd race of man.
Before thy comprehenſive ſight
Duration fleets away;
And rapid ages on the wing
Fly ſwifter than a day.
As great Jehovah's piercing eyes
Eternity explore,
The longeſt æra is a night;
A period is an hour.
We at thy mighty call, O Lord,
Our fancy'd beings leave,
Rous'd from the flattering dream of life,
To ſleep within the grave.
Swift from their barrier to their goal
The rapid moments paſs,
And leave poor man, for whom they run,
The emblem of the graſs.
In the firſt morn of life it grows,
And lifts its verdant head;
At noon decays, at evening dies,
And withers in the mead.
We in the glories of thy face,
Our ſecret ſins ſurvey,
And ſee how gloomy thoſe appear,
How pure and radiant they.
To death as our appointed goal
Thy anger drives us on:
To that full period fix'd at length
This tale of life is done.
With winged ſpeed, to ſtated bounds
And limits we muſt fly,
While ſeventy rolling ſuns complete
Their circles in the ſky.
Or if ten more around us roll,
'Tis labour, woe, and ſtrife,
Till we at length are quite drawn down
To the laſt dregs of life.
But who, O Lord, regards thy wrath,
Though dreadful and ſevere?
That wrath, whatever fear he feels,
Is equal to his fear.
So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And eye their conſtant race,
To meaſure what we want in time,
By wiſdom, and by grace.
With us repent, and on our hearts
Thy choiceſt graces ſhed,
And ſhower from thy celeſtial throne
Thy bleſſings on our head.
Oh! may thy mercy crown us here,
And come without delay;
Then our whole courſe of life will ſeem
One glad triumphant day.
Now the bleſt years of joy reſtore,
For thoſe of grief and ſtrife,
And with one pleaſant drop allay
This bitter draught of life.
Thy wonders to the world diſplay,
Thy ſervants to adorn,
That may delight their future ſons,
And children yet unborn;
Thy beams of Majeſty diffuſe,
With them thy great commands,
And bid proſperity attend
The labours of our hands.

§ 22. *Pſalm 144th paraphraſed.* Pitt.

My ſoul, in raptures riſe to bleſs the Lord,
Who taught my hands to draw the fatal ſword,
Led by his arm, undaunted I appear
In the firſt ranks of death, and front of war.

He

He taught me first the pointed spear to wield,
And mow the glorious harvest of the field.
By him inspir'd, from strength to strength I pass'd,
Plung'd through the troops, and laid the battle waste.
In him my hopes I center and repose,
He guards my life, and shields me from my foes.
He held his ample buckler o'er my head,
And screen'd me trembling in the mighty shade:
Against all hostile violence and power,
He was my sword, my bulwark, and my tower.
He o'er my people will maintain my sway,
And teach my willing subjects to obey.
Lord! what is man, of vile and humble birth,
Sprung with his kindred reptiles from the earth,
That he should thus thy secret counsels share?
Or what his son, who challenges thy care?
Why does thine eye regard this nothing, man?
His life a point, his measure but a span?
The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,
Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a shade.
Come in thy power, and leave th' ethereal plain,
And to thy harness'd tempest give the rein;
Yon starry arch shall bend beneath the load,
So loud the chariot, and so great the God!
Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls,
The folding skies shall tremble to the poles:
Heav'ns gaudy Axle with the world shall fall,
Leap from the centre, and unhinge the ball.
Touch'd by thy hands, the labouring hills expire
Thick clouds of smoke, and deluges of fire; [pire
On the tall groves the red destroyer preys,
And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze:
Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly,
On purple pinions through the gloomy sky.
Extend thy hand, thou kind all-gracious God,
Down from the heaven of heavens thy bright abode,
And shield me from my foes, whose towering pride
Lowers like a storm, and gathers like a tide:
Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,
Train'd to blaspheme, and eloquent in guilt:
Their hands are impious, and their deeds profane;
They plead their boasted innocence in vain.
Thy name shall dwell for ever on my tongue,
And guide the sacred numbers of my song:
To thee my Muse shall consecrate her lays,
And every note shall labour in thy praise;
The hallow'd theme shall teach me how to sing,
Swell on the lyre, and tremble on the string.
Oft has thy hand from fight the monarch led,
When death flew raging, and the battle bled;
And snatch'd thy servant in the last despair
From all the rising tumult of the war.
Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name and trample on thy laws;
That our fair sons may smile in early bloom,
Our sons, the hopes of all our years to come:
Like plants that nurs'd by fostering showers arise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies:
That our chaste daughters may their charms display,
Like the bright pillars of our temple, gay,
Polish'd, and tall, and smooth, and fair as they.
Pil'd up with plenty let our barns appear,
And burst with all the Seasons of the Year;
Let pregnant flocks in every quarter bleat,
And drop their tender young in every street.
Safe from their labours may our oxen come,
Safe may they bring the gather'd summer home.
Oh! may no sighs, no streams of sorrow flow,
To stain our triumphs with the tears of woe.
Blest is the nation, how sincerely blest!
Of such unbounded happiness possest,
To whom Jehovah's sacred name is known,
Who claim the God of Israel for their own.

§ 23. *The 3d Chapter of Job.* Pitt.

Job curs'd his birth, and bade his curses flow
In words of grief, and eloquence of woe:
Lost be that day which dragg'd me to my doom,
Recent to life, and struggling from the womb;
Whose beams with such malignant lustre shone,
Whence all my years in anxious circles run.
Lost be that night in undetermin'd space,
And veil with deeper shades her gloomy face,
Which crowded up with woes this slender span,
While the dull mass rose quick'ning into man.
O'er that curs'd day let sable darkness rise,
Shroud the blue vault, and blacken all the skies;
May God o'erlook it from his heavenly throne,
Nor rouse from sleep the sedentary sun,
O'er its dark face to shed his genial ray,
And warm to joy the melancholy day.
May the clouds frown, and livid poisons breathe,
And stain heaven's azure with the shade of death.
May ten-fold darkness from that dreadful night
Seize and arrest the straggling gleams of light;
To pay due vengeance for its fatal crime,
Still be it banish'd from the train of time;
Nor in the radiant list of months appear,
To stain the shining circle of the year:
There through her dusky range may silence roam,
There may no ray, no glimpse of gladness come;
No voice to cheer the solitary gloom.
May every star his gaudy light with-hold,
Nor through the vapour shoot his beamy gold;
Nor let the dawn with radiant skirts come on,
Tipp'd with the glories of the rising sun;
Because that dreadful period fix'd my doom,
Nor seal'd the dark recesses of the womb.
To that original my ills I owe;
Heir of affliction, and the son of woe.
Oh! had I died unexercis'd in pain,
And wak'd to life, to sleep in death again!
Why did not Fate attend me at my birth,
And give me back to my congenial earth?
Why was I, when an infant, sooth'd to rest,
Lull'd on the knee, or hung upon the breast?
For now the grave would all my cares compose,
Conceal my sorrows, and inter my woes:
There wrapp'd & lock'd within his cold embrace,
Safe had I slumber'd in the arms of peace;
There with the mighty kings, who lie inroll'd
In clouds of incense, and in beds of gold:

There

There with the princes, who in grandeur ſhone,
And aw'd the trembling nations from the throne,
Affliſted Job an equal reſt muſt have,
And ſhare the dark retirement of the grave;
Or as a ſhapeleſs embryo ſeek the tomb,
Rude and imperfect from the abortive womb:
Ere motion's early principle began,
Or the dim ſubſtance kindled into man.

There from their monſtrous crimes the wicked ceaſe,
Their labouring guilt is weary'd into peace;
There blended ſleep the coward and the brave;
Stretch'd with his lord, the undiſtinguiſh'd ſlave
Enjoys the common refuge of the grave.
An equal lot the mighty victor ſhares,
And lies amidſt the captives of his wars;
With his, thoſe captives mingle their remains,
The ſame in death, nor leſſen'd by their chains.
Why are we doom'd to view the genial ray?
Why curs'd to bear the painful light of day?
O! with what joy the wretches yield their breath,
And pant in bitterneſs of ſoul for death!
As a rich prize the diſtant bliſs they crave,
And find the glorious treaſure in the grave.
Why is the wretch condemn'd without relief
To combat woe, and tread the round of grief,
Whom in the toils of fate his God has bound,
And drawn the line of miſeries around?

When nature calls for aid, my ſighs intrude,
My tears prevent my neceſſary food:
Like a full ſtream o'ercharg'd my ſorrows flow,
In burſts of anguiſh, and a tide of woe;
For now the dire affliction which I fled,
Pours like a roaring torrent on my head.
My terrors ſtill the phantom view'd, and wrought
The dreadful image into every thought:
At length pluck'd down, the fatal ſtroke I feel,
And loſe the fancy'd in the real ill.

§ 24. *The 25th Chapter of Job paraphraſed.* Pitt.

Then will vain man complain and murmur ſtill,
And ſtand on terms with his Creator's will?
Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
Shall duſt arraign the providence of Heaven?
With reaſon's line the boundleſs diſtance ſcan?
Oppoſe Heav'ns awful majeſty to man?
To what a length his vaſt dimenſions run!
How far beyond the journeys of the ſun!
He hung yon golden balls of light on high,
And launch'd the planets through the liquid ſky:
To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain ſpace,
Fix'd and ſuſtain'd the elemental peace.

Unnumber'd as thoſe worlds his armies move,
And the gay legions guard his realms above;
High o'er th' ethereal plains the myriads riſe,
And pour their flaming ranks along the ſkies:
From their bright arms inceſſant ſplendors ſtream,
And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.

To this low world he bids the light repair,
Down through the gulphs of undulating air;
For man he taught the glorious ſun to roll
From his bright barrier to his weſtern goal.

How then ſhall man, thus inſolently proud,
Plead with his judge, and combat with his God?
How from his mortal mother can he come
Unſtain'd from ſin, untinctur'd from the womb?

The Lord, from his ſublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe regards the ſilver moon.
Thoſe ſtars, that grace the wide celeſtial plain,
Are but the humbleſt ſweepings of his train,
Dim are the brighteſt ſplendors of the ſky;
And the ſun darkens in Jehovah's eye.
But does not ſin diffuſe a fouler ſtain,
Aud thicker darkneſs cloud the ſoul of man?
Shall he the depths of endleſs wiſdom know?
This ſhort-liv'd ſovereign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boaſt,
Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the duſt.

§ 25. *The Song of Moſes in the Fifteenth Chapter of Exodus, paraphraſed.* Pitt.

Then to the Lord the vaſt triumphant throng
Of Iſrael's ſons, with Moſes, rais'd the ſong.
To God our grateful accents will we raiſe,
And every tongue ſhall celebrate his praiſe:
Behold diſplay'd the wonders of his might;
Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
With what immortal fame and glory grac'd!
What trophies rais'd amid the watery waſte!
How did his power the ſteeds and riders ſweep
Ingulph'd in heaps, & whelm'd beneath the deep!
Whom ſhould we fear, while he, heaven's awful Lord,
Unſheaths for Iſrael his avenging ſword?
His outſtretch'd arm, and tutelary care,
Guarded and ſav'd us in the laſt deſpair:
His mercy eas'd us from our circling pains,
Unbound our ſhackles, and unlock'd our chains.
To him our God, our father's God, we'll rear
A ſacred temple, and adore him there
With vows and incenſe, ſacrifice and prayer.

The Lord commands in war: his matchleſs might
Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight:
By him the war the mighty leaders form,
And teach the hovering tumult where to ſtorm.
His name, O Iſrael, heaven's eternal Lord,
For ever honour'd, reverenc'd, and ador'd.

When to the fight, from Egypt's fruitful ſoil,
Pour'd forth in myriads all the ſons of Nile;
The Lord o'erthrew the courſer and the car,
Sunk Pharaoh's pride, and overwhelm'd his war.
Beneath th' encumber'd deeps his legions lay,
For many a league impurpling all the ſea:
The chiefs, and ſteeds, and warriors whirl'd around,
Lay 'midſt the roarings of the ſurges drown'd.

Who ſhall thy power, thou mighty God, withſtand,
And check the force of thy victorious hand?
Thy hand, which red with wrath in terror roſe,
To cruſh that day thy proud Egyptian foes.
Struck by that hand, their drooping ſquadrons fall,
Crowding in death; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

Soon as thy anger charg'd with vengeance came,
They ſunk like ſtubble crackling in the flame.

At

At thy dread voice the ſummon'd billows crowd,
And a ſtill ſilence lulls the wondering flood:
Roll'd up, the cryſtal ridges ſtrike the ſkies,
Waves peep o'er waves, and ſeas o'er ſeas ariſe.
Around in heaps the liſtening ſurges ſtand,
Mute and obſervant of the high command.
Congeal'd with fear attends the watery train,
Rous'd from the ſecret chambers of the main.

With ſavage joy the ſons of Egypt cry'd,
(Vaſt were their hopes, and boundleſs was their pride)
Let us purſue thoſe fugitives of Nile,
This ſervile nation, and divide the ſpoil;
And ſpread ſo wide the ſlaughter, till their blood
Dyes with a ſtronger red the bluſhing flood.
Oh! what a copious prey their hoſts afford,
To glut and fatten the devouring ſword!

As thus the yawning gulf the boaſters paſs'd,
At thy command ruſh'd forth the rapid blaſt.
Then, at the ſignal given, with dreadful ſway,
In one huge heap roll'd down the roaring ſea;
And now the diſentangled waves divide,
Unlock their folds, and thaw the frozen tide.
The deeps alarm'd call terribly from far
The loud, embattled ſurges to the war;
Till her proud ſons aſtoniſh'd Egypt found
Cover'd with billows, and in tempeſts drown'd.

What God can emulate thy power divine,
Or who oppoſe his miracles to thine?
When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
Thy trembling foes confeſs their fear and ſhame;
The world attends thy abſolute command,
And nature waits the wonders of thine hand.
That hand, extended o'er the ſwelling ſea,
The conſcious billows reverence and obey.
O'er the devoted race the ſurges ſweep,
And whelm the guilty nation in the deep.
That hand redeem'd us from our ſervile toil,
And each inſulting tyrant of the Nile:
Our nation came beneath that mighty hand,
From Egypt's realms, to Canaan's ſacred land.
Thou wert their Guide, their Saviour, and their God,
To ſmooth the way, and clear the dreadful road.
The diſtant kingdoms ſhall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philiſtines ſhall confeſs their fear;
Thy fame ſhall over Edom's princes ſpread,
And Moab's kings, the univerſal dread;
While the vaſt ſcenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horror to the braveſt heart.
As through the world the gathering terror runs,
Canaan ſhall ſhrink, and tremble for his ſons:
Till thou haſt Jacob from his bondage brought,
At ſuch a vaſt expence of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and bleſt abodes,
Led through the dark receſſes of the floods.
Crown'd with their tribes ſhall proud Moriah riſe,
And rear his ſummit nearer to the ſkies.

Through ages, Lord, ſhall ſtretch thy boundleſs power,
Thy throne ſhall ſtand when time ſhall be no more:
For Pharaoh's ſteeds, and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in, and boldly rang'd the ſandy plain:
While in the dreadful road, and deſert way,
The ſhining crowds of gaſping fiſhes lay:
Till, all around with liquid toils beſet,
The Lord ſwept o'er their heads the watery net.
He freed the ocean from his ſecret chain,
And on each hand diſcharg'd the thundering main.
The looſen'd billows burſt from every ſide,
And whelm the war and warriors in the tide;
But on each hand the ſolid billows ſtood,
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood;
Till the bleſt race to promis'd Canaan paſs'd
O'er the dry path, and trod the watery waſte.

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§ 26. *The 139th Pſalm paraphraſed.* Pitt.

O DREAD Jehovah! thy all-piercing eyes
Explore the motions of this mortal frame,
This tenement of duſt: Thy ſtretching ſight
Surveys the harmonious principles, that move
In beauteous rank and order, to inform
This caſk, and animated maſs of clay.
Nor are the proſpects of thy wond'rous ſight
To this terreſtrial part of man confin'd;
But ſhoot into his ſoul, and there diſcern
The firſt materials of unfaſhion'd thought,
Yet dim and undigeſted, till the mind,
Big with the tender images, expands,
And, ſwelling, labours with th' ideal birth.
Where'er I move, thy cares purſue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of ſleep,
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of all my toils,
Unſeen, thy ſov'reign preſence guards my ſleep,
Wafts all the terrors of my dreams away,
Sooths all my ſoul, and ſoftens my repoſe.
Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to ſound;
Before imagination ſtands diſplay'd,
Thine eye the future eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with ſpeech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Haſt moulded man from his congenial duſt,
And ſpoke him into being; while the clay,
Beneath thy forming hand, leap'd forth, inſpir'd,
And ſtarted into life: through every part,
At thy command, the wheels of motion play'd.
But ſuch exalted knowledge leaves below,
And drops poor man from its ſuperior ſphere.

In vain, with reaſon's ballaſt, would he try
To ſtem th' unfathomable depth: his bark
O'erſets, and founders in the vaſt abyſs.
Then whither ſhall the rapid fancy run,
Though in its full career, to ſpeed my flight
From thy unbounded preſence? which, alone,
Fills all the regions and extended ſpace
Beyond the bounds of nature! Whither, Lord!
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove,
To leave behind thy Spirit, and out-fly
Its influence, which, with brooding wings out-ſpread,
Hatch'd unfledg'd nature from the dark profound?

If mounted on my tow'ring thoughts I climb
Into the heaven of heavens, I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded majeſty!
In the pure empyrean thee I view,
High thron'd above all height, thy radiant ſhrine
Throng'd with the proſtrate Seraphs, who receive
Beatitude paſt utterance! If I plunge

Down

Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
There too I find thee, in the loweſt bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee in the ſcenes
Of complicated wrath: I ſee thee clad
In all the majeſty of darkneſs there.
If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings
Upborne, with indefatigable courſe
I ſeek the glowing borders of the eaſt,
Where the bright ſun, emergent from the deeps,
With his firſt glories gilds the ſparkling ſeas,
And trembles o'er the waves; ev'n there thy hand
Shall thro' the watery deſert guide my courſe,
And o'er the broken ſurges pave my way,
While on the dreadful whirls I hang ſecure,
And mock the warring ocean. If, with hopes
As fond as falſe, the darkneſs I expect
To hide, and wrap me in its mantling ſhade,
Vain were the thought; for thy unbounded ken
Darts thro' the thick'ning gloom, and pries thro'
The palpable obſcure. Before thy eyes [all
The vanquiſh'd night throws off her duſky ſhrowd,
And kindles into day: the ſhade and light
To man ſtill various, but the ſame to thee.
On thee is all the ſtructure of my frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the ſilent womb
Sleeping I lay, and rip'ning to my birth; [there;
Yet, Lord, thy outſtretch'd arm preſerv'd me
Before I mov'd to entity, and trod
The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
I'll pay due honours; for thy mighty hand
Built this corporeal fabric, when it laid
The ground-work of exiſtence. Hence I read
The wonders of thy art. This frame I view
With terror and delight; and, wrapt in both,
I ſtartle at myſelf. My bones, unform'd
As yet, nor hardening from the viſcous parts,
But blended with th' unanimated maſs,
Thy eye diſtinctly view'd; and, while I lay
Within the earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
The firſt faint dawn of life, with eaſe ſurvey'd
The vital glimmerings of the active ſeeds,
Juſt kindling to exiſtence, and beheld
My ſubſtance ſcarce material. In thy book
Was the fair model of this ſtructure drawn,
Where every part, in juſt connection join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious piece,
Ere the dim ſpeck of being learn'd to ſtretch
Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler ſpace.
How dear, how rooted in my inmoſt ſoul,
Are all thy counſels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence! the ſum
So boundleſs and immenſe, it leaves behind
The low account of numbers; and outflies
All that imagination e'er conceiv'd: [ſhores,
Leſs numerous are the ſands that crowd the
The barriers of the ocean. When I riſe
From my ſoft bed, and ſofter joys of ſleep,
I riſe to thee. Yet lo! the impious flight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the ſons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand,
And mock thy ling'ring thunder which withholds
Its forky terrors from their guilty heads? [fly
Thou great tremendous God!—Avaunt, and
All ye who thirſt for blood!—for ſwoln with pride,
Each haughty wretch blaſphemes thy ſacred name,
And bellows his reproaches to affront
Thy glorious Majeſty. Thy foes I hate
Worſe than my own. O Lord! explore my ſoul!
See if a flaw or ſtain of ſin infects
My guilty thoughts; then, lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own heaven and thee.

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§ 27. *An Hymn to the Supreme Being. An Imitation of the 104th Pſalm.* Blacklock.

Quid prius dicam ſolitus parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variiſque mundum
Temperat horis? Hor.

Arise, my ſoul! on wings ſeraphic riſe!
And praiſe th' almighty Sov'reign of the ſkies;
In whom alone eſſential glory ſhines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundleſs ſpace confines.
When darkneſs rul'd with univerſal ſway,
He ſpoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
Firſt, faireſt offspring of th' omnific word!
Which like a garment cloth'd its ſov'reign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns riſe,
That prop the ſtarry concave of the ſkies;
Diffus'd the blue expanſe from pole to pole,
And ſpread circumfluent æther round the whole.
Soon as he bids impetuous tempeſts fly,
To wing his ſounding chariot thro' the ſky,
Impetuous tempeſts the command obey,
Suſtain his flight, and ſweep th' aërial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
Unnumber'd hoſts of radiant heralds fly
From orb to orb, with progreſs unconfin'd,
As lightning ſwift, reſiſtleſs as the wind.
In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre reſt for ever ſtrong;
Heav'n, air, and ſea, with all their ſtorms in vain
Aſſault the baſis of the firm machine.
At thy almighty voice old Ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And ſhoreleſs billows revel round the globe:
O'er higheſt hills the higher ſurges riſe,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid ſkies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That ſhook th' eternal firmament of heav'n;
The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
And in confuſion ſcour their uncouth way;
And poſting rapid to the place decreed,
Wind down the hills, and ſweep the humble mead.
Reluctant in their bounds the waves ſubſide;
The bounds, impervious to the laſhing tide,
Reſtrain its rage; whilſt, with inceſſant roar,
It ſhakes the caverns, and aſſaults the ſhore.
By him, from mountains cloth'd in lucid ſnow,
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.
Here the wild horſe, unconſcious of the rein,
That revels boundleſs o'er the wide campaign,
Imbibes the ſilver ſurge, with heat oppreſt,
To cool the fever of his glowing breaſt.

Here

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praise they symphonise around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
Wide o'er the heavens the various bow he bends;
Its tinctures brighten, and its arch extends:
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Soften the hills, and cheer the meads below:
By genial fervour and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation clothes the smiling plain:
Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, tho' she still bestows.
Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.
Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.
Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding air,
With artful toil their little domes prepare;
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse the rising care,
Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
While timid coneys scour the plains below,
Or in the pendent rock elude the scenting foe.
He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase their frighted prey.
Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food!
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes:
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.
Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn:
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with moderate slumber blest,
Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful evening with her argent train,
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.
"Hail sov'reign goodness! all-productive mind!
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:
How various all, how variously endow'd,
How great their number, and each part how good!
How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
Who with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!"
Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,
Unbounded goodness rises to my view;
Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care
Extends thro' all th' infinitude of space,
And circles nature with a kind embrace.
The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show;
Here multitudes of various beings stray,
Crowd the profound, or on the surface play:
Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
And ev'ry product waft from shore to shore;
Hence meagre want expell'd and sanguine strife,
For the mild charms of cultivated life;
Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
And India joins in friendship with the pole.
Here the huge potent of the scaly train
Enormous sails encumbent o'er the main,
An animated isle! and, in his way,
Dashes to heaven's blue arch the foamy sea:
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious pride,
The volly'd lightning, and the surging tide;
And while the wrathful elements engage,
Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
All these thy watchful providence supplies,
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.
But, if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in universal cries:
Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
And all their hosts to native dust return.
But when again thy glory is display'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray;
United thanks repleniish'd nature pays,
And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise.
When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary nature languish into dust,
For ever young, thy glory shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
Thou from the regions of eternal day,
View'st all thy works at one immense survey;
Pleas'd thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
To perfect happiness, its glorious end.
If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies:
Thou smit'st the hills, and at th' Almighty blow
Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.
While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast and animates my frame:
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn;
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of thee my soul excursive flies
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies;

From world to world new wonders ſtill I find,
And all the Godhead flaſhes on my mind;
When wing'd with whirlwinds, vice ſhall take its flight
To the deep boſom of eternal night,
To thee my ſoul ſhall endleſs praiſes pay:
Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

§ 28. *Another Hymn.* Anon.

How are thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal wiſdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy ſweeten'd every ſoil
Made every region pleaſe;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And ſmooth'd the Tyrrhene ſeas.

Think, O my ſoul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide extended deep
In all its horrors riſe!

Confuſion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſet me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r
My ſoul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

The ſtorm was laid, the winds retir'd
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

In midſt of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodneſs I'll adore;
And praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preſerv'ſt my life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, if death muſt be my doom,
Shall join my ſoul to thee.

§ 29. *Another Hymn.* Anon.

WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I ſee my Maker face to face,
O! how ſhall I appear?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought,
My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul,
O! how ſhall I appear?

But thou haſt told the troubled ſoul,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endleſs woe prevent.

Then ſee the ſorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late:
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon ſure.

§ 30. *A Hymn on the Seaſons.* Thomſon.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, theſe
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide flush the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy ſun
Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whiſp'ring gales.
Thy bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and ſtorms
Around Thee thrown, tempeſto'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, Thou bidd'ſt the world adore,
And humbleſt nature with thy northern blaſt.
Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force di-
Deep-felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train, [vine,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole,
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill,
But wandering oft, with rude inconſcious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring;
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempeſt forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.
Nature attend! join every living ſoul
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and ardent raiſe
One general ſong! To him ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe ſpirit in your freſhneſs breathes:
Oh talk of him in ſolitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe!

And

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shaketh astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound:
Ye softer floods that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! blest image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heav'n.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove:
There let the shepherd's flute the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows; the Summer ray
Russets the plain; *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east:
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
From *seeming evil* still adducing good,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

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§ 31. *Hymn to Humanity.* Langhorne.

1.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

2.

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a cheerful guest.
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey;
Wears Sensibility away,
Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

3.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart,
Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

4.

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile;
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain.

5.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch, that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

6.

Howe'er exalted, or depreſt,
Be ever mine the feeling breaſt.
From me remove the ſtagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The ſoul that one long ſabbath keeps,
And through the ſun's whole circle ſleeps;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And ſelf-attending Vanity.
Alike, the fooliſh and the vain
Are ſtrangers to the ſenſe humane.

7.

O for that ſympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye ſurvey'd
Sion in future aſhes laid;
Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread
That thouſands in the deſert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendſhip's grave
Sigh'd—and forgot its power to ſave——
O for that ſympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow.

8.

It comes: It fills my labouring breaſt,
I feel my beating heart oppreſt.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aſpect pale!
To heaven ſhe turns in deep deſpair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving ſorrows ſee!
Support them, ſweet Humanity!

9.

Life, fill'd with grief's diſtreſsful train,
For ever aſks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconſcious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Aſſiſt them, hearts from anguiſh free!
Aſſiſt them, ſweet Humanity!

10.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-ſtreaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive ſtrain, O ſweet Humanity!

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§ 32. *The* ENLARGEMENT *of the* MIND. Langhorne.

EPISTLE I. *To General Craufurd. Written at Belvidere* 1756.

WHERE is the man, who, prodigal of mind,
In one wide wiſh embraces human kind?
All pride of ſects, all party zeal above,
Whoſe Prieſt is Reaſon, and whoſe God is Love;
Fair Nature's friend, a foe to fraud and art——
Where is the man, ſo welcome to my heart?
The ſightleſs herd ſequacious, who purſue
Dull Folly's path, and does as others do,
Who look with purblind prejudice and ſcorn,
On different ſects, in different nations born,
Let us, my Craufurd, with compaſſion view,
Pity their pride, but ſhun their error too.
From Belvidere's fair groves, and mountains green,
Which Nature rais'd, rejoicing to be ſeen,
Let us, while raptur'd on her works we gaze,
And the heart riots on luxurious praiſe,
Th' expanded thought, the boundleſs wiſh retain,
And let not Nature moralize in vain.
O ſacred Guide! preceptreſs more ſublime
Than ſages boaſting o'er the wrecks of time!
See on each page her beauteous volume bear
The golden characters of good and fair.
All human knowledge (bluſh, collegiate pride!)
Flows from her works, to none that reads denied.
Shall the dull inmate of pedantic walls,
On whoſe old walk the ſunbeam ſeldom falls,
Who knows of nature, and of man, no more
Than fills ſome page of antiquated lore——
Shall he, in words and terms profoundly wiſe,
The better knowledge of the world deſpiſe,
Think Wiſdom centered in a *falſe degree*,
And ſcorn the ſcholar of Humanity?
Something of men theſe ſapient drones may know
Of men that liv'd two thouſand years ago:
Such human monſters if the world e'er knew,
As ancient verſe, and ancient ſtory drew!
If to one object, ſyſtem, ſcene confin'd,
The ſure effect is narrowneſs of mind.
'Twas thus St. Robert, in his lonely wood,
Forſook each ſocial duty—to be good.
Thus Hobbes on one dear ſyſtem fix'd his eyes,
And prov'd his nature wretched—to be wiſe.
Each zealot thus, elate with ghoſtly pride,
Adores his God, and hates the world beſide.
Though form'd with powers to graſp this various ball,
Gods! to what meanneſs may the ſpirit fall!
Powers that ſhould ſpread in reaſon's orient ray,
How are they darken'd, and debarr'd the day!
When late, where Tajo rolls his ancient tide,
Reflecting clear the mountain's purple ſide,
Thy genius, Craufurd, Britain's legions led,
And fear's chill cloud forſook each bright'ning head,
By nature brave, and generous as thou art,
Say, did not human follies vex thy heart?
Glow'd not thy breaſt indignant, when you ſaw
The dome of murder conſecrate by law?
Where fiends, commiſſion'd with the legal rod,
In pure devotion, burn the works of God.
O change me, powers of Nature, if ye can,
Transform me, make me any thing but man.
Yet why! This heart all human kind forgives,
While Gillman loves me, and while Craufurd lives.
Is nature, all benevolent, to blame,
That half her offſpring are their mother's ſhame?
Did ſhe ordain o'er this fair ſcene of things
The cruelty of Prieſts, or pride of Kings?

Though worlds lie murder'd for their wealth or fame,
Is Nature, all benevolent, to blame?
"Yet ſurely once, my friend, ſhe ſeem'd to err;
"For W--ch--t was"—He was not made by her.
Sure, form'd of clay that nature held in ſcorn,
By fiends conſtructed, and in darkneſs born,
Roſe the low wretch, who, deſpicably vile,
Would ſell his Country for a Courtier's ſmile;
Would give up all to truth and freedom dear,
To dine with **** or ſome ideot peer,
Whoſe mean malevolence, in dark diſguiſe
The man that never injur'd him belies,
Whoſe actions bad and good two motives guide,
The Serpent's malice, and the Coxcomb's pride.
"Is there a wretch ſo mean, ſo baſe, ſo low?"
I know there is—aſk W--ch--t if he know.
O that the world were emptied of its ſlaves!
That all the fools were gone, and all the knaves!
Then might we, Craufurd, with delight embrace
In boundleſs love the reſt of human race.
But let not knaves miſanthropy create,
Nor feed the gall of univerſal hate.
Wherever Genius, Truth, and Virtue dwell,
Poliſh'd in courts, or ſimple in a cell,
All views of country, ſects, and creeds apart,
Theſe, theſe I love, and hold them to my heart.
Vain of our beauteous iſle, and juſtly vain,
For freedom here, and health, and plenty reign,
We different lots contemptuouſly compare,
And boaſt, like children, of a fav'rite's ſhare.
Yet though each vale a deeper verdure yields
Than Arno's banks, or Andaluſia's fields,
Though many a tree-crown'd mountain teems with ore,
Though flocks innumerous whiten every ſhore,
Why ſhould we, thus with nature's wealth elate,
Behold her different families with hate?
Look on her works—on every page you'll find
Inſcrib'd the doctrine of the ſocial mind.
See countleſs worlds of inſect being ſhare
Th' unenvied regions of the liberal air!
In the ſame grove what muſic void of ſtrife!
Heirs of one ſtream, what tribes of ſcaly life!
See Earth, and Air, and Fire, and Flood combine,
Of general good to aid the great deſign!
Where Ancon drags o'er Lincoln's lurid plain,
Like a ſlow ſnake, his dirty-winding train,
Where fogs eternal blot the face of day,
And the loſt bittern moans his gloomy way;
As well we might, for unpropitious ſkies,
The blameleſs native with his clime deſpiſe,
As him who ſtill the poorer lot partakes
Of Biſcay's mountains, or Batavia's lakes.
Yet look once more on Nature's various plan!
Behold and love her nobleſt creature Man!
She, never partial, on each various zone
Beſtow'd ſome portion to the reſt unknown,
By mutual intereſt meaning thence to bind
In one vaſt chain the commerce of mankind.
Behold, ye vain diſturbers of an hour!
Ye Dupes of Faction! and ye Tools of Power!
Poor rioters on Life's contracted ſtage!
Behold, and loſe your littleneſs of rage!
Throw Envy, Folly, Prejudice behind!
And yield to Truth the empire of the mind.
Immortal Truth! O from thy radiant ſhrine,
Where Light created firſt eſſay'd to ſhine;
Where cluſt'ring Stars eternal beams diſplay,
And Gems ethereal drink the golden day;
To chaſe this moral, clear this ſenſual night,
O ſhed one ray of thy celeſtial light!
Teach us, while wandering through this vale below
We know but little, that we little know.
One beam to mole-ey'd Prejudice convey,
Let Pride perceive one mortifying ray;
Thy glaſs to Fools, to Infidels apply,
And all the dimneſs of the mental eye.
Plac'd on this ſhore of Time's far-ſtretching bourn,
With leave to look at Nature and return;
While wave on wave impels the human tide,
And ages ſink, forgotten as they glide;
Can life's ſhort duties better be diſcharg'd,
Than when we leave it with a mind enlarg'd?
Judg'd not the old Philoſopher aright,
When thus he preach'd, his pupils in his ſight?
"It matters not, my friends, how low or high,
Your little walk of tranſient life may lie;
Soon will the reign of Hope and Fear be o'er,
And warring paſſions militate no more:
And truſt me, he who, having once ſurvey'd
The good and fair which Nature's wiſdom made,
The ſooneſt to his former ſtate retires,
And feels the peace of ſatisfied deſires,
(Let others deem more wiſely if they can)
I look on him to be the happieſt man."
So thought the ſacred Sage, in whom I truſt,
Becauſe I feel his ſentiments are juſt.
'Twas not in Luſtrums of long counted years
That ſwell'd th' alternate reign of hopes and fears;
Not in the ſplendid ſcenes of pain and ſtrife,
That Wiſdom plac'd the dignity of life;
To ſtudy Nature was the taſk deſign'd,
And learn from her th' enlargement of the mind,
Learn from her works whatever Truth admires,
And ſleep in Death with ſatisfied deſires.

§ 33. Epistle II.

To William Langhorne, M. A. 1760.

Light heard his voice, and, eager to obey,
From all her orient fountains burſt away.
At Nature's birth, O! had the power divine
Commanded thus the moral ſun to ſhine,
Beam'd on the mind all reaſon's influence bright,
And the full day of intellectual light,
Then the free ſoul, on Truth's ſtrong pinion borne,
Had never languiſh'd in this ſhade forlorn.
Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,
Doom'd by long toil a glimpſe of truth to gain;
Beyond its ſphere ſhall human wiſdom go,
And boldly cenſure what it cannot know?
'Tis ours to cheriſh what Heav'n deign'd to give,
And thankful for the gift of being live.

Progreſſive

Progreſſive powers, and faculties that riſe
From earth's low vale, to graſp the golden ſkies,
Though diſtant far from perfect, good, or fair,
Claim the due thought, and aſk the grateful care.
Come, then, thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear ſource, whom Nature form'd the ſame,
Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend, than brother of my heart!
Let us, unlike the lucid twins that riſe
At different times, and ſhine in diſtant ſkies,
With mutual eye this mental world ſurvey,
Mark the ſlow riſe of intellectual day,
View reaſon's ſource, if man the ſource may find,
And trace each Science that exalts the mind.
"Thou ſelf-appointed lord of all below!
Ambitious man, how little doſt thou know?
For once let Fancy's towering thoughts ſubſide,
Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!
A plaintive wretch, ſo blind, ſo helpleſs born,
The brute ſagacious might behold with ſcorn.
How ſoon, when Nature gives him to the day,
In ſtrength exulting, does he bound away!
By inſtinct led, the foſtering teat he finds,
Sports in the ray, and ſhuns the ſearching winds.
No grief he knows, he feels no groundleſs fear,
Feeds without cries, and ſleeps without a tear.
Did he but know to reaſon and compare,
See here the vaſſal, and the maſter there,
What ſtrange reflections muſt the ſcene afford,
That ſhew'd the weakneſs of his puling Lord!"
Thus ſophiſtry unfolds her ſpecious plan,
Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.
Unjuſt the cenſure, if unjuſt to rate
His pow'rs and merits from his infant-ſtate.
For, grant the children of the flow'ry vale
By inſtinct wiſer, and of limbs more hale,
With equal eye their perfect ſtate explore,
And all the vain compariſon 's no more.
"But why ſhould life, ſo ſhort by Heav'n ordain'd,
Be long to thoughtleſs infancy reſtrain'd—
To thoughtleſs infancy, or vainly ſage,
Mourn through the langours of declining age?"
O blind to truth! to Nature's wiſdom blind!
And all that ſhe directs, or Heav'n deſign'd!
Behold her works in cities, plains and groves,
Or life that vegetates, and life that moves!
In due proportion, as each being ſtays
In perfect life, it riſes and decays.
Is man long helpleſs? Through each tender hour,
See love parental watch the blooming flow'r!
By op'ning charms, by beauties freſh diſplay'd,
And ſweets unfolding, ſee that love repaid!
Has age its pains? For luxury it may—
The temp'rate wear inſenſibly away,
While ſage experience and reflection clear
Beam a gay ſunſhine on life's fading year.
But ſee from age, from infant weakneſs ſee,
That man was deſtin'd for ſociety;
There from thoſe ills a ſafe retreat behold,
Which young might vanquiſh, or afflict him old.
"That, in proportion as each being ſtays
In perfect life, it riſes and decays—
Is Nature's law—to forms alone confin'd,
The laws of matter act not on the Mind.
Too feebly, ſure, its faculties muſt grow,
And Reaſon brings her borrow'd light too ſlow."
O! ſtill cenſorious? art thou then poſſeſt
Of Reaſon's power, and does ſhe rule thy breaſt?
Say what the uſe—had Providence aſſign'd
To infant years maturity of mind?
That thy pert offſpring, as their father wiſe,
Might ſcorn thy precepts, and thy pow'r deſpiſe?
Or mourn, with ill-match'd faculties at ſtrife,
O'er limbs unequal to the taſk of life?
To feel more ſenſibly the woes that wait
On every period, as on every ſtate;
And ſlight, ſad convicts of each painful truth,
The happier trifles of unthinking youth?
Conclude we then the progreſs of the mind
Ordain'd by wiſdom infinitely kind:
No innate knowledge on the ſoul impreſt,
No birthright inſtinct acting in the breaſt,
No natal light, no beam from Heav'n diſplay'd,
Dart through the darkneſs of the mental ſhade.
Perceptive powers we hold from Heav'ns decree,
Alike to knowledge as to virtue free,
In both a liberal agency we bear,
The moral here, the intellectual there;
And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conſcious pleaſure of an act our own.
When firſt the trembling eye receives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,
Eager to graſp the glory in its hand!
The cryſtal wave as eager to pervade,
Stretch its fond arms to meet the ſmiling ſhade!
When Memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that falters on its way;
When wiſe experience her ſlow verdict draws,
The ſure effect exploring in the Cauſe,
In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection ſprings, and Reaſon is her child:
On her fair ſtock the blooming ſcyon grows,
And brighter through revolving ſeaſons blows.
All beauteous flower! immortal ſhalt thou ſhine,
When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;
Thy orient bloom, unconſcious of decay,
Shall ſpread, and flouriſh in eternal day.
O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should wiſdom cultivate a plant ſo fair!
How ſhould her eye the rip'ning mind reviſe,
And blaſt the buds of folly as they riſe!
How ſhould her hand with induſtry reſtrain,
The thriving growth of paſſion's fruitful train,
Aſpiring weeds, whoſe lofty arms would tow'r
With fatal ſhade o'er reaſon's tender flow'r!

From low purſuits the ductile mind to ſave,
Creeds that contract, and vices that enſlave;
O'er life's rough ſeas its doubtful courſe to ſteer,
Unbroke by av'rice, bigotry, or fear!
For this fair Science ſpreads her light afar,
And fills the bright urn of her eaſtern ſtar.
The liberal power in no ſequeſter'd cells,
No moonſhine-courts of dreaming ſchoolmen dwells;
Diſtinguiſh'd far her lofty temple ſtands,
Where the tall mountain looks o'er diſtant lands,
All round her throne the graceful arts appear,
That boaſt the empire of the eye or ear.
See favour'd firſt, and neareſt to the throne
By the rapt mien of muſing Silence known,
Fled from herſelf, the Pow'r of Numbers plac'd,
Her wild thoughts watch'd by Harmony and Taſte.
There (but at diſtance never meant to vie),
The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,
See lively Painting! on her various face,
Quick-gliding forms a moment find a place;
She looks, ſhe acts the character ſhe gives,
And a new feature in each feature lives.
See Attic eaſe in Sculpture's graceful air,
Half looſe her robe, and half unbound her hair;
To life, to life, ſhe ſmiling ſeems to call,
And down her fair hands negligently fall.
Laſt, but not meaneſt, of the glorious choir,
See Muſic, liſt'ning to an angel's lyre.
Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid, dreſt
By Nature, bears a field-flower on her breaſt.
O Arts divine! O magic Powers that move
The ſprings of truth, enlarging truth and love!
Loſt in their charms each mean attachment ends,
And Taſte and Knowledge thus are Virtue's friends.
Thus nature deigns to ſympathize with art,
And leads the moral beauty to the heart;
There, only there, that ſtrong attraction lies,
Which makes the ſoul, and bids her graces riſe,
Lives in thoſe powers of harmony that bind
Congenial hearts, and ſtretch from mind to mind:
Glow'd in that warmth, that ſocial kindneſs gave,
Which once—the reſt is ſilence and the grave.
O tears, that warm from wounded friendſhip flow!
O thoughts, that wake to monuments of woe!
Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;
Mem'ry, that ſpeeds its paſſage to the heart;
Sad monitors, your cruel power ſuſpend,
And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend:
—In vain—confeſt I ſee my Craufurd ſtand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand;
E'en death's dim ſhadow ſeeks to hide, in vain,
That lib'ral aſpect, and that ſmile humane;
E'en Death's dim ſhadow wears a languid light,
And his eye beams through everlaſting night.
Till the laſt ſigh of Genius ſhall expire,
His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire,
Till time, in league with Envy and with Death,
Blaſt the ſkill'd hand, and ſtop the tuneful breath,
My Craufurd ſtill ſhall claim the mournful ſong,
So long remember'd, and bewail'd ſo long.

§ 34. *The Univerſal Prayer.* Pope.

Deo Opt. Max.

Father of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood,
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And, binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That more than heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath,
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life, or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not;
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's incenſe riſe!

§ 35. *Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue.* POPE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song;
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more.—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies;
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move;
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and antient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply:
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by antient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear:
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise: the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd fire begun:
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods,
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed. [mead,
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes;
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay.
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

§ 36. *The Prize of Virtue.* POPE.

WHAT nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach-and-six?
Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife!
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires for a godlike mind;

Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtue's of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or truſt,
Content, or pleaſure, but the good and juſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold;
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool; to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover, and the love of human kind,
Whoſe life is healthful,& whoſe conſcienceclear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.

§ 37. *An Elegy, written in a Country Church-Yard.* Gray.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Nowfadesthe glimm'ring landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms,that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezycall of incenſe-breathing morn,[ſhed,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowlybed.

For them no more the blazing earth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
Nor children run to liſp their ſires return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield;
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke;

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe.
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle & fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might haveſway'd,
Or wak'd to extacy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul,

Full many a gem, of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen.
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden,thatwith dauntleſsbreaſt
The little-tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt:
SomeCromwell guiltleſsof his country'sblood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning-ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes.

Their lotforbade: nor circumſcrib'd alone [fin'd;
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
Forbade to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life,
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh. [deck'd

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd
The place of fame and elegy ſupply: [muſe,
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires:
Ev'n from the tomb, the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate.

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
"Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,
Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn;

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard

Hard by yond wood, now ſmiling, as in ſcorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love:

One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

The next, with dirges due, in ſad array, [borne:
Slow thro' the church-yard path we ſaw him
Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear; [a friend.
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd)
No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

§ 38. *Death.* *Dr.* Porteus, *Bp. of London.*

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend forſakes,
I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay ſongſter rove, and gently trill
The ſtrain of empty joy. Life and its joys
I leave to thoſe that prize them. At this hour,
This ſolemn hour, when ſilence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pauſe;
Wrapt in night's ſable robe, through cloyſters
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng [drear
Of meagre phantoms ſhooting croſs my path
With ſilent glance, I ſeek the ſhadowy vale
Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's receſs,
Lav'd by Oblivion's liſtleſs ſtream, and fenc'd
By ſhelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypreſs ſhade, from all intruſion
Of buſy noontide beam, the Monarch ſits
In unſubſtantial majeſty enthron'd.
At his right hand, neareſt himſelf in place
And frightfulneſs of form, his parent Sin
With fatal induſtry and cruel care
Buſies herſelf in pointing all his ſtrings,
And tipping every ſhaft with venom drawn
From her infernal ſtore: around him rang'd
In terrible array, and mixture ſtrange
Of uncouth ſhapes, ſtand his dread Miniſters.
Foremoſt Old Age, his natural ally
And firmeſt friend: next him Diſeaſes thick,
A motley train; Fever, with cheek of fire;
Conſumption wan; Palſy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-clod lump; joint-tort'ring Gout,
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulſion wild;
Swoln Dropſy; panting Aſthma; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd. There too the Peſtilence that walks
In darkneſs, and the Sickneſs that deſtroys
At broad noon-day. Theſe, and a thouſand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heav'n's command Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden ruſh forth to execute his purpoſe,
And ſcatter deſolation o'er the Earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom ſuch various forms
Of mis'ry wait, and mark their future prey;
Ah! why, all-righteous Father, didſt thou make
This creature, Man? why wake th' unconſcious duſt
To life and wretchedneſs? O better far
Still had he ſlept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of Being! Was it for this
Thy breath divine kindled within his breaſt
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stampt on his ſoul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion giv'n him abſolute
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the bleſt ſource of Good,
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could ſuch foul ills
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
The impious thought! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made a *living Soul*;
The wretched Mortal was the work of Man.
Forth from his Maker's hands he ſprung to life,
Freſh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of change, no check to his deſires, [ſtood
Save one command. That one command, which
'Twixt him and Death, the teſt of his obedience,
Urg'd on by wanton curioſity,
He broke. There in one moment was undone
The faireſt of God's works. The ſame raſh hand,
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let looſe Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon Mankind. Young Nature ſaw
The monſtrous crew, and ſhook thro' all her frame.
Then fled her new-born luſtre, then began
Heaven's cheerful face to low'r, then vapours choak'd
The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing Sun. The earth convuls'd
With painful throes threw forth a briſtly crop
Of thorns and briars; and Inſect, Bird, and Beaſt,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at Man, and fearleſs crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, ſhunning in haſte
Th' infection of his miſery. He alone
Who juſtly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forſook not in this uttermoſt diſtreſs
His beſt lov'd work. That comfort ſtill remain'd
(That beſt, that greateſt comfort in affliction)
The countenance of God, and thro' the gloom
Shot forth ſome kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
Th' offender's ſinking ſoul. Hope ſent from Heav'n
Uprais'd his drooping head, and ſhew'd afar
A happier ſcene of things; the Promis'd Seed
Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled creſt:
Death of his ſting diſarm'd; and the dark grave,
Made pervious to the realms of endleſs day,
No more the limit but the gate of life. [ground
Cheer'd with the view, Man went to till the
From whence he roſe; ſentenc'd indeed to toil
As to a puniſhment, yet (ev'n in wrath,

So merciful is Heav'n) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against Disease and Death. Death, tho' de-
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm [nounc'd
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years,
One solitary ghost went shiv'ring down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable Patriarch guileless held
The tenour of his way; Labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and Temperance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening Zephyr, and as sweet,
Were all his slumbers; with the Sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as He, to run [strength
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant
He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And, looking round saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins; full-well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till, full of years,
He dropp'd like mellow fruit into his grave,
Such in the infancy of Time was Man;
So calm was life, so impotent was Death!
O had he but preserv'd these few remains,
The shatter'd fragments, of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heav'n from the sad wreck
Of innocence primæval; still had he liv'd
In ruin great; tho' fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes.—'Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world; and Man himself
Gave keeness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiply'd destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest born of Hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
To make a Death which Nature never made,
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. *One* Murder made a Villain;
Millions a Hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?
And Men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?

Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!
Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Should dove-eyed Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive-branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and
strength, and youth
Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of War? Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousand slays;
Peace its ten thousands. In th' embattled plain,
Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting,
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course,
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep,
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemp'rance, and Disease.
Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of Pleasure, by th' Almighty strick'n,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murd'rous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of
Justice,
And be your own avengers! Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou 'st rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge a while: look down and see
Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd, [him
Into

Into his Maker's preſence, throwing back
With inſolent diſdain his choiceſt gift?
Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too ſhort to waſh away,
By penitential tears and deep contrition,
The ſcarlet of thy crimes. So ſhalt thou find
Reſt to thy ſoul; ſo unappall'd ſhall meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His ling'ring ſtroke. Be it thy ſole concern
With innocence to live: with patience wait
Th'appointed hour; tooſoon that hour will come,
Tho' Nature run her courſe. But Nature's God,
If need require, by thouſand various ways,
Without thy aid can ſhorten that ſhort ſpan,
And quench the lamp of life. O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedneſs extreme,
To heav'n aſcending from ſome guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath,
Forth from his boſom plucks his ling'ring arm,
And on the miſcreants pours deſtruction down;
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole diſpleaſure? In no common form
Death then appears, but ſtarting into ſize
Enormous, meaſures with gigantic ſtride
Th' aſtoniſh'd Earth, and from his looks throws
Unutterable horror and diſmay. [round,
All Nature lends her aid, each Element
Arms in his cauſe. Ope fly the doors of Heav'n;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break;
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation: or in floods of fire
Deſcends a livid cataract, and conſumes [peace,
An impious race. Sometimes, when all ſeems
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a
Floats on his wat'ry bier, or lies unwept [youth
On ſome ſad deſart ſhore! At dead of night,
In ſullen ſilence ſtalks forth Peſtilence:
Contagion cloſe behind taints all her ſteps
With pois'nous dew; no ſmiting hand is ſeen,
No ſound is heard, but ſoon her ſecret path
Is mark'd with deſolation; heaps on heaps
Promiſcuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near;
All, all, is falſe and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taſte, or breathe, is Death.
But ah! what means that ruinous roar? why fail
Theſe tott'ring feet? Earth to it's centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore,
Hurls to the ground, with one convulſive heave,
Precipitating domes, and towns, and tow'rs,
The work of ages. Cruſh'd beneath the weight
Of general devaſtation, millions find
One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her ſons: the houſe, that ſhould protect,
Entombs his maſter; and the faithleſs plain,
If there he flies for help, with ſudden yawn
Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious
Heav'n,
O ſnatch me from deſtruction! If this Globe,
This ſolid Globe, which thine own hand hath
So firm and ſure, if this my ſteps betray; [made
If my own mother Earth, from whence I ſprung,
Riſe up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither ſhall I fly?
Where look for ſuccour? Where, but up to thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O ſave, thy ſuppliant
From horrors ſuch as theſe! At thy good time
Let death approach; I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his ſtroke;
And at that hour when all aghaſt I ſtand
(A trembling candidate for thy compaſſion)
On this World's brink, and look into the next;
When my ſoul, ſtarting from the dark unknown,
Caſts back a wiſhful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair ſcene, from all her cuſtom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then ſhed thy comforts o'er me, then put on
The gentleſt of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then ſtarting up,
Plant themſelves round my couch in grim array,
And ſtab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd
torture,
Senſe of paſt guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghaſtly crew! And in their ſtead
Let cheerful Memory from her pureſt cells
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,
Cheriſh'd in earlieſt youth, now paying back
With tenfold uſury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm
Of conſcious innocence. But chiefly, Thou,
Whom ſoft-eyed Pity once led down from Heav'n
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! ſtill harder leſſon! how to die;
Diſdain not Thou to ſmooth the reſtleſs bed
Of Sickneſs and of Pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt Soul, anticipating Heav'n,
Burſts from the thraldom of incumb'ring clay,
And on the wing of Ecſtaſy upborne,
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

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§ 39. *The Grave.* Blair.

"The houſe appointed for all living." Job.

Whilst ſome affect the ſun, and ſome the
ſhade,
Some flee the city, ſome the hermitage,
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the taſk be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb*;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
Theſe trav'llers meet. Thy ſuccours I implore,
Eternal King, whoſe potent arm ſuſtains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread
thing!
Men ſhiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmneſs. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful waſtes;
Where nought but ſilence reigns, and night, dark
Dark as was Chaos ere the infant Sun [night,
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
Athwart

Athwart the gloom profound! The ſickly taper,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd miſty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy ſlime,
Lets fall a ſupernumerary horror,
And only ſerves to make thy night more irkſome.
Well do I know thee by thy truſty yew,
Cheerleſs, unſocial plant! That loves to dwell
'Midſt ſculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghoſts and viſionary ſhades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their myſtic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midſt the wreck of things which were:
There lie interr'd the more illuſtrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now, I never heard a ſound ſo dreary: [bird
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
Rook'd in the ſpire ſcreams loud; the gloomy aiſles
Black plaſter'd, and hung round with ſhreds of
ſcutcheons,
And tatter'd coats of arms, ſend back the ſound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The manſions of the dead. Rous'd from their
In grim array the griſly ſpectres riſe, [ſlumbers,
Grin horrible, and obſtinately ſullen
Paſs and repaſs, huſh'd as the foot of night.
Again! the ſcreech-owl ſhrieks: ungracious ſound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coæval near with that, all ragged ſhew, [down
Long laſh'd by the rude winds: ſome rift half
Their branchleſs trunks; others ſo thin a-top,
That ſcarce two crows could lodge in the ſame
tree. [pen'd here:
Strange things, the neighbours ſay, have hap-
Wild ſhrieks have iſſued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
Such tales their cheer, at wake or goſſipping.
When it draws near to witching time of night.
Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've ſeen,
By glimpſe of moonſhine, cheq'ring thro' the
trees,
The ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel in his hand,
Whiſtling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat ſtones
(With nettles ſkirted, and with moſs o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phraſe who lie below;
Sudden he ſtarts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The ſound of ſomething purring at his heels,
Full faſt he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghaſtly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his ſtand
O'er ſome new-open'd grave; and, ſtrange to tell!
Evaniſhes at crowing of the cock.
The new-made widow too I've ſometimes ſpied,
Sad ſight? ſlow moving o'er the proſtrate dead:
Liſtleſs, ſhe crawls along in doleful black,
While burſts of ſorrow guſh from either eye,
Faſt-falling down her now untaſted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops; whilſt buſy meddling Memory,
In barbarous ſucceſſion, muſters up
The paſt endearments of their ſoſter hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, ſtill ſhe thinks
She ſees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more cloſely to the ſenſeleſs turf,
Nor heeds the paſſenger who looks that way.
Invidious Grave! how doſt thou rend aſunder
Whom love has knit, and ſympathy made one!
A tie more ſtubborn far than nature's band.
Friendſhip! myſterious cement of the ſoul!
Sweet'ner of life, and ſolder of ſociety!
I owe thee much. Thou haſt deſerv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to pleaſe. O! when my friend and I
In ſome thick wood have wandered heedleſs on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and ſet us down
Upon the ſloping cowſlip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid ſtream has ſlid along.
In grateful errors tho' the underwood [thruſh
Sweet murm'ring; methought, the ſhrill-tongued
Mended his ſong of love; the ſooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and ſoften'd every note;
The eglantine ſmell'd ſweeter, and the roſe
Aſſum'd a dye more deep; whilſt ev'ry flow'r
Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
Of dreſs. Oh! then the longeſt ſummer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haſte; ſtill the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happineſs
Too exquiſite to laſt. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull Grave! thou ſpoil'ſt the dance of youthful
blood,
Strik'ſt out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry ſmirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madneſs.
Where are the jeſters now? the man of health
Complexionally pleaſant? where the droll?
Whoſe ev'ry look and geſture was a joke
To clapping theatres and ſhouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd muſing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a ſmile
Before ſhe was aware? Ah! ſullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæſars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boaſt of ſtory? Where the hot-brain'd youth?
Who the tiara at his pleaſure tore
From kings of all the then diſcover'd globe;
And cried, forſooth, becauſe his arm was ham-
And had not room enough to do its work? [per'd,
Alas! how ſlim, diſhonourably ſlim!
And cramm'd into a ſpace we bluſh to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where haſt thou hid thy many-ſpangled head,
And the majeſtic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerleſs now,
Like new-born infant bound up in his ſwathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back.

That

That throbs beneath the ſacrificer's knife:
Mute muſt thou bear the ſtrife of little tongues,
And coward inſults of the baſe-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadſt,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmoleſted and alone.
Araby's gums, and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very ſcruple;
O cruel irony! theſe come too late;
And only mock whom they were meant to honor.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-ſlave that's buried
In the high-way unſhrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as ſoft, and ſleeps as ſound, as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high deſcent
Above the vulgar-born, to rot in ſtate! [on,
But ſee! the well-plum dhearſe comes nodding
Stately and ſlow; and properly attended
By the whole ſable tribe, that painful watch
The ſick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their perſons by the hour
To mimic ſorrow when the heart's not ſad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the ſun! triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory ſcarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard the unwieldy ſhow; whilſt from the caſements,
And houſetops, ranks behind ranks cloſe wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waſte?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcaſe
That's fallen into diſgrace, and in the noſtril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midſt all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty ſtir? 'Tis wiſely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The Painter caſts diſcreetly into ſhades.
Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'ſt!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddleſome officious ill,
Purſues thee e'en to death, nor there ſtops ſhort.
Strange perſecution! when the grave itſelf
Is no protection from rude ſufferance.
Abſurd! to think to over-reach the grave,!
And from the wreck of names to reſcue ours!
The beſt concerted ſchemes men lay for fame
Die faſt away: only themſelves die faſter.
The far-fam'd ſculptor, and the laurel bard,
Thoſe bold inſurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain,
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whoſe ſpiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry ſhaking of the winter's ſtorm;
Yet ſpent at laſt by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The myſtic cone with hieroglyphics cruſted,
Gives way. O lamentable ſight! at once
The labour of whole ages lumbers down;
A hideous and miſ-ſhapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wreſtle but in vain
With all-ſubduing Time; her cank'ring hand
With calm deliberate malice waſteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the braſs conſumes,
The buſto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unſteady to the ſteel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who ſwam to ſov'reign rule, thro' ſeas of blood;
Th'oppreſſive, ſturdy, man-deſtroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waſte,
And in a cruel wantonneſs of pow'r,
Thinn'd ſtates of half their people, and gave up
To want the reſt; now, like a ſtorm that's ſpent
Lie huſh'd, and meanly ſneak behind thy covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral ſcorn
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghoſt
Implacable. Here too, the petty tyrant,
Whoſe ſcant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as ſhort,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like ſome lordly beaſt of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of miſery
(As if a ſlave was not a ſhred of nature,
Of the ſame common nature with his lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with duſt, and calls the worm his kinſman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jeſt; vaſſal and lord,
Groſsly familiar, ſide by ſide conſume.
When ſelf-eſteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly perſuade us we were ſomething
Above the common level of our kind; [flatt'ry,
The Grave gainſays the ſmooth complexion'd
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That ſteals ſo ſoftly o'er the ſtripling's heart.
And gives it a new pulſe unknown before!
The grave diſcredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roſes faded, and thy lilies ſoil'd,
What haſt thou more to boaſt of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze & do thee homage?
Methinks I ſee thee with thy head low-laid;
Whilſt ſurfeited upon thy damaſk cheek,
The high fed worm in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unſcar'd. For this was all thy caution!
For this thy painful labours at thy glaſs,
T'improve thoſe charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the ſpoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
Coarſe fare and carrion pleaſe thee full as well,
And leave as keen a reliſh on the ſenſe.
Look how the fair one weeps! the conſcious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honeſt effuſion! the ſwoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloſs on its diſtreſs.
Strength too! thou ſurly, and leſs gentle boaſt
Of thoſe that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common ſickneſs pulls thee down,
With greater eaſe than e'er thou didſt the ſtripling
That raſhly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguiſh heavy laden! let me trace it;
From yonder bed it comes, where the ſtrong man
By ſtronger arm belabour'd, gaſps for breath

Like

Like a hard hunted beaſt. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy cheſt by far too ſcant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail
The ſtrong-built ſinewy limbs, and well-ſpread
ſhoulders!
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and graſps it hard,
Juſt like a creature drowning! hideous ſight!
Oh! how his eyes ſtand out and ſtare full ghaſtly!
Whilſt the diſtemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow croſs his bowels.
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his laſt. See how the great Goliath,
Juſt like a child that brawl'd itſelf to reſt,
Lies ſtill. What mean'ſt thou then, O mighty boaſter!
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconſcious of his ſtrength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the ſlackneſs of his arm,
Truſts only in the well-invented knife!

With ſtudy pale, and midnight vigils ſpent,
The ſtar-ſurveying ſage cloſe to his eye
Applies the ſight-invigorating tube;
And trav'lling thro' the boundleſs length of ſpace,
Marks well the courſes of the far-ſeen orbs,
That roll with regular confuſion there,
In ecſtacy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head!
Soon, very ſoon, thy firmeſt footing fails;
And down thou dropp'ſt into that darkſome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies! diſabled now,
Diſarm'd, diſhonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to paſſers-by. [change?
Great man of language whence this mighty
This dumb deſpair, and drooping of the head?
Though ſtrong perſuaſion hung upon thy lip,
And ſly inſinuation's ſofter arts
In ambuſh lay about thy flowing tongue:
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick miſts and
Reſt, like a weary cloud, upon thy breaſt [ſilence
Unceaſing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The ſtrength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the leſſer ornaments of phraſe?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
Raz'd from the book of fame, or, more provoking,
Perhaps ſome hackney, hunger-bitten ſcribbler
Inſults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouſe a dead man into rage,
And warm with red reſentment the wan cheek.

Here the great maſters of the healing art,
Theſe mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their julaps and catholicons,
Reſign to fate. Proud Æſculapius' ſon,
Where are thy boaſted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ſhip could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Eſcap'd thy rifling hand: from ſtubborn ſhrubs
Thou wrung'ſt their ſby retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor inſect,
Nor writhy ſnake, eſcap'd thy deep reſearch.
But why this apparatus? why this coſt?
Tell us thou doughty keeper from the grave!
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long liſt of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou ſpeakeſt not. The bold impoſtor
Looks not more ſilly when the cheat's found out.

Here, the lank-ſided miſer, worſt of felons!
Who meanly ſtole, diſcreditable ſhift!
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcaſe, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O curſed luſt of gold! when for thy ſake
The fool throws up his int'reſt in both worlds,
Firſt ſtarv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How ſhocking muſt thy ſummons be, O Death!
To him that is at eaſe in his poſſeſſions;
Who, counting on long years of pleaſure here,
Is quite unfurniſh'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic ſoul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and ſhrieks for help,
But ſhrieks in vain! how wiſhfully ſhe looks
On all ſhe's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might ſhe ſtay to waſh away her ſtains,
And fit her for her paſſage! mournful ſight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
Like a ſtaunch murd'rer ſteady to his purpoſe,
Purſues her cloſe thro' ev'ry lane of life,
Nor miſſes once the track, but preſſes on;
Till, forc'd at laſt to the tremendous verge,
At once ſhe ſinks to everlaſting ruin.

Sure, 'tis a ſerious thing to die! my ſoul!
What a ſtrange moment muſt it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou haſt the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repaſs'd
To tell what's doing on the other ſide!
Nature runs back, and ſhudders at the ſight, [ing?
And ev'ry life-ſtring bleeds at thoughts of part-
For part they muſt: body and ſoul muſt part;
Fond couple! link'd more cloſe than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witneſs of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noiſome grave,
Like a diſabled pitcher, of no uſe.

If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing, [chee
Whence firſt they ſprung; then might the debau-
Untrembling mouth the heav'ns; then might the
drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh [wretch
At the poor bug-bear Death; then might the
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the ſlip,

By

By ſtealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way; whether by hemp or ſteel;
Death's thouſand doors ſtand open. Who could
The ill-pleas'd gueſt to ſit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure! he does well
That helps himſelf as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an *hereafter*,
And that there is, conſcience uninfluenc'd,
And ſuffer'd to ſpeak out, tells ev'ry man,
Then muſt it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our iſland's ſhame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring ſtates.
Shall nature, ſwerving from her earlieſt dictate,
Self-preſervation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heav'n! let not upon diſguſt,
The ſhameleſs hand be foully crimſon'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Juſt reeking from ſelf-ſlaughter, in a rage
To ruſh into the preſence of our Judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worſt,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard of tortures
Muſt be reſerv'd for ſuch: theſe herd together;
The common damn'd ſhun their ſociety,
And look upon themſelves as fiends leſs foul.
Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd;
How long, how ſhort, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the ſummons,
Nor dare to ſtir till Heav'n ſhall give permiſſion.
Like ſentries that muſt keep their deſtin'd ſtand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Thoſe only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the laſt. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worſt
Will ſoon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourſelves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis mad:
No frenzy half ſo deſperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
To thoſe you left behind diſcloſe the ſecret?
O! that ſome courteous ghoſt would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we muſt ſhortly be.
I've heard that ſouls departed have ſometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly done
To knock and give th' alarm. But what means
This ſtinted charity? 'tis but lame kindneſs
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the ſtrict laws
Of your ſociety forbid your ſpeaking
Upon a point ſo nice? I'll aſk no more;
Sullen like lamps in ſepulchres, your ſhine
Enlightens but yourſelves: well—'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as cloſe.

Death's ſhafts fly thick! Here falls the village ſwain,
And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes round,
And who ſo artful as to put it by?
'Tis long ſince death had the majority;
Yet, ſtrange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The ſexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er ſtole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors! Scarce a ſcull 's caſt up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some paſſage of his life. Thus, hand in hand,
The ſot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a ſmuttier tale; when drunkards meet,
None ſings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds
That ſoon ſome truſty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thouſands.

On this ſide, and on that, men ſee their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantaſtic ſcheimes, which three long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could ſcarce have leiſure for; fools that we are!
Never to think of death and of ourſelves
At the ſame time! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than ſottiſh!
For creatures of a day, in gameſome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehenſive; when for aught we know
The very firſt ſwoln ſurge ſhall ſweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a reſiſtleſs unremitting ſtream,
Yet treads more ſoft than e'er did midnight thief,
That ſlides his hand under the miſer's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a ſpacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's ſpoils, the ſpoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live muſt lend our carcaſes
To cover our own offſpring: in their turns
They too muſt cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
The ſhiv'ring Icelander, and ſun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Chriſtian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His ſov'reign's keeper, and the people's ſcourge,
Are huddled out of ſight. Here lie abaſh'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated maſters of the balance,
Deep read in ſtratagems, and wiles of courts:
Now vain their treaty-ſkill! Death ſcorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded ſlave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd ſhoulders; and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him
Is meditating new unheard-of hardſhips,
Mocks his ſhort arm, and quick as thought eſcapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary reſt.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool ſhade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling ſtream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite ſeats of love,
Faſt by his gentle miſtreſs lays him down
Unblaſted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie cloſe, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain preſbyter,
Ere while that ſtood aloof, as ſhy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like ſiſter-ſtreams
That ſome rude interpoſing rock had ſplit.
Here is the large-limb'd peaſant; here the child

Of

Of a ſpan long, that never ſaw the ſun,
Nor preſs'd the nipple, ſtrangled in life's porch:
Here is the mother with her ſons and daughters;
The barren wife: the long-demurring maid,
Whoſe lonely unappropriated ſweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowſlips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude ſevere, and gay coquette,
The ſober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a roſe before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth diſclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightſome vacant heart,
Whoſe ev'ry day was made of melody, [ſhrew,
Hears not the voice of mirth; the ſhrill-tongued
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wiſe, the gen'rous, and the brave;
The juſt, the good, the worthleſs, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the ſcoundrel, and the mean,
The ſupple ſtateſman, and the patriot ſtern;
The wrecks of nations, and the ſpoils of time,
With all the lumber of ſix thouſand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy firſt ſtate!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He ſtamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd
Smil'd on his laſt fair work! Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the ſoul ſerene;
Like two ſweet inſtruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their ſeveral parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cauſe they ſhould,
For all was pure within: no fell remorſe,
Nor anxious caſtings up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful boſom: ſummer ſeas
Shew not more ſmooth when kiſs'd by ſouthern
Juſt ready to expire. Scarce importun'd, [winds,
The gen'rous ſoil with a luxuriant hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing moſt perfect in its kind.
Bleſſed, thrice bleſſed days! but ah, how ſhort!
Bleſs'd as the pleaſing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like thoſe, and quickly gone.
O ſlipp'ry ſtate of things! What ſudden turns,
What ſtrange viciſſitudes, in the firſt leaf
Of man's ſad hiſtory! to-day moſt happy;
And, ere to-morrow's ſun has ſet, moſt abject!
How ſcant the ſpace between theſe vaſt extremes!
Thus far'd it with our Sire: not long he enjoy'd
His paradiſe! ſcarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair ſpot due time to prove its ſweets,
Or ſum them up, when ſtraight he muſt be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And muſt he go?
Can nought compound for the firſt dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the laviſh odours of the place,
Offer'd in incenſe, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming ſword forbids his longer ſtay,
And drives the loit'rer forth; nor muſt he take
One laſt and farewel round. At once he loſt
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And ſorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has ſinn'd.

Sick of his bliſs, and bent on new adventures;
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! deſtructive meaſure!
Where the worſt thing could happen, is ſucceſs.)
Alas! too well he ſped: the good he ſcorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghoſt,
Not to return; or, if it did, its viſits
Like thoſe of angels ſhort, and far between:
Whilſt the black dæmon, with his hell-ſcap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the raſh error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future ſons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vaſſalage ſo vile and cruel,
And its vaſt body bleeds through ev'ry vein.

What havock haſt thou made, foul monſter, Sin!
Greateſt and firſt of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimenſions! but for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vileſt nature, other ſorts of evils,
Are kindly circumſcrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten ſtone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of ſmoke and ſtench,
Mars the adjacent fields for ſome leagues round,
And there it ſtops. The big-ſwoln inundation,
Of miſchief more diffuſive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its ſhore it cannot paſs.
More dreadful far than theſe, Sin has laid waſte,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Diſpatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their ſakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blaſting the fruitful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accurſed thing! O where ſhall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expreſſive
Of all thy horrors? pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper ſo tranſcendantly malign,
That toads and ſerpents of moſt deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmleſs. Sickneſſes
Of ev'ry ſize and ſymptom, racking pains,
And blueſt plagues are thine! See how the fiend
Profuſely ſcatters the contagion round! [heels,
Whilſt deep-mouth'd ſlaughter, bellowing at her
Wades deep in blood new ſpilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is ſtruck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much diſcover'd
My father's nakedneſs, and nature's ſhame.
Here let me pauſe! and drop an honeſt tear,
One burſt of filial duty, and condolence,
O'er all thoſe ample deſerts Death has ſpread,
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whoſe ev'ry day is carnival, not fated yet!
Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriеſt gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abſtinence are ſought
To edge the appetite: thou ſeekeſt none.
Methinks the countleſs ſwarms thou haſt devour'd,

And thouſands that each hour thou gobbleſt up,
This, leſs than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But, ah! rapacious ſtill, thou gap'ſt for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays his ſkinny hand,
And whets to keeneſt eagerneſs his cravings
(As if Diſeaſes, Maſſacres, and Poiſon,
Famine and War, were not thy caterers)!
But know that thou muſt render up thy dead,
And with high intereſt too! they are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a ſeaſon,
Till the great promis'd day of reſtitution;
When loud diffuſive ſound from brazen trump
Of ſtrong-lung'd cherub ſhall alarm thy captives,
And rouſe the long, long ſleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.——
Then muſt thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as ſilver from the crucible,
That twice has ſtood the torture of the fire,
And inquiſition of the forge. We know,
Th' Illuſtrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
Thou couldſt not hold: ſelf-vigorous he roſe,
And, ſhaking off thy fetters, ſoon retook
Thoſe ſpoils his voluntary yielding lent.
(Sure pledge of our releaſement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he ſojourn'd here on earth,
And ſhew'd himſelf alive to choſen witneſſes
By proofs ſo ſtrong, that the moſt ſlow aſſenting
Had not a ſcruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I ſee him
Climb the aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the ſevering clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chace, ſoon drops its hold,
Diſabled quite, and jaded with purſuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends ſhut out: as ſome great prince
Not for himſelf alone procures admiſſion,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is, there ſhould his followers be.
Death only lies between! a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will ſoon go off. Beſides, there 's no by-road
To bliſs. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at tranſient hardſhips in the way
That leads to purer air and ſofter ſkies,
And a ne'er-ſetting ſun? Fools that we are!
We wiſh to be where ſweets unwith'ring bloom;
But ſtrait our wiſh revoke, and will not go.
So have I ſeen, upon a ſummer's even,
Faſt by a riv'let's brink a youngſter play!
How wiſhfully he looks to ſtem the tide!
This moment reſolute, next unreſolv'd,
At laſt he dips his foot; but as he dips
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffenſive ſtream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And ſmil'd ſo ſweet of late. Thrice welcome
That, after many a painful bleeding ſtep, [Death!
Conducts us to our home, and lands us ſafe
On the long wiſh'd-for ſhore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a bleſſing! Death diſarm'd
Loſes his fellneſs quite; all thanks to Him
Who ſcourg'd the venom out! Sure the laſt end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire ſo ſoft.
Behold him! in the ev'ning-tide of life,
A life well-ſpent, whoſe early care it was,
His riper years ſhould not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the ſun ſeems larger at his ſetting!
High in his faith and hopes, look! how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, ſtruggles hard to get away!
Whilſt the glad gates of ſight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the firſt fair fruits
Of the faſt-coming harveſt! Then! O then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or diſappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
To have his paſſport ſign'd, and be diſmiſs'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad ſoul
Has not a wiſh uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag fleſh
Reſts too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to ſunder more.
Nor ſhall it hope in vain: the time draws on
When not a ſingle ſpot of burial-earth,
Whether on land, or in the ſpacious ſea,
But muſt give back its long committed duſt
Inviolate: and faithfully ſhall theſe
Make up the full account; not the leaſt atom
Embezzled, or miſlaid, of the whole tale.
Each ſoul ſhall have a body ready-furniſh'd;
And each ſhall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Aſk not, how this can be? Sure the ſame pow'r
That rear'd the piece at firſt, and took it down,
Can re-aſſemble the looſe ſcatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days; and what he can he will;
His faithfulneſs ſtands bound to ſee it done.
When the dread trumpet ſounds, the ſlumb'ring
Not unattentive to the call, ſhall wake; [duſt,
And ev'ry joint poſſeſs its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its firſt ſtate. Nor ſhall the conſcious ſoul
Miſtake its partner; but amidſt the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall ruſh, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, who having long been abſent,
With haſte runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to ſee the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, ſhall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonleſs night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, at the ſhut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in ſome lonely break
Cow'rs down, and doſes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

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§ 40. *Happineſs to be found in Virtue alone.* Pope.

KNOW then this truth (enough for man to
"Virtue alone is Happineſs below." [know)

The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And takes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd if its end it gain,
And, if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd.
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place ac-
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd; [quir'd,
Never elated while one man 's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected while another 's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue is to gain.
See! the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow,
Which who but feels can taſte; but thinks, can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God;
Purſues that chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns from this union of the riſing whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end in Love of God, and Love of Man.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and faith in bliſs unknown
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find):
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart? [thine.
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence: [Senſe,
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliſs but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The center mov'd, a circle ſtraight ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race:
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

§ 48. *On the Eternity of the Supreme Being.*

Smart.

Hail, wondrous Being, who in pow'r ſupreme
Exiſts from everlaſting! whoſe great name
Deep in the human heart, and ev'ry atom
The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains,
In undecypher'd characters is wrote—
Incomprehenſible!—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove
Thro' the vaſt concave of th' æthereal round)?
If to the Heav'n of Heav'ns they wing their way
Advent'rous, like the birds of night they're loſt,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.—
May then the youthful, uninſpired Bard
Preſume to hymn th' Eternal? may he ſoar
Where Seraph and where Cherubim on high
Reſound th' unceaſing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?
He may—if thou, who from the witleſs babe
Ordaineſt honour, glory, ſtrength, and praiſe,
Uplift th' unpinion'd Muſe, and deign'ſt to aſſiſt,
Great Poet of the Univerſe! his ſong.
Before this earthly Planet wound her courſe
Round Light's perennial fountain; before Light
Herſelf 'gan ſhine, and at th' inſpiring word
Shot to exiſtence in a blaze of day;
Before "the Morning-Stars together ſang,"
And hail'd Thee architect of countleſs worlds;
Thou art—All-glorious, All-beneficent,
All Wiſdom and Omnipotence Thou art.
But is the æra of Creation fix'd
At when theſe worlds began? Could aught retard
Goodneſs, that knows no bounds, from bleſſing ever,
Or keep th' immenſe Artificer in ſloth? [ever,
Avaunt the duſt-directed crawling thought,
That Puiſſance immeaſurably vaſt,
And Bounty inconceivable, could reſt
Content, exhauſted with one week of action!
No—in th' exertion of thy righteous pow'r,
Ten thouſand times more active than the Sun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Syſtems innumerable, matchleſs all,
All ſtampt with thine uncounterfeited ſeal.
But yet (if ſtill to more ſtupendous heights
The Muſe unblam'd her aching ſenſe may ſtrain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The beſt of Beings on the nobleſt theme
Might ruminate at leiſure, ſcope immenſe!
Th' Eternal Pow'r and Godhead to explore,
And with itſelf th' Omniſcient Mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundleſs All.
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidſt a choicer few
Of ſpirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime Pillars of the Univerſe,
Creation and Redemption—and awhile
Pauſe—with the grand preſentiments of glory!
Perhaps—but all 's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and ſelf-plum'd vanity—
O Thou, whoſe ways to wonder at 's diſtruſt;
Whom

Whom to deſcribe 's preſumption (all we can,
And all we may), be glorified, be prais'd. [riſh,
A day ſhall come, when all this Earth ſhall pe-
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it ſhall come,
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war againſt themſelves, and mutual rage,
To make Perdition triumph; it ſhall come,
When the capacious atmoſphere above
Shall in ſulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vaniſh into void; the earth beneath
Shall ſever to the centre, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the deſtructive flames.
Ye rocks that mock the ravings of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immenſe Atlantic roar,
In vain ye ſwell; will a few drops ſuffice
To quench the inextinguiſhable fire? [cedars,
Ye mountains, on whoſe cloud-crown'd tops the
Are leſſen'd into ſhrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chamber of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where?
Where, Tenerif, 's thy ſtateline's to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to theſe? No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden ſun.
Nor ſhall the verdant valleys then remain
Safe in their meek ſubmiſſion; they the debt
Of nature and of juſtice too muſt pay.
Yet I muſt weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andaluſia; but for thee
More largely, and with filial tears muſt weep,
O Albion! O my country! Thou muſt join,
In vain diſſever'd from the reſt, muſt join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.
Nor thou, illuſtrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye ſtars,
Tho' million leagues and million ſtill remote,
Shall yet ſurvive that day; ye muſt ſubmit,
Sharers, not bright ſpectators of the ſcene.
But tho' the Earth ſhall to the centre periſh,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; tho' the air
With all the elements muſt paſs away,
Vain as an idiot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandiſh the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales muſt to perdition yield;
Tho' the gilt Sun, and ſilver-treſſed Moon,
With all her bright retinue, muſt be loſt:
Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, ſurviv'ſt
Eternal, as thou wert. Yet ſtill ſurvives
The ſoul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.
He comes! he comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming ſword's intolerable blaze
I ſee! He comes! th' Archangel from above.
" Ariſe, ye tenants of the ſilent grave,
" Awake incorruptible, and ariſe:
" From eaſt to weſt, from the Antarctic pole
" To regions Hyperborean, all ye ſons,
" Ye ſons of Adam, and ye heirs of heaven—
" Ariſe, ye tenants of the ſilent grave,
" Awake incorruptible, and ariſe,"
'Tis then, nor ſooner, that the reſtleſs mind
Shall find itſelf at home; and like the ark,
Fix'd on the mountain top, ſhall look aloft
O'er the vague paſſage of precarious life;
And winds and waves, and rocks and tempeſts,
Enjoy the everlaſting calm of Heav'n: [paſt,
'Tis then, nor ſooner, that the deathleſs ſoul
Shall juſtly know its nature and its riſe:
'Tis then the human tongue, new-tun'd, ſhall give
Praiſes more worthy the Eternal ear.
Yet what we can, we ought;—and therefore Thou,
Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and Good!
Purge Thou my heart with hyſſop, leſt, like Cain,
I offer fruitleſs ſacrifice, and with gifts
Offend, and not propitiate the Ador'd.
Tho' Gratitude were bleſt with all the powers
Her burſting heart could long for; tho' the ſwift,
The fiery wing'd Imagination ſoar'd
Beyond Ambition's wiſh—yet all were vain
To ſpeak him as he is, who is ineffable.
Yet ſtill let Reaſon thro' the eye of Faith
View him with fearful love; let Truth pronounce,
And Adoration on her bended knee,
With heav'n-directed hands, confeſs his reign,
And let the angelic, archangelic band,
With all the hoſts of Heaven, cherubic forms,
And forms ſeraphic, with their ſilver trump
And golden lyres attend:—" For thou art holy,
" For thou art one, th' Eternal, who alone
" Exerts all goodneſs, and tranſcends all praiſe!"

§ 42. *On the Immenſity of the Supreme Being.* Smart.

Once more I dare to rouſe the ſounding ſtring,
The Poet of my God—Awake, my glory,
Awake, my lute and harp—myſelf ſhall wake,
Soon as the ſtately night-exploding bird
In lively lay ſings welcome to the dawn.
Liſt ye! how Nature with ten thouſand tongues
Begins the grand thankſgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the foreſt and the field!
My fellow ſubjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confeſs his preſence, and report his praiſe.
O Thou, who or the lambkin, or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek and poor,
Prefer'ſt to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean Eſſay, nor from thy treaſure-houſe
Of glory immenſe the Orphan's mite exclude.
What tho' the Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unkenn'd—where Eaſt nor Weſt,
Nor South nor bluſtering North has breath to blow;
Albeit He there with angels and with ſaints
Hold conference, and to his radiant hoſt
Ev'n face to face ſtands viſibly confeſt;
Yet know, that nor in preſence or in power
Shines he leſs perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes th' obſcurity. He is the ſame;
Alike in all his univerſe the ſame.
Whether the mind along the ſpangled ſky
Meaſures her pathleſs walk, ſtudious to view
The works of vaſter fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march di-
Still faithful, ſtill inconſtant, to the ſun; [recting
Or where the comet, thro' ſpace infinite
(Tho' whirling worlds oppoſe in globes of fire)

Darts, like a javelin, to his diſtant goal; [vens,
Or where in Heaven above, the Heaven of Hea-
Burn brighter ſuns, and goodlier planets roll
With ſatellites more glorious—Thou art there.

Or whether on the ocean's boiſterous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outſtretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds and diſcipline the billows,
The ſuppliant ſailor finds Thee there, his chief,
His only help—When Thou rebuk'ſt the ſtorm,
It ceaſes—and the veſſel gently glides
Along the gloſſy level of the calm.

O! could I ſearch the boſom of the ſea,
Down the great depth deſcending, there thy works
Would alſo ſpeak thy reſidence; and there
Would I, thy ſervant, like the ſtill profound,
Aſtoniſh'd into ſilence muſe thy praiſe!
Behold! behold! th' unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, ſea-flowers gay, [tom,
And ſhrubs of amber from the pearl-pav'd bot-
Riſe richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe ſecurity their gambols play:
While high above their heads Leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His paſtime takes with tranſport, proud to ſee
The ocean's vaſt dominion all his own.

Hence thro' the genial bowels of the earth
Eaſy may fancy paſs; till at thy mines,
Gani or Raolconda, ſhe arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by ſages old
Of ſov'reign virtue) ſparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And bluſhes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treaſure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate and the deep-intrenched gem
Of kindred jaſper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herſelf;
And in their veins ſhe oft pourtrays the forms
Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and ſtreams
Now ſtealing ſoftly on, now thundering down
In deſperate caſcade, with flowers and beaſts,
And all the living landſkip of the vale:
In vain thy pencil, Claudio or Pouſſin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would eſſay
Such ſkill to imitate—it is the hand
Of God himſelf—for God himſelf is there. [vance

Hence with th' aſcending ſprings let me ad-
Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and ſpar,
Up to the mountains ſummit, there t' indulge
Th' ambition of the comprehenſive eye,
That dares to call th' horizon all her own.
Behold the foreſt, and th' expanſive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whoſe ſmooth-ſhorn ſod
No object interrupts, unleſs the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—Behold in regal ſolitude,
And paſtoral magnificence, he ſtands
So ſimple, and ſo great, the under-wood
Of meaner rank an awful diſtance keep.
Yet Thou art there, y' God himſelf is there,
Ev'n on the buſh (tho' not as when to Moſes
He ſhone in burning majeſty reveal'd).
Nathleſs conſpicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodneſs—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preſerver chants ſhe in her ſong;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful leſſon learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other ſound—for, in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains, where the unbounded proſpect
Gives liberty her utmoſt ſcope to range,
Turn we to yon incloſures, where appears
Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract, and ſtill ſuſpend
With ſweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of labouring men and clumſy art,
Seen with the ringdove's neſt? On that tall beech
Her penſile houſe the feather'd artiſt builds—
The rocking winds moleſt her not; for ſee
With ſuch due poiſe the wond'rous fabric's hung.
That, like the compaſs in the bark, it keeps
True to itſelf, and ſtedfaſt ev'n in ſtorms.
Thou idiot, that aſſerts there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever—
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his manſion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come [cherry
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the
To bluſh with juſt vermillion—Hence away—
Hence, ye profane! for God himſelf is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious, to trace
Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—
And tho' nor ſhining ſun, nor twinkling ſtar,
Bedeck'd the crimſon curtains of the ſky;
Tho' neither vegetable, beaſt, nor bird
Were extant on the ſurface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great ſea
Slept in profound ſtagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
Yet man at home, within himſelf, might find
The Deity immenſe, and in that frame,
So fearfully, ſo wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power—
I ſee, and I adore—O God moſt bounteous!
O infinite of goodneſs and of glory, [Thee;
The knee that thou haſt ſhap'd ſhall bend to
The tongue which thou haſt tun'd ſhall chant
thy praiſe;
And thine own image, the immortal ſoul,
Shall conſecrate herſelf to Thee for ever.

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§ 43. *On the Omniſcience of the Supreme Being.*
Smart.

Arise, divine Urania, with new ſtrains
To hymn thy God! and thou, immortal Fame,
Ariſe and blow thy everlaſting trump?
All glory to the Omniſcient, and praiſe,
And power and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whoſe voice
To pious ears ſounds ſilverly ſo ſweet,
Come with thy precious incenſe, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choiceſt ſtores the altar crown.
Thou too, my heart, whom He, and He alone
Who all things knows, can know, with love re-
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyſelf [plete,

A living

A living ſacrifice before his throne!
And may th' eternal, high, myſterious tree,
That in the centre of the arched heavens [branch
Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with ſome
Stoop to my humble reach, and bleſs my toil!
When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay,
A ſenſeleſs embryo, then my ſoul thou knew'ſt;
Knew'ſt all her future workings, every thought,
And every faint idea yet unform'd.
When up the imperceptible aſcent
Of growing years, led by thy hand, I roſe,
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
Inſenſibly to-day, thou didſt vouchſafe,
And taught me by that reaſon thou inſpir'dſt,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect,—in Thee is wond'rous,
Uncircumſcrib'd, unſearchably profound,
And eſtimable ſolely by itſelf. [brutes,
What is that ſecret pow'r that guides the
Which Ignorance calls inſtinct! 'Tis from Thee;
It is the operation of thine hands,
Immediate, inſtantaneous; 'tis thy wiſdom
That glorious ſhines tranſparent thro' thy works.
Who taught the pye, or who forewarn'd the jay,
To ſhun the deadly nightſhade? Tho' the cherry
Boaſts not a gloſſier hue, nor does the plum
Lure with more ſeeming ſweets the amorous eye,
Yet will not the ſagacious birds, decoyed
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
They know to taſte is fatal; whence, alarm'd,
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.
Go to, proud reaſoner, philoſophic man,
Haſt thou ſuch prudence, thou ſuch knowledge?
Full many a race has fall'n into the ſnare [—No.
Of meretricious looks, of pleaſing ſurface;
And oft in deſert iſles the famiſh'd pilgrim,
By forms of fruit, and luſcious taſte, beguil'd,
Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
For why? his wiſdom on the leaden feet
Of ſlow Experience, dully tedious, creeps,
And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.
The venerable ſage, that nightly trims
The learned lamp, t' inveſtigate the powers
Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
And the dark regions of the foſſil world,
Grows old in following what he ne'er ſhall find;
Studious in vain! till haply at the laſt
He ſpies a miſt, then ſhapes it into mountains,
And baſeleſs fabrics from conjecture builds:
While the domeſtic animal, that guards
At midnight hours his threſhold, if oppreſs'd
By ſudden ſickneſs, at his maſter's feet
Begs not that aid his ſervices might claim,
But is his own phyſician, knows the caſe,
And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.
Hark! from afar the feather'd matron * ſcreams,
And all her brood alarms! The docile crew
Accept the ſignal one and all, expert
In th' art of Nature and unlearn'd deceit:
Along the ſod, in counterfeited death,
Mute, motionleſs they lie; full well appriz'd
That the rapacious adverſary's near.

But who inform'd her of th' approaching danger?
Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her deſtruction?
Her own prophetic ſoul is active in her,
And more than human providence her guard.
When Philomela, ere the cold domain
Of crippled Winter 'gins t' advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in ſome poplar ſhade
Takes her melodious leave, who then 's her pilot?
Who points her paſſage thro' the pathleſs void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her ſcience is the ſcience of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the North
E'er aſcertains her courſe, nor buoy, nor beacon:
She, Heaven-taught voyager, that ſails in air,
Courts nor coy Weſt nor Eaſt, but inſtant knows
What Newton or not ſought, or ſought in vain †.
Illuſtrious name! irrefragable proof
Of man's vaſt genius, and the ſoaring ſoul!
Yet what wert thou to Him, who knew his works
Before creation form'd them, long before
He meaſur'd in the hollow of his hand
Th' exulting ocean, and the higheſt heavens
He comprehended with a ſpan, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in his golden ſcales;
Who ſhone ſupreme, who was himſelf the light,
Ere yet Refraction learn'd her ſkill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.
When Knowledge at her father's dread command
Reſign'd to Iſrael's king her golden key,
O! to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon deſcanting on the brutes.
O! how ſublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good-will to man,
That wiſdom he alone of men poſſeſs'd
In plenitude ſo rich, and ſcope ſo rare.
How did he rouſe the pamper'd ſilken ſons
Of bloated Eaſe, by placing to their view
The ſage induſtrious Ant, the wiſeſt inſect,
And beſt œconomiſt of all the field!
Tho' ſhe preſumes not by the ſolar orb
To meaſure times and ſeaſons, nor conſults
Chaldean calculations, for a guide;
Yet, conſcious that December's on the march,
Pointing with icy hand to Want and Woe,
She waits his dire approach, and undiſmay'd
Receives him as a welcome gueſt, prepar'd
Againſt the churliſh Winter's fierceſt blow.
For when as yet the favourable Sun
Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,
Not the poor ſuffering ſlave, that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-ſought gold,
Endures ſuch trouble, ſuch fatigue, as ſhe;
While all her ſubterraneous avenues, [meet
And ſtorm-proof cells, with management moſt
And unexampled houſewifery ſhe forms:
Then to the field ſhe hies, and on her back,
Burden immenſe! ſhe bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary ſtep, and many a ſtrain,
And many a grievous groan ſubdu'd, at length
Up the huge hill ſhe hardly heaves it home,

* The Hen Turkey.

† The Longitude.

Nor reſts ſhe here her providence, but nips
With ſubtle tooth the grain, leſt from her garner
In miſchievous fertility it ſteal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way.
Go to the Ant, thou ſluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.
But if thy deaden'd ſenſe, and liſtleſs thought,
More glaring evidence demand; behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive preſents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glaſs
May read himſelf a fool. The chemiſt there
May with aſtoniſhment invidious view
His toils outdone by each plebeian bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing,
From various herbs, and from diſcordant flowers,
A perfect harmony of ſweets compounds.
Avaunt, Conceit! Ambition, take thy flight
Back to the Prince of vanity and air!
O! 'tis a thought of energy moſt piercing; [force
Form'd to make pride grow humble; form'd to
Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
A true but irkſome image of herſelf.
Woeful viciſſitude! when man, fallen man,
Whofirſt from Heaven, from gracious God himſelf
Learn'd knowledge of the brutes, muſt know, by brutes
Inſtructed and reproach'd, the ſcale of being;
By ſlow degrees from lowly ſteps aſcend,
And trace Omniſcience upwards to its ſpring!
Yet murmur not, but praiſe—for tho' we ſtand
Of many a godlike privilege amerc'd
By Adam's dire tranſgreſſion; tho' no more
Is Paradiſe our home, but o'er the portal
Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thouſand beauties bloom the earth,
Withpleaſurespopulous,andwith richescrown'd.
Still is there ſcope for wonder and for love
Ev'n to their laſt exertion—ſhowers of bleſſings
Far more than human virtue can deſerve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye people, O ye ſons of men,
Whatever be the colour of your lives,
Whatever portion of itſelf his wiſdom
Shall deign t' allow, ſtill patiently abide,
And praiſe him more and more; nor ceaſe to chant
"All glory to th' Omniſcient, and praiſe,
"And pow'r, and domination in the height!
"And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whoſe voice
"To pious ears ſounds ſilverly ſo ſweet,
"Come with thy precious incenſe, bring thy gifts,
"And with thy choiceſt ſtores the altar crown."

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

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§44. *On the Power of the Supreme Being.* Smart.

"Tremble, thou Earth!" th' anointed poet ſaid, [mountains!
"At God's bright preſence; tremble all ye
"And all ye hillocks on the ſurface bound!"
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll!
The Muſe with tranſport hears ye; once again
Convulſe the ſolid continent! and ſhake,
Grand muſic of Omnipotence, the iſles!
'Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of power,
'Tis thy terrific voice; all nature hears it,
Awaken'd and alarm'd; ſhe feels its force;
In every ſpring ſhe feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vaſt machine.
Behold! quakes Apennine; behold! recoils
Athos; and all the hoary headed Alps
Leap from their baſes at the god-like ſound.
But what is this, celeſtial tho' the note,
And proclamation of the reign ſupreme,
Compar'd with ſuch as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Should Ocean to his congregated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the wat'ry world down a huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible caſcade,
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
When zephyr faints upon the lily's breaſt;
'Twere but the ceaſing of ſome inſtrument,
When the laſt lingering undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with ſounds
So mighty! ſo ſtupendous! ſo divine!
But not alone in the aërial vault
Does He the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with his inteſtine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And ſhocks the central magnet—Cities then
Totter on their foundations, ſtately columns,
Magnific walls, and heaven-aſſaulting ſpires.
What tho' in haughty eminence erect
Stands the ſtrong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverſe hoſts; tho' many a baſtion jut
Forth from the rampart's elevated mound;
Vain the poor providence of human art,
And mortal ſtrength, how vain! while underneath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of ſhatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamour inconceivable uptorn,
And hurl'd adown th' abyſs. Sulphureous pyrites
Burſting abrupt from darkneſs into day,
With din outrageous and deſtructive ire,
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflictive ear, and terrifies the eye, [felt,
And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we
Within Auguſta's walls, twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation: but even Thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever;
Thy goodneſs infinite but mildly warn'd us,
With mercy-blended wrath; O ſpare us ſtill,
Nor ſend more dire conviction! We confeſs
That thou art He, th' Almighty: we believe.
For at thy righteous power whoſe ſyſtems quake;
For at thy nod tremble ten thouſand worlds.
Hark! on the wing'd whirlwinds rapid rage,
Which is and is not in a moment—hark!
On th' hurricane's tempeſtuous ſweep he rides
Invincible, and oaks, and pines, and cedars,
And foreſts are no more. For, conflict dreadful!
The Weſt encounters Eaſt, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blaſt.
The lordly lions ſhuddering ſeek their dens,
And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,
Who dar'd the ſolar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints, and falls, and dies;—while He ſupreme
Stands ſtedfaſt in the centre of the ſtorm.
Wherefore ye objects terrible and great,

Ye

Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes, [wombs
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not leſs manifeſt, is not leſs mighty.
Survey the magnet's ſympathetic love
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, inviſible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric ſphere aſſaults thy frame,
Shew me the hand that dealt it!—Baffled here
By his Omnipotence, Philoſophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And ſtands, with all his circling wonders round
Like heavy Saturn in th' ethereal ſpace [her,
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.
If ſuch the operations of his power,
Which at all ſeaſons and in every place
(Rul'd by eſtabliſh'd laws and current nature)
Arreſt th' attention; who, oh who ſhall tell
His acts miraculous? when his own decrees
Repeals he, or ſuſpends; when by the hand
Of Moſes or of Joſhua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic ſeers, ſuch deeds be wrought,
Before th' aſtoniſh'd ſun's all-ſeeing eye,
That faith was ſcarce a virtue. Need I ſing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
Loſt in the reflux of the wat'ry walls,
That melted to their fluid ſtate again?
Need I recount how Samſon's warlike arm,
With more than mortal nerves was ſtrung, t' o'er-
Idolatrous Philiſtia? Shall I tell [throw
How David triumph'd, and what Job ſuſtain'd?
—But, O ſupreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequall'd, myſtery immenſe, [tion
Which angels long t'unfold! 'tis man's redemp-
That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms;
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
Shone forth the Son of Righteouſneſs reveal'd,
And on benighted reaſon pour'd the day;
"Let there be peace!" he ſaid, and all was calm
Amongſt the warring world—calm as the ſea
When, "O be ſtill, ye boiſterous winds!" he
cried,
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taſte
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he riſe
Victorious o'er the univerſal foe,
And death, and ſin, and hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conqueſt is mankind,
And in ſweet ſervitude and golden bonds
Were tied to him for ever.—O how eaſy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecſtaſy to bear. Him, bleſſed Shepherd!
His flocks ſhall follow thro' the maze of life,
And ſhades that tend to day-ſpring from on high;
And as the radiant roſes, after fading,
In fuller foliage, and more fragrant breath
Revive in ſmiling ſpring, ſo ſhall it fare
With thoſe that love him—for ſweet is their ſa-
And all Eternity ſhall be their ſpring. [vour,
Then ſhall the gates and everlaſting doors,
At which the King of Glory enters in, [ſure
Be to the ſaints unbarr'd: and there, where plea-
Boaſts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from paſſion—there we 'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him who is, and was,
And, in immortal proweſs King of kings,
Shall be the monarch of all worlds for ever.

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§ 45. *On the Goodneſs of the Supreme Being.*
Smart.

Orpheus, for ſo the Gentiles * call'd thy
name,
Iſrael's ſweet Pſalmiſt, who alone couldſt wake
Th' inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods with muſical perſuaſion drew;
Thou, who to hail and ſnow gav'ſt voice and ſound,
And mad'ſt the mute melodious!—greater yet
Was thy divineſt ſkill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art and nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil Angel—in this breaſt
Some portion of thy genuine ſpirit breathe,
And lift me from myſelf; each thought impure
Baniſh; each low idea raiſe, refine,
Enlarge, and ſanctify;—ſo ſhall the Muſe
Above the ſtars aſpire, and aim to praiſe
Her God on earth as he is prais'd in heaven.
Immenſe Creator! whoſe all-powerful hand
Fram'd univerſal being, and whoſe eye
Saw, like thyſelf, that all things form'd were good;
Where ſhall the timorous Bard thy praiſe begin,
Where end the pureſt ſacrifice of ſong, [light,
And juſt thankſgiving?—The thought-kindling
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my ſoul with gratitude and Thee.
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the ſtreaky Eaſt, and blightſome rouſe
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from reſt!
Hail to the freſhneſs of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew,
Without the aid of yonder golden globe.
Loſt were the garnet's luſtre, loſt the lily,
The tulip and auricula's ſpotted pride;
Loſt were the peacock's plumage, to the ſight
So pleaſing in its pomp and gloſſy glow.
O thrice-illuſtrious! were it not for Thee.
Thoſe panſies, that reclining from the bank
View thro' th' immaculate pellucid ſtream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boaſt, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eaſtern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irkſome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladſome beams,
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain

* See this conjecture ſtrongly ſupported by Delany, in his Life of David.

Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praiſe of Him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to tranſport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thruſh,
The woodlark and the redbreaſt, jointly call;
He hears, and feeds their feather'd families;
He feeds his ſweet muſicians—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And tho' their throats coarſe rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for muſic, thanks and praiſe
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man:—
But not to all—for, hark! the organs blow
Their ſwelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace the harmonious choir, celeſtial feaſt
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind!
The thrilling trebles and the manly baſe
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the ſacred ſubject ſuit their ſong.
While in each breaſt ſweet melancholy reigns
Angelically penſive, till the joy
Improves and purifies; the ſolemn ſcene
The ſun thro' ſtoried panes ſurveys with awe,
And baſhfully withholds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
With love and gladneſs weepingly they ſhed
Ecſtatic ſmiles; the incenſe, that her hands
Uprear, is ſweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's bloſſom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell: to Him ſhe ſings,
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preſerves, whatever dwells
In air, in ſtedfaſt earth, or fickle ſea.
O He is good, He is immenſely good! [man;
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Diſpenſing all his bleſſings for the beſt,
In order and in beauty:—riſe, attend,
Arreſt, and praiſe, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, ſubmiſſive bow
To Him who made the mite! Tho', Aſia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his leſs ſtriking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault, and ſeeks th' aſſiſting glaſs.
Approach, and bring from Araby the Bleſt
The fragrant caſſia, frankincenſe, and myrrh,
And, meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
Lay all the tributary incenſe down.
Stoop, feeble Africa, with reverence ſtoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
To' adorn his temples, haſten with thy ſpear
Reverted, and thy truſty bow unſtrung,
While unpurſued thy lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide
Re-murmur to the glorious, ſurly ſound.
And thou, fair Indian, whoſe immenſe domain
To counterpoiſe the hemiſphere extends, [ers,
Haſte from the Weſt, and with thy fruits and flow-
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteouſneſs ſo fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due [crown
Of thanks and praiſe: come with thy brilliant
And veſt of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, ſeat of Grace
And Chriſtian excellence, his Goodneſs own.
Forth from ten thouſand temples pour his praiſe.
Clad in the armour of the living God,
Approach, unſheath the Spirit's flaming ſword;
Faith's ſhield, ſalvation's glory—compaſs'd helm
With fortitude aſſume, and o'er your heart
Fair Truth's invulnerable breaſt-plate ſpread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the ſong of Charity begin
In ſtrains ſeraphic, and melodious prayer:
" O all-ſufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of Goodneſs and of Glory, hear!
" Thou, who to loweſt minds doſt condeſcend,
" Aſſuming paſſions to enforce thy laws,
" Adopting jealouſy to prove thy love:
" Thou, who reſign'd humility uphold'ſt,
" Ev'n as the floriſt props the drooping roſe,
" But quell'ſt tyrannic pride with peerleſs power,
" Ev'n as the tempeſt rives the ſtubborn oak:
" O all-ſufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of Goodneſs and of Glory, hear!
" Bleſs all mankind; and bring them in the end
" To heav'n, to immortality, and Thee!"

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§ 46. *Ode to Wiſdom.* Miſs Carter.

The ſolitary bird of night
Thro' the pale ſhades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-ſhook tow'r,
Where, ſhelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philoſophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the ſolemn ſound,
Which midnight echoes waſt around,
And ſighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy ſummons, bend
At Wiſdom's awful ſeat.

She loves the cool, the ſilent eve,
Where no falſe ſhows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray:
Here Folly drops each vain diſguiſe,
Nor ſports her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art
" That glads the ſenſe or mends the heart,"
Bleſt ſource of purer joys;
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental ſight
With pleaſure and ſurprize;

To thy unſpotted ſhrine I bow,
Aſſiſt thy modeſt ſuppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild deſires:
But, taught by thy unerring rules
To ſhun the fruitleſs wiſh of fools,
To nobler views aſpires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r;
Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
These glitt'ring envied toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refin'd:
For wealth, the smiles of glad content;
For pow'er, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lye
Of ignorance and spite;
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest;
Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy graces drest.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey the philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of truth,
And felt its just controul:
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,
The hero's gen'rous strife:
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties
Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To thee, supreme, all perfect mind,
My thoughts direct their flight:
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray
To regulate my doubtful way,
Thro' life's perplexing road;
The mists of error to controul;
And thro' its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of Folly's painted show:
She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all but Virtue's solid joys
Is vanity and woe.

§ 47. *On Human Life.* Ogilvie.

By Time's slow-heaving tide, the works of man
Are whelm'd; how sinks beneath his waste-
ful sway
The pride of empire! Glittering for a while,
The gilded vessels sport along the stream,
Fann'd with propitious gales: the sides are firm,
The hull capacious, and the swelling sails
Float to the breeze of summer. Ah! how soon,
Torn by the tempest's wildly-rushing wing,
And foundering on the deep it lies deform'd,
A shatter'd wreck! Nor less on life descends
The storm impetuous; let thy silver hairs,
Time-hallow'd age, be witness! the dim eye,
The tottering tread, the furrow'd cheek, the hand
Yet trembling from the blast. Tell, ye who tend
The bed of death, how o'er the helpless race
Of human victims strides the harpy foot
Of Misery triumphant! while the veins
Shrink to the Fever's scorching breath, or feel,
Starting, the fiery dart of racking Pain,
That writhes to agony; or loosen'd shake
Before Consumption; when her baleful sponge
Drops its green poison on the springs of life.
Nor these alone pursue the race of man.
Far other ills await; far other woes
Like vultures revel on his canker'd heart.
O ye who nightly languish o'er the tomb,
Where sleeps thy dust, Eugenio! Ye whose hearts
O'er Virtue bleed, when, reeking from the scourge
Of dire Oppression, in some lonely cave
She pines all desolate!—Ye powers that haunt
The vale where Genius breathes her plaint alone,
Wild to the whistling wind; her voice unheard
As airs that warble o'er the murmering dale
Remote, to Solitude's inchanting ear!
O tell, why wrapt in Grandeur's floating robe
Vice mounts her throne! while trembling at the
bar,
Stands Innocence appall'd! Tell why the hand
Of strutting Impudence, unlicens'd, grasps
The palm of Worth, and his indignant brow
Looks down, while meek-ey'd Modesty, dismay'd,
Mantles her cheek in crimson, and retires
To blush in silence! why thy purple car,
High-plum'd Ambition, bathes its rolling wheels
In blood, and o'er pale Virtue's streaming corse,
Rapid and madd'ning springs to reach the goal!

§ 48. *Diseases are the Consequence of Intemperance.* Ogilvie.

Long o'er the lilied plain I cast my eye,
Lo ig mark'd the crowd that roam'd delighted
Alternate transport, pity, love, and fear, [on;
Work'd in my bosom.
I look'd, and hovering o'er the flowery turf

Were seen innumerable shapes, whose wings
Wav'd on the wind, or o'er the glittering field
Who trod in silence. Care with lowering brow
Slow stalk'd; and Slander, speckled as the snake
That stings th' unwary traveller, along
The tainted earth trail'd loose, or borne on wings
Blue as the brimstone's gleam, in secret shot
Her poison'd arrows. Pining Envy gnaw'd
A blasted laurel, from the locks of Fame
Snatch'd, as the goddess to her lips applied
Her mighty trump, and swell'd a solemn note
To Homer's venerable name—Not far
Stood Discord foaming. Riot double-tongu'd,
And gleaming Frenzy, and thy yellow wing,
Revenge, fell fiend! shook plagues, and thro' the breast
Infus'd their venom to the inmost soul.
O'er all, Disease her beauty-withering wand
Wav'd high; and, heaving on the heavy air,
Her raven pinions, bloated as she sail'd
The face of Nature. Shapeless was her form,
And void; the owl's ill-omen'd eyes high-rais'd
Speckled her front; her nostrils breath'd a cloud;
Pale Famine's sallow hand had scoop'd her cheek;
And a green viper form'd her forky tongue.
——— Slow she mov'd
Along the troubled air; and from a bag
(Wrought deep by Envy in her midnight den)
Scatter'd the seeds of death. The sparkling bowl
Receiv'd them now; and now the enfeebled corse,
Lank, open, spent, at each unfolding pore
Suck'd in the poison, as it rose decay'd,
Livid and weak, from Pleasure's loose embrace.
Soon o'er each withering cheek the baleful pow'r
Had spread unseen her life-consuming stain:
Nor knew th' exulting youth, who quaff'd elate
The draught delicious, that untimely frost
Lurk'd by the springs of life; and secret chill'd
The florid blood, and mark'd him for the tomb.
At last with weak step came the trembling Sage,
Haggard, and shrinking from the breeze; his voice
Was deep, and hollow; and the loose nerves shook
His silver-sprinkled head. He thus began:
"O yet, while Heav'n suspends your doom, be wise,
My sons! O cease to listen to the lure
Of Pleasure! Death attends her forward step,
And Peril lays the sure, tho' secret snare.
Hear, then, the words of age. Yet Fate bestows
One hour; yet Virtue, with indulgent voice,
By me invites to shun the devious maze
Of Error:—Yet to crown with length of days,
With joy, with happiness, your bold career
She hopes! O snatch the proffer'd boon! be rous'd;
Ere her strong arm tremendous at your heads
Shall launch th' avenging thunder; ere dismay'd,
Perplex'd, bewilder'd, wild, you seek the haunt
Of Peace, when darkness veils her lowly cot:
And mourn her gentle smile for ever gone."

§ 49. *Wishes obtained often make Men miserable* Ogilvie.

Yet warn'd, behold what danger marks the path
Of high-brow'd Opulence! Intemperance,
The fruitful parent of Disease, behind
Reels loose, and silent plants th' entangling snare.
Oft when, to vengeance rous'd, th' Eternal dooms
Some wretch to misery extreme, he grants
The fervent wish; he gives th' insatiate eye
To rove transported o'er its golden store;
The heart to swell like Xerxes', when he view'd
His hosts that wrapt th' immeasurable plain,
And triumph'd in his pow'r. Thus fares the wretch
As, whirl'd by Passion, thro' life's dusty field
He bursts exulting. On the drooping head
Of Merit, shy to censure, and repress
By decent Pride from murmering; his rude hand
Arrests the palm. He gains it; and ador'd
By Folly's swond'ring train, presumptuous shapes
His course; till like a canker at the root,
That secret riots on the vital stream,
Slow, but sure-wasting Fate in silence takes
Th' inevitable aim; and spares the hand.
Of hoary Time his silver and his scythe.
O weak! thro' Passion's erring glass to view
What cooler thought condemns! Think'st thou the man
By birth exalted, by the lavish hand
Of Fortune crown'd with honour, whose gay hours
Dance to the melting lute's melodious lay,
Is happy?—Know, thy wandering search mistakes
The shade for substance. Could thy thought explore
The mind within, what real ills excite
The mental tumult; to the trembling gaze
Of Fear what phantoms of imagin'd woes
Swim thro' the dark night's solemn noon, when Sleep
Shakes not her poppies o'er his longing eyes,
That roll in vain; what inward-eating care
Preys on his pamper'd blood; what wishes wild;
What dread of future misery; what dreams
Of horror gleam athwart the sable scroll
Where Memory prints her records: would the scene
Wake thee to envy? Would thy wishing soul
Pant for the boon that glitters to the eye,
But stings the heart, and poisons all its joy?
I read thy secret doubt:—"'Tis Guilt that shades
The brow of Grandeur; tis the solemn peal
Of Conscience thundering in the mental ear,
That wakes to quick sensation. To the dream
Of harmless Innocence, no Demon shakes
His front terrific: all is calm within,
And tun'd to perfect harmony.—Yet Peace
May dwell with Opulence; one happy mind
May eye rejoicing it extended pow'r
To work for man; exulting as it views
A smiling tribe around, snatch'd from the grasp
Of ruthless want, and basking in the beam
Of joy, to transport kindling, and to love."
'Tis just—The noble mind by Fortune rais'd,
And warm'd by strong benevolence to spread
Its happiness to all, displays to man
His Maker's image. To a godlike few
Heav'n gives at once the virtue and the power;
Yet plants not Opulence for these a snare,

That

That poverty escapes?—The wretch who dragg'd
His sire relentless to the tomb—say rose
No boiling passion in his rankled heart?
Felt not his tortur'd breast the venom sting
Of keen Impatience? Flam'd not to his eye
Gold, titles, honour; all the tinsel-show,
That on the sullen front of Avarice wakes
A gloomy smile, and bids his little thought
Receive a gleam of joy? From these secure
Lives not untutor'd Indigence at ease?
And steals unseen along the vale of life,
Calm, peaceful, shelter'd from the stormy blast
That shakes Ambition's plume: that wrecks the hope.
The quiet of mankind?—What though to these
The means are scanty?—O'er the roughen'd cheek
Health sheds her bloom; their sinews knit by toil,
Robust and firm, support th' allotted weight:
And gradual loosed by long revolving years,
Resign their charge, untainted by the seeds
Of lurking Death, slow thro' the form diffus'd
From meals that Nature nauseates, from the cup
Where the wine laughs, and on the mantling cheek
Kindles a transient blush, but works disease,
And shades the temples with untimely snow.

§ 50. DEITY. Boyse.

Unde nil majus generatur Ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum. HOR.

FROM earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,
The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
All the false joys mistaken man pursues;
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine!
Recal, fond Bard, thy long-enchanted sight
Deluded with the visionary light!
A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!
But oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
How shalt thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain?
Do Thou, who from the altar's living fire
Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,
Come to my aid, celestial Wisdom, come;
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom:
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God from whom existence came;
Till heav'n and nature in the concert join,
And own the Author of their birth divine.

I. ETERNITY.

Whence sprung this glorious frame! or whence
The various forms the universe compose? [arose
From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things?
Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!
Since reason, by the sacred dictates taught,
Adores a pow'r beyond the reach of thought.
First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
Sole light of heav'n! acknowledg'd life of earth!
Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous whole,
This wide expanded All from pole to pole!
Who shall prescribe the boundary to Thee,
Or fix the æra of Eternity?
Should we, deceived by error's sceptic glass,
Admit the thought absurd—That Nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
That Nothing rais'd this beauteous All below!
Whence from disclosing darkness splendour breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks,
When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!
If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change,
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?
Could Nothing link the universal chain?
No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!
Here reason its eternal Author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!
Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!
A nobler source those powers ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;
These from a cause superior date their rise,
"Abstract in essence from material ties."
An origin immortal, as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:
In whom all possible perfections shine,
Eternal, self-existent, and divine!
From this great spring of uncreated might!
This all-resplendent orb of vital light;
Whence all-created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies!
Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which heav'n enrich and gladden worlds below!
Which are no less, when properly-defin'd,
Than emanations of th' Eternal Mind!
Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear
(Let unbelief attend and shrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense!
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er began, nor e'er shall end.
In him from whom existence boundless flows.
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose:
Assur'd on his eternity depend,
"Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!"
Within that mystic circle safety seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break;
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

II. UNITY.

Thus recogniz'd, the spring of life and thought!
Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot!
Approach, celestial Muse, th' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore th' exalted One!
In nature pure, in place supremely free,
And happy in essential unity!

Bless'd

Bleſs'd in himſelf, had from his forming hand
No creatures ſprung to hail his wide command;
Bleſs'd, had the ſacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundleſs ſea of bliſs that knows no ſhore!
Nor ſenſe can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reaſon two eternal Gods believe!
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill ſubſide!
Again would vanquiſh'd Aramanius bleed,
And darkneſs from prevailing light recede!
In diff'rent individuals we find
An evident diſparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thouſand changes gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains;
But ſhould two Beings, equally ſupreme,
Divided pow'r and parted empire claim;
How ſoon would univerſal order ceaſe!
How ſoon would diſcord harmony diſplace!
Eternal ſchemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, ſupported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontroul'd his aim purſue,
The links diſſever, or the chain renew!
Matter from motion croſs impreſſions take,
As ſerv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,
While neutral Chaos from his deep receſs,
Would view the never-ending ſtrife increaſe,
And bleſs the conteſt that ſecur'd his peace!
While new creations would oppoſing riſe,
And elemental war deform the ſkies!
Around wild uproar and confuſion hurl'd,
Eclipſe the heav'ns, and waſte the ruin'd world.
Two independant cauſes to admit,
Deſtroys religion, and debaſes wit;
The firſt by ſuch an anarchy undone,
The laſt acknowledges its ſource but one.
As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
That wind irriguous thro' the flow'ry lawn;
So, mindful of their ſpring, one courſe they keep,
Exploring, till they find their native deep!
Exalted Power, inviſible, ſupreme,
Thou ſov'reign, ſole unutterable Name!
As round thy throne thy flaming ſeraphs ſtand,
And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand;
Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold;
Tranſported with the ardors of thy praiſe,
The holy! holy! holy! anthem raiſe!
To them reſponſive, let creation ſing,
Thee, indiviſible eternal King!

III. SPIRITUALITY.

O ſay, celeſtial Muſe! whoſe purer birth
Diſdains the low material ties of earth;
By what bright images ſhall be defin'd
The myſtic nature of th' eternal Mind!
Orhow ſhall thought the dazzling height explore,
Where all that reaſon can—is to adore!
That God's an immaterial eſſence pure,
Whom figure can't deſcribe, nor parts immure;
Incapable of paſſions, impulſe, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth ſevere:
Unmix'd his nature, and ſublim'd his pow'rs
From all the groſs allay that tempers ours;
In whoſe clear eye the bright angelic train,
Appear ſuffus'd with imperfection's ſtain!
Impervious to the man's or ſeraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high.
Him would in vain material ſemblance feign,
Or figur'd ſhrines the boundleſs God contain;
Object of faith! he ſhuns the view of ſenſe,
Loſt in the blaze of ſightleſs excellence!
Moſt perfect, moſt intelligent, moſt wiſe,
In whom the ſanctity of pureneſs lies;
In whoſe adjuſting mind the whole is wrought,
Whoſe form is ſpirit, and whoſe eſſence thought!
Are truths inſcrib'd by Wiſdom's brighteſt ray,
In characters that gild the face of day!
Reaſon confeſs'd (howe'er we may diſpute),
Fix'd boundary! diſcovers man from brute;
But, dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depreſs'd in matter, and allied to clay!
In forms ſuperior kindles leſs confin'd,
Whoſe dreſs is æther, and whoſe ſubſtance mind;
Yet all from Him, ſupreme of cauſes flow,
To Him their pow'rs and their exiſtence owe;
From the bright cherub of the nobleſt birth,
To thepoor reaſoningglow-wormplac'd on earth;
From matter then to ſpirit ſtill aſcend,
Thro' ſpirit ſtill refining, higher tend;
Purſue, on knowledge bent, the pathleſs road,
Pierce thro' infinitude in queſt of God!
Still from thy ſearch, the center ſtill ſhall fly,
Approaching ſtill—thou never ſhalt come nigh!
So its bright orb th' aſpiring flame would join,
But the vaſt diſtance mocks the fond deſign.
If he, Almighty! whoſe decree is fate,
Could, to diſplay his pow'r, ſubvert his ſtate;
Bid from his plaſtic hand, a greater riſe,
Produce a maſter, and reſign his ſkies;
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The myſtic number of th' Eternal Name;
Then might revolting reaſon's feeble ray
Aſpire to queſtion God's all-perfect day!
Vain taſk! the clay in the directing hand,
The reaſon of its form might ſo demand,
As man preſume to queſtion his diſpoſe
From whom the power he thus abuſes flows.
Here point, fair Muſe! the worſhip God requires,
The ſoul inflam'd with chaſte and holy fires?
Where love celeſtial warms the happy breaſt,
And from ſincerity the thought's expreſs'd;
Where genuine piety, and truth refin'd,
Re-conſecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God deſcends to viſit man below!

IV. OMNIPRESENCE.

Thro' th' unmeaſurable tracts of ſpace
Go, Muſe divine! and preſent Godhead trace!
See where, by place uncircumſcrib'd as time,
He reigns extended; and he ſhines ſublime!
Shouldſt thou above the heav'n of heav'ns aſcend,
Couldſt thou below the depth of depths deſcend,
Could thy fond flight beyond the ſtarry ſphere
The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear!

There

There ſhould his brighter preſence ſhine confeſt,
There his almighty arm thy courſe arreſt!
Could'ſt thou the thickeſt veil of night aſſume,
Or think to hide thee in the central gloom!
Yet there, all patent to his piercing ſight,
Darkneſs itſelf would kindle into light:
Not the black manſions of the ſilent grave,
Nor darker hell, from his perception ſave;
What pow'r, alas! thy footſteps can convey
Beyond the reach of omnipreſent day?

In his wide graſp, and comprehenſive eye,
Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie:
Syſtems inclos'd in his perception roll,
Whoſe all-informing mind directs the whole:
Lodg'd in his graſp, their certain ways they know;
Plac'd in that ſight from whence can nothing go.
On earth his footſtool fix'd, in heav'n his ſeat;
Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.

Nor want his ſhining images below,
In ſtreams that murmur, or in winds that blow;
His ſpirit broods along the boundleſs flood,
Smiles in the plain, and whiſpers in the wood;
Warms in the genial ſun's enliv'ning ray,
Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day!

Should man his great immenſity deny,
Man might as well uſurp the vacant ſky:
For were he limited in date, or view,
Thence were his attributes imperfect too;
His knowledge, power, his goodneſs all confin'd,
And loſt th' idea of a ruling Mind!
Feeble the truſt, and comfortleſs the ſenſe
Of a defective partial Providence!
Boldly might then his arm injuſtice brave,
Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;
Dejected virtue lift its hopeleſs eye:
And heavy ſorrow vent the heartleſs ſigh!
An abſent God no abler to defend,
Protect, or puniſh, than an abſent friend;
Diſtant alike our wants or griefs to know,
To eaſe the anguiſh, or prevent the blow,
If he, Supreme Director, were not near,
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear;
Unpuniſh'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!
The moral world a ſecond chaos lie,
And nature ſicken to the thoughful eye!

Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
From his high pow'r its ſlender texture takes;
While in his book the various parts inroll'd,
Increaſing, own eternal Wiſdom's mould.

Nor views he only the material whole,
But pierces thought, and penetrates the ſoul!
Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
Or the faint purpoſe dawns within the heart,
His ſteady eye the mental birth perceives,
Ere yet to us the new idea lives!
Knows what we ſay, ere yet the words proceed,
And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed!

But Conſcience, fair vicegerent-light within,
Aſſerts its Author, and reſtores the ſcene!
Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
"And vindicates the ways of God to man."

Then, ſacred Muſe, by the vaſt proſpect fir'd,
From heav'n deſcended, as by heav'n inſpir'd;
His all-enlight'ning Omnipreſence own, [known;
Whence firſt thou feel'ſt thy dwindling preſence
His wide Omniſcience, juſtly, grateful, ſing,
Whence thy weak ſcience prunes its callow wing!
And bleſs th' Eternal, All-informing Soul,
Whoſe ſight pervades, whoſe knowledge fills the whole.

V. IMMUTABILITY.

As the Eternal and Omniſcient Mind,
By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd,
Is always independant, always free,
Hence ſhines confeſs'd Immutability!
Change, whether the ſpontaneous child of will,
Or birth of force—is imperfection ſtill.
But he, all-perfect, in himſelf contains
Pow'r ſelf-deriv'd, and from himſelf he reigns!
If, alter'd by conſtraint, we could ſuppoſe,
That God his fix'd ſtability ſhould loſe;
How ſtartles reaſon at a thought ſo ſtrange!
What pow'r can force Omnipotence to change?
If from his own divine productive thought,
Were the yet ſtranger alteration wrought;
Could excellence ſupreme new rays acquire?
Or ſtrong perfection raiſe its glories higher?
Abſurd!—his high meridian brightneſs glows,
Never decreaſes, never overflows!
Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
The blaze of incommunicable day!

Below through different forms does matter
And life ſubſiſt from elemental change; [range,
Liquids condenſing ſhapes terreſtrial wear,
Earth mounts in fire, and fire diſſolves in air;
While we, enquiring phantoms of a day,
Inconſtant as the ſhadows we ſurvey!
With them, along time's rapid current paſs,
And haſte to mingle with the parent maſs;
But Thou, Eternal Lord of life divine!
In youth immortal ſhalt for ever ſhine!
No change ſhall darken thy exalted name;
From everlaſting ages ſtill the ſame!

If God, like man, his purpoſe could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo;
Deſponding Faith would droop its cheerleſs wing,
Religion deaden to a lifeleſs thing!
Where could we, rational, repoſe our truſt,
But in a Pow'r immutable as juſt?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If truth unerring gave not the deſign?
Where, as in nature's fair according plan,
All ſmiles benevolent and good to man.

Plac'd in this narrow clouded ſpot below,
We darkly ſee around and darkly know!
Religion lends the ſalutary beam,
That guides our reaſon thro' the dubious gleam;
Till ſounds the hour, when he who rules the ſkies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniſcience riſe!
Shall diſſipate the miſts that veil our ſight,
And ſhew his creatures—*all his ways are right!*

Then, when aſtoniſh'd nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd time ſhall know his lateſt date;
When earth ſhall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds diſſolve in fire!
The univerſal ſyſtem ſhrink away,
And ceaſing orbs confeſs th' almighty ſway!

Immortal

Immortal He, amidſt the wreck ſecure,
Shall ſit exalted, permanently pure!
As in the Sacred Buſh, ſhall ſhine the ſame,
And from the ruin raiſe a fairer frame!

VI. OMNIPOTENCE.

Far hence, ye viſionary charming maids,
Ye fanciednymphsthat haunt theGrecianſhades!
Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourſelves producing phantoms as untrue:
But come, ſuperior Muſe! divinely bright,
Daughter of heav'n, whoſe offſpring ſtill is light;
Oh condeſcend celeſtial ſacred gueſt!
To purge my ſight, and animate my breaſt,
While I preſume Omnipotence to trace,
And ſing that Pow'r who peopled boundleſs ſpace! [rode,

Thou preſent wert, when forth th' Almighty
WhileChaostrembledat the voiceof God! [drew,
Thou ſaw'ſt, when o'er th' immenſe his line he
When Nothing from his Word exiſtence knew!
His Word, that wak'd to life the vaſt profound,
While conſcious light was kindled at the ſound!
Creation fair ſurpriz'd the angelic eyes,
And ſov'reign Wiſdom ſaw that all was wiſe!

Him, ſole Almighty, nature's book diſplays,
Diſtinct the page, and legible the rays!
Let the wild ſceptic his attention throw
To the broad horizon, or earth below;
He finds thy ſoft impreſſion touch his breaſt,
He feels the God, and owns him unconfeſt:
Should the ſtray pilgrim, tir'd of ſands and ſkies,
In Lybia's waſte behold a palace riſe,
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought?
Go, atheiſt, hence, and mend thy juſter thought!

What hand, Almighty Architect! but thine,
Could give the model of this vaſt deſign?
What hand but thine adjuſt th' amazing whole?
And bid conſenting ſyſtems beauteous roll!
What hand but thine ſupply the ſolar light!
Ever beſtowing, yet for ever bright!
What hand but thine the ſtarry train array,
Or give the Moon to ſhed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex ſpread?
What hand but thine compoſe the ocean's bed?
To the vaſt main the ſandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb reſtrain the foe!
What hand but thine the wint'ry flood aſſuage,
Or ſtop the tempeſt in its wildeſt rage!

Thee infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination ſinks beneath thy pow'r;
Thee could the ableſt of thy creatures know,
Loſt were thy Unity, for he were Thou!
Yet preſent to all ſenſe thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature, nature's Author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou ev'ry where art preſent to the eye!
The ſenſe how ſtupid, and the ſight how blind,
That fails this univerſal truth to find!

Go! all the ſightleſs realms of ſpace ſurvey,
Returning trace the Planetary Way!
The ſun that in his central glory ſhines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;
Then at our intermediate globe repoſe,
And view yon lunar ſatellite that glows!
Or caſt along the azure vault thy eye,
When golden day enlightens all the ſky;
Around, behold earth's variegated ſcene,
The mingling proſpects, and th' flow'ry green;
The mountain brow, the long-extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood!
And ſay, are theſe the wild effects of chance?
Oh, ſtrange effect of reas'ning ignorance!

Nor pow'r alone confeſs'd in grandeur lies,
The glittering planet or the painted ſkies!
Equal, the elephant's or emmet's dreſs
The wiſdom of Omnipotence confeſs;
Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous maſs,
With the ſmall inſects in the crouded graſs;
The mite that gambols in its acid ſea,
In ſhape a porpus, though a ſpeck to thee!
Ev'n the blue down the purple plum ſurrounds,
A living world, thy failing ſight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation ſhows,
Where millions taſte the bounty God beſtows!

Great Lord of life, whoſe all-controuling might
Thro' wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming ſhine,
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine:
Shouldſt thou withdraw thy ſtill-ſupporting hand,
How languid nature would aſtoniſh'd ſtand!
Thy frown the ancient realm of night reſtore,
And raiſe a blank—where ſyſtems ſmil'd before!

See in corruption, all-ſurpriſing ſtate,
How ſtruggling life eludes the ſtroke of fate;
Shock'd at the ſcene, tho' ſenſe averts its eye,
Nor ſtops the wond'rous proceſs to deſcry;
Yet juſter thought the myſtic change purſues,
And with delight Almighty Wiſdom views!
The brute, the vegetable world ſurveys,
Sees life ſubſiſting ev'n from life's decays!
Mark there, ſelf-taught, the penſive reptile come,
Spin his thin ſhroud, and living build his tomb!
With conſcious care his former pleaſures leave,
And dreſs him for th' bus'neſs of the grave!
Thence, paſs'd the ſhort-liv'd change, renew'd he ſprings,
Admires the ſkies, and tries his ſilken wings!
With airy flight the inſect roves abroad,
And ſcorns the meaner earth he lately trod!

Thee, potent, let deliver'd Iſrael praiſe,
And to thy name their grateful homage raiſe!
Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy juſtice awfully ſevere!
How did thy frown benight the ſhadow'd land!
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command!
When jarring elements their uſe forgot,
And the ſun felt thy overcaſting blot!
When earth produc'd the peſtilential brood,
And the foul ſtream was crimſon'd into blood!
How deep the horrors of that awful night,
How ſtrong the terror, and how wild the fright!
When o'er the land thy ſword vindictive paſs'd,
And men and infants breath'd at once their laſt,
How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey!
Thy light conducting point the patent way!

Obedient

Obedient ocean to their march divide
The wat'ry wall distinct on either side;
While thro' the deep the long procession led,
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed!
Nor long they march'd, till, black'ning in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear!
Plunge down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea!
Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,
When thro' Arabia's sands their way they took;
By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
With feather'd viands, and with heav'nly bread:
When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!
What limits can Omnipotence confine?
What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?
Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!
On Sinai's top, the Muse with ardent wing
The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing!
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
Involv'd the nations in its awful shade;
When shrunk the earth from thy approaching face,
And the rock trembled to its rooted base:
Yet where thy majesty divine appear'd,
Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;
Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
Oh shame to thought!—thy sacred throne invade,
And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

VII. WISDOM.

O thou, who, when th' Almighty form'd this All,
Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balanc'd ball;
And as his hand completed each design,
Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine;
O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
What tongue shall make thy charms celestial known?
What hand, fair Goddess! paint thee but thy own?
What tho' in nature's universal store
Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r;
Pow'r, unattended, terror would inspire,
Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,
The beauty of the whole result 's divine!
Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
And matter owns its great Disposer's laws;
Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought;
Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
Hence rises harmony, and order springs;
Else, had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day!
See, how associate round their central sun,
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
Still equi-distant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,
While from the sun her monthly light renews;
Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in course the constant seasons rise,
Deform the earth, or beautify the skies:
First, Spring advancing, with her flow'ry train;
Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the sylvan scene;
Then, Autumn, with her yellow harvest crown'd,
And trembling Winter close the annual round.
The vegetable tribes observant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:
The chain of animated beings scale,
From the small reptile to the enormous whale;
From the strong eagle stooping thro' the skies,
To the low insect that escapes thy eyes!
And see, if see thou canst, in ev'ry frame,
Eternal Wisdom shine confess'd the same:
As proper organs to the least assign'd,
As proper means to propagate the kind,
As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
As in this lord of all—debating man!
Hence, reas'ning creature, thy distinction find,
Nor longer to the ways of Heav'n be blind.
Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
But outward beauty points a charm behind.
What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,
The plain, the river, or the wood to please?
Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
The Beautifier, or the beautified?
There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
Beyond the ken of all created eyes;
His works our love and our attention steal;
His works (surprising thought) the Maker veil;
Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,
Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd.
O gracious God, omnipotent and wise,
Unerring Lord, and Ruler of the skies!
All-condescending, to my feeble heart
One beam of thy celestial light impart;
I seek not sordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r;
O grant me Wisdom—and I ask no more!

VIII. PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's sheltered ground,
With towns replete, with green enclosures bound,
Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a transient vista as it strays;
The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
Whence opens all the scene as he ascends;
So Providence the friendly heights supplies,
Where all the charms of Deity surprise;
Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, all unite,
And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight!
Almighty Cause! 'tis thy preserving care,
That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair;
The sun, from thy superior radiance bright,
Eternal sheds his delegated light;
Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
And paints the silver moon's alternate ray:
Thy hand the waste of eating Time renews:
Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews:
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;

Bids

Bids at thy will the ſlack'ning tempeſt ceaſe,
While the calm ocean ſmooths its ruffled face;
When lightnings thro' the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is looſen'd to deſtroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aſide the ſtroke;
Thy word the fiend's commiſſion can revoke;
When ſubterraneous fires the ſurface heave,
And towns are buried in the yawning grave;
Thou ſuffer'ſt not the miſchief to prevail;
Thy ſov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rock thou ſend'ſt the cheerful gleam;
O'er Lybia's ſands thou pour'ſt the cooling ſtream;
Thy watchful providence o'er all intends;
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.

When man too long the paths of vice purſued,
Thy hand prepar'd the univerſal flood;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely ſign,
To ſave a remnant from the wrath divine!
One ſhining waſte the globe terreſtrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled ſea;
Thou bad'ſt the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!
The ſkies were clear'd—the mountain tops were ſeen,
The dove pacific brought the olive green
On Arrarat the happy Patriarch toſt,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had loſt;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleaſing ſcene,
The earth all verdant, and the air ſerene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark diſplay'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid!
Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow
The promiſe of a ſafer world below.

When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And riſing Babel Heav'n with pride ſurvey'd;
Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
And leave the maſs to moulder with the ground,
From Thee all human actions take their ſprings,
The riſe of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vaſt theatre of time diſplay'd,
While o'er the ſcene ſucceeding heroes tread!
With pomp the ſhining images ſucceed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence aſſign'd,
Their pride, their paſſions, to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms paſs away;
No traces left of all the buſy ſcene,
But that remembrance ſays—*The things have been!*
"But (queſtions Doubt) whence ſickly nature feels
"The ague-fits her face ſo oft reveals? [breaſt?
"Whence earthquakes heave the earth's aſtoniſh'd
"Whence tempeſts rage? or yellow plagues infeſt?
"Whence draws rank Afric her empoiſon'd ſtore?
"Or liquid fires exploſive Ætna pour?" [ſtore?
Go, ſceptic mole! demand th' eternal cauſe,
The ſecret of his all-preſerving laws;
The depths of wiſdom infinite explore,
And aſk thy Maker—why he knows no more?

Thy error ſtill in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the ways of fate,
To aſk why proſp'rous vice ſo oft ſucceeds,
Why ſuffers innocence, or virtue bleeds?
Why monſters, nature muſt with bluſhes own,
By crimes grow pow'rful, and diſgrace a throne?

Why ſaints and ſages, mark'd in every age,
Periſh the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of hell?
In vain by reaſon is the maze purſued,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good,
Fix'd to the hold, ſo might the ſailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the ſteerage blame,
As we direct to God what ſhould belong,
Or ſay, that ſov'reign wiſdom governs wrong.

Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded paſs below!
Oft ſacred Juſtice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and th' uſurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than ſevere,
Arreſts the hero in his wild career;
Directs the ſever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæſar fall;
Or, when the curſed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monſters drink it up;
On violence oft retorts the cruel ſpear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty ſnare;
Relieves the innocent, exalts the juſt,
And lays the proud oppreſſor in the duſt!

But, faſt as Time's ſwift pinions can convey,
Haſtens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes
God's high tribunal ſhall majeſtic riſe,
When the loud trumpet ſhall aſſemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing ſound!
Where men and angels ſhall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then ſhall fair Providence, to all diſplay'd,
Appear divinely bright without a ſhade;
In light triumphant all her acts be ſhown,
And bluſhing Doubt eternal Wiſdom own!

Mean while, thou great Intelligence ſupreme,
Sov'reign Director of this mighty frame,
Whoſe watchful hand, and all-obſerving ken,
Faſhions the hearts, and views the ways of men;
Whether thy hand the plenteous table ſpread,
Or meaſure ſparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the ſcene,
Or wants deform, and waſting anguiſh ſtain;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bleſs'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy providence, their conſtant friend,
Thro' life ſhall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlaſting arms their cauſe embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

IX. GOODNESS.

Ye ſeraphs, who God's throne encircling ſtill,
With holy zeal your golden cenſers fill;
Ye flaming miniſters, to diſtant lands
Who bear, obſequious, his divine commands;
Ye cherubs, who compoſe the ſacred choir,
Attuning to the voice th' angelic lyre!
Or ye, fair natives of the heav'nly plain,
Who once were mortal—now a happier train!
Who ſpend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In bliſsful meads, and amaranthine bow'rs,
Oh lend one ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
Oh deign my glowing boſom to inſpire,

And

And aid the Muſe's unexperienc'd wing,
While Goodneſs, theme divine, ſhe ſoars to ſing!
Tho' all thy attributes, divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;
Yet if one beams ſuperior to the reſt,
Oh let thy Goodneſs faireſt be confeſs'd:
As ſhines the moon amidſt her ſtarry train,
As breathes the roſe amongſt the flow'ry ſcene,
As the mild dove her ſilver plumes diſplays,
So ſheds thy mercy, its diſtinguiſh'd rays.
This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,
When formleſs Chaos heard thy high command;
When, pleas'd, the eye thy matchleſs works review'd,
And Goodneſs, placid, ſpoke that all was good!
Nor only does in heav'n thy Goodneſs ſhine;
Delighted nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital ſun's illuminating beam,
The ſilver creſcent, and the ſtarry gleam,
As day and night alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to ev'ry diſtant land.
See ſmiling nature, with thy treaſures fair,
Confeſs thy bounty and parental care;
Renew d by thee, the faithful ſeaſons riſe,
And earth with plenty all her ſons ſupplies.
The generous lion, and the brinded boar,
As nightly thro' the foreſt walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, ſeek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unſated go away:
To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preſerving eye:
From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or thoſe who range the field, or plough the main,
Receive with conſtant courſe th' appointed food,
And taſte the cup of univerſal good;
Thy hand thou open'ſt, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'ſt, they faint; thou ſmil'ſt, and they revive!
On virtue's acre, as on rapine's ſtores,
See Heav'n impartial deal the fruitful ſhow'rs!
'Life's common bleſſings all her children ſhare,'
Tread the ſame earth, and breathe a gen'ral air!
Without diſtinction boundleſs bleſſings fall,
And Goodneſs like the ſun, enlightens all!
Oh man! degenerate man! offend no more!
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall theſe thro' ev'ry tribe his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind when ſov'reign Goodneſs charms the eyes!
Mark how the wretch his awful name blaſphemes,
His pity ſpares—his clemency reclaims!
Obſerve his patience with the guilty ſtrive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;
Recal the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beſeech the obſtinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderneſs—amazing moſt,
The ſoul on whom ſuch mercy ſhould be loſt!
But would'ſt thou view the rays of goodneſs join
In one ſtrong point of radiance all divine,
Behold, celeſtial Muſe! yon eaſtern light;
To Bethlem's plain, adoring, bend thy ſight!
Hear the glad meſſage to the ſhepherds giv'n,
Good will on earth to man, and peace in heav'n!
Attend the ſwains, purſue the ſtarry road,
And nail to earth the Saviour and the God!
Redemption! oh thou beauteous myſtic plan!
Thou ſalutary ſource of life to man!
What tongue can ſpeak thy comprehenſive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When loſt in ſin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful juſtice claim'd her righteous pay!
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And ſtop the lightning juſt prepar'd to fly!
(O ſtrange effect of unexampled love!)
View him deſcend the heav'nly throne above;
Patient the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, tho' revil'd, and innocent, tho' poor!
Uncertain his abode, and coarſe his food,
His life one fair continued ſcene of good;
For us ſuſtain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal juſtice bleed!
Look! to the croſs the Lord of life is tied,
They pierce his hands, and wound his ſacred ſide,
See God expires! our forfeit to atone,
While nature trembles at his parting groan!
Advance, thou hopeleſs mortal, ſteel'd in guilt,
Behold, and, if thou canſt, forbear to melt!
Shall Jeſus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuſe thy kind aſſent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live!
Perverſe, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and ſtreaming in his blood?
Whoſe virtue can thy deepeſt crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raiſe thee from a rebel to a ſon!
O bleſt Redeemer, from thy ſacred throne,
Where ſaints and angels ſing thy triumphs won!
(Where from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,
Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
From that exalted height of bliſs ſupreme,
Look down on thoſe who bear thy ſacred name;
Reſtore their ways, inſpire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy ſteps to trace;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine!
Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
O'er the glad world thy healing light diſplay;
Fair Sun of Righteouſneſs! in beauty riſe,
And clear the miſts that cloud the mental ſkies!
To Judah's remnant, now a ſcatter'd train,
Oh great Meſſiah! ſhew thy promis'd reign;
O'er earth as wide thy ſaving warmth diffuſe,
As ſpreads the ambient air, or falling dews;
And haſte the time when, vanquiſh'd by thy pow'r,
Death ſhall expire, and ſin defile no more!

X. RECTITUDE.

Hence diſtant far, ye ſons of earth profane,
The looſe, ambitious, covetous, or vain:
Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd ſlaves of ſtate,
The wanton vulgar, and the ſordid great!
But come, ye purer ſouls, from droſs refin'd,
The blameleſs heart and uncorrupted mind!

Let

Let your chaſte hands the holy altars raiſe,
Freſh incenſe bring, and light the glowing blaze,
Your grateful voices aid the Muſe to ſing
The ſpotleſs juſtice of th' Almighty King!
As only Rectitude divine he knows,
As truth and ſanctity his thoughts compoſe;
So theſe the dictates which th' Eternal Mind
To reaſonable beings has aſſign'd;
Theſe has his care on ev'ry mind impreſs'd,
The conſcious ſeals the hand of Heav'n atteſt!
When man, perverſe, for wrong forſakes the right,
He ſtill attentive keeps the fault in ſight;
Demands that ſtrict atonement ſhould be made,
And claims the forfeit on th' offender's head!
But Doubt demands—"Why man diſpos'd "this way?
"Why left the dang'rous choice to go aſtray?
"If Heav'n that made him did the fault foreſee,
"Thence follows, Heav'n is more to blame than he."
No—had to good the heart alone inclin'd,
What toil, what prize had virtue been aſſign'd?
From obſtacles her nobleſt triumphs flow,
Her ſpirits languiſh when ſhe finds no foe!
Man might perhaps have ſo been happy ſtill,
Happy, without the privilege of will,
And juſt, becauſe his hands were tied from ill!
O wond'rous ſcheme, to mend th' almighty plan,
By ſinking all the dignity of man!
Yet turn thy eyes, vain ſceptic, own thy pride,
And view thy happineſs and choice allied;
See virtue from herſelf her bliſs derive,
A bliſs, beyond the pow'r of thrones to give;
See vice, of empire and of wealth poſſeſs'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herſelf unbleſs'd:
And, ſay, were yet no farther marks aſſign'd,
Is man ungrateful? or is Heav'n unkind?
"Yes, all the woes from Heav'n permiſſive fall,
"The wretch adopts—the wretch improves them all."
From his wild luſt, or his oppreſſive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, ſacrilege proceed;
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his av'rice famine takes her birth;
Had nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the ſky!
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw ev'n pity from th' eternal throne.
Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celeſtial Juſtice balances her ſcales.
With eye unbiaſs'd all the ſcene ſurveys,
With hand impartial ev'ry crime ſhe weighs;
Oft cloſe purſuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful preſence feels;
Oft from her arm, amidſt the blaze of ſtate,
The regal tyrant, with ſucceſs elate,
Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!
Or if the villain paſs unpuniſh'd here,
'Tis but to make the future ſtroke ſevere;
For ſoon or late eternal Juſtice pays
Mankind the juſt deſert of all their ways.
'Tis in that awful all-diſcloſing day,
When high Omniſcience ſhall her books diſplay,
When Juſtice ſhall preſent her ſtrict account,
While Conſcience ſhall atteſt the due amount;
That all who feel, condemn the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!
Oh then, while penitence can fate diſarm,
While ling'ring Juſtice yet withholds its arms;
While heav'nly patience grants the precious time,
Let the loſt ſinner think him of his crime;
Immediate, to the ſeat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—leſt to-night he die!
But tremble, all ye ſins of blackeſt birth,
Ye giants, that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye ſons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let ſorrow learn to melt:
Remorſeleſs Murder! drop thy hand ſevere,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, Luſt impure! converſe with friendly light,
Forſake the manſions of defiling night;
Quit, dark Hypocriſy, thy thin diſguiſe,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the ſkies!
Unſocial Avarice, thy graſp forego,
And bid the uſeful treaſure learn to flow!
Reſtore, Injuſtice, the defrauded gain!
Oppreſſion, bend to eaſe the captive's chain,
Ere awful Juſtice ſtrike the fatal blow!
And drive you to the realms of night below!
But doubt reſumes—"If Juſtice has decreed
"The puniſhment proportion'd to the deed;
"Eternal miſery ſeems too ſevere,
"Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!
"Too harſh!—that endleſs torments ſhould repay
"The crimes of life—the errors of a day!"
In vain our reaſon would preſumptuous pry;
Heav'n's counſels are beyond conception high;
In vain would thought his meaſur'd juſtice ſcan!
His ways how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee his ſecrets are to know,
Enquire not, but more wiſely ſhun the woe;
Warn'd by his threat'nings to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!
Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft paſs the bounds the lawgiver intends;
Oft partia pow'r, to ſerve its own deſign,
Warps from the text, exceeding reaſon's line;
Strikes biaſs'd at the perſon, not the deed,
And ſees the guiltleſs unprotected bleed!
But God alone, with unimpaſſion'd ſight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;
And while ſubſervient, as his will ordains,
Obedient nature yields the preſent means;
While neither force nor paſſions guide his views,
Ev'n Evil works the purpoſe he purſues!
That bitter ſpring, the ſource of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch, does mineral health contain;
And dark affliction, at his potent rod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.
Thus human juſtice (far as man can go)
For private ſafety ſtrikes the dubious blow;
But Rectitude divine, with nobler ſoul,
Conſults each individual in the whole!
Directs the iſſues of each moral ſtrive,
And ſees creation ſtruggle into life!
And you, ye happier ſouls! who in his ways
Obſervant walk, and ſing his daily praiſe;
Ye righteous few! whoſe calm unruffled breaſts
No fears can darken, and no guilt infeſts,

To

To whom his gracious promiſes extend,
In whom they center, and in whom ſhall end,
Which (bleſs'd on that foundation ſure who build)
Shall with eternal Juſtice be fulfill'd:
Ye ſons of life, to whoſe glad hope is giv'n
The bright reverſion of approaching heav'n,
With grateful hearts his glorious praiſe recite,
Whoſe love from darkneſs call'd you out to light;
So let your piety reflective ſhine,
As men may thence confeſs his truth divine!
And when this mortal veil, as ſoon it muſt,
Shall drop, returning to its native duſt;
The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown.

XI. GLORY.

But oh, advent'rous Muſe, reſtrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
Before whoſe glorious throne with dread ſurpriſe
Th' adoring ſeraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whoſe pure effulgence, radiant to exceſs,
No colours can deſcribe, or words expreſs!
All the fair beauties, all the lucid ſtores,
Which o'er thy works thy hand reſplendent pours,
Feeble, thy brighter glories to diſplay,
Pale as the moon before the ſolar ray!

See on his throne the gaudy Perſian plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant eaſt!
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboſs'd with gold;
Yet mark this ſcene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field!
Obſcur'd, behold that fainter lily lies,
By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
Yet theſe ſurvey confounded and outdone
By the ſuperior luſtre of the ſun;
That ſun himſelf withdraws his leſſen'd beam
From Thee, the glorious Author of his frame!

Tranſcendent Pow'r! ſole arbiter of fate!
How great thy glory! and thy bliſs how great!
To view from thy exalted throne above,
(Eternal ſource of light, and life, and love)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their ſmiling birth,
To bleſs the heav'ns, or beautify the earth;
While ſyſtems roll, obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.

Then raiſe the ſong, the gen'ral anthem raiſe,
And ſwell the concert of eternal praiſe!
Aſſiſt, ye orbs, that form this boundleſs whole,
Which in the womb of ſpace unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets who compoſe our leſſer ſcheme,
And bend, concertive, round the ſolar frame;
Thou eye of nature! whoſe extenſive ray
With endleſs charms adorns the face of day;
Conſenting raiſe th' harmonious joyful ſound,
And bear his praiſes thro' the vaſt profound!
His praiſe, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they paſs along your pinions bear!
His praiſe let ocean thro' her realms diſplay,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praiſe, ye miſty vapours, wide diffuſe,
In rains deſcending, or in milder dews!
His praiſes whiſper, ye majeſtic trees,
As your tops ruſtle to the gentle breeze!
His praiſe around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
Far as your ſweets embalm the ſpicy gale!
His praiſe, ye dimpled ſtreams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale!
His praiſe, ye feather'd choirs, diſtinguiſh'd ſing,
As to your notes the vocal foreſts ring!
His praiſe proclaim, ye monſters of the deep,
Who in the vaſt abyſs your revels keep!
Or ye, fair natives of our earthly ſcene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the paſture green!
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careleſs ear
The univerſal hymn of worſhip hear!
But ardent in the ſacred chorus join,
Thy ſoul tranſported with the taſk divine!
While by his works th' Almighty is confeſs'd,
Supremely glorious, and ſupremely bleſs'd!

Great Lord of life! from whom this humble frame
Derives the pow'r to ſing thy holy name,
Forgive the lowly Muſe, whoſe artleſs lay
Has dar'd thy ſacred Attributes ſurvey!
Delighted oft thro' Nature's beauteous field
Has ſhe ador'd thy Wiſdom bright reveal'd;
Oft have her wiſhes aim'd the ſecret ſong,
But awful rev'rence ſtill withheld her tongue.
Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
As feels my conſcious breaſt thy vital flame,
So, bleſt Creator, let thy ſervant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
Thy Goodneſs own, thy Providence adore
And yield thee only—what was thine before.

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§ 51. *The Day of Judgment: a Seatonian Prize Poem.* By Dr. Glynn.

Thy Juſtice, heav'nly King! and that great day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raiſe her penſive head; and Vice, that erſt
Rang'd unreprov'd and free, ſhall ſink appall'd;
I ſing advent'rous—But what eye can pierce
The vaſt immeaſurable realms of ſpace,
O'er which Meſſiah drives his flaming car
To that bright region, where enthron'd he ſits,
Firſt-born of Heav'n, to judge aſſembled worlds,
Cloth'd in celeſtial radiance? Can the Muſe,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
Hymn hallelujahs, and in concert loud
Chant ſongs of triumph to their Maker's praiſe?—
Yet will I ſtrive to ſing, albeit unus'd
To tread poetic ſoil. What though the wiles
Of Fancy me enchanted, ne'er could lure
To rove o'er fairy lands; to ſwim the ſtreams
That through her valleys wave their mazy way;
Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raiſe
My feeble voice to tell what harmony
(Sweet as the muſic of the rolling ſpheres)
Attunes the moral world: that Virtue ſtill
May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread
Vengeance, though late; that reas'ning Pride may own
Juſt, though unſearchable, the ways of Heav'n,
Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who ſay'ſt the ſoul,
That divine particle which God's own breath

Inſpir'd into the mortal maſs, ſhall reſt
Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'ſt,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners diſagree,
With one conſent expect another world,
Where wickedneſs ſhall weep? Why Paynim-
Fabled Elyſian plains, Tartarean lakes, [bards
Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Hali's ſons
Have feign'd a paradiſe of mirth and love,
Banquets, and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell,
Why, on the brink of Orellana's ſtream,
Where never Science rear'd her ſacred torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breaſt
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on ſecret good? Why conſcience acts
With tenfold force, when ſickneſs, age, or pain
Stands tott'ring on the precipice of death?
Or why ſuch horror gnaws the guilty ſoul
Of dying ſinners, while the good man ſleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a ſmile expires?
Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The ſcale of bliſs and mis'ry is ſuſtain'd!
Beneath the ſhade of cold obſcurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm ſupports her head,
No friendly voice ſpeaks comfort to her ſoul,
Nor ſoft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear;
But, in their ſtead, Contempt and rude Diſdain
Inſult the baniſh'd wanderer: on ſhe goes,
Neglected and forlorn: Diſeaſe and Cold,
And Famine, worſt of ills, her ſteps attend!
Yet patient, and to Heaven's juſt will reſign'd,
She ne'er is ſeen to weep, or heard to ſigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon ſweet-ſmelling bow'r,
Where, fluſh'd with all the inſolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine.
Nor think for theſe he pays the tribute due
To Heav'n: of Heav'n he never names the name,
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jeſt obſcene. Yet buxom Health
Sits on his roſy cheek; yet Honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd Sleep
Sheds a ſoft opiate o'er his peaceful couch. [this,

Seeſt thou this, righteous Father! ſeeſt thou
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
Be carried undiſtinguiſh'd to the land
Where all things are forgot?—Ah, no! the day
Will come when Virtue from the cloud ſhall burſt,
That long obſcur'd her beams; when Sin ſhall fly
Back to her native Hell; there ſink eclips'd
In penal darkneſs; where nor ſtar ſhall riſe,
Nor ever ſunſhine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great day the ſolemn trump ſhall ſound,
(That trump which once in heav'n on man's revolt
Convok'd th' aſtoniſh'd ſeraphs) at whoſe voice
Th' unpeopled graves ſhall pour forth all their dead.
Then ſhall th' aſſembled Nations of the Earth
From ev'ry quarter at the judgment-ſeat
Unite; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
Chineſe and Ruſſian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wild terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the ſun
Pours on Golconda's ſpires his early light,
Drink Ganges' ſacred ſtream. At once ſhall riſe,
Whom diſtant ages to each others ſight
Had long denied: before the throne ſhall kneel
Some great Progenitor, while at his ſide
Stand his deſcendants through a thouſand lines;
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and patriarchs, ſlaves and ſceptred kings,
With equal eye the God of all ſhall ſee,
And judge with equal love. What though the great
With coſtly pomp and aromatic ſweets [Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome
A thouſand tapers ſhed their gloomy light,
While ſolemn organs to his parting ſoul
Chanted ſlow oriſons? Say, by what mark
Doſt thou diſcern him from that lowly ſwain
Whoſe mould'ring bones beneath the thorn bound turf
Long lay neglected? All at once ſhall riſe, [turf
But not to equal glory; for, alas!
With howlings dire, and execrations loud,
Some wail their fatal birth.—Firſt among theſe
Behold the mighty murd'rers of mankind:
They who in ſport whole kingdoms ſlew; or they
Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power [curſe
Waded through ſeas of blood! How will they
The madneſs of ambition! how lament [wife
Their dear-bought laurels; when the widow'd
And childleſs mother at the judgment ſeat [they
Plead trumpet-tongu'd againſt them!—Here are
Who ſunk an aged father to the grave;
Or with unkindneſs hard, and cold diſdain,
Slighted a brother's ſuff'rings.—Here are they
Whom fraud and ſkilful treachery long ſecur'd;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dow'r,
And ate the orphan's bread; who ſpent their
In ſelfiſh luxury; or o'er their gold [ſtores
Proſtrate and pale ador'd the uſeleſs heap.
Here too who ſtain'd the chaſte connubial bed!—
Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl;—or broke the
Of hoſpitable friendſhip;—and the wretch [ties
Whoſe liſtleſs ſoul, ſick with the cares of life,
Unſummon'd, to the preſence of his God
Ruſh'd in with inſult rude. How would they joy
Once more to viſit earth, and, though oppreſs'd
With all that pain and famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life? Vain wiſh! the Judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual puniſhment. Seek not to know
What puniſhment! for that th' Almighty will
Has hid from mortal eyes: and ſhall vain man
With curious ſearch refin'd preſume to pry
Into thy ſecrets, Father? No! let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,
And walk in all thy paths; ſo ſhall his meed
Be great in Heav'n, ſo haply ſhall he 'ſcape
Th' immortal worm and never-ceaſing fire.

But who are they, who bound in tenfold chains
Stand horribly aghaſt? This is that crew
Who ſtrove to pull Jehovah from his throne,

And

And in the place of heaven's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them in vain
Alternate ſeaſon's cheer'd the rolling year;
In vain the ſun o'er herb, tree, fruit and flow'r
Shed genial influence mild; and the pale moon
Repair'd her waning orb.—Next theſe is plac'd
The vile blaſphemer; he whoſe impious wit
Profan'd the ſacred myſteries of faith,
And 'gainſt th' impenetrable walls of Heav'n
Planted his feeble battery. By theſe ſtands
The Arch-Apoſtate: he with many a wile
Exhorts them ſtill to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black deſpair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to cheer their ſinking ſouls:
In agonies of grief they curſe the hour
When firſt they left Religion's onward way.
Theſe on the left are rang'd: but on the right
A choſen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defied
Satan's united legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
Diffus'd the Goſpel's light: ſome long immur'd
(Sad ſervitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or, rack'd with all the agonies of pain, [they
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy
Whom Heav'n elected to that glorious ſtrife!—
Here are they plac'd, whoſe kind munificence
Made heaven-born Science raiſe her drooping head;
And on the labours of a future race
Entail'd their juſt reward. Thou amongſt theſe,
Good Seaton! whoſe well-judg'd benevolence
Foſt'ring fair Genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual off'rings to his Maker's ſhrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.—
Here is that fav'rite band, whom mercy mild,
God's beſt-lov'd attribute, adorn'd; whoſe gate
Stood ever open to the ſtranger's call;
Who fed the hungry; to the thirſty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup; whoſe care benign
From the rude blaſt ſecur'd the pilgrim's ſide;
Who heard the widow's tender tale, and ſhook
The galling ſhackle from the priſ'ner's feet;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-eyed, heaven-deſcended Charity.
O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than thoſe whom ancient poets bound
In amity's indiſſoluble chain,
The Graces! how ſhall I eſſay to paint
Thy charms, celeſtial maid! and in rude verſe
Blazon thoſe deeds thyſelf didſt ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
Nor Rage tranſport, nor high o'erweening Pride
Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er didſt thou
To ſee the ſinner as a verdant tree [ſmile
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the ſtream;
While, like ſome blaſted trunk, the righteous fall
Proſtrate, forlorn. When prophecies ſhall fail,
When tongues ſhall ceaſe, when knowledge is no more,
And this great day is come, thou by the throne
Shalt ſit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid!
Bear me, O bear me on thy ſoaring wing,
And through the adamantine gates of Heav'n
Conduct my ſteps, ſafe from the fiery gulph
And dark abyſs, where Sin and Satan reign!
But can the Muſe, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that reſtleſs element of fire
Shall wage with ſeas and earth inteſtine war,
And deluge all creation? Whether (ſo
Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
Lawleſs he wanders, ſhall ruſh headlong on
Thwarting th'ecliptic, whereth'unconſcious earth
Rolls in her wonted courſe; whether the ſun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her, long reluctant; or the caves,
Thoſe dead volcanos, where engend'ring lie
Sulphureous minerals, from the dark abyſs
Pour ſtreams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erſt on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand
Rains fierce combuſtion.—Where are now the works
Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now
Th' imperial cities, ſepulchres, and domes,
Trophies and pillars? Where is Egypt's boaſt,
Thoſe lofty paramids, which high in air
Rear'd their aſpiring heads, to diſtant times
Of Memphian's pride a laſting monument?—
Tell me where Athens rais'd her tow'rs? where Thebes
Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
Stood ſea-girt Albion? where Imperial Rome,
Propt by ſeven hills, ſat like a ſceptred queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—
Shew me the rampart, which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley, ſtretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty monarch to repel
The roving Tartar, when with inſult rude
'Gainſt Pekin's tow'rs he bent th' unerring bow.
But what is mimic art? E'en Nature's work,
Seas, meadows, paſtures, the meand'ring ſtreams,
And everlaſting hills, ſhall be no more.
No more ſhall Teneriff, cloud-piercing height!
O'erhang th'Atlantic ſurge; nor that fam'd cliff,
Thro' which the Perſian ſteer'd with many a ſail,
Throw to the Lemnian iſle its evening ſhade
O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where are now
The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the ocean ſtream
Stretch'd their extended arms!—Where's Ararat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which ſeven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,
Firſt reſted, when the earth with all her ſons,
As now by ſtreaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
Are vaniſh'd and diſſolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain diſtinction: heaven itſelf,
That azure vault, with all thoſe radiant orbs,
Sinks in the univerſal ruin loſt.
No more ſhall planets round their central ſun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the moon
Hang out her ſilver lamp; and thoſe fix'd ſtars,
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuſcan with his optic glaſs
Call'd from their wond'rous height, to read their names
And magnitude, ſome winged miniſter
Shall quench; and (ſureſt ſign that all on earth
Is loſt) ſhall rend from heaven the myſtic bow.
Such is that awful, that tremendous day,

Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace [I sit,
Through night's dark gloom—Perhaps as here
And rudely carol these incondite lays, [mouth
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the
That lisps the falt'ring strain.—O may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!——
——" Pow'r Supreme!
" O o'erlasting King! to thee I kneel,
" To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
" Melt, all ye elements! And thou high heav'n,
" Shrink like a shrivell'd scroll! But think, O Lord,
" Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
" Think on thine own bright image! Think on
" him
" Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
" And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember man!"

§ 52. HYMNS. *By* Mrs. Barbauld.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare ac terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis? HORAT.

HYMN I.

Jehovah reigns: let ev'ry nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Let Heav'ns high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim;
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms re-
sounding, [ing.
Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmurs sound-

He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the stedfast land:
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp or share the throne of the Creator.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot thro' the massy gloom of ancient night;
His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life:
Seasons and months began the long procession,
And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession.

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way,
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;
And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy light
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night; [ing,
Ten thousand glitt'ring lamps the skies adorn-
Numerous as dew-drops from the womb of
morning.

Earth's blooming face with rising flow'rs he
dress'd,
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast;
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours
The circling waters round her winding shores,
The new-born world in their cool arms em-
bracing,
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

At length she rose complete in finish'd pride,
All fair and spotless, like a virgin bride:
Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as she stood,
Her Maker bless'd his work, and call'd it good,
The morning stars, with joyful acclamation,
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass
away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings:
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sun himself, with weary clouds oppress,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest:
His golden urn shall broke and useless lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky!
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.

But fix'd, O God! for ever stands thy throne;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffus'd, is still the same.
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise: [troul,
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight con-
Revere him in the stillness of the soul;
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

HYMN II.

Praise to God, immortal praise*,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

* Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.
HABAKKUK, iii. 17, 18.

Should

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her ſtore;
Though the ſick'ning flocks ſhould fall,
And the herds deſert the ſtall;

Should thine alter'd hand reſtrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blaſt each op'ning bud of joy,
And the riſing year deſtroy;

Yet to thee my ſoul ſhould raiſe
Grateful vows, and ſolemn praiſe;
And, when ev'ry bleſſing's flown,
Love thee—for thyſelf alone.

HYMN III.

For Eaſter-Sunday.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unſeals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increaſing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a ſun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hoſannas ſung;
Let gladneſs dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praiſe on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thouſand diff'ring lips ſhall join
To hail this welcome morn;
Which ſcatters bleſſings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Jeſus, the friend of human kind,
With ſtrong compaſſion mov'd,
Deſcended, like a pitying God,
To ſave the ſouls he lov'd.

The pow'rs of darkneſs leagu'd in vain
To bind his ſoul in death;
He ſhook their kingdom, when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught ſo much divine.

And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Aſcend the lofty ſkies;
While broke, beneath his pow'rful croſs,
Death's iron ſceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Thro' him is pard'ning love diſpens'd,
And boundleſs bleſſings flow.

And ſtill for erring, guilty man
A brother's pity flows;
And ſtill his bleeding heart is touch'd
With mem'ry of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And ſtand prepar'd like thee to die,
With thee that I may live.

HYMN IV.

BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Maſter ſtands!
His weeping followers gath'ring round
Receive his laſt commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lip
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well:

" Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſoft'ning heart
" Feels all another's pain:
" To whom the ſupplicating eye
" Was never rais'd in vain;

" Whoſe breaſt expands with gen'rous warmth
" A ſtranger's woes to feel;
" And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
" He wants the pow'r to heal.

" He ſpreads his kind ſupporting arms
" To ev'ry child of grief;
" His ſecret bounty largely flows,
" And brings unaſk'd relief.

" To gentle offices of love
" His feet are never ſlow;
" He views, thro' mercy's melting eye,
" A brother in a foe.

" Peace from the boſom of his God,
" My peace to him I give!
" And when he kneels before the throne,
" His trembling ſoul ſhall live.

" To him protection ſhall be ſhewn,
" And mercy from above
" Deſcend on thoſe who thus fulfil
" The perfect law of love."

HYMN V.

AWAKE, my ſoul! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes againſt thee riſe,
In long array, a num'rous hoſt;
Awake, my ſoul, or thou art loſt.

Here giant Danger threat'ning ſtands
Muſt'ring his pale terrific bands;
There Pleaſure's ſilken banners ſpread,
And willing ſouls are captive led.

See where rebellious paſſions rage,
And fierce deſires and luſts engage;
The meaneſt foe of all the train
Has thouſands and ten thouſands ſlain.

Thou tread'ſt upon enchanted ground,
Perils and ſnares beſet thee round;
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But moſt the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my ſoul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal ſhield;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell
The man of Calvary triumph'd here;
Why ſhould his faithful followers fear?

§ 53. *An Addreſs to the Deity.*

Mrs. Barbauld.

Deus eſt quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.
Lucan.

God of my life, and author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to liſp thy praiſe;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of Seraphs ſung.
Yet here the brighteſt Seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in ev'ry diff'rent ſphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All Nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which Nature's works, thro' all her parts, proclaim.
I feel that name my inmoſt thoughts controul,
And breathe an awful ſtillneſs thro' my ſoul;
As by a charm, the waves of grief ſubſide;
Impetuous paſſion ſtops her headlong tide:
At thy felt preſence all emotions ceaſe,
And my huſh'd ſpirit finds a ſudden peace,
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vaniſh from my eyes,
Till all my ſenſe is loſt in infinite,
And one vaſt object fills my aching ſight.
But ſoon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My ſoul ſubmits to wear her wonted yoke;
With ſhackled pinions ſtrives to ſoar in vain,
And mingles with the droſs of earth again.
But he, our gracious Maſter, kind as juſt,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is duſt.
His ſpirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the firſt wiſh to better hopes inclin'd;
Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the ſmoaking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the ſofteſt cry,
His grace deſcends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a ſilent tear,
And ſighs are incenſe from a heart ſincere.
Such are the vows, the ſacrifice I give:
Accept the vow, and bid the ſuppliant live:
From each terreſtrial bondage ſet me free;
Still ev'ry wiſh that centers not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain diſquiets ceaſe,
And point my path to everlaſting peace.
If the ſoft hand of winning pleaſure leads
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
When all is ſmiling, tranquil and ſerene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring ſcene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent ſnare,
And whiſper to my ſliding heart—Beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.
If friendleſs in a vale of tears I ſtray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my ſteady ſoul thy goodneſs ſee,
And with ſtrong confidence, lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Reſign'd to die, or reſolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiſs the ſceptre or the rod,
While God is ſeen in all, and all in God.
I read his awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd ſky.
Nor leſs the myſtic characters I ſee
Wrought in each flow'r, inſcrib'd on ev'ry tree:
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in ſhady ſolitudes I walk
With thee in buſy crowded cities talk;
In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes ſhall animate my drooping ſoul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
Thus ſhall I reſt unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myſelf omnipotent in thee.
Then, when the laſt, the cloſing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my ſwimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I ſtand, and ſtretch my view to either ſtate;
Teach me to quit this tranſitory ſcéne
With decent triumph and a look ſerene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

§ 54. *A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

Mrs. Barbauld.

One ſun by day, by night ten thouſand ſhine.
Young.

'Tis paſt! the ſultry tyrant of the ſouth
Has ſpent his ſhort-liv'd rage: more grateful hours
Move ſilent on: the ſkies no more repel
The dazzled ſight; but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cheriſh'd eye
To wander o'er their ſphere; where hung aloft
Dian's bright creſcent, like a ſilver bow
New ſtrung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and ſeems to puſh
Her brother down the ſky. Fair Venus ſhines,
Ev'n in the eye of day; with ſweeteſt beam
Propitious ſhines, and ſhakes a trembling flood
Of ſoften'd radiance from her dewy locks.
The ſhadows ſpread apace; while meeken'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with bluſhes, ſlow retires
Thro' the Heſperian gardens of the weſt,
And ſhuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When Comtemplation, from her ſunleſs haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, were wrapt in ſilent ſhade,
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the ſun,
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave ſwell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of æther
One boundleſs blaze; ten thouſand trembling fires,
And dancing luſtres, where the unſteady eye,
Reſtleſs and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
O'er all this field of glories: ſpacious field,
And worthy of the maſter: he whoſe hand,
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
Inſcrib'd the myſtic tablet; hung on high
To public grace; and ſaid, Adore, O man,
The finger of thy God! From what pure wells
Of

Of milky light, what ſoft o'erflowing urn.
Are all theſe lamps ſo fill'd? theſe friendly lamps,
For ever ſtreaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path and light us to our home.
How ſoft they ſlide along their lucid ſpheres!
And, ſilent as the foot of time, fulfil
Their deſtin'd courſes: Nature's ſelf is huſh'd,
And, but a ſcatter'd leaf which ruſtles thro'
The thick-wove foliage, not a ſound is heard
To break the midnight air; tho' the rais'd ear,
Intenſely liſt'ning, drinks in ev'ry breath.
How deep the ſilence, yet how loud the praiſe!
But are they ſilent all? or is there not
A tongue in ev'ry ſtar that talks with man,
And woos him to be wiſe? nor woos in vain:
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wiſdom mounts her zenith with the ſtars.
At this ſtill hour the ſelf-collected ſoul
Turns inward and beholds a ſtranger there
Of high deſcent, and more than mortal rank;
An embryo God; a ſpark of fire divine,
Which muſt burn on for ages, when the ſun
(Fair tranſitory creature of a day)
Has clos'd his golden eye, and wrapt in ſhades,
Forgets his wonted journey thro' the eaſt.
Ye citadels of light, and ſeats of Gods!
Perhaps my future home, from whence the ſoul,
Revolving periods paſt, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderneſs, on all
The various buſy ſcenes ſhe left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its ſtrange events,
As on ſome fond and doting tale that ſooth'd
Her infant hours—O be it lawful now
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines!——Seiz'd in thought,
On fancy's wild and roving wing I ſail
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant?
From ſolitary Mars; from the vaſt orb
Of Jupiter, whoſe huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lighteſt leaf;
To the dim verge, the ſuburbs of the ſyſtem,
Where cheerleſs Saturn 'midſt his wat'ry moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exil'd monarch: fearleſs thence
I launch into the trackleſs deeps of ſpace,
Where, burning round, ten thouſand ſuns appear,
Of elder beam; which aſk no leave to ſhine
Of our terreſtrial ſtar, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our ſcanty day;
Sons of the morning, firſt-born of creation,
And only leſs than him who marks their track,
And guides their fiery wheels. Here muſt I ſtop,
Or is there aught beyond? What hand unſeen
Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature, far remote,
To the dread confines of eternal night,
To ſolitudes of vaſt unpeopled ſpace,
The deſerts of creation, wide and wild,
Where embryo ſyſtems and unkindled ſuns
Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops,
And thought aſtoniſh'd ſtops her bold career.
But, oh thou mighty Mind! whoſe pow'rful word
Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,
Where ſhall I ſeek thy preſence? how unblam'd
Invoke thy dread perfection?——
Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?
Or does the beamy ſhoulder of Orion
Support thy throne! O look with pity down
On erring, guilty man! not in thy names
Of terror clad; not with thoſe thunders arm'd
That conſcious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd
The ſcatter'd tribes! Thou haſt a gentler voice
That whiſpers comfort to the ſwelling heart,
Abaſh'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.
But now my ſoul, unus'd to ſtretch her pow'rs
In flights ſo daring, drops her weary wing,
And ſeeks again the known accuſtom'd ſpot,
Dreſt up with ſun, and ſhade, and lawns, and ſtreams;
A manſion fair and ſpacious for its gueſt,
And full replete with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
And ripen for the ſkies; the hour will come
When all theſe ſplendours burſting on my ſight
Shall ſtand unveil'd, and to my raviſh'd ſenſe
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

§ 55. *Hymn to Content.* Mrs. Barbauld.

——natura beatos
Omnibus eſſe dedit, ſi quis cognoverit uti. CLAUD.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!
O ſeldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temp'rate vow:
Not all the ſtorms that ſhake the pole,
Can e'er diſturb thy halcyon ſoul,
And ſmooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in ſimple veſt array'd,
With all thy ſober cheer diſplay'd,
To bleſs my longing ſight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaſte ſubdu'd delight.

No more by varying paſſions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in ſome pure and equal ſky
Beneath thy ſoft indulgent eye
The modeſt virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic veſt,
And Innocence with candid breaſt,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to diſtant years,
Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears
A viſta to the ſky.

There Health, thro' whoſe calm boſom glide
The temp'rate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And patience there, thy ſiſter meek,
Preſents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian ſage
A tyrant's maſter's wanton rage
With ſettled ſmiles to meet;
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek ſubmitted head,
And kiſs'd thy ſainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph, retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet doſt thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowlieſt children of the ground,
Moſs-roſe and violet bloſſom round,
And lily of the vale.

O ſay what ſoft propitious hour
I beſt may chooſe to hail thy pow'r,
And court thy gentle ſway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muſe,
Shall thy own modeſt tints diffuſe,
And ſhed thy milder day:

When Eve, her dewy ſtar beneath,
Thy balmy ſpirit loves to breathe,
And ev'ry ſtorm is laid;
If ſuch an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy ſoothing voice
Low whiſp'ring thro' the ſhade.

§ 56. *To Wiſdom.* Mrs. Barbauld.

Dona præſentis rape lætus horæ, ac
Linque ſevera. Horat.

O WISDOM! if thy ſoft control
Can ſooth the ſickneſs of the ſoul,
Can bid the warring paſſions ceaſe,
And breathe the calm of tender peace;
Wiſdom! I bleſs thy gentle ſway,
And ever, ever will obey.
But if thou com'ſt with frown auſtere
To nurſe the brood of care and fear;
To bid our ſweeteſt paſſions die,
And leave us in their room a ſigh?
Or if thine aſpect ſtern have pow'r
To wither each poor tranſient flow'r
That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,
And dry the ſprings whence hope ſhould flow;
Wiſdom, thine empire I diſclaim,
Thou empty boaſt of pompous name!
In gloomy ſhade of cloiſters dwell,
But never haunt my cheerful cell.
Hail to pleaſure's frolic train!
Hail to fancy's golden reign!
Feſtive mirth and laughter wild,
Free and ſportful as the child!
Hope with eager ſparkling eyes,
And eaſy faith and fond ſurpriſe!
Let theſe, in fairy colours dreſt,
For ever ſhare my careleſs breaſt:
Then, tho' wiſe I may not be,
The wiſe themſelves ſhall envy me.

§ 57. *Deſpondency. An Ode.* Burns.

Oppress'd with grief, oppreſs'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I ſit me down and ſigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches ſuch as I!
Dim-backward as I caſt my view,
What ſick'ning ſcenes appear?
What ſorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too juſtly I may fear!
Still caring, deſpairing
Muſt be my bitter doom;
My woes here ſhall cloſe ne'er,
But with the cloſing tomb!
Happy! ye ſons of buſy life,
Who, equal to the buſtling ſtrife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wiſhed end's denied,
Yet, while the buſy means are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilſt I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry ſad returning night
And joyleſs morn the ſame.
You, buſtling and juſtling
Forget each grief and pain;
I, liſtleſs yet reſtleſs
Find ev'ry proſpect vain.
How bleſt the Solitary's lot,
Who all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within this humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beſide his cryſtal well!
Or haply to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented ſtream,
The ways of men are diſtant brought,
A faint-collected dream:
While praiſing, and raiſing
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the ſolemn ſky,
Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footſtep trac'd,
Leſs fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And juſt to ſtop and juſt to move,
With ſelf-reſpecting art:
But ah! thoſe pleaſures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taſte,
The Solitary can deſpiſe,
Can want, and yet be bleſt!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate;
Whilſt I here, muſt cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!
Oh! enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtleſs Pleaſure's maze,
To Care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves, that guiltleſs ſport
Like linnets in the buſh,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wiſh!
The loſſes, the croſſes,
That active man engage;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age!

§ 58 *The Frailty and Folly of Man.* Prior.

Great Heav'n! how frail thy creature Man is made!
How by himſelf inſenſibly betray'd!

In

In our own ſtrength unhappily ſecure,
Too little cautious of the adverſe pow'r;
And, by the blaſt of ſelf-opinion mov'd,
We wiſh to charm, and ſeek to be belov'd.
On pleaſure's flow'ry brink we idly ſtray,
Maſters as yet of our returning way:
Seeing no danger, we diſarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant ſhade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And ſmiling ſee the nearer waters roll:
Till the ſtrong guſts of raging paſſion riſe,
Till the dire tempeſt mingles earth and ſkies;
And, ſwift into the boundleſs ocean borne,
Our fooliſh confidence too late we mourn:
Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
And from our troubled view the leſſen'd lands retreat.

§ 59. *A Paraphraſe on the latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew.* Thomſon.

When my breaſt labours with oppreſſive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear;
While all my warring paſſions are at ſtrife,
Oh let me liſten to the words of life!
Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart:

Think not, when all your ſcanty ſtores afford
Is ſpread at once upon the ſparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempeſt bears;
What farther ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall clothe theſe thiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?
Behold! and look away your low deſpair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them nor ſtores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleaſing ſong;
Yet your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing that flits along the ſky.
To him they ſing when ſpring renews the plain,
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their muſic or their plaint in vain;
He hears the gay and the diſtreſsful call,
And with unſparing bounty fills them all.

Obſerve the riſing lily's ſnowy grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor ſpin, but careleſs grow,
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!
What regal veſtments can with them compare?
What king ſo ſhining, or what queen ſo fair?

If ceaſeleſs thus the fowls of heav'n he feeds,
If o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads,
Will he not care for you, ye faithleſs, ſay?
Is he unwiſe? or are ye leſs than they?

§ 60. SONGS *of Praiſe.* Watts.

A general Song of Praiſe to God.

How glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the ſky!
How ſhall a child preſume to ſing
His dreadful Majeſty!
How great his pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor ſaints that dwell
On high before his face.
Not angels, that ſtand round the Lord,
Can ſearch his ſecret will;
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And ſing his praiſes ſtill.
Then let me join this holy train,
And my firſt off'rings bring;
Th' eternal God will not diſdain
To hear an infant ſing.
My heart reſolves, my tongue obeys;
And angels ſhall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praiſe
Sound from a feeble voice.

Praiſe for Creation and Providence.

I sing th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains riſe;
That ſpread the flowing ſeas abroad,
And built the lofty ſkies!
I ſing the wiſdom that ordain'd
The ſun to rule the day;
The moon ſhines full at his command,
And all the ſtars obey.
I ſing the goodneſs of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
Lord, how thy wonders are diſplay'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I ſurvey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the ſky;
There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds ariſe, and tempeſts blow,
By order from thy throne.
Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are ſubject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is preſent there.
In heav'n he ſhines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I ſtand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.
His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye:
Why ſhould I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

Praiſe to God for our Redemption.

Bleſt be the wiſdom and the pow'r,
The juſtice and the grace,
That join'd in counſel to reſtore
And ſave our ruin'd race!
Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

Bleſt be the Lord that ſent his Son
To take our fleſh and blood!
He for our lives gave up his own
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have diſobey'd;
He bore our ſins upon the croſs,
And our full ranſom paid.

Behold him riſing from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merit there, to ſave
Tranſgreſſors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh chains
Of Satan and of ſin.

Thence ſhall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a ſov'reign voice
Shall call and break up ev'ry tomb,
While waking ſaints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face!
And, with the bleſs'd aſſembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace!

Praiſe for Mercies Spiritual and Temporal.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I ſee!
What ſhall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me!

Not more than others I deſerve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food while others ſtarve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the ſtreet
Half naked I behold!
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold!

While ſome poor wretches ſcarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And reſt upon my bed.

While others early learn to ſwear,
And curſe, and lie, and ſteal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are theſe thy favours, day by day,
To me above the reſt?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to ſerve thee beſt.

Praiſe for Birth and Education in a Chriſtian Land.

Great God! to thee my voice I raiſe,
To thee my youngeſt hours belong;
I would begin my life with praiſe,
Till growing years improve the ſong.

'Tis to thy ſov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on Britiſh ground;
Where ſtreams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of ſweet ſalvation ſound.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru, with all her gold;
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than Eaſt or Weſtern Indies hold.

How do I pity thoſe that dwell
Where ignorance or darkneſs reigns!
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Thoſe endleſs joys, thoſe endleſs pains.

Thy glorious promiſes, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my deſire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'ſcape eternal fire.

Thy praiſe ſhall ſtill employ my breath,
Since thou haſt mark'd my way to heav'n;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waſte the bleſſings thou haſt giv'n.

Praiſe for the Goſpel.

Lord, I aſcribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Chriſtian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewiſh kings
And Jewiſh prophets once have giv'n,
Could they have heard thoſe glorious things
Which Chriſt reveal'd and brought from heav'n!

How glad the Heathens would have been,
That worſhip'd idols, wood and ſtone,
If they the book of God had ſeen,
Or Jeſus and his Goſpel known!

Then, if this Goſpel I refuſe,
How ſhall I e'er lift up mine eyes!
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Againſt me will in judgment riſe.

Praiſe to God for learning to Read.

The praiſes of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt ſo young,
To read his holy word.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in;
By nature, and by practice too,
A wretched ſlave to ſin.

That I am led to ſee
I can do nothing well;
And whither ſhall a ſinner flee
To ſave himſelf from hell?

Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my ſin,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read and learn,
How Chriſt, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern;
Our ranſom coſt his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He ſends his Spirit down,
To ſhew the wonders of his love,
And make his goſpel known.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Thoſe truths, which all thy ſervants preach,
And all thy ſaints believe.

Then ſhall I praiſe the Lord,
In a more cheerful ſtrain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

§ 61. *The Excellency of the Bible demonſtrated.* Watts.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praiſe
On all thy works I look;
But ſtill thy wiſdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brighteſt in thy book.

The ſtars, that in their courſes roll,
Have much inſtruction given;
But thy good word informs my ſoul
How I may climb to heav'n.

The fields provide me food, and ſhew
The goodneſs of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy moſt holy word.

Here are my choiceſt treaſures hid,
Here my beſt comfort lies:
Here my deſires are ſatisfied,
And hence my hopes ariſe.

Lord, make me underſtand thy law,
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy goſpel let me draw
Pardon for all my ſin.

Here would I learn how Chriſt has died
To ſave my ſoul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beſide
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a freſh delight
By day to read theſe wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

§ 62. *The All-ſeeing God.* Watts.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye,
Strikes thro' the ſhades of night,
And our moſt ſecret actions lie
All open to thy ſight:

There's not a ſin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we ſay,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Againſt the judgment day.

And muſt the crimes that I have done
Be read and publiſh'd there?
Be all expos'd before the Sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot aſham'd I lie;
Upward I dare not look:
Pardon my ſins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt;
And let his blood waſh out my ſtains,
And anſwer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a ſinful thought,
Since the great God can ſee and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

§ 63. *Solemn Thoughts concerning God and Death.* Watts.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and ſeas:
I fear his wrath, I aſk his love,
And with my lips I ſing his praiſe.

There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we muſt do:
My ſoul, to his commands ſubmit,
For they are holy, juſt, and true.

There is a goſpel of rich grace,
Whence ſinners all their comforts draw:
Lord, I repent, and ſeek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I muſt die;
No do I know how ſoon 'twill come;
A thouſand children, young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Juſt as the tree, cut down, that fell
To north or ſouthward, there it lies:
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fix'd in the ſtate wherein he dies.

§ 64. *Heaven and Hell.* Watts.

THERE is beyond the ſky
A heav'n of joy and love;
And holy children when they die,
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlaſting pains;
There ſinners muſt with devils dwell,
In darkneſs, fire, and chains.

Can ſuch a wretch as I
Eſcape this curſed end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I ſhall to heav'n aſcend!

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath,
Leſt I ſhould be cut off to-day,
And ſent to eternal death.

§ 65. *The Advantages of early Religion.* Watts.

HAPPY the child whoſe tender years
Receive inſtructions well;
Who hates the ſinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleaſing in his eyes;
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud
Is no vain ſacrifice.

'Tis

'Tis eaſier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While ſinners that grow old in ſin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill ſave us from a thouſand ſnares,
To mind religion young,
Grace will preſerve our following years,
And make our virtue ſtrong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we reſign;
'Twill pleaſe us to look back and ſee
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the ſweet work of pray'r and praiſe
Employ my youngeſt breath;
Thus I 'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

§ 66. *The Danger of Delay.* Watts.

Why ſhould I ſay, "'Tis yet too ſoon
"To ſeek for Heav'n, or think of death?"
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may loſe my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Deſpiſe the gracious calls of Heaven,
I may be harden'd in my ſin,
And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wroth, and ſwear,
While I refuſe to read and pray,
That he 'll refuſe to lend an ear
To all my groans another day!

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuſe his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And ſtrike me dead upon the place!

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell:
One ſtroke of his almighty rod
Shall ſend young ſinners quick to hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace;
To wiſh I had my time again,
Or hope to ſee my Maker's face!

§ 67. *Examples of early Piety.* Watts.

What bleſs'd examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

Jeſus, who reigns above the ſky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wond'ring ſtand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a ſweet hoſanna ſung,
And bleſs'd their Saviour's name!
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While ſcribes and prieſts blaſpheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

Then why ſhould I ſo long delay
What others learn ſo ſoon?
I would not paſs another day
Without this work begun.

§ 68. *Againſt Lying.* Watts.

O 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wiſdom's way;
To fear a lie, to ſpeak the truth,
That we may truſt to all they ſay.

But liars we can never truſt,
Tho' they ſhould ſpeak the thing that 's true;
And he that does one fault at firſt,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was ſtruck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue.

So did his wife Sapphira die,
When ſhe came in, and grew ſo bold
As to confirm that wicked lie
That juſt before her huſband told.

The Lord delights in them that ſpeak
The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
Muſt have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimſtone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Leſt I be ſtruck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry lie that children tell.

§ 69. *Againſt Quarrelling and Fighting.* Watts.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them ſo;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too:

But children, you ſhould never let
Such angry paſſions riſe;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each others eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the bleſſed Virgin's Son,
That ſweet and lovely Child.

His ſoul was gentle as a lamb:
And, as his ſtature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above;
And from his heav'nly throne
He ſees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

§ 70. *Love between Brothers and Sisters.* Watts.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight!

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning-light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

§ 71. *Against Scoffing and calling Names.* Watts.

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he 's in danger of hell-fire
That calls his brother Fool.

But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock and jeer and scoff
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head go!"

God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners e'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue!

§ 72. *Against Swearing and Curfing, and taking God's Name in vain.* Watts.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble, down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
And, when they 're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain!

Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above;
'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear,
That heav'nly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

§ 73. *Against Idleness and Mischief.* Watts.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r:

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neats she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

§ 74. *Against Evil Company.* Watts.

WHY should I join with those in play
In whom I 've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray;
Who call ill names, and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend mine ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go:
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that's us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jest:
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

My

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With ſinful children here:
Then let me not be ſent to hell,
Where none but ſinners are.

§ 75. *Againſt Pride in Clothes.* Watts.

Why ſhould our garments, made to hide
Our parents' ſhame, provoke our pride?
The art of dreſs did ne'er begin
Till Eve, our mother, learnt to ſin.

When firſt ſhe put the cov'ring on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boaſt
In the ſad marks of glory loſt.

How proud we are! how fond to ſhew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor ſheep and ſilkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be dreſt fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flow'rs, exceed me ſtill.

Then will I ſet my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace:
Theſe are the robes of richeſt dreſs.

No more ſhall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this bleſt apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old;
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould:
It takes no ſpot, but ſtill refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it ſhines.

In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heav'n and wear it there,
God will approve it in his ſight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

§ 76. *Obedience to Parents.* Watts.

Let children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers ſay;
With rev'rence meet their parent's word,
And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How curſed is his name!
The ravens ſhall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the ſame.

But thoſe who worſhip God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long ſhall live,
And live hereafter too.

§ 77. *The Child's Complaint.* Watts.

Why ſhould I love my ſport ſo well,
So conſtant at my play,
And loſe the thoughts of heav'n and hell,
And then forget to pray?

What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And ſhall I daily know thee more,
And leſs obey thee ſtill?

How ſenſeleſs is my heart, and wild?
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakneſs of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can ſay.

§ 78. *A Morning and Evening Song.* Watts.

Morning Song.

My God, who makes the ſun to know
His proper hour to riſe,
And to give light to all below,
Doth ſend him round the ſkies.

When from the chambers of the eaſt
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor ſtops to reſt,
But round the world he ſhines.

So, like the ſun, would I fulfil
The buſ'neſs of the day:
Begin my work betimes, and ſtill
March on my heav'nly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my ſoul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been ſpent in vain!

Evening Song.

And now another day is gone,
I'll ſing my Maker's praiſe:
My comforts ev'ry hour make known,
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waſte!
My ſins, how great their ſum!
Lord, give me pardon for the paſt,
And ſtrength for days to come.

I lay my body down to ſleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkneſs keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I cloſe my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me riſe,
Rejoicing in thy love.

§ 79. *For the Lord's Day Morning.* Watts.

This is the day when Chriſt aroſe
So early from the dead;
Why ſhould I keep my eye-lids clos'd,
And waſte my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jeſus broke
The pow'r of death and hell?
And ſhall I ſtill wear Satan's yoke,
And love my ſins ſo well?

To

To-day with pleasure Christians meet
To pray, and hear the word:
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven;
O, may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven!

§ 80. *For the Lord's Day Evening.* Watts.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heav'n below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

§ 81. *The Sluggard,* Watts.

'TIS the voice of a sluggard—I heard him complain, [again."
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed [head.
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy
"A little more sleep and a little more slumber."
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntring, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden and saw the wild brier,
The thorn & the thistle grow broader & higher;
The clothes thathang onhim are turning to rags;
And hismoneystill wastes, till hestarves or hebegs

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind;
Hetoldme hisdreams, talk'd ofeating &drinking,
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me;
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding, [reading!"
Who taught me betimes to love working and

§ 82. *Innocent Play.* Watts.

ABROAD in the meadows, to see the younglambs,
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
Where theyplayall inlove, without anger or rage;
How much we may learn from the sight!

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud,
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;
So foul and so fierce are their natures:
But Thomas and William, andsuch prettynames,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should hinder another in jesting or play;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt: [mire!
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and
There's none but a madman willfling about fire,
And tell you "'Tis all but in sport."

§ 83. *The Rose.* Watts.

How fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flow'rs of the field: [lost,
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proudof my youth or mybeauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

§ 84. *The Thief.* Watts,

WHY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute?
To what dismal state they brought us,
When they stole forbidden fruit!

Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner:
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine;
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

§ 85. *The Ant, or Emmet.* Watts.

THESE emmets, howlittle they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,

Without

Without our regard or concern:
Yet as wiſe as we are, if we went to their ſchool,
There's many a ſluggard, and many a fool,
Some leſſons of wiſdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in ſleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a ſun-ſhiny day.
And for winter they lay up their ſtores:
They manage their work in ſuch regular forms,
One would think they foreſaw all the froſts and the ſtorms,
And ſo brought their food within doors.

But I have leſs ſenſe than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I ſhall want,
Nor provide againſt dangers in time:
When death or old age ſhall ſtare in my face,
What a wretch ſhall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my ſtrength and my youth are in bloom, [ſhall come,
Let me think what will ſerve me when ſickneſs
And pray that my ſins be forgiven:
Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
That, when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

§ 86. *Good Reſolutions.* Watts.

Though I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what ſhall befal me,
I'll prepare for ev'ry place
Where my growing age ſhall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others ſhall partake my goodneſs;
I'll ſupply the poor with meat,
Never ſhewing ſcorn or rudeneſs.

Where I ſee the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deſerve to feel the ſame;
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why ſhould I return them railing?
Since I beſt revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking fooliſh, curſing, ſwearing;
Firſt I'll try to make them wiſe,
Or I'll ſoon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modeſt, neat and clean,
And ſubmit when they reprove me.

If I ſhould be poor and ſick,
I ſhall meet, I hope, with pity;
Since I love to help the weak,
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be eaſily offended:
What's amiſs I'll ſtrive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

May I be ſo watchful ſtill
O'er my humours and my paſſion,
As to ſpeak and do no ill,
Though it ſhould be all the faſhion!

Wicked faſhions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying,
But in life behave ſo well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

§ 87. *A Summer Evening.* Watts.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the ſun,
How lovely and joyful the courſe that he run,
Though he roſe in a miſt when his race he begun;
And there followed ſome droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the weſt,
His rays all are gold, and his beauties are beſt;
He paints the ſky gay as he ſinks to his reſt,
And foretels a bright riſing again.

Juſt ſuch is the Chriſtian: his courſe he begins
Like the ſun in a miſt, when he mourns for his ſins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out & ſhines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But, when he comes nearer to finiſh his race,
Like a fine ſetting ſun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a ſure hope at the end of his days
Of riſing in brighter array!

§ 88. *A Cradle Hymn.* Watts.

Hush! my dear, lie ſtill and ſlumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heav'nly bleſſings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,
Houſe and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well ſupplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heav'n he deſcended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and eaſy is thy cradle,
Coarſe and hard thy Saviour lay;
When his birth-place was a ſtable,
And his ſofteſt bed was hay.

Bleſſed babe! what glorious features
Spotleſs fair! divinely bright!
Muſt he dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the ſight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Curſed ſinners could afford,
To receive the heav'nly ſtranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
Though my ſong might ſound too hard!
'Tis thy { * mother / nurſe that } ſits beſide thee,
And her arms ſhall be thy guard.

* Here you may uſe the words *Brother, Siſter, Neighbour, Friend*, &c.

Yet

Yet to read the ſhameful ſtory,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they ſerv'd the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I ſing.

See the kinder ſhepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the ſky!
Where they ſought him, there they found him,
With his Virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dreſſing,
Lovely Infant, how he ſmil'd!
When he wept, the Mother's bleſſing
Sooth'd and huſh'd the holy child.

Lo, he ſlumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen fed:
Peace, my darling, here 's no danger,
Here 's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to ſave thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans, and endleſs crying,
That thy bleſt Redeemer came.

May'ſt thou live to know and fear him,
Truſt and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and ſing his praiſe!

I could give thee thouſand kiſſes,
Hoping what I muſt deſire;
Not a mother's fondeſt wiſhes
Can to greater joys aſpire.

§ 89. *The Nunc Dimitis.* Merrick.

'Tis enough—the hour is come:
Now within the ſilent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy choſen ſeers foretold,
Faithful now and ſtedfaſt prove,
God of truth, and God of love!
Since at length my aged eye
Sees the day-ſpring from on high!
Son of righteouſneſs, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of diſtant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Thoſe whom death had overſpread
With his dark and dreary ſhade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's Star;
Waiting till the promis'd ray
Turn their darkneſs into day.
See the beams, intenſely ſhed,
Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love!

§ 90. *The Benedicite paraphraſed.* Merrick.

Ye works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footſtool, heav'n his throne,
Be all your praiſe beſtow'd;
Whoſe hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whoſe eye the finiſh'd work ſurvey'd,
And ſaw that all was good.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
And hail'd the Eternal King,
Again proclaim your Maker's praiſe;
Again your thankful voices raiſe,
And touch the tuneful ſtring.

Praiſe him, ye bleſt æthereal plains,
Where, in full majeſty, he deigns
To fix his awful throne:
Ye waters that above him roll,
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
O make his praiſes known!

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
Join ye your joyful ſongs with ours;
With us your voices raiſe;
From age to age extend the lay,
To Heaven's Eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal praiſe.

Celeſtial orb! whoſe powerful ray
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
Whoſe influence all things own;
Praiſe him, whoſe courts effulgent ſhine
With light as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler moon.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the ſky,
Whoſe lamps the abſent ſun ſupply,
With him the ſong purſue;
And let himſelf ſubmiſſive own,
He borrows from a brighter Sun
The light he lends to you.

Ye ſhow'rs and dews, whoſe moiſture ſhed
Calls into life the op'ning ſeed,
To him your praiſes yield,
Whoſe influence wakes the genial birth,
Drops fatneſs on the pregnant earth,
And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempeſtuous ſweep
The ruffled ſurface of the deep,
With us confeſs your God;
See thro' the heav'ns the King of kings,
Upborne on your expanded wings,
Come flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,
With juſt ſubmiſſion humbly bow
To his ſuperior pow'r,
Who ſtops the tempeſt on its way,
Or bids the flaming deluge ſtray,
And gives it ſtrength to roar.

Ye ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
By turns in long ſucceſſion roll'd,
The drooping world to cheer,
Praiſe him who gave the ſun and moon
To lead the various ſeaſons on,
And guide the circling year.

Ye froſts, that bind the wat'ry plain,
Ye ſilent ſhow'rs of fleecy rain,
Purſue the heav'nly theme;
Praiſe him who ſheds the driving ſnow,
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
And ſtops the rapid ſtream.

Ye days and nights, that ſwiftly borne
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
Alternate glide away,
Praiſe him, whoſe never-varying light,
Abſent, adds horror to the night,
But, preſent, gives the day.

Light, from whoſe rays all beauty ſprings;
Darkneſs, whoſe wide-expanded wings
Involve the duſky globe;
Praiſe him who, when the heav'ns he ſpread,
Darkneſs his thick pavilion made,
And light his regal robe.

Praiſe him, ye lightnings, as ye fly
Wing'd with his vengeance thro' the ſky,
And red with wrath divine;
Praiſe him, ye clouds that wand'ring ſtray,
Or, fix'd by him, in cloſe array
Surround his awful ſhrine.

Exalt, O Earth! thy Heav'nly King,
Who bids the plants that form the ſpring
With annual verdure bloom;
Whoſe frequent drops of kindly rain,
Prolific ſwell the rip'ning grain,
And bleſs thy fertile womb.

Ye mountains, that ambitious riſe,
And heave your ſummits to the ſkies,
Revere his awful nod;
Think how you once affrighted fled;
When Jordan ſought his fountain-head,
And own'd the approaching God.

Ye trees, that fill the rural ſcene;
Ye flow'rs, that o'er the enamell'd green
In native beauty reign;
O praiſe the Ruler of the ſkies,
Whoſe hand the genial ſap ſupplies,
And clothes the ſmiling plain.

Ye ſecret ſprings, ye gentle rills,
That murm'ring riſe among the hills,
Or fill the humble vale;
Praiſe him, at whoſe Almighty nod
The rugged rock diſſolving flow'd,
And form'd a ſpringing well.

Praiſe him, ye floods, and ſeas profound,
Whoſe waves the ſpacious earth ſurround,
And roll from ſhore to ſhore;
Aw'd by his voice, ye ſeas, ſubſide;
Ye floods, within your channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

Ye whales, that ſtir the boiling deep,
Or in its dark receſſes ſleep,
Remote from human eye,
Praiſe him by whom ye all are fed;
Praiſe him, without whoſe heavenly aid
Ye languiſh, faint, and die.

Ye birds, exalty our Maker's name;
Begin, and with th' important theme
Your artleſs lays improve;
Wake with your ſongs the riſing day,
Let muſic ſound on ev'ry ſpray,
And fill the vocal grove.

Praiſe him, ye beaſts, that nightly roam
Amid the ſolitary gloom,
Th' expected prey to ſeize;
Ye ſlaves of the laborious plough,
Your ſtubborn necks ſubmiſſive bow,
And bend your wearied knees.

Ye ſons of men, his praiſe diſplay,
Who ſtamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move;
Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
From age to age ſucceſſive tell
The wonders of his love.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
Till angels liſten to the ſong,
And bend attentive down;
Let wonder ſeize the heavenly train,
Pleas'd while they hear a mortal ſtrain
So ſweet, ſo like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,
That oft at Salem's ſacred ſhrine
Before his altars kneel;
Where thron'd in majeſty he dwells,
And from thy myſtic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

Ye ſpirits of the juſt and good,
That, eager for the bleſs'd abode,
To heavenly manſions ſoar;
O let your ſongs his praiſe diſplay,
Till heaven itſelf ſhall melt away,
And time ſhall be no more!

Praiſe him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye ſaints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundleſs bliſs to ſhare;
O praiſe him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

Let us, who now impaſſive ſtand,
Aw'd by the tyrant's ſtern command,
Amid the fiery blaze;
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Riſe, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endleſs praiſe.

§ 91. *The Ignorance of Man.* Merrick.

Behold yon new-born infant griev'd
With hunger, thirſt, and pain;
That aſks to have the wants reliev'd,
It knows not to complain.

Aloud the ſpeechleſs ſuppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its boſom riſe,
And ſpeak its nature—man.

That infant, whoſe advancing hour
Life's various ſorrows try
(Sad proof of ſin's tranſmiſſive pow'r),
That infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confeſs,
Though long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel diſtreſs,
And where, or what, its cure.

Author

Author of good! to thee I turn:
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants diſcern;
Thy hand alone ſupply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footſteps guide;
That love ſhall vainer loves expel;
That fear all fears beſide.

And, oh! by error's force ſubdued,
Since oft my ſtubborn will
Prepoſt'rous ſhuns the latent good,
And graſps the ſpecious ill;

Not to my wiſh, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unaſk'd, what good thou knoweſt grant;
What ill, tho' aſk'd, deny.

§ 92. *The Trials of Virtue.* Merrick.

Plac'd on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's op'ning ſcene ſurvey'd:
I view'd its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
That virtue's path incloſe:
My heart the wiſe purſuit approv'd;
But, oh, what toils oppoſe!

For ſee! ah ſee! while yet her ways
With doubtful ſtep I tread,
A hoſtile world its terrors raiſe,
Its ſnares deluſive ſpread.

Oh how ſhall I, with heart prepar'd,
Thoſe terrors learn to meet?
How from the thouſand ſnares to guard
My unexperienc'd feet?

As thus I mus'd oppreſſive ſleep
Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivion's veil.—The wat'ry deep,
An object ſtrange and new,

Before me roſe: on the wide ſhore
Obſervant as I ſtood,
The gathering ſtorms around me roar,
And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows riſe;
E'en now my ſteps they lave!
And death to my affrighted eyes
Approach'd in ev'ry wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat!
Each nerve at once unſtrung,
Chill fear had fetter'd faſt my feet,
And chain'd my ſpeechleſs tongue.

I feel my heart within me die;
When ſudden to mine ear
A voice, deſcending from on high,
Reprov'd my erring fear:

'What tho' the ſwelling ſurge thou ſee
'Impatient to devour;
'Reſt, mortal, reſt on God's decree,
'And thankful own his pow'r.

'Know, when he bade the deep appear,
"Thus far," th' Almighty ſaid,
"Thus far, nor farther, rage; and here
"Let thy proud waves be ſtay'd."

I heard; and, lo! at once controul'd,
The waves, in wild retreat,
Back on themſelves reluctant roll'd,
And murmuring left my feet.

Deeps to aſſembling deeps in vain
Once more the ſignal gave:
The ſhores the ruſhing weight ſuſtain,
And check th' uſurping wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wiſe,
The imag'd truth I read;
And ſudden from my waking eyes
Th' inſtructive viſion fled.

'Then why thus heavy, O my ſoul!
'Say why, diſtruſtful ſtill,
'Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
'O'er ſcenes of future ill?

'Let faith ſuppreſs each riſing fear,
'Each anxious doubt exclude;
'Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,
'A Maker wiſe and good!

'He to thy ev'ry trial knows
'Its juſt reſtraint to give;
'Attentive to behold thy woes,
'And faithful to relieve.

'Then why thus heavy, O my ſoul!
'Say why, diſtruſtful ſtill,
'Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
'O'er ſcenes of future ill?

'Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round
'Still in thy God confide,
'Whoſe finger marks the ſeas their bound,
'And curbs the headlong tide.'

§ 93. *Chriſt's Paſſion: from a Greek Ode of Mr. Maſters, formerly of New College.* Pitt.

No more of earthly ſubjects ſing;
To heaven, my muſe, aſpire;
To raiſe the ſong, charge ev'ry ſtring,
And ſtrike the living lyre.
Begin, in lofty numbers ſhow
Th' Eternal King's unfathom'd love,
Who reigns the Sov'reign God above,
And ſuffers on the croſs below.
Prodigious pile of wonders! rais'd too high
For the dim ken of frail mortality.
What numbers ſhall I bring along?
From whence ſhall I begin the ſong?
The mighty myſtery I 'll ſing, inſpir'd,
Beyond the reach of human wiſdom wrought,
Beyond the compaſs of an angel's thought,
How by the rage of man his God expir'd.
I 'll make the trackleſs depths of mercy known,
How to redeem his foe God render'd up his Son:
I'll raiſe my voice to tell mankind
The victor's conqueſt o'er his doom;
How in the grave he lay confin'd,
To ſeal more ſure the rav'nous tomb.

Three days, th' infernal empire to ſubdue,
He paſs'd triumphant through the coaſts of woe;
With his own dart the tyrant Death he ſlew,
And led Hell captive through her realms below.
A mingled ſound from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumult thickens on my ear,
The ſhouts of murd'rers, that inſult the ſlain,
The voice of torment, and the ſhrieks of pain.
I caſt my eyes with horror up
To the curſt mountain's guilty top;
See there! whom hanging in the midſt I view!
Ah! how unlike the other two!
I ſee him high above his foes,
And gently bending from the wood
His head in pity down to thoſe
Whoſe guilt conſpires to ſhed his blood.
His wide-extended arms I ſee
Transfix'd with nails, and faſten'd to the tree:
Man, ſenſeleſs man! canſt thou look on,
Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own?
The rage of all thy grief exert,
Rend thy garments and thy heart:
Beat thy breaſt, and grovel low,
Beneath the burden of thy woe;
Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
Breathe gales of ſighs, and weep a flood of tears.
Behold thy King, with purple cover'd round;
Not in the Tyrian tinctures dyed,
Nor dipt in poiſon of Sidonian pride;
But in his own rich blood that ſtreams from every wound.
Doſt thou not ſee the thorny circled red?
The guilty wreath that bluſhes round his head!
And with what rage the bloody ſcourge applied
Curls round his limbs, and ploughs into his ſide.
At ſuch a ſight let all thy anguiſh riſe;
Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes.
Here bid thy tears in guſhing torrents flow,
Indulge thy grief, and give a looſe to woe.
Weep from thy ſoul, till earth be drown'd;
Weep, till thy ſorrows drench the ground.
Canſt thou, ungrateful man! his torments ſee,
Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood for thee?

§ 94. *A Funeral Hymn.* Mallet.

Ye midnight ſhades, o'er nature ſpread!
Dumb ſilence of the dreary hour!
In honour of th' approaching dead,
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around
On this pale ground
Through all this deep ſurrounding gloom,
The ſober thought,
The tear untaught,
Thoſe meeteſt mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the ſurplic'd train drew near
To this laſt manſion of mankind,
The ſlow ſad bell, the ſable bier,
In holy muſing wrapt the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling ſtream,
Attending tapers faintly dart;
Each mould'ring bone,
Each ſculptur'd ſtone,
Strikes mute inſtruction to the heart!

Now let the ſacred organ blow,
With ſolemn pauſe, and ſounding flow;
Now let the voice due meaſure keep,
In ſtrains that ſigh, and words that weep;
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depreſs, but lift the ſoaring ſoul:

To lift it in the Maker's praiſe,
Who firſt inform'd our frame with breath;
And, after ſome few ſtormy days,
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.
No King of Fears
In him appears,
Who ſhuts the ſcene of human woes:
Beneath his ſhade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repoſe.

Then, while we mingle duſt with duſt,
To One, ſupremely good and wiſe,
Raiſe hallelujahs! God is juſt,
And man moſt happy when he dies!
His winter paſt,
Fair ſpring at laſt
Receives him on her flow'ry ſhore!
Where pleaſure's roſe
Immortal blows,
And ſin and ſorrow are no more!

§ 95. *Veni Creator Spiritus, paraphraſed.* Dryden.

Creator Spirit, by whoſe aid
The world's foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit ev'ry pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind.
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O ſource of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred unction bring
To ſanctify us, while we ſing.
Plenteous of grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſevenfold energy!
Thou ſtrength of his Almighty hand,
Whoſe pow'r does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who doſt the gift of tongues diſpenſe,
And crown thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the ſenſes to the ſoul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chaſe from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow,
And, leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make

Make us eternal truth receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thyſelf that we may ſee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endleſs fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
Thy Saviour ſon be glorified,
Who for loſt man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

§ 96. *On True Nobility.* Dryden's Juvenal.

——Nobility of blood
Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious good.
The Nobleman is he, whoſe noble mind [kind.
Is fill'd with inbred worth, unborrow'd from his
Virtue alone is true nobility:
Let your own acts immortalize your name,
'Tis poor relying on another's fame:
For take the pillars but away, and all
The ſuperſtructure muſt in ruins fall;
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm ſhe lov'd.

§ 97. *A Night Piece.* Miſs Carter.

While night in ſolemn ſhade inveſts the pole,
And calm reflection ſooths the penſive ſoul,
While reaſon undiſturb'd aſſerts her ſway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away;
To thee! all-conſcious Preſence! I devote
This peaceful interval of ſober thought:
Here all my better faculties confine;
And be this hour of ſacred ſilence thine!
If, by the day's illuſive ſcenes miſled,
My erring ſoul from virtue's path has ſtray'd;
Snar'd by example, or by paſſion warm'd,
Some falſe delight my giddy ſenſe has charm'd;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my beſt hopes are center'd in thy love.
Depriv'd of this can life one joy afford?
Its utmoſt boaſt a vain unmeaning word.
But, ah! how oft my lawleſs paſſions rove,
And break thoſe awful precepts I approve!
Purſue the fatal impulſe I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft when thy better Spirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond ſoul to ſhun the tempting ſnare,
My ſtubborn will his gentle aid repreſs'd,
And check'd the riſing goodneſs in my breaſt;
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by falſe deſires,
Still'd his ſoft voice, and quench'd his ſacred fires
With grief oppreſs'd, and proſtrate in the duſt,
Shouldſt thou condemn, I own thy ſentence juſt.
But, oh! thy ſofter titles let me claim,
And plead my cauſe by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy! that wipes the penitential tear,
And diſſipates the horrors of deſpair;
From righteous juſtice ſteals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
Diſarms the wrath of an offended God,
And ſeals my pardon in a Saviour's blood!
All powe'rful Grace, exert thy gentle ſway,
And teach my rebel paſſions to obey;
Leſt lurking Folly, with inſidious art,
Regain my volatile inconſtant heart!
Shall every high reſolve Devotion frames
Be only lifeleſs ſounds and ſpecious names?
Oh rather, while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this ſtill hour, each motion of my ſoul,
Secures its ſafety by a ſudden doom,
And be the ſoft retreat of ſleep my tomb!
Calm let me ſlumber in that dark repoſe,
Till the laſt morn its orient beam diſcloſe:
Then, when the great archangel's potent ſound
Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the ſleep of death, with joy ſurvey
The opening ſplendours of eternal day,

§ 98. *Ode to Melancholy.* Carter.

Come, Melancholy! ſilent pow'r,
Companion of my lonely hour,
To ſober thought confin'd!
Thou ſweetly ſad ideal gueſt,
In all thy ſoothing charms conſeſt,
Indulge my penſive mind.

No longer wildly hurried through
The tides of mirth, that ebb and flow
In folly's noiſy ſtream,
I from the buſy crowd retire,
To court the objects that inſpire
Thy philoſophic dream.

Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews
With ſolitary ſteps I muſe,
By thy direction led:
Here, cold to pleaſures tempting forms,
Conſociate with my ſiſter worms,
And mingle with the dead.

Ye midnight horrors, awful gloom!
Ye ſilent regions of the tomb,
My future peaceful bed:
Here ſhall my weary eyes be clos'd,
And ev'ry ſorrow lie repos'd
In death's refreſhing ſhade.

Ye pale inhabitants of night,
Before my intellectual ſight
In ſolemn pomp aſcend:
O tell how trifling now appears
The train of idle hopes and fears,
That varying life attend!

Ye faithleſs idols of our ſenſe,
Here own how vain the fond pretence,
Ye empty names of joy!
Your tranſient forms like ſhadows paſs,
Frail offſpring of the magic glaſs,
Before the mental eye.

The dazzling colours, falſely bright,
Attract the gazing vulgar ſight
With ſuperficial ſtate:
Thro' reaſon's clearer optics view'd,
How ſtripp'd of all its pomp, how rude
Appears the painted cheat!

Can wild ambition's tyrant pow'r,
Or ill-got wealth's ſuperfluous ſtore,
The dread of death controul?

Can pleaſure's more bewitching charms
Avert or ſooth the dire alarms
That ſhake the parting ſoul?

Religion! ere the hand of Fate
Shall make reflection plead too late,
My erring ſenſes teach,
Amidſt the flatt'ring hopes of youth,
To meditate the ſolemn truth
Theſe awful relics preach.

Thy penetrating beams diſperſe
The miſt of error, whence our fears
Derive their fatal ſpring:
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And ſoften to an angel form
The pale terrific king.

When, ſunk by guilt in ſad deſpair,
Repentance breathes her humble pray'r,
And owns thy threat'nings juſt;
Thy voice the ſhudd'ring ſuppliant cheers,
With mercy calms her torturing fears,
And lifts her from the duſt.

Sublim'd by thee, the ſoul aſpires
Beyond the range of low deſires,
In nobler views elate:
Unmov'd her diſtant change ſurveys,
And, arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
The univerſal debt.

In death's ſoft ſlumber lull'd to reſt,
She ſleeps by ſmiling viſions bleſt,
That gently whiſper peace;
Till the laſt morn's fair op'ning ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
Of active life and bliſs.

§ 99. *Written at Midnight in a Thunder Storm.* Carter.

Let coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To ſhelt'ring caverns fly,
And juſtly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the ſky.

Protected by that hand, whoſe law
The threat'ning ſtorms obey,
Intrepid virtue ſmiles ſecure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the ſame all-gracious Pow'r
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' Nature's ever-varying ſcene,
By different ways purſued,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is univerſal good:

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or bluſhes in the roſe.

By reaſon taught to ſcorn thoſe fears
That vulgar minds moleſt.
Let no fantaſtic terrors break
My dear Narciſſa's reſt.

Thy life may all the tend'reſt care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend!

When thro' creations vaſt expanſe
The laſt dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the ſpheres,
And ſhake the riſing ſoul;

Unmov'd may'ſt thou the final ſtorm
Of jarring worlds ſurvey,
That uſhers in the glad ſerene
Of everlaſting day!

§ 100. *The Vanity of Human Wiſhes.* Johnſon.

In Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

Let * obſervation with extenſive view
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager ſtrife,
And watch the buſy ſcenes of crowded life:
Then ſay how hope and fear, deſire and hate,
O'erſpread with ſnares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the miſt delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chaſes airy good:
How rarely reaſon guides the ſtubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the ſuppliant voice:
How nations ſink by darling ſchemes oppreſt,
When vengeance liſtens to the fool's requeſt.
Fate wings with ev'ry wiſh th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal ſweetneſs elocution flows?
Impeachment ſtopsthe ſpeaker's powerfulbreath,
And reſtleſs fire precipitates on death. [bold
† But, ſcarce obſerv'd, the knowing and the
Fall in the gen'ral maſſacre of gold;
Wide-waſting peſt! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes therecordsof mankind!
For gold his ſword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge diſtorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor ſafety
The dangers gather as the treaſures riſe. [buys;
Let hiſt'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title ſhakes the madden'd land,
When ſtatutes glean the refuſe of the ſword,
How much more ſafe the vaſſal than the lord:
Low ſculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his ſlumbers ſound,
Tho' confiſcation's vultures hover round,
The needy traveller, ſerene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and ſings his toil away.
Does envy ſeize thee? cruſh th' upbraiding joy;
Increaſe his riches, and his peace deſtroy.
New fears in dire viciſſitude invade,
The ruſtling break alarms, and quiv'ring ſhade;
Nor light nor darkneſs brings his pain relief,
One ſhews the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet

* Ver. 1—11. † Ver. 12—22.

Yet * ſtill one gen'ral cry the ſkies aſſails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling ſtateſman's fear or care,
Th' inſidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once † more, Democritus, ariſe on earth,
With cheerful wiſdom and inſtructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dreſt,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jeſt:
Thou who couldſt laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil cruſh'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died;
And ſcarce a ſycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or ſeen a new-made mayor's unwieldy ſtate;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And ſenates heard before they judg'd a cauſe;
How would'ſt thou ſhake at Britain's modiſh tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive, truth and nature to deſcry,
And pierce each ſcene with philoſophic eye,
To thee were ſolemn toys or empty ſhow,
The robes of pleaſure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whoſe joys are cauſeleſs, or whoſe griefs are vain.
Such was the ſcorn that fill'd the ſage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How juſt that ſcorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every ſtate, and canvaſs ev'ry pray'r.
‡ Unnumber'd ſuppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
A thirſt for wealth, and burning to be great;
Deluſive Fortune hears th' inceſſant call,
They mount, they ſhine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry ſtage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and inſult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the ſinking ſtateſman's door
Pours in the morning worſhipper no more;
For growing names the weekly ſcribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room deſcends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And ſmok'd in kitchens, or in auctions ſold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form diſtorted juſtifies the fall,
And deteſtation rids th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the laſt appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
Thro' Freedom's ſons no more remonſtrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our ſupple tribes repreſs their patriot throats,
And aſk no queſtions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and ſeptennial ale,
Their wiſh is full to riot and to rail.
In full-bloom dignity, ſee Wolſey ſtand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs con-
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty ſhine; [ſign,
Turn'd by his nod the ſtream of honour flows,
His ſmile alone ſecurity beſtows:
Still to new heights his reſtleſs wiſhes tow'r;
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conqueſt unreſiſted ceas'd to pleaſe,
And rights ſubmitted left him none to ſeize.
At length his ſovereign frowns—the train of ſtate
Mark the keen glance, and watch the ſign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a ſtranger's eye,
His ſuppliants ſcorn him, and his followers fly:
Now drops at once the pride of awful ſtate,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppreſt,
He ſeeks the refuge of monaſtic reſt.
Grief aids diſeaſe, remember'd folly ſtings,
And his laſt ſighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whoſe thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolſey's wealth with Wolſey's end be thine?
Or liv'ſt thou now, with ſafer pride content,
The wiſeſt juſtice on the banks of Trent!
For why did Wolſey, near the ſteeps of fate,
On weak foundations raiſe th' enormous weight?
Why but to ſink, beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?
What § gave great Villiers to th' aſſaſſin's knife,
And fix'd diſeaſe on Harley's cloſing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to king's ally'd?
What but their wiſh indulg'd in courts to ſhine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to reſign?
When ‖ firſt the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthuſiaſt quits his eaſe for fame;
Reſiſtleſs burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the ſtrong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours ſpread,
And ¶ Bacon's manſion trembles o'er his head.
Are theſe thy views? proceed, illuſtrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet ſhould thy ſoul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her laſt retreat;
Should Reaſon guide thee with her brighteſt ray,
And pour on miſty Doubt reſiſtleſs day:
Should no falſe kindneſs lure to looſe delight,
Nor praiſe relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuſe her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no Diſeaſe thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy ſhade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the paſſing world to turn thine eyes,
And pauſe a while from learning, to be wiſe:
There mark what ills the ſcholar's life aſſail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

* Ver. 23—27. † Ver. 28—55. ‡ Ver. 56—107. § Ver. 108—113. ‖ Ver. 114—132.
¶ There is a tradition, that the ſtudy of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon ſhall paſs under it.

See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life *, and Galileo's end.
Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, tho' smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.
The † festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgag'd states their grandsires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On ‡ what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,
"On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands,
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
All § times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Thro' purple billows and a floating host.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway,
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
"Enlarge ‖ my life with multitude of days;"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r—
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;

* A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College Oxford, and rector of Okerton near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin Treatise De Natura Cœli, &c. in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle; not bearing to hear it urged that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity. He made above six hundred sermons on the harmony of the Evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Oxford, and the King's-bench, till bishop Usher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him by paying his debts. He petitioned King Charles I. to be sent into Ethiopia, &c. to procure MSS. Having spoken in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory; and afterwards had not a shirt to shift him in three months, unless he borrowed it, and he died very poor in 1646.

† Ver. 133—146. ‡ Ver. 147—167. § Ver. 168—187. ‖ Ver. 188—288.

Now

Now pall the taſteleſs meats, and joyleſs wines,
And Luxury with ſighs her ſlave reſigns.
Approach, ye minſtrels, try the ſoothing ſtrain,
Diffuſe the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No ſounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witneſs'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor ſweeter muſic of a virtuous friend:
But everlaſting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perverſely grave, or poſitively wrong.
The ſtill returning tale, and ling'ring jeſt,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd gueſt,
While growing hopes ſcarce awe the gath'ring ſneer,
And ſcarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful gueſts ſtill hint the laſt offence,
The daughter's petulance, the ſon's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous ſkill,
And mould his paſſions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay ſiege to life, and preſs the dire blockade;
But unextinguiſh'd Av'rice ſtill remains,
And dreaded loſſes aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with ſuſpicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bleſs with an age exempt from ſcorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modeſt innocence away;
Whoſe peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whoſe night congratulating Conſcience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who ſhall wiſh its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary minutes flagging wings;
New ſorrow riſes as the day returns,
A ſiſter ſickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the ſable bier,
Now lacerated Friendſhip claims a tear.
Year chaſes year, decay purſues decay,
Still drops ſome joy from with'ring life away;
New forms ariſe, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the ſtage,
Till pitying Nature ſigns the laſt releaſe,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch ſhould the ſearch deſcend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's laſt ſcene what prodigies ſurpriſe,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wiſe!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a ſhow.

The * teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty ſpring:
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of roſy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe,
Whom joys with ſoft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who ſmile with art,
And aſk the lateſt faſhion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedleſs charms ſhall ſave,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your ſlave?
Againſt your fame with fondneſs hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With diſtant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint remonſtrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, ſhe quits the ſlipp'ry rein,
And Pride and Prudence take her ſeat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the paſs defend,
The harmleſs freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force ſuperior ply'd;
To Int'reſt, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſt,
And hiſſing Infamy proclaims the reſt.

Where † then ſhall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Muſt dull Suſpenſe corrupt the ſtagnant mind?
Muſt helpleſs man, in ignorance ſedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Muſt no diſlike alarm, no wiſhes riſe,
No cries invoke the mercies of the ſkies?
Enquirer, ceaſe, petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain,
Still raiſe for good the ſupplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the meaſure and the choice,
Safe in his pow'r, whoſe eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret ambuſh of a ſpecious pray'r,
Implore his aid, in his deciſions reſt,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.
Yet when the ſenſe of ſacred preſence fires,
And ſtrong devotion to the ſkies aſpires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient paſſions, and a will reſign'd;
For love, which ſcarce collective man can fill;
For patience, ſov'reign o'er tranſmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier ſeat,
Counts death kind Nature's ſignal of retreat:
Theſe goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
Theſe goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With theſe celeſtial Wiſdom calms the mind,
And makes the Happineſs ſhe does not find.

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§ 101. *Elegy on the Death of Lady Coventry, Written in* 1760. Maſon.

The midnight clock has toll'd—and, hark the bell
Of death beats ſlow! heard ye the note profound?
It pauſes now; and now, with riſing knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its ſullen ſound.

Yes—Coventry is dead. Attend the ſtrain,
Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantaſtic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:

For ſhe was fair beyond your brighteſt bloom
(This envy owns, ſince now her bloom is fled);
Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light viſion round the poet's head.

* Ver. 289—345.

† Ver. 346—366.

Whene'er

Whene'er with ſoft ſerenity ſhe ſmil'd,
Or caught the orient bluſh of quick ſurpriſe,
How ſweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid luſtre darted from her eyes!

Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its tranſient glory caſt:
Some lovelier wonder ſoon uſurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm ſtill lovelier than the laſt.

That bell again! It tells us what ſhe is;
On what ſhe was, no more the ſtrain prolong:
Luxuriant fancy, pauſe! an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a ſerious ſong.

Maria claims it from that ſable bier,
Where cold and wan the ſlumb'rer reſts her head;
In ſtill ſmall whiſpers to reflection's ear
She breathes the ſolemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud!
Proclaim the theme by ſage, by fool rever'd;
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
'Tis Nature ſpeaks, and Nature will be heard.

Yes; ye ſhall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap;
E'en in the midſt of pleaſure's mad career,
The mental monitor ſhall wake and weep!

For ſay, than Coventry's propitious ſtar,
What brighter planet on your births aroſe?
Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler ſhare,
In life to laviſh, or by death to loſe?

Early to loſe! While, borne on buſy wing,
Ye ſip the nectar of each varying bloom;
Nor fear, while baſking in the beams of ſpring,
The wint'ry ſtorm that ſweeps you to the tomb;

Think of her fate! revere the heavenly hand
That led her hence, tho' ſoon, by ſteps ſo ſlow;
Long at her couch Death took his patient ſtand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:

To give reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond deluſion from her ſoul to ſteal;
Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world ſhe lov'd ſo well.

Say, are you ſure his mercy ſhall extend
To you ſo long a ſpan? Alas, ye ſigh! [friend,
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your
And learn with equal eaſe to ſleep or die!

Nor think the Muſe, whoſe ſober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her ſullen brow;
Caſts round religion's orb the miſts of fear, [glow.
Or ſhades with horrors what with ſmiles ſhould

No—ſhe would warn you with ſeraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of heaven's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that heaven aſpire,
Not ſink and ſlumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliſs to lave:
Force then, ſecure in faith's protecting ſhield,
Theſting from death, the vict'ry from the grave!

Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain! [ſteep:
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dullneſs
Go ſooth your ſouls in ſickneſs, grief, or pain,
With the ſad ſolace of eternal ſleep!

Yet will I praiſe you, triflers as you are,
More than thoſe preachers of your fav'rite creed,
Who proudly ſwell the brazen throat of war,
Who from the phalanx, bid the battle bleed,

Nor wiſh for more; who conquer but to die.
Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale!
Like you they reaſon, not like you enjoy
The breeze of bliſs that fills your ſilken ſail:

On pleaſure's glitt'ring ſtream ye gaily ſteer
Your little courſe to cold oblivion's ſhore;
They dare the ſtorm, and thro' th' inclement year
Stem the rough ſurge, and brave the torrent's roar.

Is it for glory? That juſt Fate denies;
Long muſt the warrior moulder in his ſhroud,
Ere from her trump the heaven-breath'd accents riſe
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd!

Is it his graſp of empire to extend?
To curb the fury of inſulting foes?
Ambition, ceaſe! the idle conteſt end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou canſt win or loſe.

And why muſt murder'd myriads loſe their all
(If life be all), why deſolation low'r
With famiſh'd frown on this affrighted ball,
That thou mayſt flame the meteor of an hour?

Go, wiſer ye, that flutter life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high?
Weave the light dance, with feſtive freedom gay,
And live your moment, ſince the next ye die!

Yet know, vain ſceptics! know, th' Almighty Mind,
Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
Bade his free ſoul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To heav'n, to immortality aſpire.

Nor ſhall the pile of hope his mercy rear'd
By vain philoſophy be e'er deſtroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wiſh'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or ſuffer'd or enjoy'd!

Note. In a book of French verſes, intitled, *Ouvres du Philoſophe de Sans Souci*, and lately reprinted at Berlin by authority, under the title of *Poéſies Diverſes*, may be found an Epiſtle to Marſhal Keith, written profeſſedly againſt the immortality of the ſoul. By way of ſpecimen of the whole, take the following lines:

De l'avenir, cher Keith, jugeons par le paſſé:
Comme avant que je fuſſe il n'avoit point penſé;
De même, après ma mort, quand toutes mes parties
Par la corruption ſeront anéanties,
Par un même deſtin il ne penſera plus!
Non, rien n'eſt plus certain, ſoyons en convaincu.

It is to this Epiſtle that the latter part of the Elegy alludes.

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§ 102. *Elegy to a young Nobleman leaving the Univerſity.* Maſon.

Ere yet, ingenuous youth, thy ſteps retire [vale,
From Cam's ſmooth margin, and the peaceful

Where

Where Science call'd thee to her ſtudious quire,
And met thee muſing in her cloiſters pale;
O let thy friend (and may he boaſt the name!)
Breathe from his artleſs reed one parting lay:
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendſhip pay.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dang'rous time,
When all thoſe virtues, op'ning now ſo fair,
Tranſplanted to the world's tempeſtuous clime,
Muſt learn each paſſion's boiſt'rous breath to bear;
There, if ambition, peſtilent and pale,
Or luxury ſhould taint their vernal glow;
If cold ſelf-intereſt, with her chilling gale, [blow;
Should blaſt th' unfolding bloſſoms ere they
If mimic hues, by art or faſhion ſpread,
Their genuine ſimple colouring ſhould ſupply;
O may with them theſe laureate honours fade,
And with them (if it can) my friendſhip die!

Then do not blame, if, tho' thyſelf inſpire,
Cautious I ſtrike the panegyric ſtring;
The muſe full oft purſues a meteor fire,
And, vainly vent'rous, ſoars on waxen wing:
Too actively awake at friendſhip's voice,
The poet's boſom pours the fervent ſtrain,
Till ſad reflection blames the haſty choice,
And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.

Call we the ſhade of Pope from that bleſt bow'r,
Where thron'd he ſits with many a tuneful ſage;
Aſk, if he ne'er bemoans that hapleſs hour
When St. John's name illumin'd glory's page.
Aſk, if the wretch, who dar'd his mem'ry ſtain;
Aſk, if his country's, his religion's foe,
Deſerv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain;
The deathleſs meed he only could beſtow:
The bard will tell thee, the miſguided praiſe
Clouds the celeſtial ſunſhine of his breaſt;
E'en now, repentant of his erring lays,
He heaves a ſigh amid the realms of reſt.

If Pope thro' friendſhip fail'd, indignant view,
Yet pity, Dryden—hark, whene'er he ſings,
How adulation drops her courtly dew
On titled rhymers and inglorious kings!

See, from the depths of his exhauſtleſs mine,
His glitt'ring ſtores the tuneful ſpendthrift throws:
Where fear or int'reſt bids, behold they ſhine;
Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's brows.
Born with too gen'rous or too mean a heart,
Dryden! in vain to thee thoſe ſtores were lent;
Thy ſweeteſt numbers but a trifling art:
Thy ſtrongeſt diction idly eloquent.
The ſimpleſt lyre, if truth directs its lays,
Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:
Not to diſguſt with falſe or venal praiſe,
Was Parnell's modeſt fame, and may be mine.

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breaſt
Condemn me, if I check the plauſive ſtring;
Go to the wayward world; complete the reſt;
Be what the pureſt muſe would wiſh to ſing.
Be ſtill thyſelf: that open path of truth,
Which led thee here, let manhood firm purſue;
Retain the ſweet ſimplicity of youth;
And all thy virtue dictates dare to do.
Still ſcorn, with conſcious pride, the maſk of art,
On vice's front let fearful caution low'r;
And teach the diffident, diſcreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for pow'r.

So, round thy brow when age's honours ſpread,
When death's cold hand unſtrings thy Maſon's lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth ſhall ſome ſuperior bard inſpire:
He to the ampleſt bounds of time's domain
On raptures plume ſhall give thy name to fly;
For truſt, with rev'rence truſt, this Sabine ſtrain,
'The Muſe forbids the virtuous man to die.'

§ 103. *The Choice of Hercules: from the Greek of Prodicus.* *Bp.* Lowth.

Now had the ſon of Jove, mature, attain'd
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life, and follows unreſtrain'd [way.
Where paſſion leads, or prudence points the
In the pure mind, at thoſe ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, firſt ſtrikes her pois'nous root;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears [fruit!
By juſt degrees, fair bloom of faireſt
For, if on youth's untainted thought impreſt,
The gen'rous purpoſe ſtill ſhall warm the manly breaſt.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For higheſt deeds now ripe, Alcides ſought
Retirement, nurſe of contemplation ſage,
Step following ſtep, and thought ſucceeding thought;
Muſing, with ſteady pace the youth purſued
His walk, and loſt in meditation ſtray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with ſolitude
Converſing; while intent his mind ſurvey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay, [way.
Here virtue's rough aſcent, there pleaſure's flow'ry
Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind:
Now glow'd his breaſt with gen'rous thirſt of fame;
Now love of eaſe to ſofter thoughts inclin'd [flame:
His yielding ſoul, and quench'd the riſing
When, lo! far off two female forms he ſpies:
Direct to him their ſteps they ſeem to bear;
Both large and tall, exceeding human ſize;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with different grace they move;
This ſtriking ſacred awe; that, ſofter winning love.
The firſt in native dignity ſurpaſs'd;
Artleſs and unadorn'd ſhe pleas'd the more;
Health o'er her looks a genuine luſtre caſt;
A veſt more white than new-fallen ſnow ſhe wore:
Auguſt ſhe trod, yet modeſt was her air; [fire;
Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly
Still ſhe drew near; and nearer ſtill more fair,
More mild, appear'd: yet ſuch as might inſpire
Pleaſure corrected with an awful fear;
Majeſtically ſweet, and amiably ſevere.

The

The other dame seem'd even of fairer hue;
But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye,
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
All soft and delicate, with airy swim
Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade:
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin, [skin.
Her stature shew'd more tall, more snowy white her

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;
Even on her shade a conscious look she threw:
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
As they came near, before that other maid
Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid, [dress'd;
With freedom bland the wond'ring youth ad-
With winning fondness on his neck she hung;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue:

"Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind?
Securely follow where I lead the way,
And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,
Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:
Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war;
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
With me retire, from toils and perils free,
Leave honour to the wretch! pleasures were made for thee.

"Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;
All that may charm thine ear; and please thy sight;
All that the thought can frame, or wish require,
To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight:
The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound,
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love,
Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around;
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove;
Fresh flow'rs to strew thy couch, and crown thy bed:
Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy bed.

"These will I freely, constantly supply,
Pleasure's not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with woe;
Far from thy rest repining want shall fly,
Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
Mature the copious harvest shall be thine,
Let the laborious hind subdue the soil;
Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win,
Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil:
These softer cares my best allies employ,
New pleasures to invent, to wish, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:
He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;
Still gaz'd, and listen'd; then her name besought:
"My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she said.
"Well can my friends this envied truth maintain;
They share my bliss, they best can speak my praise;
Thro' Slander call me Sloth (detraction vain!),
Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says;
Slander, still prompt true merit to defame, [name."
To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest

By this arriv'd the fair majestic Maid;
She all the while, with the same modest pace,
Compos'd advanc'd: "Know, Hercules," she said
With manly tone, "thy birth of heavenly race:
Thy tender age, that lov'd instruction's voice,
Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise:
When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice,
Now expectation waits to see thee rise. [choice,
Rise, youth! exalt thyself and me; approve
Thy high descent from heaven, and dare be worthy Jove. [disguise:
But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not
The steep ascent must be with toil subdued;
Watching and cares must win the lofty prize
Propos'd by Heav'n—true bliss and real good.
Honour rewards the brave and bold alone;
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place,
Who seeks her, must the mighty cost sustain,
And pay the price of fame—labour, and care, and pain.

Wouldst thou engage the gods peculiar care?
O Hercules, th' immortal pow'rs adore!
With a pure heart, with sacrifice, and pray'r
Attend their altars, and their aid implore.
Or, wouldst thou gain thy country's loud applause,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?
Be thou the bold asserter of her cause;
Her voice in council, in the fight her sword;
In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good;
For her, bare thy bold breast, and pour thy generous blood.

Wouldst thou, to quell the proud and lift th' oppress,
In arts of war and matchless strength excel?
First conquer thou thyself: to ease, to rest,
To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewel.
The night alternate, due to sweet repose,
In watches waste; in painful march, the day:
Congeal'd amidst the rigorous winter's snows,
Scorch'd by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray,
Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might:
Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight."

"Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must engage? [prove?"
What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee
(Abrupt says Sloth)—"Ill fit thy tender age
Tumult and wars, fit age for joy and love.
Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love, and joy!
To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay
Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy;
I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way:
Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth, and plain:
Turn gentle youth—with me eternal pleasures reign." [thine?"
"What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are
(Virtue with scorn replied) "who sleep'st in ease
Insensate;

Inſenſate; whoſe ſoft limbs the toil decline
That ſeaſons bliſs, and makes enjoyment pleaſe:
Draining the copious bowl ere thirſt require;
Feaſting ere hunger to the feaſt invite:
Whoſe taſteleſs joys anticipate deſire,
Whom luxury ſupplies with appetite:
Yet nature loaths, and you employ in vain
Variety and art to conquer her diſdain.

"The ſparkling nectar cool'd with ſummer ſnows,
The dainty board with choiceſt viands ſpread,
To thee are taſteleſs all! ſincere repoſe
Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.
For thou art only tir'd with indolence;
Nor is thy ſleep with toil and labour bought,
Th' imperfect ſleep, that lulls thy languid ſenſe
In dull oblivious interval of thought;
That kindly ſteals th' inactive hours away
From the long ling'ring ſpace, that lengthens out the day,

"From bounteous nature's unexhauſted ſtores
Flows the pure fountain of ſincere delights:
Averſe to her, you waſte the joyleſs hours;
Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove
Hurl'd thee from heav'n, th' immortals bliſsful place,
For ever baniſh'd from the realms above,
To dwell on earth with man's depenerate race:
Fitter abode! on earth alike diſgrac'd;
Rejected by the wiſe, and by the fool embrac'd.

"Fond wretch, that vainly weeneſt all delight
To gratify the ſenſe, reſerv'd for thee!
Yet the moſt pleaſing object to the ſight.
Thine own fair action never didſt thou ſee.
Tho' lull'd with ſofteſt ſounds thou lieſt along,
Soft muſic, warbling voices, melting lays,
Ne'er didſt thou hear, more ſweet than ſweeteſt ſong
Charming the ſoul, thou ne'er didſt hear thy praiſe!
No—to thy revels let the fool repair;
To ſuch go ſmooth thy ſpeech, and ſpread thy tempting ſnare.

"Vaſt happineſs enjoy thy gay allies!
A youth of follies, an old age of cares;
Young yet enervate, old yet never wiſe,
Vice waſtes their vigour, and their mind impairs.
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Reſerving woes for age, their prime they ſpend;
All wretched, hopeleſs, in the evil days,
With ſorrow to the verge of life they tend.
Griev'd with the preſent, of the paſt aſham'd,
They live and are deſpis'd; they die, nor more are nam'd.

"But with the gods, and godlike men I dwell;
Me, his ſupreme delight, th' Almighty Sire
Regards well pleas'd: whatever works excel,
All, or divine or human I inſpire.
Counſel with ſtrength, and induſtry with art,
In union meet conjoin'd with me reſide:
My dictates arm, inſtruct, and mend the heart,
The ſureſt policy, the wiſeſt guide.
With me true friendſhip dwells: ſhe deigns to bind
Thoſe generous ſouls alone, whom I before have join'd.

"Nor need my friends the various coſtly feaſt,
Hunger to them th' effects of art ſupplies;
Labour prepares their weary limbs to reſt;
Sweet is their ſleep; light, cheerful, ſtrong, they riſe.
Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleaſure and renown
They tread my paths: and by a ſoft deſcent
At length to age all gently ſinking down,
Look back with tranſport on a life well ſpent,
In which no hour flew unimprov'd away; each day.
In which ſome gen'rous deed diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry

"And when the deſtin'd term at length's complete,
Their aſhes reſt in peace, eternal fame
Sounds wide their praiſe: triumphant o'er fate,
In ſacred ſong for ever lives their name.
This, Hercules, is happineſs! obey
My voice, and live: let thy celeſtial birth
Lift and enlarge thy thoughts: behold the way
That leads to fame, and raiſes thee from earth,
Immortal! Lo, I guide thy ſteps, Ariſe, [ſkies."
Purſue the glorious path and claim thy native

Her words breathe fire celeſtial, and impart
New vigour to his ſoul, that ſudden caught
The generous flame: with great intent his heart
Swells full, and labours with exalted thought.
The miſt of error from his eyes diſpell'd,
Thro' all her fraudful arts, in cleareſt light,
Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd ſhe ſtood confeſt before his ſight:
Falſe Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that ſhone
So freſh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale, and gone.

No more the roſy bloom in ſweet diſguiſe
Maſks her diſſembled looks; each borrow'd grace
Leaves her wan cheek; pale ſickneſs clouds her eyes
Livid and ſunk, and paſſions dim her face.
As when fair Iris has awhile diſplay'd
Her wat'ry arch with gaudy painture gay,
While yet we gaze the glorious colours fade,
And from our wonder gently ſteal away:
Where ſhone the beauteous phantom, erſt ſo bright,
Now low'rs the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to the ſight.

But Virtue more engaging, all the while
Diſcloſ'd new charms, more lovely, more ſerene.
Beaming ſweet influence, a milder ſmile
Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.
"Lead, goddeſs; I am thine!" tranſported cried
Alcides; "O propitious pow'r, thy way
Teach me! poſſeſs my ſoul! be thou my guide:
From thee oh never, never let me ſtray!"
While ardent thus the youth his vows addreſs'd,
With all the goddeſs fill'd, already glow'd his breaſt.

The heav'nly maid with ſtrength divine endued
His daring ſoul; there all her pow'rs combin'd:
Firm conſtancy, undaunted fortitude,
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undiſmay'd,
By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,
From fierceſt monſters, thro' her powerful aid,
He freed the earth: thro' her he gain'd the ſkies.

'Twas

'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the bleſt abode; [god.
Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods a

§ 104. *The Hermit.* Parnell.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell:
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd his days,
Pray'r all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf till one ſuggeſtion roſe—
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey;
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt.
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt, [grow,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide, [glow:
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken ſun;
Banks, trees, and ſkies in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by
To find if books or ſwains report it right, [ſight,
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before!
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried:
And "Hail, my ſon!" the rev'rend ſire replied:
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.
Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe:
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe. [paſs,
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome [graſs.
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home;
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the liveried ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good. [drown,
Then, led to reſt, the day's long toil they
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte,
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe:
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt, purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the ſire, when far upon the road
The ſhining ſpoil his wily partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk, to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.
While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat:
'Twas built with turrets on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping caus'd a deſert there.
As near the miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran,
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt):
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in th' ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls, [calls:
And nature's fervour through their limbs re-
Bread of the coarſer ſort with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine:
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cried)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face,
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before.
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:

The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice; and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie:
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great,
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet;
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears and thus replies:
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.
At length the world renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died,
Horror of horrors! what! his only son?
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies; but, trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant shew'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending branches glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls; and rising lifts his head;
Then flashing turns and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"--But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man.
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke):
"Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky—
Nay, cease to kneel!—thy fellow-servant I.
"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends;
'Tis thus withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still. prise,
"What strange events can strike with more sur-
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just;
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
"The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
"The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.
"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
"But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions she the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun:
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.

Then,

Then, gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

§ 105. *The Golden Verſes of Pythagoras.* Fitzgerald.

First, the Supreme doth higheſt rev'rence claim;
Uſe with religious awe his ſacred name:
Aſſur'd he views thy ways, let nought controul
The oath thou once haſt bound upon thy ſoul.
Next to the heroes bear a grateful mind,
Whoſe glorious cares and toils have bleſt mankind.
Let juſt reſpect and decent rites be paid
To the immortal manes of the dead.
Honour thy parents, and thy next of kin;
And virtuous men wherever thou canſt find,
In the ſame bond of love let them be join'd.
Uſeful and ſteady let thy life proceed,
Mild ev'ry word, good-natur'd ev'ry deed;
Oh, never with the man thou lov'ſt contend!
But bear a thouſand frailties from thy friend.
Raſhly inflam'd, vain ſpleen, and flight ſurmiſe,
To real feuds, and endleſs diſcords riſe.
O'er luſt, o'er anger, keep the ſtricteſt rein,
Subdue thy ſloth, thy appetite reſtrain.
With no vile action venture to comply,
Not tho' unſeen by ev'ry mortal eye.
Above all witneſſes thy conſcience fear,
And more than all mankind thyſelf revere.
One way let all thy words and actions tend,
Reaſon their conſtant guide, and truth their end.
And ever mindful of thy mortal ſtate,
How quick, how various are the turns of fate;
How here, how there, the tides of fortune roll:
How ſoon impending death concludes the whole,
Compoſe thy mind, and free from anxious ſtrife
Endure thy portion of the ills of life:
Tho' ſtill the good man ſtands ſecure from harms,
Nor can misfortune wound, whom virtue arms.
Diſcourſe in common converſe, thou wilt find
Some to improve, and ſome to taint the mind;
Grateful to that a due obſervance pay:
Beware, leſt this entice thy thoughts aſtray;
And bold untruths which thou art forc'd to hear,
Receive diſcreetly with a patient ear.
Wouldſt thou be juſtly rank'd among the wiſe,
Think ere thou doſt, ere thou reſolv'ſt adviſe.
Still let thy aims with ſage experience ſquare,
And plan thy conduct with ſagacious care;
So ſhalt thou all thy courſe with pleaſure run,
Nor wiſh an action of thy life undone.
Among the various ends of thy deſires,
'Tis no inferior place thy health requires.
Firmly for this from all exceſs refrain,
Thy cups be mod'rate, and thy diet plain:
Nor yet unelegant thy board ſupply,
But ſhun the nauſeous pomp of luxury.
Let ſpleen, by cheerful converſe be withſtood,
And honeſt labours purify the blood.
Each night, ere needful ſlumber ſeals thy eyes,
Home to thy ſoul let theſe reflections riſe:
How has this day my duty ſeen expreſs'd?
What have I done, omitted, or tranſgreſs'd?
Then grieve the moments thou haſt idly ſpent:
The reſt will yield thee comfort and content.
Be theſe good rules thy ſtudy and delight,
Practiſe by day, and ponder them by night;
Thus all thy thoughts to virtue's height ſhall riſe,
And truth ſhall ſtand unveil'd before thy eyes.
Of beings the whole ſyſtem thou ſhalt ſee,
Rang'd as they are in beauteous harmony,
Whilſt all depend from one ſuperior cauſe,
And Nature works obedient to her laws.
Hence, as thou labour'ſt with judicious care
To run the courſe allotted to thy ſhare,
Wiſdom refulgent with a heavenly ray
Shall clear thy proſpect, and direct thy way.
Then all around compaſſionately view,
The wretched ends which vain mankind purſue,
Toſs'd to and fro by each impeteous guſt,
The rage of paſſion, or the fire of luſt,
No certain ſtay, no ſafe retreat they know,
But blindly wander through a maze of woe.
Meanwhile congenial vileneſs works within,
And cuſtom quite ſubdues the ſoul to ſin.
Save us from this diſtreſs, Almighty Lord;
Our minds illumine, and thy aid afford!
But O! ſecure from all thy life is led,
Whoſe feet the happy paths of virtue tread.
Thou ſtand'ſt united to the race divine,
And the perfection of the ſkies is thine.
Imperial reaſon, free from all controul,
Maintains her juſt dominion in thy ſoul:
Till purg'd at length from every ſinful ſtain,
When friendly death ſhall break the cumbrous chain,
Looſ'd from the body thou ſhalt take thy flight,
And range immortal in the fields of light.

§ 106. *On Cheerfulneſs.* Fitzgerald.

Fair as the dawning light! auſpicious gueſt!
Source of all comfort to the human breaſt;
Depriv'd of thee, in ſad deſpair we moan,
And tedious roll the heavy moments on.
Though beauteous objects all around us riſe,
To charm the fancy and delight the eyes;
Though art's fair works and nature's gifts conſpire
To pleaſe each ſenſe, and ſatiate each deſire,
'Tis joyleſs all—till thy enliv'ning ray
Scatters the melancholy gloom away.
Then opens to the ſoul a heavenly ſcene,
Gladneſs and peace, all ſprightly, all ſerene.
Where doſt thou reign, ſay, in what bleſt retreat,
To chooſe thy manſion, and to fix thy ſeat?
Thy ſacred preſence how ſhall we explore?
Can av'rice gain thee with her golden ſtore?
Can vain ambition with her boaſted charms
Tempt thee within her wide-extended arms?
No, with Content alone canſt thou abide,
Thy ſiſter, ever ſmiling by thy ſide.
When boon companions void of ev'ry care
Crown the full bowl, and the rich banquet ſhare,
And give a looſe to pleaſure—art thou there?
Or when th' aſſembled great and fair advance
To celebrate the maſk, the play, the dance,

Whilſt

Whilſt beauty ſpreads its ſweeteſt charms around,
And airs ecſtatic ſwell their tuneful ſound,
Art thou within the pompous circle found?
Does not thy influence more ſedately ſhine?
Can ſuch tumultuous joys as theſe be thine?
Surely more mild, more conſtant in their courſe,
Thy pleaſures iſſue from a nobler ſource;
From ſweet diſcretion ruling in the breaſt,
From paſſions temper'd, and from luſts repreſt;
From thoughts unconſcious of a guilty ſmart,
And the calm tranſports of an honeſt heart.
Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind!
Thro' life, thro' death, attends the virtuous mind;
Of angry fate, wards from us ev'ry blow,
Cures ev'ry ill, and ſoftens ev'ry woe.
Whatever good our mortal ſtate deſires,
What wiſdom finds, or innocence inſpires;
From nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
Whate'er our Maker's providence beſtows,
By thee mankind enjoys; by thee repays
A grateful tribute of perpetual praiſe.

§ 107. *On Induſtry.* Fitzgerald.

Queen of all virtues! for whate'er we call
Godlike and great, 'tis thou obtain'ſt it all.
No taſk too arduous for thy ſtrong eſſay,
And art and nature own thy potent ſway.
Inſpir'd by thee to each ſuperior aim,
We preſs with ardour thro' the paths of fame,
Up to the ſacred top, and leave behind
Th' inglorious crowd, the herd of human kind;
While wiſdom round us pours her heavenly ray,
And old experience guides our ſteady way.
No anxious care, no furious luſts controul
The free habitual vigour of the ſoul.
Each part, each ſtation gracefully we fill,
And bend and ſhape our fortune to our will.
The hero, down thro' ev'ry age renown'd,
With triumph, praiſe, and glorious titles crown'd,
By thee has gain'd his honourable ſpoils,
And mighty fame atchiev'd by mighty toils.
The ſage, whilſt learning ſtudious he purſues,
By thee the ſtubborn ſciences ſubdues;
Thro' truth's wide fields expatiates unconfin'd,
And ſtores for ever his capacious mind.
Nor ſeek the lower ranks thy aid in vain;
The poor mechanic and the lab'ring ſwain:
Health, peace, and ſweet content to theſe it brings,
More precious prizes than the wealth of kings.
When whelming round us death's ſad terrors roll,
'Tis thou ſpeak'ſt peace and comfort to the ſoul.
Then if our recollecting thoughts preſent
A well-plann'd life in virtuous Labour ſpent;
If uſeful we have paſs'd thro' every ſtage,
And paid our debt of ſervice to the age;
If ſtill we 've made our duty our delight,
Nor hid our maſter's talent from our ſight,
All 's well, 'tis all by our own heart approv'd,
From hence we paſs, by God and man belov'd;
Cheerful we paſs, to Heaven's high will reſign'd,
And leave a bleſſed memory behind.

§ 108. *A Thought upon Death.* Fitzgerald.

'Tis vain, my ſoul, 'tis impious all,
The human lot to mourn,
That life ſo ſoon muſt fleet away,
And duſt to duſt return.

Alas! from death the terrors fly,
When once 'tis underſtood;
'Tis Nature's call, 'tis God's decree,
And is, and muſt be good.

Wearied his limbs with honeſt toil,
And void of cares his breaſt,
See how the lab'ring hind ſinks down
Each night to wholeſome reſt.

No nauſeous fumes perplex his ſleep,
No guilty ſtarts ſurpriſe;
The viſions that his fancy forms,
All free and cheerful riſe.

So thou, nor led by luſts aſtray,
Nor gall'd with anxious ſtrife,
With virtuous induſtry fulfil
The plain intent of life.

Paſs calmly thy appointed day,
And uſefully employ,
And then thou 'art ſure whate'er ſucceed
Is reſt, and peace, and joy.

§ 109. *The Fire-Side.* Cotton.

Dear Chloe, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Tho' ſingularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we 'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we 'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noiſy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling ſtranger near,
To ſpoil our heart-felt joys.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to beſtow;
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing ſhe left
That ſafe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excurſion o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

Tho' fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradiſe below.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they 'll prove a ſpring
Whence pleaſures ever riſe:

We 'll form their minds, with ſtudious care,
To all that 's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They 'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They 'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompence our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate;
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

We 'll therefore reliſh, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'T is prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

To be reſign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wiſdom's part;
This is that incenſe of the heart
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to heaven.

We 'll aſk no long protracted treat,
Since winter life is ſeldom ſweet;
But, when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we 'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons with envious eyes
The relics of our ſtore.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we 'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious ſteps we 'll tread;
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

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§ 110. *VISIONS for the Entertainment and Inſtruction of younger Minds.* Cotton.

Virginibus puerisque canto. HOR.

TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greateſt fame,
Thro' modeſty ſuppreſs their name*;
And would you wiſh me to reveal
What theſe ſuperior wits conceal?
Forego the ſearch, my curious friend,
And huſband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to pleaſe unknown;
Like ſtreams ſupplied from ſprings below,
Which ſcatter bleſſings as they flow.
Were you diſeas'd, or preſs'd with pain,
Straight you 'd apply to Warwick Lane.
The thoughtful Doctor feels your pulſe
(No matter whether Mead or Hulſe),
Writes—Arabic to you and me—
Then ſigns his hand, and takes his fee.
Now, ſhould the ſage omit his name,
Would not the cure remain the ſame?
Not but phyſicians ſign their bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.
'Tis often known, the mental race
Their fond ambitious fires diſgrace.
Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
Critics might ſneer, and friends might blame.
This dang'rous ſecret let me hide,
I 'll tell you ev'ry thing beſide:
Not that it boots the world a tittle,
Whether the author 's big or little;
Or whether fair, or black, or brown:
No writer's hue concerns the town.
I paſs the ſilent rural hour,
No ſlave to wealth, no tool to pow'r:
My manſion's warm, and very neat;
You 'd ſay, 'A pretty ſnug retreat!'
My rooms no coſtly paintings grace,
The humbler print ſupplies their place.
Behind the houſe my garden lies,
And opens to the ſouthern ſkies:
The diſtant hills gay proſpects yield,
And plenty ſmiles in ev'ry field.
The faithful maſtiff is my guard:
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their ſoft plumes improve my bed.
My cow rewards me all ſhe can
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man);
She daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous ſweets my board:
Am I diſeas'd? the cure is known,
Her ſweeter juices mend my own.
I love my houſe, and ſeldom roam;
Few viſits pleaſe me more than home:
I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but ſelf;
By idle paſſions borne away
To opera, maſquerade, or play;
Fond of thoſe hives where Folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains;
Where the pert virgin ſlights a name,
And ſcorns to redden into ſhame.
But know, my fair, to whom belong
The poet and his artleſs ſong,
When female cheeks refuſe to glow,
Farewell to virtue here below!
Our ſex is loſt to ev'ry rule;
Our ſole diſtinction, knave or fool

* Though Dr Cotton is well known to have been the author of theſe Viſions, they have generally been publiſhed without prefixing his name.

'Tis

'Tis to your innocence we run;
Save us, ye fair, or we 're undone;
Maintain your modeſty and ſtation,
So women ſhall preſerve the nation.
Mothers, 'tis ſaid, in days of old,
Eſteem'd their girls more choice than gold;
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public view:
Few, who their diamonds' value weigh,
Expoſe thoſe diamonds ev'ry day.
Then, if Sir Plume drew near, and ſmil'd,
The parent trembled for her child:
The firſt advance alarm'd her breaſt;
And fancy pictur'd all the reſt.
But now no mother fears a foe;
No daughter ſhudders at a beau.
Pleaſure is all the reigning theme;
Our noon-day thought, our midnight dream.
In Folly's chace our youths engage,
And ſhameleſs crowds of tott'ring age.
The die, the dance, th' intemp'rate bowl,
With various charms engroſs the ſoul.
Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice?
The frantic tribes ſhall pay the price.
But tho' to ruin poſt they run,
They 'll think it hard to be undone.
Do not arraign my want of taſte,
Or ſight, to ken where joys are plac'd.
They widely err who think me blind;
And I diſclaim a ſtoic's mind.
Like yours are my ſenſations quite;
I only ſtrive to feel aright.
My joys, like ſtreams, glide gently by;
Tho' ſmall their channel, never dry;
Keep a ſtill, even, fruitful wave,
And bleſs the neighb'ring meads they lave.
My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is ſmall;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my ſtore,
And want goes ſmiling from my door.
Will forty ſhillings warm the breaſt
Of worth or induſtry diſtreſt—
This ſum I cheerfully impart,
'Tis fourſcore pleaſures to my heart;
And you may make, by means like theſe,
Five talents ten, whene'er you pleaſe.
'Tis true, my little purſe grows light;
But then I ſleep ſo ſweet at night!
This grand ſpecific will prevail
When all the doctor's opiates fail.
You aſk what party I purſue;
Perhaps you mean, 'Whoſe fool are you?'
The names of party I deteſt;
Badges of ſlavery at beſt:
I 've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a ſlave.
I love my country from my ſoul,
And grieve when knaves or fools controul:
I 'm pleas'd when vice and folly ſmart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart:
Yet always pity where I can;
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

Now the religion of your poet—
Does not this little preface ſhow it!
My Viſions if you ſcan with care,
'Tis ten to one you 'll find it there.
And if my actions ſuit my ſong,
You can 't in conſcience think me wrong.

§ 111. *Viſion* I. *Slander. Inſcribed to Miſs* ****.

My lovely girl, I write for you,
And pray believe my Viſions true;
They 'll form your mind to ev'ry grace;
They 'll add new beauties to your face;
And when old age impairs your prime,
You 'll triumph o'er the ſpoils of time.
Childhood and youth engage my pen;
'Tis labour loſt to talk to men:
Youth may perhaps reform when wrong;
Age will not liſten to my ſong.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too ſtubborn grown for ſchool.
What is that vice which ſtill prevails,
When almoſt ev'ry paſſion fails;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends but with our ſetting ſun;
Which, like a noxious weed, can ſpoil
The faireſt flow'rs, and choke the ſoil!
'Tis Slander—and, with ſhame I own,
The vice of human kind alone.
Be Slander, then, my leading dream,
Tho' you 're a ſtranger to the theme;
Thy ſofter breaſt, and honeſt heart,
Scorn the defamatory art;
Thy ſoul aſſerts her native ſkies,
Nor aſks detraction's wings to riſe;
In foreign ſpoils let others ſhine,
Intrinſic excellence is thine.
The bird in peacock's plumes who ſhone
Could plead no merit of her own;
The ſilly theft betray'd her pride,
And ſpoke her poverty beſide.
Th' inſidious ſland'ring thief is worſe
Than the poor rogue who ſteals your purſe.
Say, he purloins your glitt'ring ſtore;
Who takes your gold, takes traſh—no more;
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltleſs wretch who ſteals for bread!
But the dark villain who ſhall aim
To blaſt, my fair, thy ſpotleſs name,
He'd ſteal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can 't repay!
Here the ſtrong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more pious pleas of gain.
No ſinking family to ſave!
No gold to glut th' inſatiate knave!
Improve the hint of Shakſpeare's tongue;
'Twas thus immortal Shakſpeare ſung *:
And truſt the bard's unerring rule,
For nature was that poet's ſchool.
As I was nodding in my chair,
I ſaw a rueful wild appear;
No verdure met my aching ſight,
But hemlock and cold aconite;

* Othello.

Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,
But not ſo bad as vice to you.
The dreary proſpect ſpread around;
Deep ſnow had whiten'd all the ground:
A bleak and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to ev'ry friendleſs ſky!
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
Her ſnaky treſſes hiſs'd behind;
'A bloated toad-ſtool rais'd her head,
'The plumes of ravens were her bed*;'
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And ſlak'd her impious thirſt with blood.
The riſing ſun, and weſtern ray,
Were witneſs to her diſtant ſway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier hoſt
Than the proud Perſian e'er could boaſt.
No conqueſt grac'd Darius' ſon †,
By his own numbers half undone:
Succeſs attended Slander's pow'r;
She reap'd freſh laurels ev'ry hour.
Her troops a deeper ſcarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.
No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury ſpares nor ſex nor age.
E'en Merit, with deſtructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.
Whene'er the tyrant ſounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field;
He ſtalks with vaſt gigantic ſtride,
And ſcatters fear and ruin wide:
So the impetuous torrents ſweep
At once whole nations to the deep.
Revenge, that baſe Heſperian ‡, known
A chief ſupport of Slander's throne,
Amidſt the bloody crowd is ſeen,
And treach'ry brooding in his mien;
The monſter often chang'd his gait,
But march'd reſolv'd and fix'd as fate.
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger ſtings,
Now ſlowly moves his out-ſtretch'd wings;
Now ſwift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.
Envy commands a ſacred band,
With ſword and poiſon in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll;
A thouſand fiends poſſeſs her ſoul.
The artful unſuſpected ſprite
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with ſilent tread,
And ſtab the hero in his bed;
Or ſhoot the wing'd malignant lie,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkneſs reigns,
Intent on murder, ſcour the plains;
Approach the folds where lambs repoſe,
Whoſe guileleſs breaſts ſuſpect no foes;
The ſavage gluts his fierce deſires,
And bleating innocence expires.
Slander ſmil'd horribly, to view
How wide her conqueſts daily grew:
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental ſlaves of ſtate;
Of either ſex whole armies preſt,
But chiefly of the fair and beſt.
Is it a breach of friendſhip's law,
To ſay what female friends I ſaw?
Slander aſſumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart;
The beſt in ſome unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.
Then let the poet not reveal
What candour wiſhes to conceal.
If I beheld ſome faulty fair,
Much worſe delinquents crowded there:
Prelates in ſacred lawn I ſaw,
Grave phyſic, and loquacious law;
Courtiers, like ſummer flies, abound;
And hungry poets ſwarm around.
But now my partial ſtory ends,
And makes my females full amends.
If Albion's iſle ſuch dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's iſle which cures the ills:
Fertile of ev'ry worth and grace.
Which warm the heart and flush the face.
Fancy diſclos'd a ſmiling train
Of Britiſh nymphs that tripp'd the plain.
Good-nature firſt, a ſylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green;
A fair and ſmiling virgin ſhe!
With ev'ry charm that ſhines in thee.
Prudence aſſum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand;
Grey was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience ſage;
Of ev'ry diſtant ill afraid,
And anxious for the ſimp'ring maid.
The Graces danc'd before the fair;
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And riſing flow'rs adorn'd the ground;
The ſun diſplay'd each brighter ray,
And ſhone in all the pride of day:
When Slander ſicken'd at the ſight,
And ſculk'd away to ſhun the light.

§ 112. *Viſion* II. *Pleaſure.*

Hear, ye fair mothers of our iſle,
Nor ſcorn your Poet's homely ſtyle.
What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine 's true:
Or, if my ſentiments be old,
Remember truth is ſterling gold.
You judge it of important weight,
To keep your riſing offſpring ſtraight;

* Garth's Diſpenſatory.

† Xerxes, king of Perſia, and ſon of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army conſiſting of more than a million of men (ſom ſay more than two millions); who, together with their cattle, periſhed in a great meaſure through the inability of the countries to ſupply ſuch a vaſt hoſt with proviſion.

‡ Heſperia includes Italy as well as Spain; and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful diſpoſitions.

For

For this ſuch anxious moments feel,
And aſk the friendly aids of ſteel;
For this import the diſtant cane,
Or ſlay the monarch of the main.
And ſhall the ſoul be warp'd aſide
By paſſion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worſt deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd;
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
This is a noble theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the ſoul's index, or its caſe?
Now take a ſimile at hand,
Compare the mental ſoil to land.
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
Oh, ſince the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due:
Hoe ev'ry weed, and dreſs the ſoil,
So harveſt ſhall repay your toil.
If human minds reſemble trees
(As ev'ry moraliſt agrees),
Prune all the ſtragglers of your vine,
Then ſhall the purple cluſters ſhine.
The gard'ner knows that fruitful life
Demands his ſalutary knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant ſhoot
Or robs the bloom, or ſtarves the fruit.
A ſatiriſt * in Roman times,
When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,
Aſſerts it for a ſacred truth,
That pleaſures are the bane of youth;
That ſorrows ſuch purſuits attend,
Or ſuch purſuits in ſorrows end:
That all the wild advent'rer gains,
Are perils, penitence, and pains.
Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
And bid your ſons revere the ſage;
In ſtudy ſpend their midnight oil,
And ſtring their nerves by manly toil.
Thus ſhall they grow, like Temple, wiſe;
Thus future Lockes and Newtons riſe;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
And ſave us from the chains of France.
Yes, bid your ſons betimes forego
Thoſe treach'rous paths where pleaſures grow,
Where the young mind is Folly's ſlave;
Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.
Let each bright character be nam'd,
For wiſdom or for valour fam'd.
Are the dear youths to ſcience prone?
Tell how th' immortal Bacon ſhone!
Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before:
Bacon! whoſe vaſt capacious plan
Beſpoke him angel more than man!
Does love of martial fame inſpire?
Cheriſh, ye fair, the gen'rous fire;
Teach them to ſpurn inglorious reſt,
And rouſe the hero in their breaſt:
Painty Creſſy's vanquiſh'd field anew,
Their ſouls ſhall kindle at the view;
Reſolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When Liberty and Britain call.
Thus ſhall they rule the crimſon plain,
Or hurl their thunders thro' the main;
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the coſt,
What their degen'rate ſires have loſt:
The laurel thus ſhall grace their brow,
As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.
One ſummer's evening, as I ſtray'd
Along the ſilent moon-light glade,
With theſe reflections in my breaſt,
Beneath an oak I ſunk to reſt;
A gentle ſlumber intervenes,
And fancy dreſs'd inſtructive ſcenes.
Methought a ſpacious road I ſpied,
And ſtately trees adorn'd its ſide;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtleſs mortals, vain and loud;
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their ſmiling throng.
I ſtraight obey'd—perſuaſion hung
Like honey on the ſpeaker's tongue:
A cloudleſs ſun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roſes ſtrew'd our way.
Now as our journey we purſue,
A beauteous fabric roſe to view;
A ſtately dome, and ſweetly grac'd
With ev'ry ornament of taſte.
This ſtructure was a female's claim,
And Pleaſure was the Monarch's name.
The hall we enter'd uncontroul'd,
And ſaw the queen enthron'd on gold:
Arabian ſweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupid's flutter'd round;
A flowing veſt adorn'd the fair,
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair.
Fraud taught the queen a thouſand wiles,
A thouſand ſoft inſidious ſmiles;
Love taught her liſping tongue to ſpeak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The lily and the damaſk roſe
The tincture of her face compoſe;
Nor did the god of wit diſdain
To mingle with the ſhining train.
Her vot'ries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth reſign'd their hearts;
The old in ſparing numbers preſs'd,
But awkward devotees at beſt!
'Now let us range at large,' we cried,
'Thro' all the garden's boaſted pride.'
Here jaſmines ſpread the ſilver flow'r,
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r;
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here riſing myrtles form a ſhade;
There roſes bluſh, and ſcent the glade;
The orange, with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;

* Perſius.

While the young bloſſoms here unfold,
There ſhines the fruit like pendent gold.
Citrons their balmy ſweets exhale,
And triumph in the diſtant gale.
Now fountains, murm'ring to the ſong,
Roll their tranſlucent ſtreams along;
Thro' all the aromatic groves
The faithful turtles coo their loves;
The lark aſcending pours his notes,
And linnets ſwell their rapt'rous throats.
Pleaſure, imperial fair! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy ſway!
Enchanting queen, how ſoft thy reign!
How man, fond man! implores thy chain!
Yet thine each meretricious art,
That weakens and corrupts the heart:
The childiſh toys, and wanton page,
Which ſink and proſtitute the ſtage!
The maſquerade, that juſt offence
To virtue, and reproach to ſenſe!
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that diſſipate the ſoul;
All that to ruin man combine,
Yes, ſpecious harlot! all are thine.
Whence ſprung th' accurſed luſt of play,
Which beggars thouſands in a day?
Speak, ſorc'reſs, ſpeak (for thou canſt tell),
Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell:
Now man profanes his reas'ning pow'rs,
Profanes ſweet friendſhip's ſacred hours;
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
And faithleſs to himſelf and friends;
A dupe to ev'ry artful knave,
To ev'ry abject wiſh a ſlave:
But who againſt himſelf combines,
Abets his enemy's deſigns.
When rapine meditates a blow,
He ſhares the guilt who aids the foe.
Is man a thief who ſteals my pelf—
How great his theft who robs himſelf?
Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat—
How heinous, then, is ſelf-deceit?
Is murder juſtly deem'd a crime—
How black his guilt who murders time!
Should cuſtom plead, as cuſtom will,
Grand precedents to palliate ill;
Shall modes and forms avail with me,
When reaſon diſavows the plea?
Who games is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health:
Virtue forſakes his ſordid mind,
And Honour ſcorns to ſtay behind.
From man when theſe bright cherubs part,
Ah, what's the poor deſerted heart!
A ſavage wild that ſhocks the ſight!
Or chaos, and impervious night!
Each gen'rous principle deſtroy'd,
And dæmons crowd the frightful void:
Shall Siam's elephant ſupply
The baneful deſolating die!
Againſt the honeſt ſylvan's will,
You taught his iv'ry tuſk to kill.
Heaven, fond its favours to diſpenſe,
Gave him that weapon for defence:
That weapon for his guard deſign'd,
You render'd fatal to mankind.
He plann'd no death for thoughtleſs youth;
You gave the venom to his tooth.
Bluſh, tyrant, bluſh! for, oh! 'tis true,
That no fell ſerpent bites like you.
The gueſts were order'd to depart;
Reluctance ſat on every heart:
A porter ſhew'd a diff'rent door,
Not the fair portal known before.
The gates, methought, were open'd wide;
The crowds deſcended in a tide:
But oh! ye heavens, what vaſt ſurpriſe
Struck the advent'rers' frighted eyes!
A barren heath before us lay,
And gath'ring clouds obſcur'd the day;
The darkneſs roſe in ſmoky ſpires;
The lightnings flaſh'd their livid fires;
Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.
Five ruthleſs tyrants ſway'd the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled ſlain.
Here ſat Diſtaſte, with ſickly mien,
And more than half devour'd with ſpleen:
There ſtood Remorſe with thought oppreſt,
And vipers feeding on his breaſt:
Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
With bones juſt ſtarting thro' his ſkin;
A ghaſtly fiend!—and cloſe behind,
Diſeaſe his aching head reclin'd;
His everlaſting thirſt confeſs'd
The fires which rag'd within his breaſt:
Death clos'd the train! the hideous form
Smil'd, unrelenting, in the ſtorm;
When ſtraight a doleful ſhriek was heard:
I 'woke—the viſion diſappear'd.
Let not the unexperienc'd boy
Deny that pleaſures will deſtroy;
Or ſay that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy tales to pleaſe a child.
Important hints the wiſe may reap
From ſallies of the ſoul in ſleep:
And ſince there 's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your eſteem.

§ 113. *Viſion* III. *Health.*

Attend my Viſions, thoughtleſs youths,
Ere long you 'll think them weighty truths;
Prudent it were to think ſo now,
Ere age has ſilver'd o'er your brow:
For he, who at his early years
Has ſown in vice, ſhall reap in tears.
If folly has poſſeſs'd his prime,
Diſeaſe ſhall gather ſtrength in time:
Poiſon ſhall rage in ev'ry vein;
Nor penitence dilute the ſtain:
And when each hour ſhall urge his fate,
Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.
The ſubject of my ſong is Health,
A good ſuperior far to wealth.
Can the young mind diſtruſt its worth?
Conſult the monarchs of the earth:
Imperial czars, and ſultans, own
No gem ſo bright that decks their throne;

Each

Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
And turn a ruſtic, or a cit.
Mark, tho' the bleſſing's loſt with eaſe,
'Tis not recover'd when you pleaſe.
Say not that gruels ſhall avail;
For ſalutary gruels fail:
Say not, Apollo's ſons ſucceed;
Apollo's ſon is Egypt's * reed,
How fruitleſs the phyſician's ſkill,
How vain the penitential pill,
The marble monuments proclaim;
The humbler turf confirms the ſame!
Prevention is the better cure;
So ſays the proverb, and 'tis ſure.
Would you extend your narrow ſpan,
And make the moſt of life you can;
Would you, when med'cines cannot ſave,
Deſcend with eaſe into the grave—
Calmly retire, like evening light,
And cheerful bid the world good night?
Let Temp'rance conſtantly preſide;
Our beſt phyſician, friend, and guide!
Would you to wiſdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of ſenſe?
Let Temp'rance (always friend to fame)
With ſteady hand direct your aim!
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random ſhaft will miſs the mark:
For they who ſlight her golden rules,
In wiſdom's volume ſtand for fools.
But morals, unadorn'd by art,
Are ſeldom known to reach the heart:
I 'll therefore ſtrive to raiſe my theme
With all the ſcenery of a dream.
Soft were my ſlumbers, ſweet my reſt,
Such as the infant's on the breaſt;
When fancy, ever on the wing,
And fruitful as the genial ſpring,
Preſented in a blaze of light,
A new creation to my ſight.
A rural landſcape I deſcried,
Dreſt in the robes of ſummer pride;
The herds adorn'd the ſloping hills;
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;
Below, the fleecy mothers ſtray'd,
And round their ſportive lambkins play'd.
Nigh to a murm'ring brook I ſaw
An humble cottage, thatch'd with ſtraw;
Behind, a garden, that ſupplied
All things for uſe, and none for pride:
Beauty prevail'd thro' ev'ry part;
But more of nature than of art.
'Hail, thou ſweet, calm, unenvied ſeat!'
I ſaid, and bleſs'd the fair retreat;
'Here would I paſs my remnant days,
'Unknown to cenſure or to praiſe;
'Forget the world, and be forgot,
'As Pope deſcribes his veſtal's lot.'
While thus I muſ'd, a beauteous maid
Stepp'd from a thicket's neighbouring ſhade;
Not Hampton's gallery can boaſt,
Nor Hudſon paint, ſo fair a toaſt:
She claim'd the cottage for her own:
To Health a cottage is a throne.
The annals ſay (to prove her worth)
The Graces ſolemniz'd her birth.
Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought,
The orchard's bluſhing pride they brought:
Hence in her face the lily ſpeaks,
And hence the roſe which paints her cheeks;
The cherry gave her lips to glow;
Her eyes were debtors to the ſloe;
And, to complete the lovely fair,
'Tis ſaid the cheſnut ſtain'd her hair.
The virgin was averſe to courts,
But often ſeen in rural ſports:
When in her roſy veſt the morn
Walks o'er the dew-beſpangled lawn,
The nymph is firſt to form the race,
Or wind the horn, and lead the chace.
Sudden I heard a ſhouting train;
Glad acclamations fill'd the plain;
Unbounded joy improv'd the ſcene,
For Health was loud proclaim'd a queen.
Two ſmiling cherubs grac'd her throne
(To modern courts, I fear, unknown):
One was the nymph that loves the light,
Fair Innocence, array'd in white;
With ſiſter Peace in cloſe embrace,
And heaven all opening in her face.
The reign was long, the empire great,
And Virtue miniſter of ſtate.
In other kingdoms, ev'ry hour,
You hear of Vice preferr'd to power:
Vice was a perfect ſtranger here;
No knaves engroſs'd the royal ear:
No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace;
Virtue diſpos'd of ev'ry place.
What fickly appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying hours!
And tho' from good to bad we range,
'No matter' ſays the fool, 'tis change.'
Her ſubjects now expreſs'd apace
Diſſatisfaction in their face;
Some view the ſtate with Envy's eye;
Some were diſpleas'd, they knew not why;
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus, ſhould an angel from above,
Fraught with benevolence and love,
Deſcend to earth, and here impart
Important truths to mend the heart,
Would not th' inſtructive gueſt diſpenſe
With paſſion, appetite, and ſenſe,
We ſhould his heavenly lore deſpiſe,
And ſend him to his former ſkies.
A dang'rous hoſtile pow'r aroſe
To Health, whoſe houſehold were her foes:
A harlot's looſe attire ſhe wore,
And Luxury the name ſhe bore.
This princeſs of unbounded ſway,
Whom Aſia's ſofter ſons obey,
Made war againſt the queen of Health
Aſſiſted by the troops of Wealth.

* In alluſion to 2 Kings, xviii. 21.

The queen was first to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield;
Temper'd with such superior art,
That both were proof to ev'ry dart.
Two warlike chief's approach'd the green,
And wond'rous fav'rites with the queen;
Both were of Amazonian race;
Both high in merit and in place.
Here Resolution march'd, whose soul
No fear could shake, no pow'r controul;
The heroine wore a Roman vest;
A lion's heart inform'd her breast.
There prudence shone, whose bosom wrought
With all the various plans of Thought;
'Twas hers to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage.
And now the Syren's armies press;
Their van was headed by Excess;
The mighty wings that form'd the side,
Commanded by that giant Pride;
While Sickness, and her sisters, Pain
And Poverty, the centre gain:
Repentance, with a brow severe,
And Death were station'd in the rear!
Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,
And acted the defensive part:
Her army posted on a hill,
Plainly bespoke superior skill.
Hence were discover'd, through the plain,
The motions of the hostile train:
While Prudence, to prevent surprise,
Oft sallied with her trusty spies;
Explor'd each ambuscade below,
And reconnoitred well the foe.
Afar when Luxury descried
Inferior force by art supplied,
The Syren spake—'Let Fraud prevail,
'Since all my num'rous hosts must fail;
'Henceforth hostilities shall cease;
'I'll send to Health and offer peace.'
Straight she dispatch'd, with pow'rs complete,
Pleasure, her minister, to treat.
This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,
And sow'd sedition in the heart!
Thro' ev'ry troop the poison ran;
All were infected to a man.
The wary generals were won
By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone.
Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
And bade diseases blast the race;
Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
And snatch'd his darling to the skies:
Who still regards those wiser few,
That dare her dictates to pursue.
For where her stricter law prevails,
Tho' passion prompts or vice assails,
Long shall they cloudless skies behold,
And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

§ 114. *Vision.* IV. *Content.*

Man is deceiv'd by outward show—
'Tis a plain homespun truth I know;
The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,
So says the school-boy and the sage:
Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat.
But whence this inconsistent part?
Say, moralists, who know the heart:
If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
I'll go before, and find the clue.
I dream'd ('twas on a birth-day night)
A sumptuous palace rose to sight:
The builder had, thro' ev'ry part,
Observ'd the chastest rules of art;
Raphael and Titian had display'd
All the full force of light and shade:
Around the liveried servants wait;
An aged porter kept the gate.
As I was traversing the hall,
Where Brussels looms adorn'd the wall
(Whose tap'stry shews, without my aid,
A nun is no such useless maid),
A graceful person came in view
(His form, it seems, is known to few);
His dress was undorn'd with lace,
But charms! a thousand in his face.
'This, Sir, your property?' I cried;
'Master and mansion coincide:
'Where all, indeed, is truly great,
'And proves that bliss may dwell with state:
'Pray, Sir, indulge a stranger's claim,
'And grant the favour of your name.'
'Content!' the lovely form replied;
'But think not here that I reside:
'Here lives a courtier, base and sly;
'An open, honest rustic, I.
'Our taste and manners disagree;
'His levee boasts no charms for me:
'For titles, and the smiles of kings,
'To me are cheap, unheeded things.
'('Tis virtue can alone impart
'The patent of a ducal heart:
'Unless this herald speaks him great,
'What shall avail the glare of state?)
'Those secret charms are my delight,
'Which shine remote from public sight—
'Passions subdued, desires at rest:
'And hence his chaplain shares my breast.
'There was a time (his grace can tell)
'I knew the duke exceeding well;
'Knew ev'ry secret of his heart;
'In truth, we never were apart:
'But when the court became his end,
'He turn'd his back upon his friend.
'One day I call'd upon his grace,
'Just as the duke had got a place:
'I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)
'I should be welcome to the peer;
'Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;
'And so I was—for half an hour:
'But he grew weary of his guest,
'And soon discarded me his breast;
'Upbraided me with want of merit,
'But most for poverty of spirit.
'You relish not the great man's lot!
'Come, hasten to my humbler cot.
'Think me not partial to the great,
'I'm a sworn foe to pride and state!

'No

'No monarch ſhares my kind embrace;
'There's ſcarce a monarch knows my face;
'Content ſhuns courts, and oftner ſwells
'With modeſt worth in rural cells;
'There's no complaint, tho' brown the bread,
'Or the rude turf ſuſtain the head;
'Tho' hard the couch, and coarſe the meat,
'Still the brown loaf and ſleep are ſweet.
'Far from the city I reſide,
'And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
'True to my heart, I ſeldom roam,
'Becauſe I find my joys at home:
'For foreign viſits then begin
'When the man feels a void within.
'But tho' from towns and crowds I fly,
'No humoriſt, nor cynic, I.
'Amidſt ſequeſter'd ſhades I prize
'The friendſhips of the good and wiſe.
'Bid Virtue and her ſons attend,
'Virtue will tell thee, I'm her friend;
'Tell thee I'm faithful, conſtant, kind,
'And meek, and lowly, and reſign'd;
'Will ſay, there's no diſtinction known
'Betwixt her houſhould and my own.'

AUTHOR.

If theſe the friendſhips you purſue,
Your friends, I fear, are very few.
So little company, you ſay,
Yet fond of home from day to day!
How do you ſhun Detraction's rod?
I doubt your neighbours think you odd!

CONTENT.

I commune with myſelf at night,
And aſk my heart if all be right:
If 'Right' replies my faithful breaſt,
I ſmile, and cloſe my eyes to reſt.

AUTHOR.

You ſeem regardleſs of the town:
Pray, ſir, how ſtand you with the gown?

CONTENT.

The clergy ſay they love me well;
Whether they do, they beſt can tell:
They paint me modeſt, friendly wiſe,
And always praiſe me to the ſkies:
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correſpondent part?
For ſhall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a diff'rent tale?
Who'll ſeek my door, and grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls?
With thoſe my friendſhips muſt obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain;
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
And conſcious virtue is our treat;
Our harmleſs breaſts no envy know,
And hence we fear no ſecret foe;
Our walks Ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we aſk no pow'rful friends:
We wiſh the beſt to church and ſtate,
But leave the ſteerage to the great;
Careleſs who riſes or who falls,
And never dream of vacant ſtalls:
Much leſs, by pride or int'reſt drawn,
Sigh for the mitre and the lawn.
Obſerve the ſecrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truths impart;
If you'll my kind advice purſue,
I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.
The paſſions are a num'rous crowd,
Imperious, poſitive, and loud:
Curb theſe licentious ſons of ſtrife;
Hence chiefly riſe the ſtorms of life:
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy maſters, thou their ſlave.
Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raiſe your expectation high.
See that the balanc'd ſcales be ſuch,
You neither fear nor hope too much:
For diſappointment's not the thing;
'Tis pride and paſſion point the ſting,
Life is a ſea, where ſtorms muſt riſe;
'Tis folly talks of cloudleſs ſkies;
He who contracts his ſwelling ſail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.
Be ſtill, nor anxious thoughts employ;
Diſtruſt embitters preſent joy:
On God for all events depend;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your beſt;
Leave to your Maker all the reſt.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother ſlight her boy?
Can ſhe forget her prattling joy?
Say, then, ſhall ſov'reign love deſert
The humble and the honeſt heart?
Heaven may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet ſay not thou, that Heav'ns unkind.
God is alike both good and wiſe
In what he grants and what denies:
Perhaps, what Goodneſs gives to-day,
To-morrow Goodneſs takes away.
You ſay, that troubles intervene;
That ſorrows darken half the ſcene.
True—and this conſequence you ſee,
The world was ne'er deſign'd for thee:
You 're like a paſſenger below,
That ſtays perhaps a night or ſo;
But ſtill his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the ſkies.
Of Heaven aſk virtue, wiſdom, health,
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine (tho' little gold),
And raiment to repel the cold;
Such as may Nature's wants ſuffice,
Not what from pride and folly riſe;
If ſoft the motions of thy ſoul,
And a calm conſcience crown the whole;
Add but a friend to all this ſtore,
You can't in reaſon wiſh for more:
And if kind Heaven this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heaven beſtows on kings.
He ſpake—the airy ſpectre flies,
And ſtraight the ſweet illuſion dies,
The viſion, at the early dawn,
Conſign'd me to the thoughtful morn;

To

To all the cares of waking clay,
And inconſiſtent dreams of day.

§ 115. *Viſion* V. *Happineſs.*

Ye ductile youths, whoſe riſing ſun
Hath many circles ſtill to run;
Who wiſely wiſh the pilot's chart,
To ſteer thro' life th' unſteady heart;
And, all the thoughtful voyage paſt,
To gain a happy port at laſt:
Attend a Seer's inſtructive ſong;
For moral truths to dreams belong.
I ſaw this wondrous Viſion ſoon,
Long ere my ſun had reach'd its noon;
Juſt when the riſing beard began
To grace my chin, and call me man.
One night, when balmy ſlumbers ſhed
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
My fancy led me to explore
A thouſand ſcenes unknown before.
I ſaw a plain extended wide,
And crowds pour'd in from ev'ry ſide;
All ſeem'd to ſtart a diff'rent game,
Yet all declar'd their views the ſame:
The chaſe was Happineſs, I found;
But all, alas! enchanted ground.
Indeed, I judg'd it wondrous ſtrange,
To ſee the giddy numbers range
Thro' roads, which promis'd nought, at beſt,
But ſorrow to the human breaſt.
Methought, if bliſs was all their view,
Why did they diff'rent paths purſue?
The waking world has long agreed,
That Bagſhot's not the road to Tweed:
And he who Berwick ſeeks thro' Staines,
Shall have his labour for his pains.
As Parnell ſays *, my boſom wrought
With travail of uncertain thought;
And, as an angel help'd the dean,
My angel choſe to intervene.
The dreſs of each was much the ſame;
And virtue was my ſeraph's name.
When thus the angel ſilence broke;
Her voice was muſic as ſhe ſpoke:
'Attend, O man! nor leave my ſide,
'And ſafety ſhall thy footſteps guide;
'Such truths I'll teach, ſuch ſecrets ſhow,
'As none but favour'd mortals know.'
She ſaid—and ſtraight we march'd along
To join Ambition's active throng:
Crowds urg'd on crowds with eager pace,
And happy he who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unſeen
In ambuſcade along the green:
While vapours ſhed deluſive light,
And bubbles mock'd the diſtant ſight.
We ſaw a ſhining mountain riſe,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit reach'd the ſkies;
The ſlopes were ſteep, and form'd of glaſs,
Painful and hazardous to paſs:
Courtiers and ſtateſmen led the way;
The faithleſs paths their ſteps betray;
This moment ſeen aloft to ſoar,
The next to fall, and riſe no more.
'Twas here Ambition kept her court,
A phantom of gigantic port:
The fav'rite that ſuſtain'd her throne
Was Falſehood, by her vizard known;
Next ſtood Miſtruſt, with frequent ſigh,
Diſorder'd look, and ſquinting eye;
While meagre Envy claim'd a place;
And Jealouſy, with jaundic'd face.
'But where is Happineſs?' I cried.
My guardian turn'd, and thus replied:
'Mortal, by Folly ſtill beguil'd,
'Thou haſt not yet outſtripp'd the child;
'Thou who haſt twenty winters ſeen
'(I hardly think thee paſt fifteen)
'To aſk if happineſs can dwell
'With ev'ry dirty imp of hell!
'Go to the ſchool-boy; he ſhall preach
'What twenty winters cannot teach;
'He 'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
'That thy purſuit is all a dream;
'That bliſs ambitious views diſowns,
'And, ſelf-dependant, laughs at thrones;
'Prefers the ſhades, and lowly ſeats,
'Whither fair Innocence retreats.
'So the coy lily of the vale
'Shuns eminence, and loves the dale.'
I bluſh'd; and now we croſs'd the plain,
To find the money-getting train;
Thoſe ſilent, ſnug, commercial bands,
With buſy looks, and dirty hands.
Amidſt theſe thoughtful crowds, the old
Plac'd all their happineſs in gold;
And ſurely, if there's bliſs below,
Theſe hoary heads the ſecret know.
We journey'd with the plodding crew,
When ſoon a temple roſe to view;
A Gothic pile! with moſs o'ergrown;
Strong were the walls, and built with ſtone,
Without, a thouſand maſtiffs wait;
A thouſand bolts ſecure the gate.
We ſought admiſſion long in vain,
For here all favours ſell for gain.
The greedy porter yields to gold;
His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
Aſſembled nations here we found,
And view'd the cringing herds around,
Who daily ſacrific'd to Wealth
Their honour, conſcience, peace, and health.
I ſaw no charms that could engage;
The god appear'd like ſordid age,
With hooked noſe, and famiſh'd jaws,
But ſerpent's eyes, and harpy's claws:
Behind ſtood Fear, that reſtleſs ſprite,
Which haunts the watches of the night;
And viper Care, that ſtings ſo deep,
Whoſe deadly venom murders ſleep.
We haſten now to Pleaſure's flow'rs,
Where the gay tribes ſat crown'd with flow'rs:
Here beauty ev'ry charm diſplay'd,
And love inflam'd the yielding maid;

* See the Hermit, page 78.

Delicious

Delicious wine our taſte employs;
His crimſon bowl exalts our joys.
I felt its gen'rous pow'r, and thought
The pearl was found that long I ſought.
Determin'd here to fix my home,
I bleſs'd the change, nor wiſh'd to roam:
The ſeraph diſapprov'd my ſtay;
Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.
Alas! whene'er we talk of bliſs,
How prone is man to judge amiſs!
See, a long train of ills conſpires
To ſcourge our uncontroul'd deſires;
Like ſummer ſwarms diſeaſes crowd,
Each bears a crutch, or each a ſhroud:
Fever, that thirſty fury came.
With inextinguiſhable flame;
Conſumption, ſworn ally of Death!
Crept ſlowly on with panting breath;
Gout roar'd, and ſhew'd his throbbing feet;
And Dropſy took the drunkard's ſeat;
Stone brought his tort'ring racks: and near
Sat Palſy, ſhaking in his chair.
A mangled youth, beneath a ſhade,
A melancholy ſcene diſplay'd:
His noſeleſs face, and loathſome ſtains,
Proclaim'd the poiſon in his veins;
He rais'd his eyes, he ſmote his breaſt,
He wept aloud, and thus addreſs'd:
'Forbear the harlot's falſe embrace,
'Tho' lewdneſs wear an angel's face:
'Be wiſe, by my experience taught;
'I die, alas! for want of thought!'
As he who travels Lybia's plains,
Where the fierce lion lawleſs reigns,
Is ſeiz'd with fear and wild diſmay,
When the grim foe obſtructs his way;
My ſoul was pierc'd with equal fright,
My tott'ring limbs oppos'd my flight:
I call'd on Virtue, but in vain;
Her abſence quicken'd ev'ry pain:
At length the ſlighted angel heard;
The dear refulgent form appear'd:
'Preſumptuous youth! ſhe ſaid, and frown'd
(My heart-ſtrings flutter'd at the ſound);
'Who turns to me reluctant ears,
'Shall ſhed repeated floods of tears.
'Theſe rivers ſhall for ever laſt;
'There's no retracting what is paſt:
'Nor think avenging ills to ſhun;
'Play a falſe card, and you're undone.
'Of Pleaſure's gilded baits beware,
'Nor tempt the Syren's fatal ſnare:
'Forego this curs'd deteſted place;
'Abhor the ſtrumpet, and her race.
'Had you thoſe ſofter paths purſu'd,
'Perdition, ſtripling, had enſued:
'Yes, fly—you ſtand upon its brink!
'To-morrow is too late to think.
'Indeed, unwelcome truths I tell,
'But mark my ſacred leſſon well:
'With me whoever lives at ſtrife,
'Loſes his better friend for life;
'With me, who lives in friendſhip's ties,
'Finds all that's ſought for by the wiſe.
'Folly exclaims, and well ſhe may,
'Becauſe I take her maſk away;
'If once I bring her to the ſun,
'The painted harlot is undone.
'But prize, my child, oh prize my rules,
'And leave Deception to her fools.
'Ambition deals in tinſel toys;
'Her traffic gewgaws, fleeting joys,
'An errant juggler in diſguiſe,
'Who holds falſe optics to your eyes.
'But ah! how quick the ſhadows paſs!
'Tho' the bright viſions thro' her glaſs
'Charm at a diſtance! yet, when near,
'The baſeleſs fabrics diſappear.
'Nor riches boaſt intrinſic worth;
'Their charms, at beſt, ſuperior earth:
'Theſe oft the heaven-born mind enſlave,
'And make an honeſt man a knave.'
"Wealth cures my wants!" the miſer cries:
'Be not deceiv'd—the miſer lies;
'One want he has, with all his ſtore,
'That worſt of wants—the want of more.'
"Take Pleaſure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
"And where is Happineſs?" you ſay.
'Tis here—and may be yours—for, know,
'I'm all that's Happineſs below.
'To Vice I leave tumultuous joys;
'Mine is the ſtill and ſofter voice!
'That whiſpers peace when ſtorms invade,
'And muſic through the midnight ſhade.
'Come, then, be mine in ev'ry part,
'Nor give me leſs than all your heart;
'When troubles diſcompoſe your breaſt,
'I'll enter there a cheerful gueſt:
'My converſe ſhall your cares beguile,
'The little world within ſhall ſmile.
'And then it ſcarce imports a jot,
'Whether the great world frowns or not.
'And when the cloſing ſcenes prevail,
'When wealth, ſtate, pleaſure, all ſhall fail;
'All that a fooliſh world admires,
'Or Paſſion craves, or Pride inſpires:
'At that important hour of need,
'Virtue ſhall prove a friend indeed!
'My hands ſhall ſmooth thy dying bed,
'My arms ſuſtain thy drooping head:
'And when the painful ſtruggle's o'er,
'And that vain thing, the world, no more;
'I'll bear my fav'rite ſon away
'To rapture and eternal day.'

§ 116. *Viſion* VI. *Friendſhip*

FRIENDSHIP! thou ſoft propitious pow'r!
Sweet regent of the ſocial hour!
Sublime thy joys, nor underſtood
But by the virtuous and the good!
Cabal and Riot take thy name,
But 'tis a falſe affected claim;
In heaven if Love and Friendſhip dwell
Can they aſſociate e'er with hell?
Thou art the ſame thro' change of times,
Thro' frozen zones and burning climes;
From the equator to the pole,
The ſame kind angel through the whole:

And,

And, since thy choice is always free,
I bless thee for thy smiles on me.
When sorrows swell the tempest high;
Thou, a kind port, art always nigh;
For aching hearts a sov'reign cure,
Not soft nepenthe * half so sure!
And, when returning comforts rise,
Thou the bright sun that gilds our skies.
While these ideas warm'd my breast,
Wy weary eyelids stole to rest;
When fancy re-assum'd the theme,
And furnish'd this instructive dream:
I sail'd upon a stormy sea
(Thousands embark'd alike with me);
My skiff was small, and weak beside,
Not built, methought, to stem the tide.
The winds along the surges sweep,
The wrecks lie scatter'd through the deep;
Aloud the foaming billows roar;
Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.
While all our various course pursue,
A spacious isle salutes our view:
Two queens with tempers diff'ring wide,
This new-discover'd world divide:
A river parts their proper claim,
And Truth its celebrated name.
One side a beauteous tract of ground
Presents, with living verdure crown'd:
The seasons temp'rate, soft, and mild,
And a kind sun that always smil'd:
Few storms molest the natives here:
Cold is the only ill they fear.
This happy clime and grateful soil,
With plenty crowns the labourer's toil.
Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew:
Her realms were small, her subjects few:
A thousand charms the palace grace;
A rock of adamant its base.
Tho' thunders roll, and lightnings fly.
This structure braves th' inclement sky:
E'en time which other piles devours,
And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,
Partial to Friendship's pile alone,
Cements the joints, and binds the stone:
Ripens the beauties of the place,
And calls to life each latent grace.
Around the throne in order stand,
Four Amazons, a trusty band!
Friends ever faithful to advise,
Or to defend when dangers rise.
Here Fortitude, in coat of mail t
There Justice lifts her golden scale:
Two hardy chiefs, who persevere,
With form erect, and brow severe:
Who smile at perils, pains, and death,
And triumph with their latest breath,
Temp'rance, that comely matron's near,
Guardian of all the virtue's here:
Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming grace,
Without one wrinkle in her face.

But Prudence most attracts the sight,
And shines pre-eminently bright.
To view her various thoughts that rise,
She holds a mirror to her eyes;
The mirror, faithful to its charge,
Reflects the virgin's soul in large.
A Virtue with a softer air
Was handmaid to the regal fair.
This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,
Derives from Heaven her spotless mind;
When actions wear a dubious face,
Puts the best meaning on the case;
She spreads her arms, and bares her breast,
Takes in the naked and distress'd;
Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
And from her queen obtains supplies.
The maid, who acts this lovely part,
Grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.
Fair Charity, be thou my guest,
And be thy constant couch my breast!
But virtues of inferior name
Crowd round the throne with equal claim;
In Loyalty by none surpass'd,
They hold allegiance to the last.
Not ancient records e'er can show
That one deserted to the foe.
The river's other side display'd
Alternate plots of flow'rs and shade,
Where poppies shone with various hue,
Where yielding willows plenteous grew:
And humble plants †, by trav'llers thought
With slow but certain poison fraught.
Beyond these scenes the eye descried
A pow'rful realm extended wide;
Whose bound'ries from north-east begun,
And stretch'd to meet the south-west sun.
Here Flatt'ry boasts despotic sway,
And basks in all the warmth of day.
Long practis'd in Deception's school,
The tyrant knew the arts to rule;
Elated with th' imperial robe,
She plans the conquest of the globe;
And, aided by her servile trains,
Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains.
Her darling minister is Pride
(Who ne'er was known to change his side),
A friend to all her int'rests just,
And active to discharge his trust;
Cares'd alike by high and low,
The idol of the belle and beau:
In ev'ry shape he shews his skill,
And forms her subjects to his will;
Enters their houses and their hearts,
And gains his point before he parts,
Sure never minister was known
So zealous for his sov'reign's throne!
Three sisters, similar in mien,
Were maids of honour to the queen;
Who farther favours shar'd beside,
As daughters of her statesman, Pride.

* Nepenthe is an herb which, being infused in wine, dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but some believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a species of bugloss. Plin. xvi. 21. f. & xxv. 2.

† The humble plant bends down before the touch, as the sensitive plant shrinks from the touch; and is said by some to be the slow poison of the Indians.

The firſt, Conceit, with tow'ring creſt,
Who look'd with ſcorn upon the reſt;
Fond of herſelf, nor leſs, I deem,
Than ducheſs in her own eſteem.
Next Affectation, fair and young,
With half-form'd accents on her tongue;
Whoſe antic ſhapes, and various face,
Diſtorted ev'ry native grace.
Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in bruſſels and brocade;
Fantaſtic, frolicſome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child.
The people, loyal to the queen,
Wore their attachment in their mien;
With cheerful heart they homage paid,
And happieſt he who moſt obey'd;
While they who ſought their own applauſe,
Promoted moſt their ſov'reign's cauſe.
The minds of all were fraught with guile;
Their manners diſſolute and vile;
And ev'ry tribe, like Pagans, run
To kneel before the riſing ſun.
But now ſome clam'rous ſounds ariſe,
And all the pleaſing viſion flies.
Once more I cloſ'd my eyes to ſleep,
And gain'd th' imaginary deep;
Fancy preſided at the helm,
And ſteer'd me back to Friendſhip's realm.
But, oh! with horror I relate
The revolutions of her ſtate;
The Trojan chief could hardly more
His Aſiatic tow'rs deplore.
For Flatt'ry view'd thoſe fairer plains
With longing eyes, where Friendſhip reigns:
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,
And often ſigh'd to gain the ſame,
At length, by pride and int'reſt fir'd,
To Friendſhip's kingdom ſhe aſpir'd.
And, now commencing open foe,
She plans in thought ſome mighty blow;
Draws out her forces on the green,
And marches to invade the queen.
The river Truth the hoſts withſtood,
And roll'd her formidable flood:
Her current ſtrong, and deep, and clear;
No fords were found, no ferries near,
But as the troops approach'd the waves,
Their fears ſuggeſt a thouſand graves;
They all retir'd with haſte extreme,
And ſhudder'd at the dang'rous ſtream.
Hypocriſy the gulph explores;
She forms a bridge, and joins the ſhores.
Thus often art or fraud prevails,
When military proweſs fails:
The troops an eaſy paſſage find,
And vict'ry follows cloſe behind.
Friendſhip with ardour charg'd her foes,
And now the fight promiſcuous grows;
But Flatt'ry threw a poiſon'd dart,
And pierc'd the empreſs to the heart.
The Virtues all around were ſeen
To fall in heaps about the queen.
The tyrant ſtripp'd the mangled fair;
She wore her ſpoils, aſſum'd her air;
And, mounting next the ſufferer's throne,
Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.
'Ah, injur'd maid!' aloud I cried;
'Ah, injur'd maid!' the rocks replied.
But judge my griefs, and ſhare them too,
For the ſad tale pertains to you;
Judge, reader, how ſevere the wound,
When Friendſhip's foes were mine, I found;
When the ſad ſcene of pride and guile
Was Britain's poor degen'rate iſle!
The Amazons, who propp'd the ſtate,
Haply ſurvey'd the gen'ral fate.
Juſtice to Powis Houſe is fled,
And Yorke ſuſtains her radiant head,
The virtue, Fortitude, appears
In open day at Ligonier's;
Illuſtrious heroine of the ſky,
Who leads to vanquiſh or to die!
'Twas ſhe our vet'rans breaſts inſpir'd,
When Belgia's faithleſs ſons retir'd:
For Tournay's treach'rous tow'rs can tell
Britannia's children greatly fell.
No partial Virtue of the plain!
She rous'd the lions of the main:
Hence Vernon's little fleet ſucceeds *,
And hence the gen'rous Cornwall bleeds †.
Hence Grenville glorious ‡!—for ſhe ſmil'd
On the young hero from a child.
Tho' in high life ſuch virtues dwell,
The 'll ſuit plebeian breaſts as well.
Say, that the mighty and the great
Blaze, like meridian ſuns of ſtate;
Effulgent excellence diſplay,
Like Halifax, in floods of day;
Our leſſer orbs may pour their light,
Like the mild creſcent of the night.
Tho' pale our beams, and ſmall our ſphere,
Still we may ſhine ſerene and clear.
Give to the judge the ſcarlet gown;
To martial ſouls the civic crown:
What then? Is merit their's alone?
Have we no worth to call our own?
Shall we not vindicate our part
In the firm breaſt and upright heart?
Reader, theſe virtues may be thine,
Tho' in ſuperior life they ſhine.
I can't diſcharge great Hardwicke's truſt;
True——but my ſoul may ſtill be juſt:
And tho' I can't the ſtate defend,
I 'll draw the ſword to ſerve my friend.
Two golden virtues are behind,
Of equal import to the mind;
Prudence, to point out Wiſdom's way,
Or to reclaim us when we ſtray;
Temp'rance, to guard the youthful heart,
When Vice and Folly throw the dart:
Each virtue, let the world agree,
Daily reſides with you and me,
And when our ſouls in friendſhip join,
We 'll deem the ſocial bond divine;

* At Porto Bello. † Died in a late engagement with the French fleet.
‡ Againſt the combined fleets of France and Spain.

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry ſcene maintain our truſt,
Nor e'er be timid or unjuſt.
That breaſt, where Honour builds his throne,
That breaſt, which Virtue calls her own,
Nor Int'reſt warps, nor Fear appals,
When Danger frowns, or Lucre calls.
No! the true friend collected ſtands,
Fearleſs his heart, and pure his hands:
Let Int'reſt plead, let ſtorms ariſe,
He dares be honeſt, tho' he dies!

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§ 117. *Viſion* VII. *Marriage. Inſcribed to Miſs* **.

Fairest, this Viſion is thy due;
I form'd th' inſtructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughful age;
Your welfare actuates every page;
But ponder well my ſacred theme,
And tremble while you read my dream.
These awful words, 'till death do part,'
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after-thought when once a wife,
The die is caſt, and caſt for life;
Yet thouſands venture ev'ry day.
As ſome baſe paſſion leads the way.
Pert Sylvia talks of wedlock ſcenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens;
Smiles on her whining ſpark, and hears
The ſugar'd ſpeech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her ſire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardleſs door,
And Love is fled, to come no more.
Some few they are of ſordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold,
Careleſs with what or whom they mate;
Their ruling paſſion 's all for ſtate,
But Hymen, gen'rous, juſt, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind;
Such rebels groan beneath his rod;
For Hymen 's a vindictive god:
'Be joyleſs ev'ry night,' he ſaid;
'And barren be their nuptial bed!'
Attend, my fair, to wiſdom's voice;
A better fate ſhall crown thy choice.
A married life, to ſpeak the beſt,
Is all a lottery conteſt:
Yet, if my fair one will be wife,
I will inſure my girl a prize.
Tho' not a prize to match thy worth:
Perhaps thy equal 's not on earth!
'Tis an important point, to know
There 's no perfection here below.
Man 's an odd compound, after all;
And ever has been ſince the fall.
Say, that he loves you from his ſoul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul;
And tho' a ſlave in love's ſoft ſchool,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The beſt, in ſhort has faults about him;
If few thoſe faults, you muſt not flout him.
With ſome, indeed, you can't diſpenſe,
As want of temper and of ſenſe:
For when the ſun deſerts the ſkies,
And the dull winter evenings riſe,
Then for a huſband's ſocial pow'r
To form the calm, converſive hour;
The treaſures of thy breaſt explore,
From that rich mine to draw the ore:
Fondly each gen'rous thought refine,
And give thy native gold to ſhine;
Shew thee, as really thou art,
Tho' fair, yet fairer ſtill at heart.
Say, when life's purple bloſſoms fade,
As ſoon they muſt, thou charming maid!
When in thy cheek the roſes die,
And ſickneſs clouds that brilliant eye;
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And thoſe dear limbs ſhall call for aid;
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall not his tranſient paſſion cool?
And, when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate perſiſt a friend?
But to a man of ſenſe, my dear,
E'en then thou lovely ſhalt appear;
He 'll ſhare the griefs that wound thy heart,
And, weeping, claim the larger part:
Tho' age impairs that beauteous face,
He 'll prize the pearl beyond its caſe.
In wedlock when the ſexes meet,
Friendſhip is only then complete.
'Bleſs'd ſtate! where ſouls each other draw;
'Where love is liberty and law!'
The choiceſt bleſſing found below,
That man can wiſh, or Heaven beſtow!
Truſt me, theſe raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine!
Nor fear the varniſh of my ſtyle;
Tho' poet, I'm eſtrang'd to guile.
Ah me! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart!
When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread—
But who burns incenſe to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careleſs of cenſure or applauſe;
Whoſe ſoul is upright and ſincere,
With nought to wiſh and nought to fear.
Now to my viſionary ſcheme
Attend, and profit by my dream.
Amidſt the ſlumbers of the night,
A ſtately temple roſe to ſight;
And ancient as the human race,
If Nature's purpoſes you trace:
This fane, by all the wiſe rever'd,
To wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.
Hard by I ſaw a graceful ſage,
His locks were froſted o'er by age;
His garb was plain, his mind ſerene,
And wiſdom dignified his mien.
With curious ſearch his name I ſought,
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite, Thought.
Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd ſatyr led the dance.
I griev'd to ſee whole thouſands run,
For oh! what thouſands were undone!

The ſage, when theſe mad troops he ſpied,
In pity flew to join their ſide:
The diſconcerted pairs began
To rail againſt him to a man;
Vow'd they were ſtrangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.
But mark the ſequel—for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth.
Long ere the honey moon could wane,
Perdition ſeiz'd on ev'ry twain;
At ev'ry houſe, and all day long,
Repentance plied her ſcorpion thong:
Diſguſt was there with frowning mien,
And ev'ry wayward child of ſpleen.
Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a num'rous train.
Love, with each ſoft and nameleſs grace,
Was firſt in favour and in place:
Then came the god, with ſolemn gait,
Whoſe ev'ry word was big with fate;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That ſacred ſymbol, fam'd of yore.
Virtue, adorn'd with every charm,
Suſtain'd the god's incumbent arm;
Beauty improv'd the glowing ſcene
With all the roſes of eighteen.
Youth led the gaily ſmiling fair;
His purple pinions wav'd in air;
Wealth, a cloſe hunks, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw and eagle-eye,
Who threeſcore years had ſeen, or more
('Tis ſaid his coat had ſeen a ſcore):
Proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,
Preſuming much upon his bags.
A female next her arts diſplay'd;
Poets alone can paint the maid:
Truſt me, Hogarth (tho' great thy fame),
'Twould poſe thy ſkill to draw the ſame;
And yet thy mimic pow'r is more
Than ever painter's was before.
Now ſhe was fair as cygnet's down,
Now as Mat Prior's Emma brown;
And, changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dreſs ſhe varied ev'ry hour.
'Twas Fancy, child—you know the fair,
Who pins your gown, and ſets your hair.
Lo! the god mounts his throne of ſtate,
And ſits the arbiter of fate:
His head, with radiant glories dreſt,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breaſt.
Love took his ſtation on the right:
His quiver beam'd with golden light:
Beauty uſurp'd the ſecond place,
Ambitious of diſtinguiſh'd grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Becauſe related to the boy;
Said it was hers to point his dart,
And ſpeed his paſſage to the heart;
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their ſtand.
And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thouſand heart-ſtrings bleed.
I ſaw a blooming, trembling bride,
A toothleſs lover join'd her ſide;
Averſe ſhe turn'd her weeping face,
And ſhudder'd at the cold embrace.
But various baits their force impart;
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart.
A paſſion much too foul to name,
Coſts ſupercilious prudes their fame:
Prudes wed to publicans and ſinners;
The hungry poet weds for dinners.
The god with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd;
By ev'ry vice his altar ſtain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd:
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Deſiring to be heard at large.
The god conſents, the throng divide,
The young eſpous'd the plaintiff's ſide;
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For age is money's ſworn attendant.
Love ſaid, that wedlock was deſign'd
By gracious Heaven to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the juſt,
And his the delegated truſt:
That Wealth had play'd a knaviſh part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart.
But what avails the faithleſs voice?
The injur'd heart diſdains the choice.
Wealth ſtraight replied, that Love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind:
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all th' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at even in romances.
Poets indeed ſtyle love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat:
And love might be delicious fare,
Could we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feaſt on love
(Thoſe purer eſſences above),
Yet Albion's ſons, he underſtood,
Preferr'd a more ſubſtantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dreſs'd his cauſe,
His grey admirers hemm'd applauſe.
With ſeeming conqueſt pert and proud,
Wealth ſhook his ſides, and chuckled loud;
When Fortune, to reſtrain his pride,
And fond to favour Love beſide,
Op'ning the miſer's tape-tied veſt,
Diſclos'd the cares which ſtung his breaſt:
Wealth ſtood abaſh'd at his diſgrace,
And a deep crimſon flaſh'd his face.
Love ſweetly ſimper'd at the ſight;
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The god, tho' grave his temper, ſmil'd;
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel ſcores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind:
For Poverty, that famiſh'd fiend!
Ambitions of a wealthy friend,
Advanc'd into the miſer's place,
And ſtar'd the ſtripling in the face;

Whoſe

Whoſe lips grew pale, and cold as clay:
I thought the chit would ſwoon away.
The god was ſtudious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquiſh'd boy:
And therefore iſſued his decree,
That the two parties ſtraight agree:
When both obey'd the god's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.
What wond'rous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair, ſurpaſſes thought.
If Love had many charms before,
He now had charms ten thouſand more:
If Wealth had ſerpents in his breaſt,
They now were dead, or lull'd to reſt.
Beauty, that vain, affected thing,
Who join'd the hymeneal ring,
Approach'd, with round unthinking face;
And thus the trifler ſtates her caſe:
She ſaid that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tallied with her own:
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thouſand hearts;
Deſiring judgment againſt Wealth,
For falſehood, perjury, and ſtealth:
All which ſhe could on oath depoſe;
And hop'd the court would ſlit his noſe.
But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame;
Look'd through the crowd with angry ſtate,
And blam'd the porter at the gate
For giving entrance to the fair,
When ſhe was no eſſential there.
To ſink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preſide.
Hence, when debates on beauty riſe,
And each bright fair diſputes the prize,
To Fancy's court we ſtraight apply,
And wait the ſentence of her eye;
In beauty's realms ſhe holds the ſeals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

§ 118. *Viſion* VIII. *Life.*

Let not the young my precepts ſhun;
Who ſlight good counſels are undone.
Your poet ſung of love's delights,
Of halcyon days and joyous nights;
To the gay fancy lovely themes;
And fain I 'd hope they 're more than dreams.
But, if you pleaſe, before we part,
I 'd ſpeak a language to your heart.
We 'll talk of Life, tho' much I fear
Th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
You raiſe your ſanguine thoughts too high,
And hardly know the reaſon why:
But ſay, Life's tree bears golden fruit,
Some canker ſhall corrode the root;
Some unexpected ſtorm ſhall riſe,
Or ſcorching ſuns, or chilling ſkies;
And (if experienc'd truths avail)
All your autumnal hopes ſhall fail.
'But, poet, whence ſuch wide extremes?
'Well may you ſtyle your labours dreams.
'A ſon of ſorrow thou, I ween,
'Whoſe Viſions are the brats of Spleen.
'Is bliſs a vague, unmeaning name?
'Speak then the paſſions' uſe or aim;
'Why rage deſires without controul,
'And rouſe ſuch whirlwinds in the ſoul?
'Why Hope erects her tow'ring creſt,
'And laughs and riots in the breaſt?
'Think not my weaker brain turns round;
'Think not I tread on fairy ground;
'Think not your pulſe alone beats true—
'Mine makes as healthful muſic too.
'Our joys, when Life's ſoft ſpring we trace,
'Put forth their early buds apace.
'See the bloom loads the tender ſhoot;
'The bloom conceals the future fruit.
'Yes, manhood's warm meridian ſun
'Shall ripen what in ſpring begun.
'Thus infant roſes, ere they blow,
'In germinating cluſters grow;
'And only wait the ſummer's ray,
'To burſt, and bloſſom to the day.'
What ſaid the gay unthinking boy?
Methought Hilario talk'd of joy!
Tell, if thou canſt, whence joys ariſe,
Or what thoſe mighty joys you prize.
You 'll find (and truſt ſuperior years)
The vale of life a vale of tears.
Could wiſdom teach where joys abound,
Or riches purchaſe them when found,
Would ſceptred Solomon complain
That all was fleeting, falſe, and vain?
Yet ſceptred Solomon could ſay,
Returning clouds obſcur'd his day.
Thoſe maxims, which the preacher drew,
The royal ſage experienc'd true.
He knew the various ills that wait
Our infant and meridian ſtate;
That toys our earlieſt thoughts engage,
And diff'rent toys maturer age;
That grief at ev'ry ſtage appears,
But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years;
That vanity is ſeen, in part,
Inſcrib'd on ev'ry human heart;
In the child's breaſt the ſpark began,
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
But when in life we journey late,
If follies die, do griefs abate?
Ah! what is life at fourſcore years? [and tears
One dark, rough road, of ſighs, groans, pains,
Perhaps you 'll think I act the ſame
As a fly ſharper plays his game:
You triumph ev'ry deal that 's paſt,
He 's ſure to triumph at the laſt!
Who often wins ſome thouſands more
Than twice the ſums you won before.
But I 'm a loſer with the reſt;
For life is all a deal at beſt,
Where not the prize of wealth or fame
Repays the trouble of the game—
(A truth no winner e'er denied.
An hour before that winner died).
Not that with me theſe prizes ſhine;
For neither fame nor wealth is mine.
My cards, a weak plebeian band,
With ſcarce an honour in my hand!

An

And, since my trumps are very few,
What have I more to boast than you?
Nor am I gainer by your fall;
That harlot Fortune bubbles all!
'Tis truth (receive it ill or well),
'Tis melancholy truth I tell.
Why should the preacher take your pence,
And smother truth to flatter sense?
I'm sure physicians have no merit,
Who kill thro' lenity of spirit.
That life's a game, divines confess;
This says at cards, and that at chess:
But, if our views be centred here,
'Tis all a losing game I fear.
Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
And hostile vessels crowd the main,
If they discover from afar
A bark as distant as a star,
Hold the perspective to their eyes,
To learn its colours, strength, and size;
And, when this secret once they know,
Make ready to receive the foe.
Let you and I from sailors learn
Important truths of like concern.
I clos'd the day, as custom led,
With reading, till the time of bed;
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
Again display'd her magic pow'r—
(For know that Fancy, like a sprite,
Prefers the silent scenes of night).
She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,
No matter where the thicket stood;
The Genius of the place was nigh,
And held two pictures to my eye.
The curious painter had pourtray'd
Life in each just and genuine shade.
They, who have only known its dawn,
May think these lines too deeply drawn;
But riper years, I fear, will shew
The wiser artists paint too true.
One piece presents a rueful wild,
Where not a summer's sun had smil'd:
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
And Grief sits weeping by the side;
Her tears with constant tenor flow,
And form a mournful lake below;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Thro' all the gloomy valley creep.
Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape;
There Folly personates the ape:
Here Av'rice gripes with harpy's claws;
There Malice grins with tiger's jaws:
While sons of Mischief, Art, and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.
E'en Pleasure acts a treach'rous part;
She charms the sense, but stings the heart:
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd angel stands,
With desolation in his hands!
He sends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boast a name:
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And, lo! ten thousands breathe their last.
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He speaks—the fury Discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to their graves;
Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And Hunger howls thro' all the land.
'Oh! what a wretch is man!' I cried;
'Expos'd to death on ev'ry side!
'And sure as borne to be undone
'By evils which he cannot shun!
'Besides a thousand baits to sin,
'A thousand traitors lodg'd within!
'For soon as Vice assaults the heart,
'The rebels take the dæmon's part.'
I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When straight the milder plan succeeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before:
But gleams of light are here display'd,
To cheer the eye, and gild the shade;
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile:
A group of virtue's blossom near;
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear
Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye:
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart:
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;
Points out the balance on the whole,—
And Heaven rewards the struggling soul.
But while these raptures I pursue,
The Genius suddenly withdrew

§ 119. *Vision the last. Death.*

'Tis thought my Visions are too grave *;
A proof I'm no designing knave.
Perhaps, if int'rest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite diff'rent tales;
Had join'd the laughing, low buffoon,
And scribbled satire and lampoon;
Or stirr'd each source of soft desire,
And fann'd the coals of wanton fire:
Then had my paltry Visions sold;
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold;
Had prov'd the darling of the town,
And I—a Poet of renown!
Let not my awful theme surprise;
Let no unmanly fears arise.
I wear no melancholy hue;
No wreaths of cypress, or of yew.
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or hearse,
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse.
Let me consign the fun'ral plume,
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,

* See the Monthly Review of New Books, for February 1751.

And all the ſolemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their ſlaves.
You know that moral writers ſay,
The world's a ſtage, and life a play;
That in this drama to ſucceed,
Requires much thought and toil indeed!
There ſtill remains one labour more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the ſearch, and you ſhall find
The harder taſk is ſtill behind:
That harder taſk, to quit the ſtage
In early youth or riper age;
To leave the company and place
With firmneſs, dignity, and grace.
Come, then, the cloſing ſcenes ſurvey;
'Tis the laſt act which crowns the play.
Do well this grand deciſive part,
And gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wiſdom's eye—
But, oh! how few who greatly die!
Who, when their days approach an end,
Can meet the foe as friend meets friend.
Inſtructive heroes! tell us whence
Your noble ſcorn of fleſh and ſenſe!
You part from all we prize ſo dear,
Nor drop one ſoft, reluctant tear;
Part from thoſe tender joys of life,
The friend, the parent, child, and wife.
Death's black and ſtormy gulph you brave,
And ride exulting on the wave;
Deem thrones but trifles all!—no more—
Nor ſend one wiſhful look to ſhore.
For foreign ports, and lands unknown,
Thus the firm ſailor leaves his own;
Obedient to the riſing gale,
Unmoors his bark, and ſpreads his ſail;
Defies the ocean and the wind,
Nor mourns the joys he left behind.
Is Death a pow'rful monarch? True:
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too!
Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
Or ſwells the object to the ſight.
Attend my viſionary page,
And I'll diſarm the tyrant's rage.
Come, let this ghaſtly form appear;
He's not ſo terrible when near.
Diſtance deludes th' unwary eye;
So clouds ſeem monſters in the ſky:
Hold frequent converſe with him now,
He'll daily wear a milder brow.
Why is my theme with terror fraught?
Becauſe you ſhun the frequent thought.
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
Whence thy pale cheek and frighted eye?
Say, why diſmay'd thy manly breaſt,
When the grim lion ſhakes his creſt;
Becauſe theſe ſavage ſights are new;
No keeper ſhudders at the view:
Keepers accuſtom'd to the ſcene,
Approach the dens with look ſerene?
Fearleſs their griſly charge explore,
And ſmile to hear the tyrants roar.
'Ay—but to die! to bid adieu!
'An everlaſting farewel too!
'Farewel to ev'ry joy around!
'Oh, the heart ſickens at the ſound!'
Stay, ſtripling—thou art poorly taught:
Joy, didſt thou ſay? diſcard the thought.
Joys are a rich celeſtial fruit,
And ſcorn a ſublunary root:
What wears the face of joy below,
Is often found but ſplendid woe.
Joys here, like unſubſtantial fame,
Are nothings but a pompous name;
Or elſe, like comets in the ſphere,
Shine with deſtruction in their rear.
Paſſions, like clouds, obſcure the ſight,
Hence mortals ſeldom judge aright.
The world's a harſh unfruitful ſoil,
Yet ſtill we hope, and ſtill we toil;
Deceive ourſelves with wond'rous art,
And diſappointment wrings the heart.
Thus, when a miſt collects around,
And hovers o'er a barren ground,
The poor deluded trav'ller ſpies
Imagin'd trees and ſtructures riſe;
But, when the ſhrouded ſun is clear,
The deſert and the rocks appear.
'Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,
'Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die!
'To die! and what exalts the gloom,
'I'm told that man ſurvives the tomb!
'O! can the learned prelate find
'What future ſcenes await the mind!
'Where wings the ſoul, diſlodg'd from clay?
'Some courteous angel point the way!
'That unknown ſomewhere in the ſkies,
'Say, where that unknown ſomewhere lies;
'And kindly prove, when life is o'er,
'That pains and ſorrows are no more:
'For doubtleſs, dying is a curſe,
'If preſent ills be chang'd for worſe.'
Huſh, my young friend, forego the theme,
And liſten to your poet's dream.
Ere while I took an ev'ning walk,
Honorio join'd in ſocial talk.
Along the lawns the zephyrs ſweep;
Each ruder wind was lull'd aſleep.
The ſky, all beauteous to behold,
Was ſtreak'd with azure, green, and gold;
But tho' ſerenely ſoft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the air;
Then ſettled on Honorio's breaſt,
Which ſhudder'd at the fatal gueſt.
No drugs the kindly wiſh fulfil;
Diſeaſe eludes the doctor's ſkill:
The poiſon, ſpread thro' all the frame,
Ferments, and kindles into flame.
From ſide to ſide Honorio turns,
And now with thirſt inſatiate burns:
His eyes reſign their wonted grace,
Thoſe friendly lamps expire apace!
The brain's an uſeleſs organ grown;
And Reaſon tumbled from his throne.
But, while the purple ſurges glow,
The currents thicken as they flow:
The blood in ev'ry diſtant part
Stagnates and diſappoints the heart;

Defrauded of its crimſon ſtore,
The vital engine plays no more.
Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell
Call'd ev'ry friend to bid farewell.
I join'd the melancholy bier,
And dropp'd the unavailing tear.
The clock ſtruck twelve—when nature ſought
Repoſe from all the pangs of thought;
And, while my limbs were ſunk to reſt,
A Viſion ſooth'd my troubled breaſt.
I dream'd the ſpectre Death appear'd!
I dream'd his hollow voice I heard!
Methought th' imperial tyrant wore
A ſtate no prince aſſum'd before;
All nature fetch'd a general groan,
And lay expiring round his throne.
I gaz'd—when ſtraight aroſe to ſight
The moſt deteſted fiend of night.
He ſhuffled with unequal pace,
And conſcious ſhame deform'd his face.
With jealous leer he ſquinted round,
Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
From hell this frightful monſter came;
Sin was his ſire, and Guilt his name.
This fury, with officious care,
Waited around the ſov'reign's chair;
In robes of terror dreſs'd the king,
And arm'd him with a baneful ſting;
Gave fierceneſs to the tyrant's eye,
And hung the ſword upon his thigh.
Diſeaſes next, a hideous crowd!
Proclaim'd their maſter's empire loud,
And all, obedient to his will,
Flew in commiſſion'd troops to kill.
A riſing whirlwind ſhakes the poles,
And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.
The monarch and his train prepare
To range the foul tempeſtuous air.
Straight to his ſhoulders he applies
Two pinions of enormous ſize!
Methought I ſaw the ghaſtly form
Stretch his black wings and mount the ſtorm:
When Fancy's airy horſe I ſtrode.
And join'd the army on the road.
As the grim conqu'ror urg'd his way,
He ſcatter'd terror and diſmay.
Thouſands a penſive aſpect wore,
Thouſands who ſneer'd at death before.
Life's records riſe on ev'ry ſide,
And Conſcience ſpreads thoſe volumes wide;
Which faithful regiſters were brought
By pale-eyed Fear and buſy Thought.
Thoſe faults which artful men conceal,
Stand here, engrav'd with pen of ſteel,
By Conſcience, that impartial ſcribe!
Whoſe honeſt palm diſdains a bribe:
Their actions all like critics view,
And all like faithful critics too.
As Guilt had ſtain'd life's various ſtage,
What tears of blood bedew'd the page!
All ſhudder'd at the black account,
And ſcarce believ'd the vaſt amount!
All vow'd a ſudden change of heart,
Would death relent, and ſheath his dart.
But, when the awful foe withdrew,
All to their follies fled anew.
So when a wolf, who ſcours at large,
Springs on the ſhepherd's fleecy charge,
The flock in wild diſorder fly,
And caſt behind a frequent eye;
But, when the victim's borne away,
They ruſh to paſture and to play.
Indulge my dream, and let my pen
Paint thoſe unmeaning creatures, men.
Carus, with pain and ſickneſs worn,
Chides the ſlow night, and ſighs for morn,
Soon as he views the eaſtern ray
He mourns the quick return of day:
Hourly laments protracted breath,
And courts the healing hand of death.
Verres, oppreſs'd with guilt and ſhame,
Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame:
Pines for his dark, ſepulchral bed,
To mingle with th' unheeded dead.
With fourſcore years grey Natho bends,
A burden to himſelf and friends!
And with impatience ſeems to wait
The friendly hand of ling'ring Fate.
So hireling's wiſh their labour done,
And often eye the weſtern ſun.
The monarch hears their various grief;
Deſcends, and brings the wiſh'd relief.
On Death with wild ſurprize they ſtar'd;
All ſeem'd averſe! all unprepar'd!
As torrents ſweep with rapid force,
The grave's pale chief purſued his courſe.
No human pow'r can or withſtand,
Or ſhun, the conqueſts of his hand.
Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
And as a guardian angel kind,
With ev'ry heart-felt worth beſide,
Turn the keen ſhaft of death aſide,
When would the brave Auguſtus join
The aſhes of his ſacred line!
But Death maintains no partial war;
He mocks a ſultan or a czar:
He lays his iron hand on all—
Yes, kings, and ſons of kings, muſt fall!
A truth Britannia lately felt,
And trembled to her centre—— *!
Could ableſt ſtateſmen ward the blow,
Would Grenville own this common foe?
For greater talents ne'er were known
To grace the fav'rite of a throne.
Could genius ſave—wit, learning, fire—
Tell me would Cheſterfield expire?
Say, would his glorious ſun decline,
And ſet like your pale ſtar or mine?
Could ev'ry virtue of the ſky—
Would Herring †, Butler ‡, Secker ‖, die?

* Referring to the death of his late Royal Highneſs Frederic Prince of Wales.
† Archbiſhop of Canterbury. ‡ Late Biſhop of Durham. ‖ Biſhop of Oxford.

Why this addreſs to peerage all?
Untitled Allen's virtue's call!
If Allen's worth demands a place,
Lords with your leave, 'tis no diſgrace.
Though high your ranks in heralds rolls,
Know, Virtue too ennobles ſouls.
By her that private man's renown'd
Who pours a thouſand bleſſings round.
While Allen takes Affliction's part,
And draws out all his gen'rous heart,
Anxious to ſeize the fleeting day,
Leſt unimprov'd it ſteal away;
While thus he walks with jealous ſtrife,
Through goodneſs, as he walks through life;
Shall not I mark his radiant path?—
Riſe, Muſe, and ſing the Man of Bath!
Publiſh abroad, could goodneſs ſave,
Allen would diſappoint the grave;
Tranſlated to the heavenly ſhore,
Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.
Nor Beauty's pow'rful pleas reſtrain:
Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
For women pierce with ſhrieks the air,
Smite the bare breaſts, and rend their hair;
All have a doleful tale to tell,
How friends, ſons, daughters, huſbands fell!
Alas! is life our fav'rite theme—
'Tis all a vain or painful dream;
A dream which fools or cowards prize,
But ſlighted by the brave or wiſe.
Who lives, for others ills muſt groan,
Or bleed for ſorrows of his own;
Muſt journey on with weeping eye,
Then pant, ſink, agonize, and die.
'And ſhall a man arraign the ſkies,
'Becauſe man lives, and mourns, and dies?'
'Impatient Reptile!' Reaſon cried;
'Arraign thy paſſion and thy pride:
'Retire, and commune with thy heart;
'Aſk whence thou cam'ſt, and what thou art;
'Explore thy body and thy mind,
'Thy ſtation too why here aſſign'd.
'The ſearch ſhall teach thee life to prize,
'And make thee grateful, good, and wiſe.
'Why do you roam to foreign climes,
'To ſtudy nations, modes, and times;
'A ſcience often dearly bought,
'And often what avails you nought?
'Go, man, and act a wiſer part,
'Study the ſcience of your heart:
This home philoſophy, you know,
'Was priz'd ſome thouſand years ago*.
Then why abroad a frequent gueſt?
'Why ſuch a ſtranger to your breaſt?
'Why turn ſo many volumes o'er,
'Till Dodſley can ſupply no more?
'Not all the volumes on thy ſhelf
'Are worth that ſingle volume, Self:
'For who, this ſacred book declines,
'Howe'er in other arts he ſhines,
'Tho' ſmit with Pindar's noble rage,
'Or vers'd in Tully's manly page;
'Tho' deeply read in Plato's ſchool,
'With all his knowledge, is a fool.
'Proclaim the truth—Say, what is man?
'His body from the duſt began;
'And when a few ſhort years are o'er,
'The crumbling fabric is no more.
'But whence the ſoul?—From heaven it came!
'O prize this intellectual flame!
'This nobler ſelf with rapture ſcan;
'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
'Truſt me, there's not a joy on earth,
'But from the ſoul derives its birth,
'Aſk the young rake, (he'll anſwer right),
'Who treats by day and drinks by night,
'What makes his entertainment ſhine?
'What gives the reliſh to his wine?
'He'll tell thee (if he ſcorns the beaſt)
'That ſocial pleaſures form the feaſt.
'The charms of beauty too ſhall cloy,
'Unleſs the ſoul exalts the joy.
'The mind muſt animate the face,
'Or cold and taſteleſs ev'ry grace.
'What! muſt the ſoul her pow'rs diſpenſe,
'To raiſe and ſwell the joys of ſenſe?
'Know, too, the joys of ſenſe controul
'And clog the motions of the ſoul;
'Forbid her pinions to aſpire,
'Damp and impair her native fire;
'And ſure as ſenſe, that tyrant! reigns,
'She holds the empreſs Soul in chains:
'Inglorious bondage to the mind,
'Heaven-born, ſublime, and unconfin'd!
'She's independant, fair, and great,
'And juſtly claims a large eſtate;
'She aſks no borrow'd aids to ſhine;
'She boaſts within a golden mine;
'But, like the treaſures of Peru,
'Her wealth lies deep, and far from view.
'Say, ſhall the man who knows her worth,
'Debaſe her dignity and birth?
'Or e'er repine at Heaven's decree,
'Who kindly gave her leave to be;
'Call'd her from nothing into day,
'And built her tenement of clay?
'Hear and accept me for your guide
'(Reaſon ſhall ne'er deſert your ſide):
'Who liſtens to my wiſer voice,
'Can't but applaud his Maker's choice;
'Pleas'd with that firſt and ſov'reign cauſe,
'Pleas'd with unerring Wiſdom's laws:
'Secure, ſince ſov'reign goodneſs reigns;
'Secure, ſince ſov'reign pow'r obtains.
'With curious eyes review thy frame;
'This ſcience ſhall direct thy claim.
'Doſt thou indulge a double view,
'A long, long life, and happy too?
'Perhaps a farther boon you crave—
'To lie down eaſy in the grave.
'Know, then, my dictates muſt prevail,
'Or ſurely each fond wiſh ſhall fail.
'Come, then, is happineſs thy aim?
'Let mental joys be all thy game.

* 'Know thyſelf;' a celebrated ſaying of Chilo, one of the Seven Wiſe Men of Greece.

'Repeat

'Repeat the ſearch, and mend your pace,
'The capture ſhall reward the chace.
'Let ev'ry minute, as it ſprings,
'Convey freſh knowledge on its wings;
'Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,
'Record thee good, as well as wiſe.
'While ſuch purſuits your thoughts engage,
'In a few years you 'll live an age.
'Who meaſures life by rolling years?
'Fools meaſure by revolving ſpheres.
'Go thou, and fetch th' unerring rule
'From Virtue's and from Wiſdom's ſchool.
'Who well improves life's ſhorteſt day
'Will ſcarce regret its ſetting ray;
'Contented with his ſhare of light,
'Nor fear nor wiſh th' approach of night:
'And when diſeaſe aſſaults the heart,
'When ſickneſs triumphs over art,
'Reflection on a life well paſt
'Shall prove a cordial to the laſt:
'This med'cine ſhall the ſoul ſuſtain,
'And ſoften or ſuſpend her pain;
'Shall break Death's fell tyrannic pow'r,
'And calm the troubled dying hour.'
Bleſt rules of cool prudential age!
I liſten'd and rever'd the ſage.
When, lo! a form divinely bright
Deſcends, and burſts upon my ſight;
A ſeraph of illuſtrious birth
(Religion was her name on earth);
Supremely ſweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celeſtial grace!
Three ſhining cherubs form'd her train,
Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain;
Faith, with ſublime and piercing eye,
And pinions flutt'ring for the ſky;
Here Hope, that ſmiling angel, ſtands,
And golden anchors grace her hands;
There Charity in robes of white,
Faireſt and fav'rite maid of light!
The ſeraph ſpake—'Tis reaſon's part
'To govern and to guard the heart;
'To lull the wayward ſoul to reſt,
'When hopes and fears diſtract the breaſt;
'Reaſon may claim this doubtful ſtrife,
'And ſteer thy bark thro' various life.
'But when the ſtorms of Death are nigh,
'And midnight darkneſs veils the ſky,
'Shall reaſon then direct thy ſail,
'Diſperſe the clouds, or ſink the gale?
'Stranger, this ſkill alone is mine,
'Skill that tranſcends his ſcanty line.
'That hoary ſage has counſell'd right
'Be wiſe, nor ſcorn his friendly light.
'Revere thyſelf—thou 'rt near allied
'To angels on thy better ſide.
'How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
'Angels are but unbodied minds:
'When the partition walls decay,
'Men emerge angels from their clay;
'Yes, when the frailer body dies,
'The ſoul aſſerts her kindred ſkies:
'But minds, tho' ſprung from heavenly race,
'Muſt firſt be tutor'd for the place:
'(The joys above are underſtood
'And reliſh'd only by the good).
'Who ſhall aſſume this guardian care?
'Who ſhall ſecure their birthright there?
'Souls are my charge—to me 'tis given
'To train them for their native heaven.
'Know, then—Who bow the early knee,
'And give the willing heart to me;
'Who wiſely, when temptation waits,
'Elude her frauds, and ſpurn her baits;
'Who dare to own my injur'd cauſe,
'Tho' fools deride my ſacred laws;
'Or ſcorn to deviate to the wrong,
'Tho' Perſecution lifts her thong;
'Tho' all the ſons of hell conſpire
'To raiſe the ſtake, and light the fire—
'Know, that for ſuch ſuperior ſouls
'There lies a bliſs beyond the poles;
'Where ſpirits ſhine with purer ray,
'And brighten to meridian day;
'Where love, where boundleſs Friendſhip rules,
'(No friends that change, no love that cools!)
'Where riſing floods of knowledge roll,
'And pour, and pour upon the ſoul!'
'But where 's the paſſage to the ſkies?'—
'The road thro' Death's black valley lies.
'Nay, do not ſhudder at my tale;
'Tho' dark the ſhades, yet ſafe the vale.
'This path the beſt of men have trod,
'And who 'd decline the road to God?
'Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die!
'This favour can't be priz'd too high.'
While thus ſhe ſpake, my looks expreſs'd
The raptures kindling in my breaſt:
My ſoul a fix'd attention gave;
When the ſtern monarch of the grave
With haughty ſtrides approach'd—amaz'd
I ſtood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
The ſeraph calm'd each anxious fear,
And kindly wip'd the falling tear;
Then haſten'd with expanded wing
To meet the pale, terrific king.
But now what milder ſcenes ariſe!
The tyrant drops his hoſtile guiſe:
He ſeems a youth divinely fair;
In graceful ringlets waves his hair;
His wings their whit'ning plumes diſplay,
His burniſh'd plumes reflect the day;
Light flows his ſhining azure veſt,
And all the angel ſtands confeſt.
I view'd the change with ſweet ſurpriſe,
And, oh! I panted for the ſkies;
Thank'd Heaven that e'er I drew my breath,
And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death.

FABLES by the late Mr. Gay.

Introduction to the Fables. *Part the Firſt.*

§ 120. *The Shepherd and the Philoſopher.*

Remote from cities liv'd a ſwain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;

In ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wiſdom and his honeſt fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
A deep Philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The ſhepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:
Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy ſoul refin'd?
And haſt thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wiſe Ulyſſes, thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners weigh'd?
The Shepherd modeſtly replied:
I ne'er the paths of learning tried:
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes:
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry.
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.
In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air
With pious wing protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.
From nature too I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule:
I never, with important air,
In converſation overbear.
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much muſt talk in vain:
We from the wordy torrent fly;
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right;
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Again the toad and ſerpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and ſpite
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And from the moſt minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is juſt, the Sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who ſtudies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

To his Highneſs William *Duke of* Cumberland.

§ 121. FABLE I. *The Lion, the Tiger, and the Traveller.*

Accept, young Prince, the moral lay,
And in theſe tales mankind ſurvey;
With early virtues plant your breaſt,
The ſpecious arts of vice deteſt.
Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are ſtrangers to the voice of truth:
Learn to contemn all praiſe betimes;
For flattery 's the nurſe of crimes.
Friendſhip by ſweet reproof is ſhown
(A virtue never near a throne);
In courts ſuch freedom muſt offend,
There none preſumes to be a friend.
To thoſe of your exalted ſtation
Each courtier is a dedication.
Muſt I too flatter like the reſt,
And turn my morals to a jeſt?
The muſe diſdains to ſteal from thoſe
Who thrive in courts by fulſome proſe.
But ſhall I hide your real praiſe,
Or tell you what a nation ſays?
They in your infant boſom trace
The virtues of your royal race,
In the fair dawning of your mind
Diſcern you gen'rous, mild, and kind.
They ſee you grieve to hear diſtreſs,
And pant already to redreſs.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we juſtly may preſage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage ſhall your boſom fire,
And future actions own your ſire.
Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to ſave.
A Tiger roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Trav'ller in the way;
The proſtrate game a Lion ſpies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar reſounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, diſtil with blood;
Till, vanquiſh'd by the Lion's ſtrength,
The ſpotted foe extends his length.
The man beſought the ſhaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd;
His life the gen'rous hero gave:
Together walking to his cave,

The

The lion thus beſpoke his gueſt:
What hardy beaſt ſhall dare conteſt
My matchleſs ſtrength? You ſaw the fight,
And muſt atteſt my pow'r and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My ſtarving ſlaves at diſtance roam;
Within theſe woods I reign alone,
The boundleſs foreſt is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the ſavage brood,
Have dyed the regal den with blood.
Theſe carcaſes on either hand,
Thoſe bones that whiten all the land.
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath theſe jaws what numbers fell.
True, ſays the man, the ſtrength I ſaw
Might well the brutal nation awe:
But ſhall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in ſo falſe a view?
Robbers invade their neighbours' right:
Be lov'd; let juſtice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes boaſts
Of waſted lands and ſlaughtered hoſts:
Pirates their pow'r by murders gain;
Wiſe kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath ſhown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heaven gives you pow'r above the reſt,
Like Heaven to ſuccour the diſtreſt.
The caſe is plain, the monarch ſaid;
Falſe glory hath my youth miſled;
For beaſts of prey, a ſervile train,
Have been the flatt'rers of my reign.
You reaſon well. Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me.

§ 122. FABLE II. *The Spaniel and the Cameleon.*

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand:
Indulg'd to diſobey command,
In pamper'd eaſe his hours were ſpent;
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, ſo pert, ſo ſmart,
Were ſure to win his lady's heart:
Each little miſchief gain'd him praiſe;
How pretty were his fawning ways!
The wind was ſouth, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air:
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the ſofteſt ground;
When near him a Cameleon ſeen
Was ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from the green.
Dear emblem of the flatt'ring hoſt,
What, live with clowns? a genius loſt!
To cities and the court repair,
A fortune cannot fail thee there;
Preferment ſhall thy talents crown:
Believe me, friend; I know the town.
Sir, ſays the ſycophant, like you,
Of old, politer life I knew:
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd an ear to what I ſaid.
My whiſper always met ſucceſs;
The ladies prais'd me for addreſs.
I knew to hit each courtier's paſſion,
And flatter'd ev'ry vice in faſhion.
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut ſhort my proſp'rous days;
And, ſentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obſcure and mean,
I wander in this ſylvan ſcene.
For Jove the heart alone regards;
He puniſhes what man rewards.
How different is thy caſe and mine!
With men at leaſt you ſup and dine;
While I, condemn'd to thinneſt fare,
Like thoſe I flatter'd, feed on air.

§ 123. FABLE III. *The Mother, the Nurſe, and the Fairy.*

GIVE me a Son. The bleſſing ſent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doting eyes!
No child is half ſo fair and wiſe.
Wak'd to the morning's pleaſing care,
The mother roſe, and ſought her heir.
She ſaw the Nurſe, like one poſſeſt,
With wringing hands, and ſobbing breaſt.
Sure ſome diſaſter has befel:
Speak, Nurſe! I hope the boy is well?
Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Inviſible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and noſe,
The mother's eyes, as black as ſloes?
See here, a ſhocking, awkward creature,
That ſpeaks a fool in ev'ry feature.
The woman 's blind, the mother cries;
I ſee wit ſparkle in his eyes.
Lord, Madam, what a ſquinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.
Juſt as ſhe ſpoke, a pigmy Sprite,
Pops through the key-hole, ſwift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top he ſtands,
And thus her folly reprimands:
Whence ſprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools ſupply?
What! give our ſprightly race away,
For the dull helpleſs ſons of clay!
Beſides, by partial fondneſs ſhewn,
Like you, we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who 'd give her booby for another?
And ſhould we change with human breed,
Well might we paſs for fools indeed.

§ 124. FABLE IV. *The Eagle and the Aſſembly of Animals.*

AS Jupiter's all-ſeeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the ſky,
From this ſmall ſpeck of earth were ſent
Murmurs and ſounds of diſcontent;

For ev'ry thing alive complain'd
That he the hardeſt life ſuſtain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him ſtands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing
To hear the mandates of his king,
Ungrateful creatures! whence ariſe
Theſe murmurs which offend the ſkies?
Why this diſorder? ſay the cauſe;
For juſt are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his diſcontent reveal;
To yon ſour Dog I firſt appeal.
Hard is my lot, the Hound replies:
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary ſtep and ſlow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning ſees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the ſetting ſun.
When (ſays the Greyhound) I purſue,
My game is loſt, or caught in view;
Beyond my ſight the prey's ſecure:
The Hound is ſlow, but always ſure!
And had I his ſagacious ſcent,
Jove ne'er had heard my diſcontent.
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart;
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whoſe wings were rapid, ſtrong, and light;
The Pigeon ſtrength of wing deſpis'd.
And the Cock's matchleſs valour priz'd;
The Fiſhes wiſh'd to graze the plain;
The Beaſts to ſkim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's ſtate,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.
The Bird of Heaven then cried aloud:
Jove bids diſperſe the murm'ring crowd;
The God rejects your idle prayers,
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature?
What! ſilent all, and none conſent?
Be happy then, and learn content:
Nor imitate the reſtleſs mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

§ 125. FABLE. V. *The Wild Boar and the Ram.*

Against an elm a ſheep was tied,
The butcher's knife in blood was dyed;
The patient flock, in ſilent fright,
From far beheld the horrid ſight:
A ſavage Boar, who near them ſtood,
Thus mock'd to ſcorn the fleecy brood:
All cowards ſhould be ſerv'd like you;
See, ſee, your murd'rer is in view!
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He ſtrips the ſkin yet warm with life:
Your quarter'd ſires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmleſs lambs,
Call for revenge. O ſtupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is baſe.
I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes:
Yet think us not of ſoul ſo tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame,
Inſenſible of ev'ry ill,
Becauſe we want thy tuſks to kill.
Know, thoſe who violence purſue,
Give to themſelves the vengeance due;
For in theſe maſſacres they find
The two chief plagues that waſte mankind.
Our ſkins ſupplies the wrangling bar;
It wakes their ſlumb'ring ſons to war;
And well revenge may reſt contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.

§ 126. FABLE VI. *The Miſer and Plutus.*

The wind was high, the window ſhakes;
With ſudden ſtart the Miſer wakes;
Along the ſilent room he ſtalks;
Looks back, and trembles as he walks!
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries;
Then opes the cheſt with treaſure ſtor'd,
And ſtands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with ſudden qualms poſſeſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breaſt;
By conſcience ſtung, he widely ſtares,
And thus his guilty ſoul declares:
Had the deep earth her ſtores confin'd,
This heart had known ſweet peace of mind.
But virtue's ſold! Good gods! what price
Can recompenſe the pangs of vice?
O bane of good! ſeducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
Gold baniſh'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold ſow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murderer's ſword to kill:
'Twas gold inſtructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the miſchiefs o'er?
Virtue reſides on earth no more!
He ſpoke, and ſigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him ſtood.
The Miſer, trembling, lock'd his cheſt;
The viſion frown'd, and thus addreſs'd:
Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each ſordid raſcal's daily cant?
Did I, baſe wretch, corrupt mankind!
The fault 's in thy rapacious mind.
Becauſe my bleſſings are abus'd,
Muſt I be cenſur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
E'en virtue's ſelf by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And pow'r (when lodg'd in their poſſeſſion)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppreſſion,
Thus, when the villain crams his cheſt,
Gold is the canker of the breaſt;
'Tis av'rice, inſolence, and pride;
And ev'ry ſhocking vice beſide:
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It bleſſes like the dews of heaven;
Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold ſhall miſers lay,
Who pawn'd their ſordid ſouls for pay?

Let bravoes then (when blood is ſpilt)
Upbraid the paſſive ſword with guilt.

§ 127. FABLE VII. *The Lion, the Fox, and the Geeſe.*

A Lion, tir'd with ſtate affairs,
Quite ſick of pomp, and worn with cares;
Reſolv'd (remote from noiſe and ſtrife)
In peace to paſs his latter life.
It was proclaim'd: the day was ſet:
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox, was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,
And ſtrive who moſt ſhall condeſcend.
He ſtraight aſſumes a ſolemn grace,
Collects his wiſdom in his face.
The crowd admire his wit, his ſenſe;
Each word hath weight and conſequence.
The flatt'rer all his art diſplays,
He who hath pow'r is ſure of praiſe,
A fox ſtepp'd forth before the reſt,
And thus the ſervile throng addreſs'd:
How vaſt his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in virtue's honeſt ſchool!
What clemency his temper ſways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine ſhall ceaſe to waſte the land,
His brain hath ſtratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What bleſſings muſt attend the nation
Under this good adminiſtration!
He ſaid. A Gooſe who diſtant ſtood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood:
Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me ſhun his worthy friend.
What praiſe! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who ſpoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wiſe;
If they enjoy the ſweets, 'tis plain,
We Geeſe muſt feel a tyrant reign.
What havock now ſhall thin our race,
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,
To prove his taſte and ſeem polite,
Will feed on Geeſe both noon and night!

§ 128. FABLE VIII. *The Lady and the Waſp.*

What whiſpers muſt the beauty bear!
What hourly nonſenſe haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes diſpenſe their charms,
Impertinence around her ſwarms.
Did not the tender nonſenſe ſtrike,
Contempt and ſcorn might ſoon diſlike:
Forbidding airs might thin the place;
The ſlighteſt flap a fly can chaſe.
But who can drive the num'rous breed!
Chaſe one, another will ſucceed,
Who knows a fool, muſt know his brother;
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague ſhe 's rightly curſt,
Becauſe ſhe liſten'd to the firſt.

As Doris, at her toilet's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was penſive, now was gay,
And loll'd the ſultry hours away.
As thus in indolence ſhe lies,
A giddy Waſp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aſpires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms:
For by repulſe he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and ſipp'd the dew.
She frowns, ſhe frets. Good gods! ſhe cries,
Protect me from theſe teaſing flies!
Of all the plagues that heaven hath ſent,
A Waſp is moſt impertinent.
The hov'ring inſect thus complain'd:
Am I then ſlighted, ſcorn'd, diſdain'd?
Can ſuch offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold miſtake.
Thoſe cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek ſo ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with ſtrong deſire purſue
The faireſt peach that ever grew.
Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder Waſps like vulgar flies:
For though he 's free. (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.
In ecſtacies away he poſts;
Where'er he came the favour boaſts;
Brags how her ſweeteſt tea he ſips,
And ſhews the ſugar on his lips.
The hint alarm'd the forward crew:
Sure of ſucceſs, away they flew.
They ſhare the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy muſic play;
And now they flutter, now they reſt,
Now ſoar again, and ſkim her breaſt.
Nor were they baniſh'd till ſhe found
That Waſps have ſtings, and felt the wound.

§ 129. FABLE IX. *The Bull and the Maſtiff.*

Seek you to train your fav'rite Boy?
Each caution, ev'ry care employ:
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be tried:
Weigh well his manners, life, and ſcope;
On theſe depends thy future hope.
As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
A Maſtiff paſs'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls ſhot indignant fire;
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirſt of blood,
Spurning the ground the monarch ſtood,
And roar'd aloud—Suſpend the fight;
In a whole ſkin go ſleep to-night:
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breaſt,
Or avarice, that ne'er can reſt?
From theſe alone unjuſtly ſprings
The world-deſtroying wrath of kings.
The ſurly Maſtiff thus returns:
Within my boſom glory burns.

Like

Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets ſing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's ſpirit-ſtirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed;
Taught me to conquer or to bleed.
Curs'd Dog! the Bull replied; no more
I wonder at thy thirſt of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whoſe hands with cruelty are ſtain'd.
His daily murders in thy view)
Muſt like thy tutor, blood purſue.
Take then thy fate. With goring wound,
At once he lifts him from the ground:
Aloft the ſprawling hero flies;
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

§ 130. Fable x. *The Elephant and the Bookſeller.*

The man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown ſeas to unknown ſoils,
With various wonders feaſts his ſight:
What ſtranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in deſcription view
Creatures which Adam never knew:
For, when we riſk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction,
Thoſe things that ſtartle me or you,
I grant are ſtrange, yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For ſcience and for ſenſe renown'd?
Borri records their ſtrength of parts,
Extent of thought, and ſkill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And ſave the ſtate the hangman's fees:
And how by travel underſtand
The language of another land.
Let thoſe who queſtion this report,
To Pliny's ancient page reſort;
How learn'd was that ſagacious breed!
Who now like them the Greek can read!
As one of theſe, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a ſhop of learning o'er;
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where with exacteſt care and pains
Were ev'ry beaſt and bird portray'd,
That e'er the ſearch of man ſurvey'd.
Their natures and their pow'rs were writ
With all the pride of human wit.
The page he with attention ſpread,
And thus remark'd on what he read:
Man with ſtrong reaſon is endow'd;
A beaſt ſcarce inſtinct is allow'd.
But let this author's work be tried:
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he diſcern the different natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath ſhewn
He knows ſo little of his own?
How falſely is the ſpaniel drawn!
Did man from him firſt learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He the chief flatt'rer nature made!
Go, Man, the ways of courts diſcern,
You 'll find a ſpaniel ſtill might learn.
How can the Fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his cenſure or his wonder?
From courtier tricks, and lawyers arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
He curſes for their thirſt of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beaſts kill for hunger, men for pay.
The Bookſeller, who heard him ſpeak,
And ſaw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found?
Then thus addreſs'd with bow profound:
Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Againſt the ſenſeleſs ſons of men,
Or write the hiſtory of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, ſince you 're learn'd in Greek, let's ſee
Something againſt the Trinity.
When, wrinkling with a ſneer his trunk,
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you 're drunk;
E'en keep your money, and be wiſe;
Leave man on man to criticiſe:
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the ſenſeleſs ſons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy 's a ſharper ſpur than pay.
No author ever ſpar'd a brother;
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

§ 131. Fable xi. *The Peacock, the Turkey, and the Gooſe.*

In beauty faults conſpicuous grow;
The ſmalleſt ſpeck is ſeen on ſnow.
As near a barn, by hunger led,
A peacock with the poultry fed;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conſcious of ſuperior merit,
Contemns their baſe reviling ſpirit;
His ſtate and dignity aſſumes,
And to the ſun diſplays his plumes;
Which, like the heav'ns o'er-arching ſkies,
Are ſpangled with a thouſand eyes:
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled ſight:
On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their ſpleen by turns:
Mark with what inſolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty ſtride,
The Turkey cries. Can ſpleen contain?
Sure never bird was half ſo vain!
But, were intrinſic merit ſeen,
We Turkeys have the whiter ſkin.
From tongue to tongue they caught abuſe;
And next was heard the hiſſing Gooſe:
What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I ſcorn to cenſure little flaws.
Then what a horrid ſqualling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note.

True

True—thoſe are faults, the Peacock cries;
My ſcream, my ſhanks, you may deſpiſe:
But ſuch blind critics rail in vain:
What! overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your ſcorn and ſport)
The Turkey or the Gooſe ſupport,
And did ye ſcream with harſher ſound,
Thoſe faults in you had ne'er been found!
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemiſh ſtrikes an envious mind.
Thus in aſſemblies have I ſeen
A nymph of brighteſt charms and mien,
Wake envy in each ugly face;
And buzzing ſcandal fills the place.

§ 132. FABLE XII. *Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.*

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the leſſer pow'rs of love;
Some ſhape the bow, or fit the ſtring;
Some give the taper ſhaft its wing,
Or turn the poliſh'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
Amidſt their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with aſſuming air,
Addreſs'd the god: Thou purblind chit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I muſt forſwear my trade.
You ſend me ſuch ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a ſhame to ſell them yokes;
They ſquabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The huſband's ſullen, dogged, ſhy;
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due reſtriction,
And ſhe as well likes contradiction:
She never ſlaviſhly ſubmits;
She 'll have her will, or have her fits:
He this way tugs, ſhe t'other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cauſe:
Nothing can ſave him but divorce:
And here the wife complies of courſe.

When, ſays the boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly ſpent my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For ſettlements the lawyer's feed;
Is my hand witneſs to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus appear'd, and ſaid—'Tis true,
In marriage gold is all their view;
They ſeek no beauty, wit, or ſenſe;
And love is ſeldom the pretence.
All offer incenſe at my ſhrine,
And I alone the bargain ſign.
How can Belinda blame her fate?
She only aſk'd a great eſtate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord muſt give her title too:
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
A fortune aſks, and aſks no more.

Av'rice, whatever ſhape it bears,
Muſt ſtill be coupled with its cares.

§ 133. FABLE XIII. *The Tame Stag.*

As a young Stag the thicket paſs'd,
The branches held his antlers faſt;
A clown, who ſaw the captive hung,
Acroſs the horns his halter flung.
Now ſafely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the preſent to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tipp'd with a half-a-crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How ſleek 's the ſkin! how ſpeck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was ſo charming!
At firſt, within the yard confin'd,
He flies, and hides from all mankind;
Now, bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And diſtant awe, preſumes to gaze:
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines;
He ſteals my little maſter's bread,
Follows the ſervants to be fed:
Nearer and nearer now he ſtands,
To feel the praiſe of patting hands;
Examines every fiſt for meat,
And, though repuls'd, diſdains retreat;
Attacks again with levell'd horns;
And man, that was his terror, ſcorns.
Such is the country maiden's fright,
When firſt a red-coat is in ſight;
Behind the door ſhe hides her face;
Next time at diſtance eyes the lace;
She now can all his terrors ſtand,
Nor from his ſqueeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And ev'ry ſoldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent ſhe ſpreads her flame;
For cuſtom conquers fear and ſhame.

§ 134. FABLE XIV. *The Monkey who had ſeen the World.*

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Reſolv'd to viſit foreign climes:
For men in diſtant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies;
Misfortune ſerves to make us wiſe.
At length the treach'rous ſnare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
There ſold. How envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In viſits too his parts and wit,
When jeſts grew dull, were ſure to hit.
Proud with applauſe, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;

Like.

Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey weal:
So watch'd occaſion, broke his chain,
And ſought his native woods again.
The hairy ſylvans round him preſs,
Aſtoniſh'd at his ſtrut and dreſs.
Some praiſe his ſleeve; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending:
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary froſt, or fleecy ſnow;
But all with envy and deſire
His flutt'ring ſhoulder-knot admire.
Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wiſe.
Weigh your own worth, ſupport your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I paſs'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dreſs, their courtly manners ſee;
Reform your ſtate, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flatt'ry deal;
Your ſcorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But uſe them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to ſpatter merit;
Scandal is converſation's ſpirit.
Boldly to ev'ry thing attend,
And men your talents ſhall commend.
I knew the great. Obſerve me right;
So ſhall you grow like man polite.
He ſpoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applauſe.
Now, warm with malice, envy, ſpite,
Their moſt obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practiſe new miſchiefs all their days.
Thus the dull Lad, too tall for ſchool,
With travel finiſhes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dreſſes, whores, and ſwears;
O'erlooks with ſcorn all virtuous arts;
For vice is fitted to his parts.

§ 135. FABLE XV. *The Philoſopher and the Pheaſants.*

The Sage, awak'd at early day,
Thro' the deep foreſt took his way;
Drawn by the muſic of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the ſweet alternate notes.
But where he paſs'd he terror threw;
The ſong broke ſhort, the warblers flew;
The thruſhes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his ſight;
All animals before him ran,
To ſhun the hateful ſight of man.
Where can this dread of ev'ry creature?
Fly they our figure, or our nature?

As thus he walk'd in muſing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious ſteps he nearer drew:
By the thick ſhade conceal'd from view,
High on the branch a Pheaſant ſtood;
Around her all her liſt'ning brood;
Proud of the bleſſings of her neſt,
She thus a mother's care expreſs'd:
No dangers here ſhall circumvent;
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture truſt
Than Man, of animals the worſt;
In him ingratitude you find;
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The ſheep, whoſe annual fleece is dyed
To guard his health, and ſerve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel ſhambles ſlain.
The ſwarms who, with induſtrious ſkill,
His hives with wax and honey fill.
In vain whole ſummer days employ'd,
Their ſtores are ſold, their race deſtroy'd.
What tribute from the gooſe is paid!
Does not her wing all ſcience aid?
Does it not lovers hearts explain,
And drudge to raiſe the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this gen'ral uſe?
He takes the quills, and eats the gooſe.
Man then avoid, deteſt his ways;
So ſafety ſhall prolong your days.
When ſervices are thus acquitted,
Be ſure we Pheaſants muſt be ſpitted.

§ 136. FABLE XVI. *The Pin and the Needle.*

A Pin, who long had ſerv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilet's duty.
Had form'd her ſleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a ſmarter air,
Now neareſt to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her mantua's tail diſgrac'd:
But could ſhe partial fortune blame,
Who ſaw her lover ſerv'd the ſame.

At length, from all her honours caſt,
Through various turns of life ſhe paſs'd;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm;
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miſer's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat:
Now rais'd again from low approach,
She viſits in the doctor's coach;
Here, there, by various fortune toſt,
At laſt in Greſham-hall was loſt.
Charm'd with the wonders of the ſhow,
On ev'ry ſide, above, below,
She now of this or that enquires;
What leaſt was underſtood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing ſo ſtruck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoſo kind.

And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir?
A Needle, ſays the interpreter.
She knew the name: and thus the fool
Addreſs'd her as a taylor's tool.

A needle

A needle with that filthy ſtone,
Quite idle, all with ruſt o'ergrown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the ſempſtreſs in her arts.
But tell me how the friendſhip grew,
Between that paltry flint and you.
Friend, ſays the Needle, ceaſe to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'ſt thou the loadſtone's pow'r and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake;
How can I ſuch a friend forſake!
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To ſhun the rocks and treach'rous ſand;
By me the diſtant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread,
And drudg'd as vulgar needles do,
Of no more conſequence than you.

§ 137. FABLE XVII. *The Shepherd's Dog, and the Wolf.*

A Wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
Deep in the wood ſecure he lay;
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the ſhepherd's wakeful care
Had ſpread the toils, and watch'd the ſnare;
In vain the Dog purſued his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chace.
As Lightfoot rang'd the foreſt round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.
A truce, replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun:
How can that ſtrong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceleſs kind?
Thoſe jaws ſhould prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood;
Great ſouls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmleſs is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy ſpare.
Friend, ſays the Wolf, the matter weigh;
Nature deſign'd us beaſts of prey;
As ſuch, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis neceſſary Wolves ſhould eat.
If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy boſom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beſeech;
To him repeat the moving ſpeech:
A Wolf eats ſheep but now and then;
Ten thouſands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curſe;
But a pretended friend is worſe.

§ 138. FABLE XVIII. *The Painter who pleaſed nobody and every body.*

Leſt men ſuſpect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The trav'ller leaping o'er thoſe bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted:
But flatt'ry never ſeems abſurd,
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impoſſibilities ſeem juſt;
They take the ſtrongeſt praiſe on truſt.
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er ſo great,
Will ſtill come ſhort of ſelf-conceit.
So very like, a Painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So juſt, the life itſelf was there.
No flatt'ry with his colours laid,
To bloom reſtor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muſcle all its ſtrength;
The mouth, the chin, the noſe's length,
His honeſt pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He loſt his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth ſhould not always be reveal'd;
In duſty piles his pictures lay,
For no one ſent the ſecond pay.
Two buſtos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; reſolv'd to pleaſe
Whoever ſat, he drew from theſe;
From theſe corrected ev'ry feature,
And ſpirited each awkward creature.
All things were ſet; the hour was come,
His palliet ready o'er his thumb,
My Lord appear'd; and, ſeated right
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he ſketch'd the piece,
Then dipp'd his pencil, talk'd of Greece.
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Thoſe eyes, my Lord, the ſpirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features fraught with ſenſe and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you ſhall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Obſerve the work. My Lord replied,
Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Beſides, my noſe is ſomewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me 'tis far too young.
Oh pardon me! the artiſt cried,
In this the painters muſt decide.
The piece even common eyes muſt ſtrike;
I warrant it extremely like.
My Lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glaſs ſeem'd half ſo true.
A Lady came; with borrow'd grace,
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To ev'ry age ſome charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almoſt content.
Thro' all the town his art they prais'd;
His cuſtom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeneſs ſhewn,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeneſs in his thought.

§ 139. FABLE XIX. *The Lion and the Cub.*

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and baſe!
Theſe cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from ſuperior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And loſe their hours in ale and ſmoke,
There o'er ſome petty club preſide;
So poor, ſo paltry is their pride!
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will ſit,
In hopes to be ſupreme in wit.
If theſe can read, to theſe I write,
To ſet their worth in trueſt light.
A Lion-cub, of ſordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applauſe he ſought the feaſts
Of vulgar and ignoble beaſts;
With aſſes all his time he ſpent;
Their club's perpetual preſident,
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An aſs in ev'ry thing but ears!
If e'er his highneſs meant a joke,
They grinn'd applauſe before he ſpoke;
But at each word what ſhouts of praiſe!
Good gods! how natural he brays!
Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He ſeeks his royal ſire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to ſhew his parts,
His highneſs brays; the Lion ſtarts:
Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and converſation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noiſy race,
Are trumpets of their own diſgrace.
Why ſo ſevere? the Cub replies;
Our ſenate always held me wiſe.
How weak is pride! returns the ſire;
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what ſtupid aſſes prize,
Lions and noble beaſts deſpiſe.

§ 140. FABLE XX. *The Old Hen and the Cock.*

RESTRAIN your child; you 'll ſoon believe
The text which ſays, 'We ſprung from Eve.'
As an old Hen led forth her train,
And ſeem'd to peck to ſhew the grain;
She rak'd the chaff, ſhe ſcratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the ſpacious yard around.
A giddy Chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin ſprings,
And prone ſhe drops. The mother's breaſt
All day with ſorrow was poſſeſt.
A Cock ſhe met; her ſon ſhe knew,
And in her heart affection grew.
My ſon, ſays ſhe, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I ſee you vig'rous, ſtrong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread,
Avoid yon well; the fatal place
Is ſure perdition to our race.
Print this my counſel on thy breaſt:
To the juſt gods I leave the reſt.
He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His boſom burn'd to diſobey;
And ev'ry time the well he ſaw,
Scorn'd in his heart the fooliſh law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.
Why was this idle charge? he cries;
Let courage female fears deſpiſe.
Or did ſhe doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harveſt ſtore the place,
A treaſure for her younger race?
And would ſhe thus my ſearch prevent?
I ſtand reſolv'd, and dare th' event.
Thus ſaid, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He ſtretch'd his neck; and from below
With ſtretching neck advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat anſwer'd threat; his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But when the wat'ry death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:
I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition.

§ 141. FABLE XXI. *The Rat-Catcher and Cats.*

THE rats by night ſuch miſchief did,
Betty was ev'ry morning chid:
They undermin'd whole ſides of bacon;
Her cheeſe was ſapp'd, her tarts were taken;
Her paſties, fenc'd with thickeſt paſte,
Were all demoliſh'd and laid waſte.
She curs'd the Cat for want of duty,
Who left her foes a conſtant booty.
An Engineer of noted ſkill
Engag'd to ſtop the growing ill.
From room to room he now ſurveys
Their haunts, their works, their ſecret ways,
Finds where they 'ſcape an ambuſcade,
And whence the nightly ſally's made.
An envious Cat from place to place,
Unſeen attends his ſilent pace.
She ſaw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race muſt be undone;
So ſecretly removes his baits,
And ev'ry ſtratagem defeats.
Again he ſets the poiſon'd toils,
And Puſs again the labour foils.
"What foe (to fruſtrate my deſigns)
"My ſchemes thus nightly countermines?"
Incens'd, he cries: "this very hour
"The wretch ſhall bleed beneath my pow'r."
So ſaid—a pond'rous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puſs was caught.
"Smuggler," ſays he, "thou ſhalt be made
"A victim to our loſs of trade."
The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom ſues.
"A ſiſter of the ſcience ſpare;
"One int'reſt is our common care."
"What inſolence!" the man replied;
"Shall Cats with us the game divide?

"Were

" Were all your interloping band
" Extinguiſh'd, or expell'd the land,
" We Rat-catchers might raiſe our fees,
" Sole guardians of a nation's cheeſe!"
A Cat, who ſaw the lifted knife,
Thus ſpoke, and ſav'd her ſiſter's life:
' In ev'ry age and clime we ſee,
' Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
' Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;
' 'Squire ſtigmatiſes 'ſquire for poaching;
' Beauties with beauties are in arms,
' And ſcandal pelts each other's charms;
' Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,
' In hope to make the world their own.
' But let us limit our deſires;
' Not war like beauties, kings, and ſquires;
' For tho' we both one prey purſue,
' There 's game enough for us and you.'

§ 142. FABLE XXII. *The Goat without a Beard.*

'Tis certain that the modiſh paſſions
Deſcend among the crowd, like faſhions.
Excuſe me, then, if pride, conceit
(The manners of the fair and great),
I give to monkeys, aſſes, hogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and dogs.
I ſay that theſe are proud: what then?
I never ſaid they equal men.
A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected ſingularity.
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;
And then with fond attention ſtood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
" I hate my frowſy beard," he cries;
" My youth is loſt in this diſguiſe.
" Did not the females know my vigour,
" Well might they loath this rev'rend figure."
Reſolv'd to ſmooth his ſhaggy face,
He ſought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, ſpruce and ſmart,
Hard by profeſs'd the dapper art;
His pole with pewter baſons hung;
Black rotten teeth in order ſtrung;
Rang'd cups that in the window ſtood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain:
Who ſhav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And ſeats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, noſe, and cheek the lather hides;
Light, ſmooth, and ſwift, the razor glides.
' I hope your cuſtom, Sir,' ſays pug;
' Sure never face was half ſo ſmug.'
The Goat, impatient for applauſe,
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws;
The ſhaggy people grinn'd and ſtar'd:
' Heighday! what 's here, without a beard?
' Say, brother, whence the dire diſgrace?
' What envious hand hath robb'd your face?
—When thus the fop, with ſmiles of ſcorn:
" Are beards by civil nations worn?
E'en Muſcovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village ſtray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Inſulted with loud ſhouts of ſcorn,
By boys our beards diſgrac'd and torn?"
' Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reaſon well,'
Replies a bearded chief.—' Beſide,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou ſtand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!
Coxcombs diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
To all but coxcombs are a jeſt.'

§ 143. FABLE XXIII. *The Old Woman and her Cats.*

Who friendſhip with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
And if a modeſt girl is ſeen
With one who cures a lover's ſpleen,
We gueſs her not extremely nice,
And only wiſh to know her price.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
A wrinkled Hag, of wicked fame,
Beſide a little ſmoky flame
Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and froſt:
Her ſhrivell'd hands, with veins emboſt,
Upon her knees her weight ſuſtains,
While palſy ſhook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward pray'rs,
An untam'd ſcold of fourſcore years.
About her ſwarm'd a num'rous brood
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.
Teas'd with their cries, her choler grew;
And thus ſhe ſputter'd: ' Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, ſuch fiends, a helliſh train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noiſe;
Straws laid acroſs my pace retard;
The horſe-ſhoe 's nail'd (each threſhold's guard),
The ſtunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I ſhould up and ride;
They ſtick with pins my bleeding ſeat,
And bid me ſhew my ſecret teat.'
" To hear you prate would vex a ſaint:
Who hath moſt reaſon of complaint?"
Replies a Cat. " Let 's come to proof:
Had we ne'er ſtarv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd, as beaſts of chace.
'Tis infamy to ſerve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys againſt our lives combine,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid your cats have mine."

§ 144. FABLE XXIV. *The Butterfly and Snail.*

All upſtarts inſolent in place
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As,

As, in the sunshine of the morn,
A Butterfly but newly born
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings, all glorious to behold,
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:
"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace."
'What arrogance!' the Snail replied;
'How insolent is upstart pride!
Had thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flow'rs,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base and sordid guise array'd;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what 's a Butterfly? At best
He 's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a num'rous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.'

§ 145. FABLE XXV. *The Scold and the Parrot.*

The husband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in slander lives in strife.
Art thou the herald of disgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which spares no friend, nor sex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of yours, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murm'ring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like fame, it gathers strength by going."
'Heighday!' the flippant tongue replies,
'How solemn is the fool, how wise!
Is nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not, for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden;
A parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song;
But wives are always in the wrong.'
Now reputations flew in pieces,
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, hussy, drunkard, slattern, whore;
On all the sex she vents her fury;
Tries and condemns without a jury.
At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds;
All join their forces to confound her;
Puss spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpye blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke out-scream'd her rage:
"A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.
She who attacks another's honour
Draws ev'ry living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues.
One slander must ten thousand get;
The world with int'rest pays the debt."

§ 146. FABLE XXVI. *The Cur and the Mastiff.*

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Puss to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supplied her place;
The Hound was beat, the Mastiff chid;
The Monkey was the room forbid:
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.
A plan to rob the house was laid:
The thief with love seduc'd the maid;
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread.
He next the Mastiff's honour tried;
Whose honest jaws the bribe defied.
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his fingers tore.
Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The master took his information.
Hang him, the villain's curst, he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The Dog his humble suit preferr'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sat. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting stand.
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.
Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cried,
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treach'ry can be just;
Take not informers' words on trust.
They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.
He spoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

§ 147. FABLE XXVII. *The Sick Man and the Angel.*

Is there no hope? the Sick Man said;
The silent doctor shook his head,

And

And took his leave with ſigns of ſorrow,
Deſpairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the Man, with gaſping breath;
I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I muſt bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis ſelf-defence in each profeſſion:
Sure ſelf-defence is no tranſgreſſion.
The little portion in my hands,
By good ſecurity on lands,
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My juſtice to myſelf and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good ſufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply ſhewn.
An Angel came. Ah friend! he cried,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy pow'r,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is ſincere.
This inſtant give a hundred pound:
Your neighbours want, and you abound.
But why ſuch haſte? the ſick Man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heaven deſigns?
Perhaps I may recover ſtill;
That ſum and more are in my will.
Fool! ſays the Viſion, now 'tis plain,
Your life, you ſoul, your heaven was gain.
From ev'ry ſide, with all your might,
You ſcrap'd, and ſcrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.
While there is life there's hope, he cried;
Then why ſuch haſte? So groan'd and died.

§ 148. FABLE XXVIII. *The Perſian, the Sun and the Cloud.*

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whoſe ev'ry thought the god inſpires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, ſhe rails, ſhe raves, ſhe pines;
Her hiſſing ſnakes with venom ſwell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The ſervile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and ſpite;
Thus ſhadow owes its birth to light.
As proſtrate to the God of day,
With heart devout, a Perſian lay,
His invocation thus begun:
Parent of light, all-ſeeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whoſe rays diſpenſe
The various gifts of Providence?
Accept our praiſe, our daily pray'r,
Smile on our fields, and bleſs the year!
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with ſudden darkneſs hung;
With pride and envy ſwell'd aloud,
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:
Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to ſhine.
Shall I nor vows nor incenſe know!
Where praiſe is due, the praiſe beſtow.
With fervent zeal the Perſian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
It was that god, who claims my pray'r,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy ſubſtance is but plainer ſhown.
A paſſing gale, a puff of wind,
Diſpels thy thickeſt troops combin'd.
The gale aroſe; the vapour, toſt
(The ſport of winds) in air was loſt.
The glorious orb the day refines;
Thus envy breaks, thus merit ſhines.

§ 149. FABLE XXIX. *The Fox at the Point of Death.*

A Fox in life's extreme decay,
Weak, ſick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age diſarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him ſtand,
To learn their dying ſire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:
Ah, ſons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, ſee, the murder'd geeſe appear!
Why are thoſe bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chickens ſlain?
The hungry Foxes round them ſtar'd,
And for the promis'd feaſt prepar'd.
Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, gooſe, nor hen is here;
Theſe are the phantoms of your brain,
And your ſons lick their lips in vain.
O gluttons! ſays the drooping ſire,
Reſtrain inordinate deſire;
Your liquoriſh taſte you ſhall deplore,
When peace of conſcious is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns deſtroy our race?
Thieves dread the ſearching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us ſhall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happineſs attain,
Let honeſty your paſſions rein;
So live in credit and eſteem,
And the good name you loſt redeem.

The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd;
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.
Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But, hark! I hear a hen that clocks!)
Go, but be moderate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good.

§ 150. FABLE XXX. *The Setting Dog and the Partridge.*

THE raging Dog the stubble tries,
And searches ev'ry breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men, in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudful preparation spies:
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood;
The covey springs, and seeks the wood;
But ere her certain wing she tries,
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:
Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace;
Dogs shall disown thee of their race!
For, if I judge their native parts,
They're born with open, honest hearts;
And ere they serv'd man's wick'd ends,
Were gen'rous foes, or real friends,
When thus the Dog, with scornful smile!
Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
How ign'rant is the rustic mind!
My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise, like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard;
And ministers his skill reward:
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,
And growing favour feasts my days.
I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,
The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice,
Ape to a hair their master's vice.
You came from court, you say? adieu!
She said, and to the covey flew.

§ 151. FABLE XXXI. *The Universal Apparition.*

A RAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As twing'd with pain he pensive sits;
And raves, and prays, and swears by fits;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began:
My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor pow'r,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies.
Thus said, the phantom disappears;
The wary counsel wak'd his fears;
He now from all excess abstains;
With physic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.
But now again the Sprite ascends:
Where'er he walks his ear attends;
Insinuates that beauty's frail;
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.
Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But, when possess'd of fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Pow'r may perhaps protect his rest.
To pow'r he rose: again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tott'ring seat,
How envy persecutes the great;
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flow'rs.
But Care again his steps pursues;
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there:
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghost address'd:
Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care by right should go before.

§ 152. FABLE XXXII. *The Two Owls and the Sparrow.*

Two formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat:

How

How is the modern taſte decay'd!
Where's the reſpect to wiſdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian ſages knew;
They gave our ſires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pried into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the ſeat of learned fame,
With gen'ral voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird.

Brother, you reaſon well, replies
The ſolemn mate, with half-ſhut eyes:
Right—Athens was the ſeat of learning;
And truly wiſdom is diſcerning.
Beſides, on Pallas' helm we ſit,
The type and ornament of wit;
But now, alas! we're quite neglected,
And a pert ſparrow's more reſpected!

A ſparrow, who was lodg'd beſide,
O'erhears them ſooth each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:

Who meets a fool muſt find conceit.
I grant, you were at Athens grac'd:
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd:
But ev'ry bird that wings the ſky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their ſchools to know
How falſe we judge by outward ſhow;
That we ſhould never looks eſteem,
Since fools as wiſe as you might ſeem.
Would ye contempt and ſcorn avoid,
Let your vainglory be deſtroy'd:
Humble your arrogance of thought;
Purſue the ways by Nature taught:
So ſhall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praiſe your care;
So ſhall ſleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard.

§ 153. FABLE XXXIII. *The Courtier and Proteus.*

WHENE'ER a courtier's out of place,
The country ſhelters his diſgrace;
Where, doom'd to exerciſe and health,
His houſe and gardens own his wealth,
He builds new ſchemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like Philip's ſon, would fain be doing,
And ſighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of theſe (without his wand)
Penſive, along the winding ſtrand
Employ'd the ſolitary hour,
In projects to regain his pow'r,
The waves in ſpreading circles ran,
Proteus aroſe, and thus began:

Came you from court? for in your mien
A ſelf-important air is ſeen.

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, ſays the god, by matchleſs ſkill,
I change to ev'ry ſhape at will;
But yet I'm told, at court you ſee
Thoſe who preſume to rival me.

Thus ſaid—a ſnake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his ſcaly mail.

Know, ſays the man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Baſk in the ſun, and fly the ſtorm;
With malice hiſs, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new got luſtre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred.

Sudden the god a lion ſtands;
He ſhakes his mane, he ſpurns the ſands;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an aſs, a fox, a bear.

Had I n'er lived at court, he cries,
Such transformation might ſurpriſe;
But there, in queſt of daily game,
Each abler courtier acts the ſame.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace.
They play the bear's and fox's part;
Now rob by force, now ſteal with art.
They ſometimes in the ſenate bray;
Or, chang'd again to beaſts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape
Practiſe the frauds of ev'ry ſhape.

So ſaid, upon the god he flies;
In cords the ſtruggling captive ties.

Now, Proteus, now, (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confeſs thy art excell'd.
Uſe ſtrength, ſurpriſe, or what you will,
The courtier finds evaſions ſtill:
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

§ 154. FABLE XXXIV. *The Maſtiffs.*

THOSE who in quarrels interpoſe,
Muſt often wipe a bloody noſe.

A Maſtiff, of true Engliſh blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were ſnarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own;
And often found (when two contend)
To interpoſe obtain'd his end:
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The ſcars of honour ſeam'd his face;
In ev'ry limb a gaſh appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As on a time he heard from far
Two Dogs engag'd in noiſy war,
Away he ſcours, and lays about him,
Reſolv'd no fray ſhould be without him.
Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries:

A cudgel ſhall correct your manners;
Whence ſprung this curſed hate to tanners?
While on my Dog you vent your ſpite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite.
To ſee the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarſe ſcreaming from the circled crowd:
To the curs'd Maſtiff cries aloud:

Both Hockley-hole and Mary-bone
The combats of my Dog have known.
He ne'er, like bullies coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, raſh fool, to ſhare his fame;
Be his the honour or the ſhame.
Thus ſaid, they ſwore, and rav'd like thunder;
Then dragg'd their faſten'd Dogs aſunder;
While clubs and kicks from ev'ry ſide
Rebounded from the Maſtiff's hide.
All reeking now with ſweat and blood,
Awhile the parted warriors ſtood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd and ſprawl'd below.
He roſe; and limping from the fray,
By both ſides mangled, ſneak'd away.

§ 155. FABLE XXXV. *The Barley Mow and the Dunghill.*

How many ſaucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar, to Aldgate-ſtreet!
Proud rogues, who ſhar'd the South-ſea prey,
And ſpring like muſhrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condeſcend
To know a brother or a friend;
They bluſh to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expoſe their ſhame
As 'croſs his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He ſtopp'd, and, leaning on his fo'
Obſerv'd the flail's inceſſant work.
In thought he meaſur'd all his ſtore,
His geeſe, his hogs, he number'd o'e
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces ſhorn,
And multiplied the next year's corn.
A Barley-mow, which ſtood beſide,
Thus to its muſing maſter cried:
Say, good Sir, is it or right
To treat me with neglect and ſlight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raiſe your mirth with ale and beer,
Why thus inſulted, thus diſgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
Are thoſe poor ſweepings of a groom,
That filthy ſight, that nauſeous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence:
A thing ſo mean muſt give offence.
The humble Dunghill thus replied:
Thy maſter hears, and mocks thy pride:
Inſult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know:
My warm aſſiſtance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadſt periſh'd low in earth;
But upſtarts to ſupport their ſtation,
Cancel at once all obligation.

§ 156. FABLE XXXVI. *Pythagoras and the Countryman.*

PYTHAG'RAS roſe at early dawn,
By ſoaring meditation drawn,
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flow'ry fields he took his way.
In muſing contemplation warm,
His ſteps miſled him to a farm,
Where, on the ladder's topmoſt round,
A peaſant ſtood: the hammer's ſound
Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honeſt labour there?
The Clown, with ſurly voice, replies:
Vengeance aloud for juſtice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkies' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings diſplay'd;
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls ſhall future ſafety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuſe fat the breed.
Friend, ſays the Sage, the doom is wiſe;
For public good the murd'rer dies.
But if theſe tyrants of the air
Demand a ſentence ſo ſevere;
Think how the glutton man devours;
What bloody feaſts regale his hours!
O, impudence of pow'r and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou perhaps, carniv'rous ſinner,
Hadſt pullets yeſterday for dinner!
Hold! cried the Clown, with paſſion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heaven the world with creatures ſtor'd,
Man was ordain'd their ſov'reign lord.
Thus tyrants boaſt, the ſage replied,
Whoſe murders ſpring from power and pride,
Own then this manlike kite is ſlain
Thy greater lux'ry to ſuſtain;
For * "Petty rogues ſubmit to fate,
"That great ones may enjoy their ſtate."

§ 157. FABLE XXXVII. *The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.*

WHY are thoſe tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other huſband dead?
Or does a worſe diſgrace betide;
Hath no one ſince his death applied?
Alas! you know the cauſe too well:
The ſalt is ſpilt, to me it fell.
Then to contribute to my loſs,
My knife and fork were laid acroſs;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were ſafe at home in bed!
Laſt night (I vow to heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next poſt ſome fatal news ſhall tell;
God ſend my Corniſh friends be well!
Unhappy widow, ceaſe thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears:
Let not thy ſtomach be ſuſpended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended!
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy deſert I'll read my fable.
Betwixt her ſwagging panniers' load
A farmer's wife to market rode.
And jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;

* Garth's Diſpenſary.

When

When ſtarting from her ſilver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her ſcream:
That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curſe on his ill-betiding croak!)
Bodes me no good. No more ſhe ſaid,
When poor blind Ball, with ſtumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the panniers lay,
And her maſh'd eggs beſtrew'd the way.
She, ſprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, ſwore, and curs'd: Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreſon throat!
I knew misfortune in the note.
Dame, quoth the Raven, ſpare your oaths,
Unclench your fiſt, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me thoſe curſes thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old ſure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,
And you, good woman, ſav'd your eggs.

§ 158. FABLE XXXVIII. *The Turkey and the Ant.*

IN other men we faults can ſpy,
And blame the moat that dims their eye;
Each little ſpeck and blemiſh find;
To our own ſtronger errors blind.
A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forſook the barn, and fought the wood;
Behind her ran her infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare ſupplies;
Behold, the buſy Negro race:
See, millions blacken all the place!
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is moſt delightful meat.
How bleſs'd, how envied were our life,
Could we but 'ſcape the poult'rer's knife!
But man, curs'd man! on Turkey preys,
And Chriſtmas ſhortens all our days;
Sometimes with oyſters we combine,
Sometimes aſſiſt the ſav'ry chine.
From the low peaſant to the lord,
The Turkey ſmokes on ev'ry board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd:
Of the ſeven deadly ſins the worſt.
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus anſwer'd from the neighb'ring beach:
Ere you remark another's ſin,
Bid thy own conſcience look within;
Controul thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfaſt nations kill.

§ 159. FABLE XXXIX. *The Father and Jupiter.*

THE Man to Jove his ſuit preferr'd:
He begg'd a wife; his pray'r was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addreſſing:
For how precarious is the bleſſing!
A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods aſſent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
No more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view;
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r, and beauty.
Once more he cries, Accept my pray'r;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my firſt hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aſpire,
Till he the ſtep of pow'r aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend!
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If heaven approve, a Father's bleſt.
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt,
The firſt, a miſer at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace;
In fancied want (a wretch complete!)
He ſtarves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to ſudden honours grew:
The thriving art of courts he knew:
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place,
Then fell, the victim of diſgrace.
Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age ſhe fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, ſhe pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,
Thus ſpoke the god: By outward ſhow
Men judge of happineſs and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' Eternal Will?
Seek virtue: and, of that poſſeſt,
To Providence reſign the reſt.

§ 160. FABLE XL. *The Two Monkeys.*

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The Fops of outward ſhow deride:
The Fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant, and the ſcience:
The Don, a formal, ſolemn ſtrutter,
Deſpiſes Monſieur's airs and flutter;
While Monſieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and ſpeaks, and walks by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiſer than the reſt,
Laughs at them both, of both the jeſt.
Is not the poet's chiming cloſe
Cenſur'd by all the ſons of proſe?
While bards of quick imagination
Deſpiſe the ſleepy proſe narration.
Men laugh at apes, they men contemn;
For what are we but apes to them?
Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critics had a ſourer air:

They forc'd their way thro' draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch jack-pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the ſhow,
And got by chance the foremoſt row.
To ſee their grave, obſerving face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.
Brother, ſays Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble 's monſtrouſly ill-bred!
Now through the booth loud hiſſes ran;
Nor ended till the ſhow began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With ſomerſets he ſhakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer ſprings;
Aloft in air the vaulter ſwings;
Diſtorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twiſted arms aſcends:
The crowd in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the ſight.
With ſmiles, quoth Pug, If pranks like theſe
The giant apes of reaſon pleaſe,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They muſt adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I 've ſeen you cling,
Play, twiſt, and turn in airy ring:
How can thoſe clumſy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applauſe we find
Theſe emulators of our kind
Diſcern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward.
Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wiſe.
While good example they purſue,
We muſt allow ſome praiſe is due;
But when they ſtrain beyond their guide,
I laugh to ſcorn the mimic pride;
For how fantaſtic is the ſight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Becauſe we ſometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew.

§ 161. FABLE XLI. *The Owl and the Farmer.*

An Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was ſeldom ſeen,
Within a barn had choſe his ſtation,
As fit for prey and contemplation.
Upon a beam aloft he ſits,
And nods, and ſeems to think, by fits.
So have I ſeen a man of news
Or Poſt-boy or Gazette peruſe;
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on ſheaves hid all the floor.
At dawn of morn, to view his ſtore,
The Farmer came. The hooting gueſt
His ſelf importance thus expreſs'd:
Reaſon in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how ſhallow is his ſenſe!
To treat with ſcorn the Bird of Night,
Declares his folly or his ſpite.
Then too, how partial is his praiſe!
The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays,
To his ill-judging ears are fine,
And nightingales are all divine.
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wiſdom ſtamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to viſit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compoſe my train!
Like ſlaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of ſuperior kind.
The Farmer laugh'd, and thus replied:
Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'ſt thou, with that harſh grating tongue,
Depreciate birds of warbling ſong?
Indulge thy ſpleen. Know, men and fowl
Regard thee as thou art, an Owl.
Beſides proud blockhead, be not vain
Of what thou call'ſt thy ſlaves and train.
Few follow wiſdom, or her rules;
Fools in deriſion follow fools.

§ 162. FABLE XLII. *The Jugglers.*

A Juggler long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown:
You 'd think (ſo far his art tranſcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.
Vice heard his fame, ſhe read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior ſkill,
She ſought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud:
Is this then he ſo fam'd for ſlight?
Can this ſlow bungler cheat your ſight?
Dares he with me diſpute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.
Provok'd, the Juggler cried, 'Tis done;
In ſcience I ſubmit to none.
Thus ſaid, the cups and balls he play'd,
By turns this here, that there, convey'd;
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain;
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He ſhakes his bag, he ſhews all fair;
His fingers ſpread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with ſhowers of gold:
And now his iv'ry eggs are told;
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd ſpectators hum applauſe.
Vice now ſtepp'd forth, and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.
This magic looking-glaſs, ſhe cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the ſight deſir'd,
And ev'ry man himſelf admir'd.
Next, to a ſenator addreſſing,
See this bank-note; obſerve the bleſſing,
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, paſs! 'tis gone.
Upon his lips a padlock ſhone.
A ſecond puff the magic broke;
The padlock vaniſh'd, and he ſpoke.
Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor ſtor'd,
By clean conveyance diſappear,
And now, two bloody ſwords are there.
A purſe ſhe to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers cloſ'd.
He opes his fiſt, the treaſure's fled;
He ſees a halter in its ſtead.

She

She bids ambition hold a wand;
He graſps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity ſhe ſhews:
Blow here; and a churchwarden blows.
'Tis vaniſh'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table ſmokes a treat.
She ſhakes the dice, the board ſhe knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake addreſs'd:
This picture ſee; her ſhape, her breaſt!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her. With ſurpriſe,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter in a miſer's hand
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the ſum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you ſee
Take ev'ry ſhape, but Charity:
And not one thing you ſaw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was firſt in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this ſubmiſſion own'd her art:
Can I ſuch matchleſs ſlight withſtand?
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

§ 163. FABLE XLIII. *The Council of Horſes.*

UPON a time, a neighing Steed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And ſpread diſſenſion through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the ſtate
The council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whoſe eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with ſtrength and youthful fire,
In haſte ſtepp'd forth before the reſt,
And thus the liſt'ning throng addreſs'd:
Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to ſlav'ry and diſgrace!
Shall we our ſervitude retain,
Becauſe our ſires have borne the chain?
Conſider, friends, your ſtrength and might;
'Tis conqueſt to aſſert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we deſign'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-ſhare through the ſoil,
To ſweat in harneſs through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws ſubmit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back beſtride?
Shall the ſharp ſpur provoke my ſide?
Forbid it, Heavens! Reject the rein;
Your ſhame, your infamy diſdain.
Let him the lion firſt controul,
And ſtill the tiger's famiſh'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.
A gen'ral nod approv'd the cauſe,
And all the circle neigh'd applauſe.
When lo! with grave and ſolemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race;
With age and long experience wiſe,
Around he caſt his thoughtful eyes;
And to the murmurs of the train,
Thus ſpoke the Neſtor of the plain:
When I had health and ſtrength like you,
The toils of ſervitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all theſe wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increaſe;
My latter life is reſt and peace.'
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains:
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thouſand ſtructures riſe,
To fence us from inclement ſkies!
For us he bears the ſultry day,
And ſtores up all our winter's hay.
He ſows, he reaps the harveſt's grain;
We ſhare the toil, and ſhare the gain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appeaſe your diſcontended mind,
And act the part by Heaven aſſign'd.
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt ſubmitted;
And, like his anceſtors, was bitted.

§ 164. FABLE XLIV. *The Hound and the Huntſman.*

IMPERTINENCE at firſt is borne
With heedleſs ſlight, or ſmiles of ſcorn;
Teas'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noiſy fool who perſevers?
The morning wakes, the Huntſman ſounds,
At once ruſh forth the joyful hounds.
They ſeek the wood with eager pace;
Thro' buſh, thro' brier, explore the chace.
Now, ſcatter'd wide, they try the plain,
And ſnuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what induſtry, what pains!
What univerſal ſilence reigns!
Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once diſplays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardleſs of the note,
Purſue the ſcent; with louder ſtrain
He ſtill perſiſts to vex the train.
The Huntſman to the clamour flies;
The ſmacking laſh he ſmartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The Puppy thus expreſs'd his moan:
I know the muſic of my tongue
Long ſince the pack with envy ſtung.
What will not ſpite? Theſe bitter ſmarts
I owe to my ſuperior parts.
When puppies prate, the Huntſman cried,
They ſhew both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our ſcorn, not envy raiſe;
For envy is a kind of praiſe.

Had not thy forward noiſy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'ſt have mingled with the reſt,
And ne'er thy fooliſh noiſe confeſs'd.
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are ſure to make their follies known.

§ 165. FABLE XLV. *The Poet and the Roſe.*

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes by characters o'erthrown
Imagine that they raiſe their own.
Thus ſcribblers, covetous of praiſe,
Think ſlander can tranſplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride:
With both all rivals are decried.
Who praiſes Leſbia's eyes and feature,
Muſt call her ſiſter awkward creature;
For the kind flattery 's ſure to charm,
When we ſome other nymph diſarm.
As in the cool of early day
A Poet ſought the ſweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath aſcends,
And ev'ry ſtalk with odour bends.
A Roſe he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus ſinging, as the Muſe inſpir'd:
Go, Roſe, my Chloe's boſom grace:
How happy ſhould I prove,
Might I ſupply that envied place
With never-fading love!
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!
Know, hapleſs flow'r, that thou ſhalt find
More fragrant roſes there:
I ſee thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and deſpair!
One common fate we both muſt prove;
You die with envy, I with love.
Spare your compariſons, replied
An angry Roſe who grew beſide.
Of all mankind you ſhould not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us?
In ev'ry love ſong roſes bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praiſe on our abuſe?
Muſt we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

§ 166. FABLE XLVI. *The Cur, the Horſe, and the Shepherd's Dog.*

THE lad of all-ſufficient merit
With modeſty ne'er damps his ſpirit;
Preſuming on his own deſerts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;
His noiſy jokes at random throws,
And pertly ſpatters friends and foes.
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own diſgrace.
Too late the forward youth ſhall find
That jokes are ſometimes paid in kind;
Or, if they canker in the breaſt,
He makes a foe who makes a jeſt.

A village-cur, of ſnappiſh race,
The perteſt Puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was bleſt with muſic's ſweeteſt note;
In the mid road he baſking lay,
The yelping nuiſance of the way;
For not a creature paſs'd along,
But had a ſample of his ſong.
Soon as the trotting ſteed he hears,
He ſtarts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he ſcours, aſſaults his hoof;
Now near him ſnarls, now barks aloof;
With ſhrill impertinence attends;
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way:
The cur, with never-ceaſing tongue,
Upon the paſſing trav'ller ſprung.
The Horſe, from ſcorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward: rolling in the mire
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace purſued his way.
A Shepherd's Dog, who ſaw the deed,
Deteſting the vexatious breed,
Beſpoke him thus: When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
Thy teaſing tongue had judgment tied,
Thou hadſt not like a Puppy died.

§ 167. FABLE XLVII. *The Court of Death.*

DEATH, on a ſolemn night of ſtate,
In all his pomp of terror ſate;
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diſcaſes dire, a ghaſtly train!
Crowd the vaſt Court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne;
This night our miniſter we name,
Let ev'ry ſervant ſpeak his claim;
Merit ſhall bear this ebon wand.—
All, at the word, ſtretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat poſſeſt,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addreſs'd:
I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let thoſe expreſs my fervent zeal;
On ev'ry ſlight occaſion near,
With violence I perſevere.
Next Gout appears, with limping pace,
Pleads how he ſhifts from place to place;
From head to foot how ſwift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and ſinew plies;
Still working when he ſeems ſuppreſt—
A moſt tenacious ſtubborn gueſt.
A haggard Spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus aſſerts his due:
'Tis I who taint the ſweeteſt joy,
And in the ſhape of Love deſtroy:
My ſhanks, ſunk eyes, and noſeleſs face,
Prove my pretenſion to the place.
Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And next Conſumption's meagre corſe,
With feeble voice that ſcarce was heard,
Broke with ſhort coughs, his ſuit preferr'd:
Let none object my ling'ring way,
Again, like Fabius, by delay;

Fatigue

Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack—ſecure, though ſlow.
Plague repreſents his rapid pow'r,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All ſpoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation huſh'd the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne:
Merit was ever modeſt known.
What, no Phyſician ſpeaks his right?
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemp'rance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You Fever, Gout, and all the reſt,
Whom wary men as foes deteſt,
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemp'rance is eſteem'd a friend;
He ſhares their mirth, their ſocial joys,
And as a courted gueſt deſtroys.
The charge on him muſt juſtly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.

§ 168. FABLE XLVIII. *The Gardener and the Hog.*

A GARD'NER of peculiar taſte
On a young Hog his favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his maſter's chamber ſnor'd;
Who fondly ſtrok'd him ev'ry day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleaſure to attend.
As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Maſter thus addreſs'd the Swine;
My houſe, my garden, all is thine;
On turnips feaſt whene'er you pleaſe,
And riot in my beans and peaſe;
If the potatoe's taſte delights,
Or the red carrot's ſweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and ev'ning hours,
But let due care regard my flow'rs.
My tulips are my garden's pride;
What vaſt expence thoſe beds ſupplied!
The Hog, by chance, one morning roam'd
Where with new ale the veſſels foam'd:
He munches now the ſtreaming grains;
Now with full ſwill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes ariſe;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then, ſtagg'ring, through the garden ſcours,
And treads down painted ranks of flow'rs.
With delving ſnout he turns the ſoil,
And cools his palate with the ſpoil.
The Maſter came, the ruin ſpied;
Villain, ſuſpend thy rage! he cried:
Haſt thou, thou moſt ungrateful ſot!
My charge, my only charge forgot?
What, all my flow'rs! No more he ſaid,
But gaz'd, and ſigh'd, and hung his head.
The Hog with ſtutt'ring ſpeech returns,
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns,
See there, untouch'd, your tulips ſtrewn,
For I devour'd the roots alone.
At this the Gard'ner's paſſion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The ſtubborn brute the blows ſuſtains,
Aſſaults his leg and tears his veins.
Ah, fooliſh ſwain! too late you find,
That ſlies were for ſuch friends deſign'd.
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on paſt diſgrace.
Who cheriſhes a brutal mate
Shall mourn the folly ſoon or late.

§ 169. FABLE XLIX. *The Man and the Flea.*

WHETHER in earth, in air, or main,
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain!
Does not the hawk all fowls ſurvey
As deſtin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for ſlaves to kings?
When the crab views the pearly ſtrands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden ſands;
Or crawls beſide the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;
Nature is too profuſe, ſays he,
Who gave all theſe to pleaſure me!
When bord'ring pinks and roſes bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with ſunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when bluſhes riſe;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When cluſters from the vine depend;
The ſnail looks round on flow'r and tree,
And cries, All theſe were made for me!
What dignity's in human nature!
Says Man, the moſt conceited creature,
As from a clift he caſt his eyes,
And view'd the ſea and arched ſkies:
The ſun was ſunk beneath the main;
The moon, and all the ſtarry train,
Hung the vaſt vault of heaven. The Man
His contemplation thus began:
When I behold this glorious ſhow,
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The ſcaly people of the main,
The beaſts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all theſe by Heaven deſign'd
As gifts to pleaſure human-kind;
I cannot raiſe my worth too high:
Of what vaſt conſequence am I!
Not of th' importance you ſuppoſe,
Replies a Flea upon his noſe:
Be humble, learn thyſelf to ſcan;
Know, pride was never made for Man.
'Tis vanity that ſwells thy mind,
What, heaven and earth for thee deſign'd!
For thee made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed.

§ 170. FABLE L. *The Hare and many Friends.*

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unleſs to one you ſtint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers ſhare,
Hath ſeldom known a father's care.

'Tis

'Tis thus in friendſhip; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who in a civil way
Complied with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the beſtial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend;
And ev'ry creature was her friend.
As forth ſhe went, at early dawn,
To taſte the dew-beſprinkled lawn,
Behind ſhe hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies:
She ſtarts, ſhe ſtops, ſhe pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to miſlead the hound,
And meaſures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear ſhe gaſping lay.
What tranſport in her boſom grew,
When firſt the Horſe appear'd in view!
Let me, ſays ſhe, your back aſcend,
And owe my ſafety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendſhip ev'ry burthen's light.
The Horſe replied, Poor honeſt Puſs!
It grieves my heart to ſee thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.
She next the ſtately Bull implor'd,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
Since every beaſt alive can tell
That I ſincerely wiſh you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the caſe,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might ſeem unkind;
But ſee, the Goat is juſt behind.
The Goat remark'd her pulſe was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, ſays he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His ſides a load of wool ſuſtain'd:
Said he was ſlow, confeſs'd his fears;
For hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.
She now the trotting Calf addreſs'd,
To ſave from death a friend diſtreſs'd.
Shall I, ſays he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler paſs'd you by:
How ſtrong are thoſe! how weak am I!
Should I preſume to bear you hence,
Thoſe friends of mine may take offence.
Excuſe me, then. You know my heart,
But deareſt friends, alas! muſt part.
How ſhall we all lament! Adieu!
For, ſee, the hounds are juſt in view.

YOUNG's NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

§ 171. NIGHT I. *Sleep.*

TIR'D Nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where Fortune ſmiles; the wretched he forſakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſullied with a tear.
From ſhort (as uſual) and diſturb'd repoſe
I wake: How happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infeſt the grave.
I wake, emerging from a ſea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, deſponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancy'd miſery
At random drove, her helm of reaſon loſt:
Tho' now reſtor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
A bitter change; ſeverer for ſevere:
The day too ſhort for my diſtreſs! and night
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is ſunſhine, to the colour of my fate.

§ 172. *Night.*

NIGHT, ſable goddeſs! from her ebon throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumb'ring world:
Silence, how dead! and darkneſs, how profound!
Nor eye nor liſt'ning ear an object finds;
Creation ſleeps. 'Tis as the general pulſe
Of life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pauſe;
An awful pauſe, prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be ſoon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain: I can loſe no more.

§ 173. *Invocation to Silence and Darkneſs.*

SILENCE and Darkneſs! ſolemn ſiſters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurſe the tender thought
To reaſon, and on reaſon build reſolve,
(That column of true majeſty in man)
Aſſiſt me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: There this frame ſhall fall
A victim ſacred to your dreary ſhrine:
But what are ye? Thou who didſt put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning ſtars
Exulting, ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
O Thou! whoſe word from ſolid darkneſs ſtruck
That ſpark, the ſun; ſtrike wiſdom from my ſoul,
My ſoul which flies to thee, her truſt, her treaſure,
As miſers to their gold, while others reſt.
Thro' this opaque of nature, and of ſoul,
This double night, tranſmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer: O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various ſcenes of Life and Death,
And from each ſcene, the nobleſt truths inſpire:
Nor leſs inſpire my conduct, than my ſong;
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

§ 174. *Time.*

THE bell ſtrikes one: We take no note of time,
But from its loſs. To give it then a tongue,
Is wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke,
I feel the ſolemn ſound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours;

Where

Where are they? with the years beyond the Flood?
It is the signal that demands dispatch;
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

§ 175. *Man.*

How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!
How complicate! how wonderful is Man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal sullied, and absorb'd!
Tho' sullied, and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself;
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd aghast,
And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distress'd, what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

§ 176. *Dreams.*

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spread,
What tho' my soul phantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall:
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day:
For human weal, heaven husbands all events,
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

§ 177. *Vanity of Lamentation over the Dead.*

Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress? are angel's there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead:
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous! how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades;
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

§ 178. *Life and Eternity.*

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his fire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell.
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods—O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes: wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust!
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly,
Where falls this censure? I to'erwhelms myself.
How was my heart encrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my groveling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
Till darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Our waking dreams are fatal: how I dreamt
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting, I woke, and found myself undone!

Where

Where now my phrenſy's pompous furniture!
The cobweb'd cottage with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!
The ſpider's thread is cable to man's tie
On earthly bliſs; it breaks at every breeze.

§ 179. *Time and Death.*

O YE bleſt ſcenes of permanent delight!
Full, above meaſure! laſting beyond bound!
Could you, ſo rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghaſtly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadiſe the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above theſe rolling ſpheres,
The baleful influence of whoſe giddy dance
Sheds ſad viciſſitudes on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the beſt,
More mortal than the common births of fate:
Each moment has its ſickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous ſcythe, whoſe ample ſweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plies
His little weapon in the narrower ſphere
Of ſweet domeſtic comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt bloom of ſublunary bliſs.
Bliſs! ſublunary bliſs! proud words, and vain!
Implicit treaſon to divine decree!
A bold invaſion of the rights of heaven!
I claſp'd the phantoms, and I found them air,
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had miſs'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'Tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the ſtars:
The ſun himſelf by thy permiſſion ſhines;
And, one day, thou ſhalt pluck him from his ſphere.
Amid ſuch mighty plunder, why exhauſt
Thy partial quiver on a mark ſo mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreck'd on me?
Inſatiate archer! could not one ſuffice?
Thy ſhaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was ſlain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia! why ſo pale? doſt thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? grieve, to ſee thy wheel
Of ceaſeleſs change outwhirl'd in human life?
In ev'ry varied poſture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, buſy thought! too buſy for my peace,
Thro' the dark poſtern of time long elaps'd
Led ſoftly, by the ſtillneſs of the night,
Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleaſing paſt,
In queſt of wretchedneſs, perverſely ſtrays;
And finds all deſert now; and meets the ghoſts
Of my departed joys, a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blaſted cluſters make me ſigh:
I tremble at the bleſſings once ſo dear;
And ev'ry pleaſure pains me to the heart.
Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In this ſhape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than ſure heirs of pain.

§ 180. *Oppreſſion, Want, and Diſeaſe.*

WAR, famine, peſt, volcano, ſtorm, and fire,
Inteſtine broils, oppreſſion with her heart
Wrapt up in triple braſs, beſiege mankind:
God's image, diſinherited of day,
Here plung'd in mines, forgets a ſun was made;
There beings, deathleſs as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap deſpair;
Some, for hard maſters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour ſav'd,
If ſo the tyrant, or his minion doom;
Want and incurable Diſeaſe (fell pair!)
On hopeleſs multitudes remorſeleſs ſeize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave:
How groaning hoſpitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for ſad admiſſion there!
What numbers, once in Fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To ſhock us more, ſolicit it in vain!
Not Prudence can defend, or Virtue ſave;
Diſeaſe invades the chaſteſt temperance;
And puniſhment the guiltleſs; and alarm
Thro' thickeſt ſhades purſues the fond of peace:
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, cruſhes him to death.
Not Happineſs itſelf makes good her name;
Our very wiſhes gives us not our wiſh;
How diſtant oft the thing we dote on moſt,
From that for which we dote, felicity!
The ſmootheſt courſe of nature has its pains,
And trueſt friends, thro' error, wound our reſt;
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hoſtilities without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the beſt on earth:
But endleſs is the liſt of human ills,
And ſighs might ſooner fail, than cauſe to ſigh.

§ 181. *Reflections on viewing a Map of the World.*

APART how ſmall of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the reſt a waſte,
Rocks, deſerts, frozen ſeas, and burning ſands;
Wild haunts of monſters, poiſons, ſtings, and death:
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More ſad; this earth is a true map of man:
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toſs;
Loud ſorrows howl; envenom'd paſſions bite;
Ravenous calamities our vitals ſeize,
And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour.

§ 182. *Sympathy.*

WHAT then am I, who ſorrow for myſelf?
In age, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.
That, Nature's firſt, laſt leſſon to mankind:

The

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor Virtue, more than Prudence, bids me give
Swoln thought a second channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O world! thy much indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness [hour!
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs, [me,
The salutary censure of a friend: [blest;
Thou happy wretch! by blindness art thou
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles:
Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

§ 183. *The Instability and Insufficiency of Human Joys.*

Lorenzo! Fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the syren sings.
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys:
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm:
Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frown! most sure:
And in its favours formidable too;
Its favours here are trials, not rewards:
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
O'er our scann'd conduct give a jealous eye;
Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest, while we clasp we kill them; nay invert,
To worse than simple misery, their charms:
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire:
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine died with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre; where, her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears! [down
The great magician's dead! thou poor pale piece
Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! thy darling hope so near, [in
(Long-labour'd prize!) death's subtle seed with-
(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beck-
The worm to riot on that rose so red, [on'd
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

§ 184. *Man short-sighted.*

The present moment terminates our sight;
Clouds thick as those on doomsday, drown the next;
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain:
Time is dealt out by particles: and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

§ 185. *Presumption of depending on To-morrow.*

By Nature's law, what may be, may be now;
There 's no prerogative in human hours:
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

§ 186. *Sudden Death.*

Not ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud;
Nor had he cause, a warning was deny'd.
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, tho' for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a slow-sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead!
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life;
Procrastination is the thief of time,
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene!
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

§ 187. *Man's Proneness to postpone Improvement.*

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "that all men are about to live."
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They, one day, shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves applauds;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign.
All promise is poor dilatory man, [deed,
And that thro' every stage: when young, in-
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise:
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves: then dies the same.

§ 188. *Man insensible of his own Mortality.*

And why! because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves,

Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where paſs'd the ſhaft, no trace is found:
As, from the wing no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? that were ſtrange;
O my full heart! but ſhould I give it vent,
The longeſt night, tho' longer far, would fail,
And the lark liſten to my midnight ſong.

§ 189. NIGHT II. *Avarice of Time recommended.*

He mourns the dead, who lives as they deſire.
Where is that thriſt, that avarice of Time,
(Bleſt av'rice!) which the thought of death inſpires.
O time! than gold more ſacred; more a load
Than lead, to tools; and fools reputed wiſe.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are ſquander'd, wiſdom's debt unpaid?
Haſte, haſte, he lies in wait, he 's at the door,
Inſidious death, ſhould his ſtrong hand arreſt,
No compoſition ſets the priſoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Faſt binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I ſhudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her laſt refuge in deſpair!
For what calls thy diſeaſe? for moral aid.
Thou think'ſt it folly to be wiſe too ſoon.
Youth is not rich in time; it may be, poor:
Part with it as with money, ſparing; pay
No moment, but in purchaſe of its worth:
And what its worth, aſk death-beds, they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come.
Is this our duty, wiſdom, glory, gain?
And ſport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal ſuns inſpire? Amuſement reigns
Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?—
Who wants amuſement in the flame of battle?
Is it not treaſon to the ſoul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuſe, when med'cines cannot cure?
When ſpirits ebb, when life's inchanting ſcenes
Their luſtre loſe, and leſſen in our ſight?
(As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring ſpires
To the poor ſhatter'd bark, by ſudden ſtorm
Thrown off to ſea, and ſoon to periſh there)
Will toys amuſe?—no: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and ſkies ſeem duſt upon the ſcale.
Redeem we time?—its loſs we dearly buy:
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd ſports?
He pleads time's numerous blanks; he loudly pleads
The ſtraw-like trifles on life's common ſtream.
From whom thoſe blanks and trifles, but from thee?
No blank, no trifle, nature made or meant:
Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, ſtill be thine:
This cancels thy complaint at once; this leaves
In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all!
This, the bleſt art of turning all to gold;
This, the good heart's prerogative to raiſe
A royal tribute, from the pooreſt hours.
Immenſe revenue! every moment pays.
If nothing more than purpoſe in thy power,
Thy purpoſe firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the beſt his circumſtance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our outward act, indeed, admits reſtraint;
'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer;
Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heaven.
On all-important time, thro' every age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wiſe have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
"I 've loſt a day"—the prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
He ſpoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So ſhould all ſpeak: ſo reaſon ſpeaks in all:
From the ſoft whiſpers of that god in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrenſy fly,
For reſcue from the bleſſing we poſſeſs?
Time, the ſupreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give,
Pregnant with all that makes arch-angels ſmile.
Who murders time, he cruſhes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.

§ 190. *Inconſiſtency of Man.*

Ah! how unjuſt to nature, and himſelf,
Is thoughtleſs, thankleſs, inconſiſtent man!
Like children babbling nonſenſe in their ſports,
We cenſure nature for a ſpan too ſhort;
That ſpan too ſhort, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To laſh the ling'ring moments into ſpeed;
And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourſelves.
Art, brainleſs art! our furious charioteer,
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, moſt our dread, death thus more dreadful made.
O what a riddle of abſurdity!
Leiſure is pain; take off our chariot wheels:
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Bleſt leiſure is our curſe; like that of Cain
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amuſement:
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments ſhrink.
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when paſt by; what then is ſeen
But his broad pinions ſwifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out at his career.

§ 191. *Waſte of Time.*

Leave to thy foes theſe errors, and theſe ills:
To nature juſt, their cauſe and cure explore:
No niggard, nature; men are prodigals.

We

We throw away our ſuns, as made for ſport;
We waſte, not uſe our time: we breathe, not live;
And barely breathing, man, to live ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppreſſes with enormous weight.
And why? ſince time was given for uſe, not waſte,
Enjoy'd to fly, with tempeſt, tide, and ſtars,
To keep his ſpeed, nor ever wait for man:
Time's uſe was doom'd a pleaſure; waſte, a pain,
That man might feel his error, if unſeen;
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure. [ſign'd;
Life's cares are comforts; ſuch by heav'n de-
He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretch-
Cares are employments; and without employ [ed.
The ſoul is on a rack. the rack of reſt;
To ſouls moſt adverſe; action all their joy.
Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wreſtle with great nature's plan;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, ſhall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourſelves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our boſom-broil.
We puſh time from us; and we wiſh him back;
Life we think long, and ſhort; death ſeek, and
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here, [ſhun.
How taſteleſs! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us
The ſpirit walks of ev'ry Day deceas'd, [ſtill;
And ſmiles an angel; or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delights us. If time paſt,
And time poſſeſt, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the Deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time us'd. The man who conſecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honeſt aim,
At once he draws the ſting of life and death:
He walks with nature; and her paths are peace.
Our error's cauſe, and cure, are ſeen: ſee next
Time's nature, origin, importance, ſpeed,
And thy great gain from urging his career.—
He looks on time, as nothing: Nothing elſe
Is truly man's: what wonders can he do?
And will: to ſtand blank neuter he diſdains.
Not on thoſe terms was time (heaven's ſtran-
On his important embaſſy to man. [ger!) ſent
When the dread ſire, on emanation bent
And big with nature, ariſing in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then time was born)
By godhead ſtreaming thro' a thouſand worlds:
Not on thoſe terms, from the great days of
From old eternity's myſterious orb, [heaven,
Was time cut off; and caſt beneath the ſkies;
The ſkies, which watch him in his new abode,
Meaſuring his motions by revolving ſpheres:
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play
Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies:
Or rather, as unequal plumes, they ſhape
His ample pinions, ſwift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his antient reſt,
And join anew eternity his ſire; [hing'd
When worlds, that count his circles now, un-
(Fate the loud ſignal ſounding) headlong ruſh
To timeleſs night, and chaos, whence they roſe.
Why ſpur the ſpeedy? why with levities
New-wing thy ſhort, ſhort day's too rapid flight?
Man flies from time, and time from man: too ſoon
In ſad divorce this double flight muſt end; [ſoon
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then,
Thy ſports? thy pomp?—I grant thee, in a ſtate
Not unambitious; in the ruffled ſhroud,
Thy Parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath,
Has death his fopperies? then well may life
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow ſhine.

§ 192. *Falſe Delicacy.*

Ye well-array'd! ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies male! who neither toil, nor ſpin;
Ye delicate! who nothing can ſupport,
Yourſelves moſt inſupportable! for whom
The winter roſe muſt blow, and ſilky ſoft
Favonius breathe ſtill ſofter, or be chid;
And other worlds ſend odours, ſauce, and ſong,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye who deem one moment unamus'd,
A miſery, ſay, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an eternal night,
Where ſuch expedients fail? where wit 's a fool;
Mirth mourns; dreams vaniſh; laughter ſinks in tears.

§ 193. *Conſcience.*

O treacherous conſcience! while ſhe ſeems to ſleep,
On roſe and myrtle, lull'd with ſyren ſong;
While ſhe ſeems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong appetite the ſlacken'd rein,
The ſly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills:
Not the groſs act alone employs her pen:
She dawning purpoſes of heart explores,
Unnoted, notes each moment miſapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of braſs
Writes our whole hiſtory; which death ſhall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And judgment publiſh: publiſh to more worlds
Than this: and endleſs age in groans reſound.
And think'ſt thou ſtill thou canſt be wiſe too ſoon?

§ 194. *Man's Supineneſs.*

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens; all exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labours!—Labours more?
And is there in creation, what, amidſt
This tumult univerſal, wing'd diſpatch,
And ardent energy, ſupinely yawns!— [fate,
Man ſleeps; and man alone; and man, whoſe
Fate irreverſible, entire, extreme, [gulph
Endleſs, hair-hung, breeze-ſhaken, o'er the
A moment trembles; drops! man, the ſole cauſe
Of this ſurrounding ſtorm! and yet he ſleeps,
As the ſtorm rock'd to reſt.—Throw years away?
Throw empires, and beblameleſs! moments ſeize,
Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wiſh
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day ſtand
Bid him drive back his car, recall, retake [ſtill,
Fate's

Fate's haſty prey; implore him, re-import
The period paſt; re-give the given hour!
Lorenzo—O for yeſterday to come!
Such is the language of the man awake;
And is his ardour vain? Lorenzo! no:
To-day is yeſterday return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raiſe, adorn,
And reinſtate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not ſhare its predeceſſor's fate;
Nor, like its elder ſiſters, die a fool.
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?

§ 195. *The Depravity of Man.*

Where ſhall I find him? angels, tell me where!
You know him; he is near you: point him out;
Shall I ſee glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footſteps by the riſing flow'rs?
Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him ſhed
Protection; now, are waving in applauſe
To that bleſt ſon of foreſight! lord of fate!
That awful independant on To-morrow!
Whoſe work is done; who triumphs in the paſt;
Whoſe yeſterdays look backwards with a ſmile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly.
If not by guilt, they wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our proſpect by the grave:
All feeling of futurity benumb'd!
All reliſh of realties expir'd:
Renounc'd all correſpondence with the ſkies;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-buried in the rubbiſh of the world:
The world, that gulph of ſouls, immortal ſouls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the diſtant ſkies, and triumph there
On thrones, which ſhall not mourn their maſters chang'd,
Tho' we from earth; ethereal, they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man!

§ 196. *Inſtability of Life.*

Who venerate themſelves the world deſpiſe.
For what, gay friend! is this eſcutcheon'd world,
Which hangs out, Death is one eternal night?
A night that glooms us in the noontide ray,
And wrapts our thoughts, at banquets, in the ſhroud.
Life's little ſtage is a ſmall eminence.
Inch high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around,
We read their monuments; we ſigh; and while
We ſigh, we ſink; and are what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
Is death at diſtance! no: he has been on thee:
And given ſure earneſt of his final blow.
Thoſe hours, which lately ſmil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghaſtly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing diſembogues;
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee ſmall renown.
The reſt are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;
The ſun is darkneſs, and the ſtars are duſt.

§ 197. *Vanity of Human Enjoyments, taught by Experience.*

'Tis greatly wiſe to talk with our paſt hours;
And aſk them, what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their anſwers form what men experience call:
If Wiſdom's friend, her beſt: if not, worſt foe.
O reconcile them! kind Experience cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
And by ſucceſs are tutor'd to deſpair."
Nor is it only thus, but muſt be ſo:
Who knows not this, tho' grey, is ſtill a child.
Looſe then from earth the graſp of fond deſire,
Weigh anchor, and ſome happier clime explore.

§ 198. *Death unavoidable.*

Since by life's paſſing breath, blown up from earth,
Light as the ſummer's duſt, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight; and fall again;
Join the dull maſs, increaſe the trodden ſoil,
And ſleep till earth herſelf ſhall be no more;
Since then (as emmets their ſmall world o'erthrown)
We, ſore amaz'd, from out earth's ruin crawl,
And riſe to fate extreme, of foul or fair,
As man's own choice, controuler of the ſkies!
As man's deſpotic will, this hour, decrees;
Should not each warning give a ſtrong alarm?
Warning, far leſs than that of boſom torn
From boſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead?
Should not each dial ſtrike us as we paſs,
Portentous, as the written wall, which ſtruck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Aſſyrian pale?
Like that, the dial ſpeaks; and points to thee;
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
And, while it laſts, is emptier than my ſhade."
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Man's make incloſes the ſure ſeeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal: and then his nurſe devours.

§ 199. *Life compared to the Sun-dial.*

That ſolar ſhadow, as it meaſures life,
It life reſembles too: life ſpeeds away
From point to point, tho' ſeeming to ſtand ſtill:
The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth:
Too ſubtle is the movement to be ſeen,
Yet ſoon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger, gnomons, time:
As theſe are uſeleſs when the ſun is ſet;
So thoſe, but when more glorious reaſon ſhines.
Reaſon ſhould judge in all; in reaſon's eye,
That ſedentary ſhadow travels hard:
But all mankind miſtake their time of day;
Even age itſelf: freſh hopes are hourly ſown
In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's deſcent,
We ſhut our eyes, and think it is a plain:

We

We take fair days in winter, for the ſpring:
We turn our bleſſings into bane; ſince oft
Man muſt compute that age he cannot feel:
He ſcarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's lateſt eve, we keep in ſtore
One diſappointment ſure, to crown the reſt;
The diſappointment of a promis'd hour.

§ 200. *Death of the good Man.*

So ſung Philander, O! the cordial warmth,
And elevating ſpirit, of a friend,
For twenty ſummers ripening by my ſide;
All feculence of falſehood long thrown down;
All ſocial virtues riſing in his ſoul;
As cryſtal clear; and ſmiling, as they riſe!
On earth how loſt! Philander is no more.
How bleſſings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the ſkies,
And caſt in ſhadows his illuſtrious cloſe.
Strange! the theme moſt affecting, moſt ſublime,
Momentous moſt to man, ſhould ſleep unſung:
Man's higheſt triumph! man's profoundeſt fall!
The death-bed of the juſt! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a divine:
Angels ſhould paint it, angels ever there;
There, on a poſt of honour, and of joy.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! or elſe draw near with awe,
For, here, reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells;
Here tir'd diſſimulation drops her maſk,
Here real and apparent are the ſame.
You ſee the man; you ſee his hold on heaven:
Heaven waits not the laſt moment, owns its friends
On this ſide death; and points them out to men;
A lecture, ſilent, but of ſovereign pow'r,
To vice, confuſion; and to virtue, peace!
Whatever farce the boaſtful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majeſty in death;
And greater ſtill, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander! he ſeverely frown'd on thee,
"No warning given! unceremonious fate!
"A ſudden ruſh from life's meridian joys!
"A reſtleſs bed of pain! a plunge opaque
"Beyond conjecture! feeble nature's dread!
"Strong reaſon ſhudders at the dark unknown!
"A ſun extinguiſhed! a juſt opening grave!
"And oh! the laſt, laſt: what? (can words expreſs? [friend!"
"Thought reach?) the laſt, laſt—ſilence of a
Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquiſh'd agonies,
Like the ſtars ſtruggling thro' this midnight gloom. [peace!
What gleams of joy! what more than human
Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields
His ſoul ſublime; and cloſes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the ſcene!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man?
His God ſuſtains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heaven vouchſafes to call its own.
Amazement ſtrikes! devotion burſts to flame!
Chriſtians adore! and infidels believe.
At that black hour, which general horror ſheds
On the low level of the inglorious throng,
Sweet peace, and heavenly hope and humble joy,
Divinely beam on his exalted ſoul;
Deſtruction gild, and crown him for the ſkies.
Life, take thy chance; but oh for ſuch an end!

§ 201. NIGHT III. *Picture of Narciſſa, Deſcription of her Funeral, and a Reflection upon Man.*

SWEET harmoniſt! and beautiful as ſweet!
And young as beautiful! and ſoft as young!
And gay as ſoft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For fortune fond had built her neſt on high.
Like birds quite exquiſite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by fate (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the ſummit of the grove ſhe fell,
And left it unharmonious! all its charms
Extinguiſh'd in the wonders of her ſong!
Her ſong ſtill vibrates in my raviſh'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!
Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this group
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradiſe,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and preſent it to the ſkies; as all
We gueſs of heaven, and theſe were all her own:
And ſhe was mine; and I was—was!—moſt bleſt—
Gay title of the deepeſt miſery!
As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life.
Good loſt weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy.
Like bloſſom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal ſtorm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death ſtill lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovlier! pity ſwells the tide of love.
And will not the ſevere excuſe a ſigh?
Scorn the proud man that is aſham'd to weep;
Our tears indulg'd indeed deſerve our ſhame.
Ye that e'er loſt an angel! pity me.
Soon as the luſtre languiſh'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day of human ſight;
And on her cheek, the reſidence of ſpring,
Pale omen ſat, and ſcatter'd fears around
On all that ſaw, (and who could ceaſe to gaze
That once had ſeen?)—with haſte, parental haſte,
I flew, I ſnatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which black Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the ſun; the ſun
(As if the ſun could envy) check'd his beam,
Denied his wonted ſuccour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; faireſt lilies, not ſo fair!
Queen lilies! and ye painted populace
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambroſial lives:
In morn and ev'ning dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the ſun; which gives your cheeks to glow;
And out-bluſh (mine excepted) every fair
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,

Which often cropp'd your odours, incenſe meet
To thought ſo pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you ſmile;
Why not ſmile at him too? You ſhare indeed
His ſudden paſs, but not his conſtant pain.
So man is made, nought miniſters delight,
But what his glowing paſſions can engage;
And glowing paſſions, bent on aught below,
Muſt ſoon or late with anguiſh turn the ſcale;
And anguiſh, after rapture, how ſevere!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempts the wrath di-
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taſte, [vine
While here preſuming on the rights of Heaven.
For tranſport doſt thou call on ev'ry hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence be wiſe;
Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the
A broken reed at beſt, but oft a ſpear: [heart;
On its ſharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeleſs thoughts! turn from her:—
thought repell'd
Reſenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime, and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, ſmil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy freſh op'ning joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliſs
complete!
And on a foreign ſhore, where ſtrangers wept!
Strangers to thee; and, more ſurpriſing ſtill,
Strangers to kindneſs wept: their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears; ſtrange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderneſs!
A tenderneſs that call'd them more ſevere;
In ſpite of nature's ſoft purſuaſion, ſteel'd;
While nature melted, ſuperſtition rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead, and *this* denied a grave.
Their ſighs incens'd, ſighs foreign to the will!
Their will the tiger ſuck'd, outrag'd the ſtorm.
For, oh! the curs'd ungodlineſs of zeal!
While ſinful fleſh relented, ſpirit nurs'd
In blind infallibility's embrace,
The fainted ſpirit petrified the breaſt:
Denied the charity of duſt, to ſpread
O'er duſt! a charity their dogs enjoy. [ſource?
What could I do? what ſuccour? what re-
With pious ſacrilege a grave I ſtole,
With impious piety that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty, coward in my grief!
More like her murderer than friend, I crept
With ſoft ſuſpended ſtep, and muffled deep
In midnight darkneſs whiſper'd my laſt ſigh.
I whiſper'd what ſhould echo thro' their realms;
Nor writ her name whoſe tomb ſhould pierce
the ſkies.
Preſumptuous fear! how durſt I dread her foes,
While nature's loudeſt dictates I obey'd?
Pardon neceſſity, bleſt ſhade! Of grief
And indignation rival burſts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my pray'r;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the ſavage land her ſacred duſt;
Stamp'd the curs'd ſoil; and with humanity
(Denied Narciſſa) wiſh'd them all a grave.
Glows my reſentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how ſacred! Sacred is the duſt
Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine;
This heaven-aſſum'd majeſtic robe of earth
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vaſt expanſe
With azure bright, and cloth'd the ſun in gold.
When ev'ry paſſion ſleeps that can offend;
When ſtrikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour uncontrouſ'd.
That ſtrongeſt curb on inſult and ill-will;
Then ſpleen to duſt? the duſt of innocence?
An angel's duſt?—This Lucifer tranſcends:
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the ſtrife of malice, but of pride;
The ſtrife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
Far leſs than this is ſhocking, in a race
Moſt wretched but from ſtreams of mutual
And uncreated but for love divine; [love,
And, but for love divine, this moment loſt,
By fate reſorb'd, and ſunk in endleſs night.
Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Moſt horrid! 'Mid ſtupendous, highly ſtrange!
Yet oft his courteſies are ſmoother wrongs;
Pride brandiſhes the favours he confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? hear it not, ye ſtars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the ſound!
Man is to man the ſoreſt, ſureſt ill.
A previous blaſt foretels the riſing ſtorm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they diſembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And ſmoke betrays the wide conſuming fire:
Ruin from man is moſt conceal'd when near,
And ſends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heaven's Sovereign ſaves all beings but himſelf
That hideons ſight, a naked human heart!

§ 202. NIGHT IV. *Death not to be dreaded.*

How deep implanted in the breaſt of man
The dread of death! I ſing its ſov'reign cure.
Why ſtart at death? where is he? death arriv'd,
Is paſt: not come, or gone, he's never here.
Ere hope, ſenſation fails; black-boding man
Receives, not ſuffers, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the ſhroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkneſs, and the worm;
Theſe are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thouſand deaths, in fearing one.

§ 203. *Death deſirable to the Aged.*

But was death frightful, what has age to fear?
If prudent, age ſhould meet the friendly foe,
And ſhelter in his hoſpitable gloom.
I ſcarce can meet a monument but holds
My younger: every date cries—"Come away!"
And what recalls me? look the world around,
And tell me what: the wiſeſt cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought

Full

Full range, on juſt diſlike's unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the beſt; the many, flaw all o'er;
As leopards ſpotted, or as Æthiops, dark;
Vivacious ill; good dying immature;
And at its death bequeathing endleſs pain;
His heart tho' bold would ſicken at the ſight,
And ſpend itſelf in ſighs, for future ſcenes.
But grant to life ſome perquiſites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long rifled life of ſweet can yield no more,
But from our comment on the comedy,
Pleaſing reflections on parts well-ſuſtain'd,
Or purpos'd emendations where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
When, on their exit, ſouls are bid unrobe,
And drop this maſk of fleſh behind the ſcene.
With me, that time is come; my world is dead:
A new world riſes, and new manners reign:
What a pert race ſtarts up! the ſtrangers gaze,
And I at them; my neighbour is unknown.

§ 204. *Folly of Human Purſuits.*

BLEST be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at reſt beneath this humble ſhed!
The world's a ſtately bark, on dangerous ſeas,
With pleaſure ſeen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a ſingle plank, thrown ſafe aſhore,
I hear the tumult of the diſtant throng,
As that of ſeas remote, or dying ſtorms;
And meditate on ſcenes, more ſilent ſtill;
Purſue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here, like a ſhepherd, gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his ſtaff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I ſee;
I ſee the circling hunt of noiſy men
Burſt law's encloſure, leap the mounds of right,
Purſuing and purſued, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What, tho' we wade in wealth, or ſoar in fame?
Earth's higheſt ſtation ends in "here he lies,"
And "duſt to duſt" concludes her nobleſt ſong.
If this ſong lives, poſterity ſhall know
One, tho' in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought even gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his ſubtle death-bed plann'd his ſcheme
For future vacancies in church, or ſtate;
Some avocation deeming it—to die;
Unbit by rage canine of dying rich:
Guilt's blunder! and the loudeſt laugh of hell.

§ 205. *Folly of the Love of Life in the Aged.*

O MY coevals! remnant of yourſelves!
Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
Shall we, ſhall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and cloſer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched ſoil? [out,
Shall our pale, wither'd hands be ſtill ſtretch'd
Trembling, at once with eagerneſs and age?
With avarice, and convulſions graſping hard?
Graſping at air! for what has earth beſide?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long:
How ſoon muſt he reſign his very duſt,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour?
Years unexperienc'd ruſh on numerous ills;
And ſoon as man, expert from time, has found
The key of life, it opes the gates of death.
When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miſs ſuch numbers, numbers too of ſuch,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And ſtricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's ſubtle game, I ſcarce believe
I ſtill ſurvive; and am I fond of life,
Who ſcarce can think it poſſible I live?
Alive by miracle! if ſtill alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmneſs of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more ſhallow, than impure,
And vapid; ſenſe and reaſon ſhew the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the duſt.

§ 206. *Addreſs to the Deity.*

O THOU great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial ſun!
Whoſe all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkneſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The duſt I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the ſpirit of the golden day,
And triumph in exiſtence; and could'ſt know
No motive, but my bliſs; with Abraham's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I truſt in thee, and know in whom I truſt;
Or life or death is equal; neither weighs,
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

§ 207. *Fears of Death extinguiſhed by Man's Redemption.*

THO' nature's terrors, thus, may be repreſt;
Still frowns grim death; gilt points the tyrant's ſpear.
Who can appeaſe its anguiſh? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, envenom'd thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace
And turn my ſight undaunted on the tomb?
With joy,—with grief, that healing hand I ſee;
Ah! too conſpicuous! it is fix'd on high! [ſee;
On high?—What means my phrenzy? I blaſpheme,
Alas! how low! how far beneath the ſkies!
The ſkies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet ſtill it bleeds:
Draw the dire ſteel—ah no!—the dreadful bleſſing
What heart or can ſuſtain? or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope: that nail ſupports
Our falling univerſe: that gone, we drop:
Horror receives us, and the diſmal wiſh
Creation had been ſmother'd in her birth.
Darkneſs his curtain, and his bed the duſt,
When ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath his throne!
In heaven itſelf can ſuch indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there? A groan not his,

He seiz'd our dreadful right, the load sustain'd,
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds so bought, were bought too dear.
Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise!
Suspend their song; and silence is in heaven.
O for their song to reach my lofty theme!
Inspire me, Night, with all thy tuneful spheres!
Much rather, Thou! who dost those spheres inspire;
Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
Thou most indulgent, most tremendous, power!
Still more tremendous, for thy wond'rous love!
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night,
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just! [stretch'd arms.
O'er guilt, (how mountainous!) with out-
Stern justice, and soft-smiling love, embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or that, or man inevitably lost.
What, but the fathomless of thought divine
Could labour such expedient from despair,
And rescue both? Both rescue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the deed!
A wonder in omnipotence itself!
A mystery, no less to gods than men!
Not, thus, our infidels th' Eternal draw,
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes;
And with one excellence another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise;
A God all mercy, is a God unjust.
Ye brainless wits, ye baptiz'd infidels,
The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: tho', curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds create,
For ever hides, and glows in the supreme.
And was the ransom paid? It was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.
The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot; midnight veil'd his face
Not such as this; not such as nature makes;
A midnight, nature shudder'd to behold;
A midnight new! from her Creator's frown!
Sun! did'st thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt, [cross
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his
Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble womb,
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead:
Hell howl'd; and heav'n, that hour, let fall a tear;
Heav'n wept, that man might smile! heaven bled,
That man might never die—
What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these? [mount
Such contemplations mount us; and should
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd; where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? How my soul is caught!
Heav'n's sovereign blessings clust'ring from the cross,
Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze!—In his blest life,
I see the path, and, in his death, the price,
And in his great ascent the proof supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death:
Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? he who slew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race?
Ths king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain?
Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne! [heaven,
Last gasp! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and
This sum of good to man: whose nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I rose; then first humanity
Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
And seiz'd eternal youth. Mortality
Was then transferr'd to death; and heaven's duration
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust.—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory! man's the boundless bliss.
Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount?—Alas small cause for joy?
What if to pain, immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd.
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent sight.
If sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in heaven, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
And open'd there a font for all mankind
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live;
This, only this, subdues the fear of death.

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§ 208. *Greatness of the Redemption.*

And what is this?—Survey the wond'rous cure:
And, at each step, let higher wonder rise!
"Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
"Thro' means that speak its value infinite!
"A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
"With blood divine of him I made my foe;
"Persisted to provoke! tho' woo'd and aw'd,
"Bless'd, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
"A rebel

" A rebel 'midſt the thunders of his throne!
" Nor I alone! a rebel univerſe!
" My ſpecies up in arms! not one exempt!
" Yet for the fouleſt of the foul he dies."
Bound every heart! and every boſom burn!
Oh what a ſcale of miracles is here!
Its loweſt round, high-planted on the ſkies;
Its tow'ring ſummit loſt beyond the thought
Of man, or angel: Oh that I could climb
The wonderful aſcent, with equal praiſe!
Praiſe ardent, cordial, conſtant, to high heaven
More fragrant than Arabia ſacrific'd;
And all her ſpicy mountains in a flame.

§ 209. *Praiſe, beſtowed on Men, due to Heaven.*

From courts and thrones return, apoſtate praiſe!
Thou proſtitute! to thy firſt love return.
Thy firſt, thy greateſt, once, unrivall'd theme.
Back to thy fountain; to that parent power,
Who gives the tongue to ſound, the thought to ſoar,
The ſoul to be. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtleſs beneath whoſe dreadful eye they
In mutual awe profound of clay to clay, [bow,
Of guilt to guilt, and turn their backs on thee,
Great ſire! whom thrones celeſtial ceaſeleſs ſing.
Oh the preſumption, of man's awe for man!
Man's author! end! reſtorer! law! and judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of night;
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
What night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What heaven's meridian glory, but thy ſmile?
And ſhall not praiſe be thine? not human praiſe,
While heaven's high hoſt on Hallelujahs live?

§ 210. *Magnificence and Omnipreſence of the Deity.*

Oh may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My ſoul in praiſe to him, who gave my ſoul,
And all her infinite of proſpect fair,
Cut thro' the ſhades of hell, great love! by thee!
Where ſhall that praiſe begin, which ne'er ſhould end?
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applauſe!
How is night's ſable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought, with attributes divine!
What wiſdom ſhines! what love! This midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd,
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee:
For others this profuſion: thou apart,
Above, beyond! oh tell me, mighty mind,
Where art thou? ſhall I dive into the deep?
Call to the ſun, or aſk the roaring winds,
For their Creator? ſhall I queſtion loud
The thunder, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds the furious ſtorms in ſtreighten'd reins,
And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car?
What mean theſe queſtions?—trembling I retract;
My proſtrate ſoul adores the preſent God:
Praiſe I a diſtant Deity? He tunes
My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, ſuſtains;
Wrapp'd in his being, I reſound his praiſe:
But tho' paſt all diffus'd, without a ſhore,
His eſſence: local is his throne (as meet),
To gather the diſperſt, to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his ſons,
Since finite every nature but his own.
The nameleſs He, whoſe nod is nature's birth;
And nature's ſhield, the ſhadow of his hand:
Her diſſolution, his ſuſpended ſmile;
The great firſt laſt! pavilion'd high he ſits
In darkneſs, from exceſſive ſplendour born.
His glory, to created glory, bright
As that, to central horrors; he looks down
On all that ſoars; and ſpans immenſity.

§ 211. *Inability of ſufficiently praiſing God.*

Down to the centre ſhould I ſend my thought,
Thro' beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants luſtre for my lay;
Goes out in darkneſs: if, on tow'ring wing,
I ſend it thro' the boundleſs vault of ſtars;
The ſtars, tho' rich, what droſs their gold to thee,
Great! good! wiſe! wonderful! eternal King?
If thoſe conſcious ſtars thy throne around,
Praiſe ever-pouring, and imbibing bliſs,
I aſk their ſtrain; they want it, more they want;
Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
Indebted ſtill, their higheſt rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine,
Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone:
Their vaſt appointments reach it not; they ſee
On earth a bounty, not indulg'd on high;
And downward look for heaven's ſuperior praiſe.
Firſt-born of æther! high in fields of light!
View man, to ſee the glory of your God!
You ſung creation (for in that you ſhar'd),
How roſe in melody, the child of love!
Creation's great ſuperior, man! is thine;
Thine is redemption; eternize the ſong!
Redemption! 'twas creation more ſublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the ſkies;
Far more than labour—It was death in heaven.
Here pauſe and ponder: was there death in heaven? [blow?
What then on earth? on earth which ſtruck the
Who ſtruck it? Who?—O how is man enlarg'd,
Seen thro' this medium! How the pigmy tow'rs!
How counterpois'd his origin from duſt!
How counterpois'd, to duſt his ſad return!
How voided his vaſt diſtance from the ſkies!
How near he preſſes on the ſeraph's wing!
How this demonſtrates thro' the thickeſt cloud
Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the ſon of heav'n!
The double ſon; the made, and the re-made!
And ſhall heaven's double property be loſt?
Man's double madneſs only can deſtroy him,
To man the bleeding croſs has promis'd all;
The bleeding croſs has ſworn eternal grace:
Who gave his life, what grace ſhall he deny?
O ye, who from this Rock of Ages leap

Diſdainful, plunging headlong in the abyſs!
What cordial joy, what conſolation ſtrong,
Whatever winds ariſe, or billows roll,
Our intereſt in the maſter of the ſtorm [ſmile;
Cling there, and in wreck'd nature's ruins
While vile apoſtates tremble in a calm.

§ 212. *Man.*

Man! know thyſelf; all wiſdom centres there.
To none man ſeems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
How long ſhall human nature be their book,
Degenerate mortal! and unread by thee?
The beam dim reaſon ſheds ſhews wonders there;
What high contents! illuſtrious faculties!
But the grand comment which diſplays at full
Our human height, ſcarce ſever'd from divine,
By heaven compos'd, was publiſh'd on the croſs!
Who looks on that, and ſees not in himſelf
An awful ſtranger, a terreſtrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life!
I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting ſoul
Catches ſtrange fire, eternity! at thee.
He, the great father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one ſpirit pour'd
From ſpirit's awful fountain: pour'd himſelf
Thro' all their ſouls; but not in equal ſtream:
Profuſe, or frugal of th' inſpiring God,
As his wiſe plan demanded: and when paſt
Their various trials in their various ſpheres,
If they continue rational, as made,
Reſorbs them all into himſelf again; [crown.
His throne their centre, and his ſmile their
Why doubt we then the glorious truth to ſing?
Angels are men of a ſuperior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celeſtial mountains wing'd in flight:
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And ſlippery ſtep, the bottom of the ſteep:
Yet ſummon'd to the glorious ſtandard ſoon,
Which flames eternal crimſon thro' the ſkies.

§ 213. *Religion.*

Religion's all. Deſcending from its ſire
To wretched man, the goddeſs in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right, the next:
Religon! the ſole voucher man is man:
Supporter ſole of man above himſelf.
Religion! providence! an after ſtate!
Here is firm footing; here is ſolid rock;
This can ſupport us; all is ſea beſides;
Sinks under us; beſtorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man faſtens on the ſkies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
Religion! thou the ſoul of happineſs;
And groaning Calvary of thee! There ſhine
The noble truths; there ſtrongeſt motives ſting!
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the ſun;
He ſighs —the ſigh earth's deep foundation ſhakes.
If, in his love, ſo terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderneſs on fire?
Can prayer, can praiſe avert it?—Thou, my all!
My theme! my inſpiration! and my crown!
My ſtrength in age! my riſe in low eſtate!
My ſoul's ambition, pleaſure, wealth!—my world!
My light in darkneſs! and my life in death!
My boaſt thro' time! bliſs thro' eternity!
Eternity too ſhort to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!

§ 214. *God's Love to Man.*

O how omnipotence is loſt in love!
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Thou, who didſt ſave him, ſnatch the ſmoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to diſtreſs!
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
To challenge, and to diſtance, all return!
Of laviſh love ſtupendous heights to ſoar,
And leave praiſe panting in the diſtant vale!
But ſince the naked will obtains thy ſmile,
Beneath this monument of praiſe unpaid,
For ever lie entomb'd my fear of death,
And dread of ev'ry evil, but thy frown.
Oh for an humbler heart and loftier ſong!
Thou, my much-injur'd theme! with that ſoft eye
Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
Compaſſion to the coldneſs of my breaſt;
And pardon to the winter in my ſtrain.

§ 215. *Lukewarm Devotion.*

Oh ye cold hearted, frozen formaliſts!
On ſuch a theme 'tis impious to be calm;
Shall Heaven which gave us ardour, and has
Its own for man ſo ſtrongly, not diſdain [ſhewn
What ſmooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
That proſe of piety, a lukewarm praiſe?
Riſe odours ſweet from incenſe uninflam'd?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout.

§ 216. *Death, where is thy Sting?*

Oh when will death (now ſtingleſs), like a friend,
Admit me of that choir? Oh when will death,
This mould'ring, old partition-wall thrown down,
Give beings, one in nature, one abode? [down,
Oh death divine that gives us to the ſkies,
Great future! glorious patron of the paſt,
And preſent, when ſhall I thy ſhrine adore?
From Nature's continent immenſely wide,
Immenſely bleſt, this little iſle of life
Divides us. Happy day, that breaks our chain;
That re-admits us, thro' the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne;
Who hears our Advocate, and thro' his wounds
Beholding man, allows that tender name.
'Tis this makes Chriſtian triumph, a command:
'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wiſe.
Haſt thou ne'er ſeen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger paſſing, terror ſheds

On

On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Thro' depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heav'ns mighty cape, and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze;
And with him all our triumph o'er the tomb.

§ 217. *Faith enforced by our Reason.*

Nature is dumb on this important point:
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes:
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; even adders hear,
But turn and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge across the bridge of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death's terror is the mountain Faith removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace:
'Tis Faith disarms destruction; and absolves
From ev'ry clamorous charge the guiltless tomb.
Why shouldst thou disbelieve?—"tis Reason bids,
"All sacred Reason."—Hold her sacred still;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame.
Reason! my heart is thine: Deep in its folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
My reason rebaptis'd me, when adult;
Weigh'd true and false in her impartial scale;
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
Reason pursu'd is faith: and unpursu'd
Where proof invites, 'tis reason then no more;
And such our proof, that, or our faith is right,
Or Reason lies, and Heaven design'd it wrong:
Absolve we this? What then is blasphemy?
Fond as we are, and justly fond of faith,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard,
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear:
Reason the root, fair Faith is but the flow'r:
The fading flow'r shall die; but Reason lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
Wrong not the Christian, think not reason yours:
'Tis Reason our great Master holds so dear;
'Tis Reason's injur'd rights his wrath resents.
Believe, and shew the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Thro' Reason's wounds alone, thy faith can die;
Which dying, tenfold terrors gives to Death,
And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

§ 218. *False Philosophy.*

Learn hence what honours due to those who push
Our antidote aside; those friends to reason,
Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd gnawing on his heart.
Those pompous sons of reason idoliz'd,
And vilify'd at once; of reason dead,
Then deified, as monarchs were of old.
While love of truth thro' all their camp resounds
They draw pride's curtain o'er the nood-tide ray
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, call'd argument,
And then exulting in their taper; cry,
"Behold the sun:" and, Indian-like, adore.
Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of thee.
A Christian is the highest style of man.
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off
As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?

§ 219. *The mere Man of the World.*

Ye fold to sense, ye citizens of earth,
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
"And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
"Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on,
"Till one calls on him, who varies not his call,
"But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
"Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free:
"A freedom, far less welcome than his chain."
But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
That hour so late, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years? [thee
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
Scarce now possest, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By strides as swift: Eternity is all;
And whose eternity? Who triumphs e?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss?
For ever basking in the Deity!
Conscience reply, O give it leave to speak;
For it will speak ere long. Oh hear it now.
While useful its advice, its accents mild.
Truth is deposited with man's last hour;
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust.
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his council when he made the worlds,
Nor less when he shall judge the worlds he made,
Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
Than from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
The goddess bursts in thunder and in flame,
"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

§ 220. Night V. *Darkness.*

Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me:
It strikes thought inward, it drives back the soul
To settle on herself, our point supreme!
There lies our theatre; there sits our judge.

Darkneſs the curtain drops o'er life's dull ſcene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence ſtretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis Reaſon's reign,
And Virtue's too; theſe tutelary ſhades
Are man's aſylum from the tainted throng.

§ 221. *The Futility of Man's Reſolutions.*

Virtue for ever frail, as fair below,
Her tender nature ſuffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a ſtain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve
Immaculate the manners of the morn.
Something we thought, is blotted; we reſolv'd,
Is ſhaken; we renounc'd, returns again.
Each ſalutation may ſlide in a ſin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it ſtrange, light, motion, concourſe, noiſe,
All ſcatter us abroad; thought outward bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and diſſipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breaſt unguarded to the foe.

§ 222. *The Power of Example.*

Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes like a peſtilence from breaſt to breaſt;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe;
And inhumanity is caught from man;
From ſmiling man. A ſlight, a ſingle glance,
And ſhot at random, often has brought home
A ſudden fever to the throbbing heart,
Of envy, rancour, or impure deſire.
We ſee, we hear with peril; ſafety dwells
Remote from multitude; the world's a ſchool
Of wrong, and what proficients ſwarm around!
We muſt or imitate, or diſapprove;
Muſt liſt as their accomplices, or foes; [peace.
That ſtains our innocence; this wounds our
From nature's birth, hence, wiſdom has been ſmit
With ſweet receſs, and languiſh'd for the ſhade.

§ 223. *Midnight.*

This ſacred ſhade, and ſolitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt preſence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone:
Vice ſinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an atheiſt half believes a God.
Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend;
The conſcious moon, through every diſtant age,
Has held a lamp to Wiſdom, and let fall
On contemplation's eye her purging ray.
Hail, precious moments! ſtol'n from the black waſte
Of murder'd time: auſpicious midnight hail!
The world excluded, every paſſion huſh'd,
And open'd a calm intercourſe with heav'n;
Here the ſoul ſits in council, ponders paſt,
Predeſtines future actions; ſees, not feels,
Tumultuous life; and reaſons with the ſtorm;
All her lies anſwers, and thinks down her charms.

§ 224. *Little to be expected from Man.*

What are we! how unequal! now we ſoar,
And now we ſink: how dearly pays the ſoul
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay!
Reaſon, a baffled counſellor! but adds
The bluſh of weakneſs to the bane of woe.
The nobleſt ſpirit fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, duſky region, charg'd with ſtorms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly.
'Tis vain to ſeek in men for more than man.
Tho' proud in promiſe, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the ſhadows of the grave,
Threw wide the gates of everlaſting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, down I ruſh,
In ſorrow drown'd—But not, in ſorrow, loſt.
How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearls in ſorrows ſtream:
Not ſo the thoughtleſs man that only grieves
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
(Ineſtimable gain!) and gives heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wiſe.

§ 225. *Wiſdom.*

If wiſdom is our leſſon, (and what elſe
Ennobles man? what elſe have angels learnt?
Grief, more proficients in thy ſchool are made,
Than genius, or proud learning, ere could boaſt.
Voracious learning, often over-fed,
Digeſts not into ſenſe her motley meal.
This forager on others' wiſdom leaves
Her native farm, her reaſon quite untill'd:
With mixt manure ſhe ſurfeits the rank ſoil,
Dung'd, but not dreſt; and rich to beggary:
A pomp untameable of weed prevails: [mourns,
Her ſervant's wealth encumber'd wiſdom
And what ſays Genius? "Let the dull be wiſe"
It pleads exemption from the laws of ſenſe;
Conſiders Reaſon as a leveller,
And ſcorns to ſhare a bleſſing with the crowd.
That wiſe it could be, thinks an ample claim
To glory, and pleaſure gives the reſt.
Wiſdom leſs ſhudders at a fool, than wit.
But Wiſdom ſmiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When Sorrow wounds the breaſt, as ploughs the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her ſoftening ſhower:
Her ſeed celeſtial, then glad Wiſdom ſows,
Her golden harveſt triumphs in the ſoil.
If ſo, I'll gain by my calamity,
And reap rich compenſation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
And gather every thought of ſovereign power,
To chaſe the moral maladies of man; [ſkies,
Thoughts, which may bear tranſplanting to the
Tho' natives of this coarſe penurious ſoil,
Nor wholly wither there, where ſeraph's ſing:
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd in heaven.

§ 226. *Reflections in a Church-yard.*

Say, on what themes ſhall puzzled choice deſcend?
"Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
"Why

" Why men decline it; Suicide's foul birth;
" The various kinds of grief; the faults of age;
" And Death's dread character—invite my ſong."
And firſt, th' importance of our end ſurvey'd.
Friends counſel quick diſmiſſion of our grief;
Miſtaken kindneſs! our hearts heal too ſoon.
Are they more kind than He who ſtruck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And baniſh peace, till nobler gueſts arrive,
And bring it back, a true, and endleſs peace?
Calamities are friends: as glaring day
Of theſe unnumber'd luſtres robs our ſight;
Proſperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine to man.
The man how bleſt, who, ſick of gaudy ſcenes,
(Scenes apt to thruſt between us and ourſelves!)
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk
Beneath Death's gloomy, ſilent, cypreſs ſhades,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantaſtic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his duſt,
Viſit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
Lorenzo, read with me Narciſſa's ſtone;
Few orators ſo tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What pathos in the date!
Apt words can ſtrike, and yet in them we ſee
Faint images of what we here enjoy.
What cauſe have we to build on length of life?
Temptations ſeize when fear is laid aſleep;
And ill-foreboded is our ſtrongeſt guard.
See from her tomb, Truth ſallies on my ſoul,
And puts Deluſion's duſky train to flight;
Diſpels the miſts our ſultry paſſions raiſe,
And ſhews the real eſtimate of things,
Which no man, unafflicted, ever ſaw;
Pulls off the veil from Virtue's riſing charms;
Detects Temptation in a thouſand lies.
Truth bids me look on men, as autumn's leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the ſummer's duſt,
Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things inviſible, feel things remote,
Am preſent with futurities; think nought
To man ſo foreign, as the joys poſſeſt,
Nought ſo much his as thoſe beyond the grave.
No folly keeps its colour in her ſight:
Pale worldly wiſdom loſes all her charms.
How differ worldly wiſdom, and divine?
Juſt as the waning and the waxing moon.
More empty worldly wiſdom every day;
And every day more fair her rival ſhines.
But ſoon our term for wiſdom is expir'd,
And everlaſting fool is writ in fire,
Or real wiſdom wafts us the ſkies.
What grave preſcribes the beſt?—a friend's; and yet
From a friend's grave how ſoon we diſengage,
Even to the deareſt, as his marble, cold!
Why are friends raviſh'd from us! 'tis to bind,
By ſoft Affection's ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which Reaſon, too ſupine,
Or miſemploy'd, ſo rarely faſtens there.
Nor Reaſon, nor Affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief aim of life;
Tho' well to ponder it, is life's chief end.

§ 227. *Little Attention paid to the Warnings of Death.*

Is Death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only ſure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected gueſt?
Nay, tho' invited by the loudeſt calls
Of blind imprudence, unexpected ſtill?
Tho' num'rous meſſengers are ſent before
To warn his great arrival. What the cauſe,
The wond'rous cauſe, of this myſterious ill?
All heaven looks down aſtoniſh'd at the ſight.

§ 228. *Life compared to a Stream.*

Is it, that Life has ſown her joys ſo thick,
We can't thruſt in a ſingle care between?
Is it, that life has ſuch a ſwarm of cares,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that time ſteals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream?
To-day is ſo like yeſterday, it cheats;
We take the lying ſiſter for the ſame.
Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the ſame brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the ſame life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the ſame; the ſame we think
Our life, though ſtill more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the ſea. Or ſhall we ſay
(Retaining ſtill the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a veſſel on the ſtream?
In life embark'd, we ſmoothly down the tide
Of time deſcend, but not on time intent;
Amus'd, unconſcious of the gliding wave;
Till on a ſudden we perceive a ſhock;
We ſtart, awake, look out; our bark is burſt.
Is this the cauſe death flies all human thought!
Or is it judgment by the will ſtruck blind,
That domineering miſtreſs of the ſoul!
Or is it fear turns ſtartled reaſon back,
From looking down a precipice ſo ſteep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wiſely plac'd,
By nature conſcious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming ſword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, man on each pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein,
Bound o'er the barrier, ruſh into the dark,
And mar the ſchemes of Providence below.

§ 229. *Suicide.*

What groan was that? There took his gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black ſullen ſoul,
Blaſted from hell, with horrid luſt of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
So call'd, ſo thought—and then he fled the field.
Leſs baſe the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain!

O Britain! infamous for ſuicide;
An iſland in thy manners! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of rationals beſide,
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Waſh the dire ſtain, nor ſhock the continent.
But thou be ſhock'd, while I detect the cauſe
Of ſelf-aſſault, expoſe the monſter's birth,
And bid abhorrence hiſs it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the diſtant ſun;
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cauſe I ſing in Eden might prevail,
And proves it is thy folly, not thy fate.
The ſoul of man (let man in homage bow
Who names his ſoul) a native of the ſkies!
High-born, and free, her freedom ſhould maintain,
Unfold, unmortgag'd for earth's little bribes.
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger, in this foreign land
Like ſtrangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of earth ſuſpicious, earth's enchanted cup
With cool reſerve light-touching, ſhould indulge
On immortality her godlike taſte;
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet there.
But ſome reject this ſuſtenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites deſcend;
Aſk alms of earth for gifts that came from heaven;
Sink into ſlaves; and ſell, for preſent hire,
Their rich reverſion, and (what ſhares its fate)
Their native freedom, to the prince who ſways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his full baſket gorges them no more;
Or their pall'd palates loath the baſket full,
Are, inſtantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And burſting their confinement; tho' faſt barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded ſtrong
With horrors doubled to defend the paſs,
The blackeſt nature, or dire guilt can raiſe;
And moated round with fathomleſs deſtruction,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.
Such, Britons! is the cauſe, to you unknown,
Or worſe, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magiſtrates,
Thus, criminals themſelves. I grant the deed
Is madneſs; but the madneſs of the heart.
And what is that? our utmoſt bound of guilt.
A ſenſual, unreflecting life is big
With monſtrous births, and ſuicide, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heaven's law ſupreme, and deſperately ruſh
Thro' ſacred nature's murder, on their own,
Becauſe they never think of death, they die.
When by the bed of languiſhment we ſit,
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguiſh hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or ſtay the ſinking head,
Number their moments, and in ev'ry clock,
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life juſt feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then ſink again, and quiver into death.
(That moſt pathetic herald of our own;)
How read we ſuch ſad ſcenes? as ſent to man
In perfect vengeance? no; in pity ſent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impreſs
Indelible, death's image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himſelf.
We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we ſmile:
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry:
Our quick returning folly cancels all:
As the tide ruſhing raſes what is writ
In yielding ſands, and ſmooths the letter'd ſhore.

§ 230. *Tears.*

Lorenzo! haſt thou ever weigh'd a ſigh?
Or ſtudied the philoſophy of tears?
Haſt thou deſcended deep into the breaſt,
And ſeen their ſource? If not, deſcend with me,
And trace theſe briny riv'lets to their ſprings.
Our funeral tears from different cauſes riſe:
Of various kinds they flow. From tender hearts,
By ſoft contagion call'd, ſome burſt at once,
And ſtream obſequious to the leading eye.
Some aſk more time, by curious art diſtill'd.
Some hearts, in ſecret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the public eye, guſh out amain.
Some weep to ſhare the fame of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them ſo dear: [ſhare.
They dwell on praiſes, which they think they
Some mourn in proof that ſomething they could love.
They weep not to relieve their grief, but ſhow.
Some weep in perfect juſtice to the dead,
As conſcious all their love is in arrear.
Some miſchievouſly weep, not unappriz'd,
Tears, ſometimes, aid the conqueſt of an eye.
As ſeen through cryſtal, how their roſes glow,
While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek.
By kind conſtruction ſome are deem'd to weep,
Becauſe a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earneſt; and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiſcretion, as in woe.
Paſſion, blind paſſion! impotently pours
Tears, that deſerve more tears; while reaſon ſleeps
Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the ſtorm.
They weep impetuous, as the ſummer ſtorm,
And full as ſhort! the cruel grief ſoon tam'd,
They make a paſtime of the ſtingleſs tale!
Far as the deep-reſounding knell, they ſpread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of wiſdom pays them for their woe.
When the ſick ſoul, her wonted ſtay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and ſorrows in the duſt;
Inſtead of learning there her true ſupport,
She crawls to the next ſhrub, or bramble vile,
The ſtranger weds, and bloſſoms as before,
In all the fruitleſs fopperies of life.

§ 231. *Inattention to the Voice of Death.*

What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age, 'twixt us and death,
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear him,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? what miracle turns off
The

The pointed thought, which from a thouſand
Is daily darted, and is daily ſhunn'd? [quivers
We ſtand as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourſelves;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal ſtill!
We ſee time's furrows on another's brow,
And death entrench'd, preparing his aſſault;
How few themſelves, in that juſt mirror, ſee!
Abſurd Longevity! More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more traſh of every kind!
And wherefore mad for more, when reliſh fails?
Shall folly labour hard to mend the bow,
While nature is relaxing ev'ry ſtring?
Aſk thought for joy; grow rich and hoard within.
Think you the ſoul, when this life's rattles ceaſe,
Has nothing of more manly to ſucceed?
Contract the taſte immortal; learn even now
To reliſh what alone ſubſiſts hereafter:
Divine or none, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of age, the glory is to wiſh to die.
That wiſh is praiſe and promiſe; it applauds
Paſt life, and promiſes our future bliſs.
What weakneſs ſee not children in their ſires?
Grand-climacterical abſurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority to faults of youth,
How ſhocking! it makes folly thrice a fool;
And our firſt childhood might our laſt deſpiſe.
What folly can be ranker? like our ſhadows,
Our wiſhes lengthen, as our ſun declines.
No wiſh ſhould loiter, then, this ſide the grave.
Our hearts ſhould leave the world, before the
Calls for our carcaſes to mend the ſoil. [knell
Enough to live in tempeſt; die in port.
Age ſhould fly concourſe, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will ſubdue;
Walk thoughtful on the ſilent, ſolemn ſhore
Of that vaſt ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That ſhortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If unconſider'd, too, a dreadful ſcene!

§ 232. *Little Learning required, to be Good.*

But you are learn'd; in volumes deep you ſit;
In wiſdom ſhallow: pompous ignorance!
Learn well to know how much need not be known;
And what that knowledge, which impairs your
ſenſe.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feaſt.
You ſcorn what lies before you in the page
Of nature and experience, moral truth;
And dive in ſcience for diſtinguiſh'd names,
Sinking in virtue, as you riſe in fame.
Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout.
If you would learn death's character, attend.
All caſts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together ſhook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random. Or if choice is made,
The choice is quite ſarcaſtic, and inſults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.

§ 233. *The Caprice and univerſal Power of Death.*

Like other tyrants, Death delights to ſmite,
What ſmitten moſt proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy ſupreme,
To bid the wretch ſurvive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his ſhroud;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb;
Me thine, Narciſſa!—what tho' ſhort thy date?
Virtue, not rolling ſuns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which anſwers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deſerves no name:
The man of wiſdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methuſalems may die,
O how miſdated on their flattering tombs!
All more than common menaces an end:
A blaze betokens brevity of life.
To plant the ſoul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end, [but ſo
Thus runs Death's dread commiſſion; "Strike,
"As moſt alarms the living by the dead."
Hence ſtratagem delights him, and ſurpriſe,
And cruel ſport with man's ſecurities.
Not ſimple conqueſt, triumph is his aim, [moſt.
And where leaſt fear'd, there conqueſt triumphs
What are his arts to lay our fears aſleep!
Tiberian arts his purpoſes wrap up
In deep diſſimulation's darkeſt night.
Like princes unconfeſt in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, Death aſſumes
The name and look of life, and dwells among us.
Behind the roſy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambuſh in a ſmile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and ſink them in deſpair.
Moſt happy they whom leaſt his arts deceive.
One eye on Death, and one full fix'd on heaven,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Where is not Death? ſure as night follows day,
Death treads in Pleaſure's footſteps round the
world, [ſhuns,
When Pleaſure treads the paths which Reaſon
When, againſt reaſon riot ſhuts the door,
And gaiety ſupplies the place of ſenſe.
Then foremoſt at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or ſtamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carouſing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to ſee them laugh at him,
As abſent far: and when the revel burns,
When fear is baniſh'd, and triumphant thought
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Againſt him turns the key: and bids him ſup
With their progenitors—He drops his maſk
Frowns out at full; they ſtart, deſpair, expire!
Scarce with more ſudden terror and ſurpriſe,
From his black maſk of nitre, touch'd by fire
He burſts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And more than ſimple conqueſt in the fiend?
And now, gay trifler, doſt thou wrap thy ſoul
In ſoft ſecurity, becauſe unknown
Which moment is commiſſion'd to deſtroy?
In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.

Is

Is death uncertain? therefore thou be fix'd;
Fix'd as a ſentinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouſe, ſtand in arms, nor lean againſt thy ſpear,
Leſt ſlumber ſteal one moment o'er thy ſoul,
And fate ſurpriſe thee nodding. Watch, be ſtrong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die;
Nor let life's period hidden (as from moſt),
Hide too from thee, the precious uſe of life.
Does wealth with youth and gaiety conſpire
To weave a triple wreath of happineſs?
That ſhining mark invites the tyrant's ſpear.
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And ſtrongly preach humility to man,
O how portentous is proſperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens while it ſhines!
Few years but yield us proof of Death's ambition
To cull his victims from the faireſt fold,
And ſheath his ſhafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliſs;
Set up in oſtentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre of the public eye;
When fortune, thus, has toſs'd her child in air,
Snatch'd from the covert of an humble ſtate,
How often have I ſeen him dropp'd at once,
Our morning's envy, and our ev'ning's ſigh!
As if her bounties were the ſignal giv'n,
The flow'ry wreath, to mark the ſacrifice,
And call Death's arrows on the deſtin'd prey.

§ 234. NIGHT VI. *The Death of Narciſſa.*

She (for I know not yet her name in heaven)
Not early, like Narciſſa, left the ſcene;
Nor ſudden, like Philander. What avail?
This ſeeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd medicine heightens the diſeaſe.
The longer known, the cloſer ſtill ſhe grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
O the long dark approach thro' years of pain,
Death's gallery with ſable terror hung;
Sick hope's pale lamp its only glimmering ray!
There fate my melancholy walk ordain'd.
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically ſad!
How oft I ſaw her dead while yet in ſmiles!
In ſmiles ſhe ſunk her grief to leſſen mine:
She ſpoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By ſlow and ſilent, but reſiſtleſs ſap,
In his pale progreſs gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly ſiege: in ſpite of art,
Of all the balmy bleſſings nature lends
To ſuccour frail humanity. Ye ſtars!
And thou, O moon! bear witneſs; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Tied down my ſore attention to the ſhock,
By ceaſeleſs depredations on a life,
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful poſt
Of obſervation! darker every hour!
Leſs dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below.
When my ſoul ſhudder'd at futurity,
When, on a moment's point, th' important die
Of life and death, ſpun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.
But why more woe? more comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wiſh'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedneſs and pain:
Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the paſs, and barr'd from real life.
Where dwells that wiſh moſt ardent of the wiſe?
Too dark the ſun to ſee it; higheſt ſtars
Too low to reach it; death, great death alone,
O'er ſtars and ſun triumphant, lands us there.
Nor dreadful our tranſition; tho' the mind,
An artiſt at creating ſelf-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful, Who can take
Death's portrait true? the tyrant never ſat.
Our ſketch, all random ſtrokes, conjecture all;
Cloſe ſhuts the grave, nor tells one ſingle tale.
Death, and his image riſing in the brain,
Bear faint reſemblance; never are alike;
Fear ſhakes the pencil, Fancy loves exceſs,
Dark Ignorance is laviſh of her ſhades;
And theſe the formidable picture draw.
But grant the worſt; 'tis paſt; new proſpects riſe;
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;
Views that ſuſpend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of immortality,
Long life might lapſe, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the ſoul unfated with her theme.
Its nature, proof, importance, fire my ſong.

§ 235. *Reflections on Man and Immortality.*

Thy nature, immortality, who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In ſtronger thread of brighter colour ſpun,
And ſpun for ever; black and brittle here!
How ſhort our correſpondence with the ſun!
And while it laſts, inglorious! our beſt deeds,
How wanting in their weight! our higheſt joys,
Small cordials to ſupport us in our pain,
And give us ſtrength to ſuffer. But how great
To mingle intereſts, converſe, amities,
With all the ſons of Reaſon, ſcatter'd wide
Through habitable ſpace, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! to live free citizens
Of univerſal Nature! to lay hold
By more than feeble faith on the Supreme!
To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
Our own! to riſe in ſcience as in bliſs,
Initiate in the ſecrets of the ſkies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare boſom of the Deity!
The plan and execution to collate!
To ſee, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all ſhadow blown remote; and leave
No myſtery—but that of love divine,
Which lifts us on the ſeraph's flaming wing,
From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,
Of inward anguiſh, and of outward ill,
From darkneſs, and from duſt, to ſuch a ſcene!

Love's

Love's element! true joy's illuſtrious home!
From earth ſad contraſt (now deplor'd) more fair.
These are the thoughts that aggrandiſe the great.
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to ſink beneath
The clod we tread; ſoon trodden by our ſons)—
How great, in the wild whirl of time's purſuits,
To ſtop, and pauſe, involv'd in high preſage:
Through the long viſto of a thouſand years,
To ſtand contemplating our diſtant ſelves,
As in a magnifying mirror ſeen,
Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!
To propheſy our own futurities!
To gaze in thought on what all thought tranſcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception, as deſert,
Ourſelves th' aſtoniſh'd talkers and the tale!
When mount we? when theſe ſhackles caſt? when quit
This cell of the creation? this ſmall neſt,
Stuck in a corner of the univerſe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-ſpun-air?
Fine-ſpun to ſenſe, but groſs and feculent
To ſouls celeſtial; ſouls ordain'd to breathe
Ambroſial gales; and drink a purer ſky;
Greatly triumphant on time's farther ſhore.
In an eternity what ſcenes ſhall ſtrike!
What webs of wonder ſhall unravel there!
What dull day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footſteps in the deep!
How ſhall the bleſſed day of our diſcharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinth's of fate,
And ſtraiten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguiſhable thirſt in man
To know; how rich, how full our banquet here!
Here, not the moral world alone unfolds;
The world material lately ſeen in ſhades,
And in thoſe ſhades, by fragments only ſeen,
And ſeen thoſe fragments by the labouring eye,
Unbroken, now, illuſtrious, and entire,
Its ample ſphere, its univerſal frame,
In full dimenſions, ſwells to the ſurvey;
And enters, at one glance, the raviſh'd ſight.
How ſhall the ſtranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vaſt ocean of unbounded ſpace,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the cryſtal waves of ether pure,
In endleſs voyage, without port! the leaſt
Of theſe diſſeminated orbs how great!
Yet what are theſe to the ſtupendous whole?
As particles, as atoms ill-perceiv'd.
If admiration is a ſource of joy, [heaven.
What tranſport hence! Yet this the leaſt in
What this to that illuſtrious robe He wears,
Who toſs'd this maſs of wonders from his hand,
A ſpecimen, an earneſt of his power!
'Tis, to that glory, whence all glory flows,
As the meads's meaneſt flow'ret to the ſun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this Sun of heaven!
This bliſs ſupreme of the ſupremely bleſt!
Death, only death, the queſtion can reſolve.
By death cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
The bare ideas! ſolid happineſs
So diſtant from its ſhadow chas'd below!
And chaſe we ſtill the phantom thro' the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, 'till death?
And toil we ſtill for ſublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field, and flood,
Or, ſpider-like, ſpin out our precious all,
Our more than vitals ſpin in curious webs
Of ſubtle thought, and exquiſite deſign;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly?
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A name, a mortal immortality.

§ 236. *Genius connected with Ignominy.*

Genius and art, ambition's boaſted wings,
Our boaſt but ill deſerve. A feeble aid!
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er ſo high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
When I behold a genius bright and baſe,
Of towering talents, and terreſtrial aims;
Methinks, I ſee, as thrown from her high ſphere,
The glorious fragments of a ſoul immortal,
With rubbiſh mixt, and glittering in the duſt.
Hearts are proprietors of all applauſe,
Right ends, and means, make wiſdom: wordly-wiſe
Is but half-witted, at its higheſt praiſe.

§ 237. *Exalted Station.*

——What is ſtation high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boaſts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs, and miniſters, are awful names;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a ſupple knee,
To beings pompouſly ſet up, to ſerve
The meaneſt ſlave; all more is merit's due;
Her ſacred and inviolable right,
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to ſuperior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools indeed drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majeſty.
Let the ſmall ſavage boaſt his ſilver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His own, deſcending fairly from his ſires.
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And ſouls in ermine ſcorn a ſoul without?
Can place or leſſen us, or aggrandize?
Pigmies are pigmies ſtill, tho' perch't on alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own ſtature, builds himſelf:
Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids;
Her monuments ſhall laſt, when Egypt's fall.
Of theſe ſure truths doſt thou demand the cauſe?
The cauſe is lodg'd in immortality.
Hear, and aſſent. Thy boſom burns for pow'r;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?
Then thou before was ſomething leſs than man.
Has thy new poſt betray'd thee into pride?
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which ſtaffs or ſtrings can raiſe.

§ 238. *True Greatneſs.*

That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the ſword reluctant, gladly ſheaths;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a ſcaffold to the ſkies.
Why this ſo rare? becauſe forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day, [nounce
Which ſits as judge: that day which ſhall pro-
On all our days, abſolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo! never ſhut thy thought againſt it;
Be levees ne'er ſo full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the cabinet.
That friend conſulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.
To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is that ambition? then let flames deſcend,
Point to the centre their inverted ſpires:
When blind ambition quite miſtakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which ſhines above,
Subſtantial happineſs, and true renown; [brook,
Then, like an idiot gazing on the
We leap at ſtars, and faſten in the mud;
At glory graſp, and ſink in infamy.

§ 239. *The Torment of Ambition.*

Ambition! powerful ſource of good and ill!
Thy ſtrength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When diſengag'd from earth, with greater eaſe
And ſwifter flight, tranſports us to the ſkies.
By toys entangled, or in guilt benir'd,
It turns a curſe; it is our chain, and ſcourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Cloſe-grated by the ſordid bars of ſenſe;
All proſpect of eternity ſhut out;
And but for execution ne'er ſet free.

§ 240. *True Riches.*

With error in ambition, juſtly charg'd,
Find we Lorenzo wiſer in his wealth?
Where thy true treaſure; Gold ſays, "not in me,"
And, "not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;
India's inſolvent: ſeek it in thyſelf;
Seek in thy naked ſelf, and find it there:
In being ſo deſcended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, ſky-guided, ſky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
In ſenſes, which inherit earth and heavens;
Enjoy the various riches nature yields:
Far nobler! give the riches they enjoy;
Give taſte to fruits; and harmony to groves;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright
Take in at once the landſcape of the world, [ſire;
At a ſmall inlet, which a grain might cloſe,
And half create the wond'rous world they ſee.
Our ſenſes, as our reaſon, are divine.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos ſtill.
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which beautifies creation's ample dome.
Say then, ſhall man, his thoughts all ſent abroad,
Superior wonders in himſelf forgot,
His admiration waſte on objects round,
When heaven makes him the ſoul of all he ſees?
Abſurd! not rare! ſo great, ſo mean, is man.
What wealth in ſenſes ſuch as theſe! what wealth
In fancy, fir'd to form a fairer ſcene [wealth
Than ſenſe ſurveys! in memory's firm record,
Which, ſhould it periſh, could this world recall,
From the dark ſhadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colours freſh, originally bright
Preſerve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in intellect, that ſovereign power!
Which ſenſe, and fancy, ſummons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends:
And from the maſs thoſe underlings import,
From their materials ſifted, and refin'd,
Forms art, and ſcience, government, and law.
What wealth in ſouls that ſoar, dive, range around.
Diſdaining limit, or from place, or time,
And hear at once, in thought extenſive, hear
Th' almighty fiat, and the trumpet's ſound!
Bold, on creation's outſide walk, and view
What was, and is, and more than e'er ſhall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new, in fancy's field to riſe!
Souls, that can graſp whate'er th' Almighty made,
And wander wild through things impoſſible;
What wealth, in faculties of endleſs growth,
In liberty to chooſe, in power to reach,
And in duration (how thy riches riſe!)
Duration to perpetuate—boundleſs bliſs!

§ 241. *The Vanity of Wealth.*

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then make a richer ſcramble for the throng:
Soon as this feeble pulſe, which leaps ſo long,
Almoſt by miracles is tir'd with play,
Like rubbiſh, from diſploding engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverſe; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New maſters court, and call the former fool,
(How juſtly?) for dependance on their ſtay.
Wide ſcatter firſt, our play-things, then our duſt,
Much learning ſhews how little mortals know:
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy:
At beſt it babies us with endleſs toys;
And keeps us children till we drop to duſt.
As monkies at a mirror ſtand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they ſo plainly ſee;
Thus men in ſhining riches ſee the face
Of happineſs, nor know it is a ſhade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wiſh, and wonder it is abſent ſtill.
How few can reſcue opulence from want!
Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to fortune, trembles at her pow'r.
The man of reaſon ſmiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony; this! a being
Of ſuch inherent ſtrength and majeſty,

Not worlds poſſeſt can raiſe it; worlds deſtroy'd
Can't injure; which hold on its glorious courſe,
When thine, O nature, ends; too bleſt to mourn
Creation's obſequies. What treaſure, this!
The monarch is a beggar to the man.

§ 242 *Immortality.*

IMMORTAL! ages paſt, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve; a race without a goal!
Unſhorten'd by progreſſion infinite!
Futurity for ever future! life
Beginning ſtill, where computation ends!
'Tis the deſcription of a Deity!
'Tis the deſcription of the meaneſt ſlave.
Immortal! what can ſtrike the ſenſe ſo ſtrong,
As this the ſoul? it thunders to the thought;
Reaſon amazes; gratitude o'erwhelms;
No more we ſlumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the ſound, th' exulting ſoul aſcends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick-kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the ſtars.
Immortal! was but one immortal, how
Would others envy! how would thrones adore!
Becauſe 'tis common, is the bleſſing loſt?
How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heaven!
O vain, vain, vain! all elſe: eternity!
A glorious, and a needful refuge that,
From vile impriſonment in abject views.
'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amidſt life's pains, abaſements, emptineſs,
The ſoul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
Eternity depending covers all;
Sets earth at diſtance, caſts her into ſhades;
Blends her diſtinctions; abrogates her pow'rs;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and ſevere,
Fortune's dread frowns, and faſcinating ſmiles,
Make one promiſcuous, and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom immortality's full force inſpires.
Nothing terreſtrial touches his high thought;
Suns ſhine unſeen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conſcious of their high deſcent,
Their preſent province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward every wiſh,
Warm on the wing, in glorious abſence loſt.
Doubt you this truth? why labours your belief?
If earth's whole orb by ſome due diſtanc'd eye
Was ſeen at once, her tow'ring alps would ſink,
And level'd Atlas leave an even ſphere.
Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is ſwallow'd in eternity's vaſt round.
To that ſtupendous view when ſouls awake,
So large of late, ſo mountainous to man,
Time's toys ſubſide; and equal all below.

§ 243. *Man ignorant of his real Greatneſs.*

IN ſpite of all the truths the muſe has ſung,
Are there who wrap the world ſo cloſe about them,
They ſee no farther than the clouds; and dance
On heedleſs vanity's fantaſtic toe,
Till ſtumbling at a ſtraw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and ſong?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a ſoul immortal in their breaſts;
Unconſcious as the mountain of its ore,
Or rock, of its ineſtimable gem? [theſe
When rocks ſhall melt, and mountains vaniſh,
Shall know their treaſure; treaſure, then, no more.

§ 244. *Diſbelief of a Future State.*

ARE there (ſtill more amazing!) who reſiſt
The riſing thought? who ſmother in its birth
The glorious truth? who ſtruggle to be brutes?
Who thro' this boſom-barrier burſt their way,
And, with rever'd ambition, ſtrive to ſink?
Who labour downwards thro' th' oppoſing pow'rs,
Of inſtinct, reaſon, and the world againſt them,
To diſmal hopes, and ſhelter in the ſhock
Of endleſs night? night darker than the grave's?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
To contradict them ſee all nature riſe!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-ſcene?
To reaſon proves, or weds it to deſire?
All things proclaim it needful; ſome advance
One precious ſtep beyond, and prove it ſure.
A thouſand arguments ſwarm round my pen,
From heaven, and earth, and man. Indulge a few,
By nature, as her common habit worn.
Thou! whoſe all-providential eye ſurveys,
Whoſe hand directs, whoſe Spirit fills, and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's inhabitant auguſt!
Of two eternities amazing Lord!
One paſt, ere man's, or angel's, had begun;
Aid, while I reſcue from the foe's aſſault
Thy glorious immortality in man.

§ 245. *Man's Immortality proved by Nature.*

NATURE, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of thee the great Immutable, to man
Speaks wiſdom; is his oracle ſupreme;
And he who moſt conſults her, is moſt wiſe.
Look nature through, 'tis revolution all.
All change, no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; ſtars riſe, and ſet, and riſe;
Earth takes th' example. See the ſummer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambroſial flow'rs,
Droops into pallid autumn; winter grey,
Horrid with froſt, and turbulent with ſtorm,
Blows autumn, and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the ſpring; ſoft ſpring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the ſouth,
Recalls the firſt. All, to re-flouriſh, fades:
As in a wheel, all ſinks, to re-aſcend:
Emblems of man, who paſſes, not expires.
With this minute diſtinction, emblems juſt,
Nature revolves, but man advances; both
Eternal, that a circle, this a line.

That

That gravitates, this ſoars. Th' aſpiring ſoul
Ardent, and tremulous, like flame aſcends;
Zeal, and humility, her wings to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vaſt maſs, and ſhall for ever roll.
No ſingle atom, once in being, loſt,
With change of counſel charges the Moſt High.
Matter, immortal? and ſhall ſpirit die?
Above the nobler, ſhall leſs noble riſe?
Shall man alone, for whom all elſe revives,
No reſurrection know? ſhall man alone,
Imperial man! be ſown in barren ground,
Leſs privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
The bliſs of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the ſpleen of fate
Severely doom'd death's ſingle unredeem'd?

§ 246. NIGHT VII. *Diſcontent.*

Why diſcontent for ever harbour'd there?
Incurable conſumption of our peace!
Reſolve me, why, the cottager, and king,
He whom ſea-ſever'd realms obey, and he
Who ſteals his whole dominion from the waſte,
Repelling winter's blaſt, with mud and ſtraw,
Diſquieted alike, draw ſigh for ſigh,
In fate ſo diſtant, in complaint ſo near.
Is it, that things terreſtrial can't content?
Deep in rich paſture, will thy flocks complain?
Not ſo; but to their maſter is deny'd
To ſhare their ſweet ſerene. Man, ill at eaſe,
In this, not his own place, this foreign field,
Where nature fodders him with other food
Than was ordain'd his cravings to ſuffice,
Poor in abundance, famiſh'd at a feaſt,
Sighs on for ſomething more, when moſt enjoy'd.
Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks, than thee?
Not ſo; thy paſture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from inſtinct, tho', perhaps, debauch'd
By ſenſe, his reaſon ſleeps, nor dreams the cauſe.
The cauſe how obvious, when his reaſon wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in diſguiſe;
And diſcontent is immortality.
Shall ſons of æther, ſhall the blood of heav'n,
Set up their hopes on earth, and ſtable here,
With brutal acquieſcence in the mire?
No, no, my friend: they ſhall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious foreigners diſtreſt, ſhall ſigh
On thrones; and thou congratulate the ſigh:
Man's miſery declares him born for bliſs;
His anxious heart aſſerts the truth I ſing.
Our heads, our hearts, our paſſions, and our pow'rs,
Speak the ſame language; call us to the ſkies.
Unripen'd theſe in this inclement clime,
Scarce riſe above conjecture, and miſtake;
And for this land of trifles, thoſe too ſtrong,
Tumultuous riſe, and tempeſt human life;
What prize on earth can pay us for the ſtorm?
Meet objects for our paſſions Heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect: bleſt Heav'n! avert
A bounded ardour for unbounded bliſs!
O for a bliſs unbounded! far beneath
A ſoul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our powers to periſh immature;
But, after feeble effort here beneath,
A brighter ſun, and in a nobler ſoil,
Tranſplanted from this ſublunary bed,
Shall flouriſh fair, and put forth all their bloom.

§ 247. *Reaſon and Inſtinct.*

Reason progreſſive, inſtinct is complete;
Swift inſtinct leaps; ſlow reaſon feebly climbs.
Brutes ſoon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Was man to live coëval with the ſun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning ſtill;
Yet, dying, leave his leſſon half unlearnt.
Men periſh in advance, as if the ſun
Should ſet ere noon, in eaſtern oceans drown'd.
To man, why, ſtepdame nature, ſo ſevere?
Why thrown aſide thy maſter-piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy laſt hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor man muſt die, [dread?
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in
Why curſt with foreſight? wiſe to miſery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why leſs pre-eminent in rank than pain?—
His immortality alone can tell,
Full ample fund to balance all amiſs,
And turn the ſcale in favour of the juſt.

§ 248. *Human Hope.*

His immortality alone can ſolve
That darkeſt of ænigmas, human hope;
Of all the darkeſt if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' aſſaſſin of our joy,
All preſent bleſſings treading under foot,
Is ſcarce a milder tyrant than deſpair.
With no paſt toils content, ſtill planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for eaſe.
Poſſeſſion, why more taſteleſs than purſuit?
Why is a wiſh far dearer than a crown?
That wiſh accompliſh'd, why the grave of bliſs?
Becauſe in the great future bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies all that man with ardour ſhould purſue;
And he who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' Almighty to the future ſets
By ſecret and inviolable ſprings;
And makes his hope his ſublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry ſtill;
"More, more, the glutton cries:" for ſomething new
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He will deſcend. He ſtarves on the poſſeſt.
Hence the world's maſter, from ambition's ſpire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute,
In that rank ſty why wallow'd empire's ſon
Supreme? Becauſe he could no higher fly;
His riot was ambition in deſpair.

See reſtleſs hope, for ever on the wing!
High perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon ſits,
To fly at all that riſes in her ſight;
And never ſtooping, but to mount again!
Next moment, ſhe betrays her aim's miſtake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
There ſhould it fail us (it muſt fail us there,
If being fails) more mournful riddles riſe,
And virtue vies with hope in myſtery.
Why virtue? Where its praiſe, its being, fled?
Virtue is true ſelf-intereſt purſu'd;
What, true ſelf-int'reſt of quite mortal man?
To cloſe with all that makes him happy here,
If vice (as ſometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue, 'tis our ſov'reign good.
The rigid guardian of a blameleſs heart,
So long rever'd, ſo long reputed wiſe,
Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'errun.
Why beats thy boſom with illuſtrious dreams
Of gallant enterprize, and glorious death?
Die for thy country?—thou romantic fool!
Seize, ſeize the plank thyſelf; and let her ſink!
Thy country! what to thee? (I ſpeak with awe)
The godhead, what? tho' he ſhould bid thee bleed?
If, with thy blood, thy final hope is ſplit,
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preſerve thy being; diſobey.

§ 249. *The Madneſs of Infidelity.*

Since virtue's recompenſe is doubtful, here,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man ſuffer'd to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd?
Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breaſt,
By ſweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whiſpers nature lies on virtue's part?
Or if blind inſtinct (which aſſumes the name
Of ſacred conſcience) plays the fool in man,
Why reaſon made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the wiſeſt, loudeſt in her praiſe?
Can man by reaſon's beam be led aſtray?
Or, at his peril, imitate his God?
Since virtue ſometimes ruins us on earth,
Or, both are true, or man ſurvives the grave,
Or man ſurvives the grave, or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boaſt ſupreme, a wild abſurdity.
Dauntleſs thy ſpirit; cowards are thy ſcorn.
Grant man immortal, and thy ſcorn is juſt.
The man immortal, rationally brave,
Dares ruſh on death,—becauſe he cannot die.
But if man loſes all, when life is loſt,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and ſuch there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, moſt deſerves a chain.
When, to the grave, we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, ſcience, all we love,
And all we praiſe; for worth, whoſe noontide beam
Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs;
Dream we, that luſtre of the moral world
Goes out in ſtench, and rottenneſs the cloſe?
Why was he wiſe to know, and warm to praiſe,
And ſtrenuous to tranſcribe, in human life,
The mind almighty? could it be, that fate,
Juſt when the lineaments began to ſhine,
Should ſnatch the draught, and blot it out for ever?
Shall we, this moment, gaze on God in man?
The next, loſe man for ever in the duſt?
From duſt we diſengage, or man miſtakes;
And there, where leaſt his judgment fears a flaw.
Wiſdom, and worth, how boldly he commends!
Wiſdom and worth are ſacred names; rever'd;
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
Why not compaſſion'd too? If ſpirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both,
To make us but more wretched; wiſdom's eye
Acute, for what? To ſpy more miſeries;
And worth, ſo recompens'd, new points their ſtings:
Or man the grave ſurmounts, or gain is loſs,
And worth exalted humbles us the more.
Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
As a mock-diadem, in ſalvage-ſport,
Rank inſult of our pompous poverty,
Which reaps but pain, from ſeeming claims ſo fair?
In future age lies no redreſs? and ſhuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
If ſo, for what ſtrange ends were mortals made?
The worſt to wallow, and the beſt to weep.
Can we conceive a diſregard in heaven,
What the worſt perpetrate, or beſt endure?
This cannot be. To love, and know, in man
Is boundleſs appetite, and boundleſs pow'r;
And theſe demonſtrate boundleſs objects too.
Objects, pow'rs, appetites, heav'n ſuits in all;
Nor, nature thro', e'er violates this ſweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful ſtring.
Is man the ſole exception from her laws?
Eternity ſtruck off from human hope,
Man is a monſter, the reproach of heav'n,
A ſtain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aſpect; and deforms,
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her lord.
Or own the ſoul immortal, or invert
All order. Go, mock-majeſty! go, man,
And bow to thy ſuperiors of the ſtall;
Thro' ev'ry ſcene of ſenſe ſuperior far:
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the ſtream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unimbitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitleſs hopes, regrets, deſpairs,
Mankind's peculiar! reaſon's precious dow'r!
No foreign clime they ranſack for their robes,
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar:
Their good is good entire, unmixt, unmar'd;
They find a paradiſe in ev'ry field,
On boughs forbidden, where no curſes hang;
Their ill no more than ſtrikes the ſenſe, unſtretcht
By previous dread or murmur in the rear;
When the worſt comes, it comes unfear'd; one ſtroke
Begins and ends their woe: they die but once;
Bleſt, incommunicable privilege!
For which who rules the globe, and reads the ſtars,
Philoſopher, or here, ſighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes:
No day, no glimpse of day to solve the knot,
But what beams on it from eternity.
O sole and sweet solution! that unites
The difficult, and softens the severe;
The cloud on nature's beauteous face dispels;
Restores bright order; casts the brute beneath;
And re-inthrones us in supremacy
Of joy, ev'n here, admit immortal life,
And virtue is knight-errantry no more:
Each virtue brings in hand a golden dow'r,
Far richer in reversion: hope exults;
And, tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of heav'n.
O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.
Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn heart? For there
The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I sing:
Reason is guiltless; will alone rebels.
What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
New, unexpected witnesses against thee?
Ambition, and the fateless love of gain! [soul
Canst thou suspect that these, which make the
The slave of earth, should own her heir of heav'n?
Canst thou suspect, what makes us disbelieve
Our immorality, should prove it sure?

§ 250. *Ambition and Fame.*

First, then, ambition summon to the bar:
Ambition's shame, extravagance, disgust,
And inextinguishable nature, speak:
Each much depose; hear them in their turn.
Thy soul how passionately fond of fame!
How anxious that fond passion to conceal!
We blush detected in designs on praise,
Tho' for best deeds, and from the best of men:
And why? because immortal. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the soul:
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow;
Bids its ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which stoops to court a character from man;
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, sit
Far more than man, with endless praise, and blame.
Ambition's boundless appetite out-speaks
The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert,
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late time must echo! worlds unborn resound:
We wish our names eternally to live: [thought.
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter;
But our blind reason sees not where it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow; soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult the ambitious; 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cry'd Cæsar at his height,
Disgusted. This third proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the disproportion vast between
The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh
At such success, and blush at his renown:
And why? because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls.
And can ambition a fourth proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three.
Tho' disappointments in ambition pain,
And tho' success disgusts, yet still we strive
In vain to pluck it from us: man must soar:
An obstinate activity within,
An insuppressive spring will toss him up,
In spite of fortune's load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too:
No Sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian, in their hearts.
And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? because immortal as their lord:
And souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great; the glitter, or the gold;
The praise of mortals, or the praise of heav'n.

§ 251. *Avarice.*

Thus far ambition. What says avarice?
This her chief maxim, which has long been thine,
"The wise and wealthy are the same." I grant
To store up treasure, with incessant toil, [it.
This is man's province, this his highest praise.
To this great end keen instinct stings him on;
To guide that instinct, reason! is thy charge.
'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies:
But reason failing to discharge her trust,
A blunder follows, and blind industry,
O'erloading, with the cares of distant age,
The jaded spirits of the present hour,
Providing for eternity below.
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
From inextinguishable life in man:
Man, if not meant by worth to reach the skies,
Had wanted wing to fly so far in guilt.
Sour grapes I grant ambition, avarice;
Yet still their root is immortality.
These its wild growths religion can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

§ 252. *Address to Unbelievers.*

"Know all; know infidels, unapt to know,
'Tis immortality your nature solves;
'Tis immortality decyphers man,
And opens all the myst'ries of his make.
Without it half his instincts are a riddle:
Without it, all his virtues are a dream:
His very crimes attest his dignity;
His fateless appetite of gold, and fame,
Declares him born for blessings infinite.
What, less than infinite, makes unabsurd
Passions, which all on earth but more inflame?
Fierce passions so mismeasur'd to this scene,
Stretch'd

Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our neſt,
Far, far, beyond the worth of all below.
For earth too large, preſage a nobler flight,
And evidence our title to the ſkies."

§ 253. *The Paſſions.*

YE gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
Whoſe conſtitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourſelves, think ardor comes from hell!
Think not our paſſions from corruption ſprung,
Tho' to corruption now they lend their wings:
That is their miſtreſs, not their mother. All
(And juſtly) reaſon deem divine: I ſee,
I feel a grandeur in the paſſions too, [end;
Which ſpeaks their high deſcent, and glorious
Which ſpeaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In paradiſe itſelf they burut as ſtrong,
Ere Adam fell; the wiſer in their aim.
What tho' our paſſions are run mad, and ſtoop
With low terreſtrial appetite, to graze
On traſh, on toys, dethron'd from high deſire;
Yet ſtill, thro' their diſgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatneſs ſhines, and tells us whence they fell:
But theſe, when reaſon moderates the rein,
Shall re-aſcend, re-mount their former ſphere.
But grant their phrenzy laſts; their phrenzy
To diſappoint one providential end; [fails
Was reaſon ſilent, boundleſs paſſion ſpeaks
A future ſcene of boundleſs objects too,
And brings glad tidings of eternal day.
Eternal day! 'tis that enlightens all;
And all by that enlighten'd, proves it ſure.
Conſider man as an immortal being,
Intelligible, all; and all is great:
Conſider man as mortal, all is dark,
And wretched; reaſon weeps at the ſurvey.

§ 254. *Proofs of Immortality. Man's Happineſs conſiſts in the Hope of it.*

MUCH has been urg'd; and doſt thou call for more?
Call; and with endleſs queſtions be diſtreſt,
All unreſolvable, if earth is all.
"Why life, a moment; infinite, deſire?
Our wiſh eternity; our home, the grave?
Heaven's promiſe dormant lies in human hope,
Who wiſhes life immortal, proves it too.
Why happineſs purſu'd, tho' never found?
Man's thirſt of happineſs declares it is,
(For nature never gravitates to nought;)
That thirſt unquencht declares it is not here,
Why cordial friendſhip rivetted ſo deep,
As, hearts to pierce at firſt, at parting, rend,
If friend and friendſhip vaniſh in an hour?
Is not this torment in the maſk of joy?
—Why by reflection marr'd the joys of ſenſe!
Why paſt and future, preying on our hearts,
And putting all our preſent joys to death?
Why labours reaſon? inſtinct were as well;
Inſtinct far better; what can chooſe, can err;
O how infallible the thoughtleſs brute!
Reaſon with inclination why at war?
Why ſenſe of guilt? why conſcience up in arms?"
Conſcience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And boſom-counſel to decline the blow.
Reaſon with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here.
Thus on—theſe, and a thouſand pleas uncall'd,
All promiſe, ſome inſure, a ſecond ſcene;
Which, was it doubtful, would be dearer far
Than all things elſe moſt certain; was it falſe,
What truth on earth ſo precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will enſue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope;
The future of the preſent is the ſoul:
How this life groans, when ſever'd from the next!
Poor, mutilated wretch, that diſbelieves!
By dark diſtruſt his being cut in two,
In both part periſhes; life void of joy,
Sad prelude of eternity in pain!

§ 255. *Miſery of Unbelief.*

COULDST thou perſuade me, the next life would fail
Our ardent wiſhes; how ſhould I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguiſh, new, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my de-
Abhorr'd Annihilation blaſts the ſoul, [ſpair,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
In this black channel would my ravings run:
"Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere while
The future vaniſh'd! and the preſent pain'd!
Fall, how profound! hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
To night! to nothing! darker ſtill than night.
If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worſt foe?
O for deluſion! O for error ſtill! [plant
Could vengeance ſtrike much ſtronger than to
A thinking being in a world like this,
Not over rich before, now beggar'd quite;
More curſt than at the Fall? The ſun goes out!
The thorns ſhoot up! what thorns in ev'ry thought!
Why ſenſe of better? it imbitters worſe:
Why ſenſe? why life? if but to ſigh, then ſink
To what I was? twice nothing! and much woe!
Woe, from heaven's bounties! woe, from what was wont
To flatter moſt, high intellectual pow'rs.
"Thought, virtue, knowledge! bleſſings, by thy ſcheme,
All poiſon'd into pains. Firſt, knowledge, once
My ſoul's ambition, now her greateſt dread.
To know myſelf, true wiſdom?—no, to ſhun
That ſhocking ſcience, parent of deſpair!
Avert thy mirror; if I ſee, I die.
"Know my Creator? Climb his bleſt abode
By painful ſpeculation, pierce the veil,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
Obtruding life, withholding happineſs?
From the full rivers that ſurround his throne,
Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
Man gaſping for one drop, that he might ceaſe
To curſe his birth, nor envy reptiles more!

Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!
Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,
Once all my comfort; source and soul of joy!
"Know his achievements! study his renown!
Contemplate this amazing universe,
Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!—
For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,
To find one miracle of misery!
To find the being, which alone can know,
And praise his works, a blemish on his praise?
Thro' nature's ample range, in thought to stray
And start at man, the single mourner there,
Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs, and death!
"Knowing is suff'ring: and shall virtue share
The sigh of knowledge? virtue shares the sigh.
By straining up the steep of excellent,
By battles fought, and from temptation won,
What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon, shuffled in the dark
With ev'ry vice, and swept to brutal dust?
"Duty; Religion! these, our duty done,
Imply reward. Religion is mistake:
Duty? there's none, but to repel the cheat.
Ye cheats! away; ye daughters of my pride!
Who feign yourselves the fav'rites of the skies:
Ye tow'ring hopes! abortive energies!
That toss and struggle in my lying breast,
To scale the skies, and build presumption there,
As I were heir of eternity;
Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
As bounded as my being, be my wish.
All is inverted, wisdom is a fool:
Sense! take the rein; blind passion! drive us on;
And, ignorance! befriend us on our way;
Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the brute,
Since, as the brute, we die: the sum of man,
Of godlike man! to revel, and to rot.
"But not on equal terms with other brutes:
Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
And safer too, they never poisons choose. [meals,
Instinct, than reason, makes more wholsome
And sends all-marring murmur far away.
For sensual life they best philosophize;
Theirs, that serene, the sages sought in vain:
'Tis man alone expostulates with heav'n,
His, all the pow'r, and all the cause to mourn.
Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears?
And bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts?
The wide-stretcht realm of intellectual woe,
Surpassing sensual far, is all our own.
In life so fatally distinguish'd, why
Cast in one lot, confounded, lumpt, in death?
"And why then have we thought? To toil and eat, [thought.
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no
What superfluities are reas'ning souls!
Oh give eternity! or thought destroy.—
But without thought our curse were half unfelt!
Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart;
And therefore tis bestow'd. I thank thee, reason,
For aiding life's too small calamities,
And giving being to the dread of death.
Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
For me, to trespass on the brutal rights?
Too much for heav'n to make one emmet more?
Too much for chaos to permit my mass
A longer stay with essences unwrought,
Unfashion'd, untormented into man?
Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
Wretched capacity of phrensy, thought!
Wretched capacity of dying, life!
Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (oh foul revolt!)
Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
"Death then has chang'd its nature too; O death,
Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heav'n!
Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
Why in this thorny wilderness so long,
Since there's no promis'd land's ambrosial bow'r?
But why this sumptuous insult o'er our heads?
Why this illustrious canopy display'd?
Why so magnificently lodg'd despair?
At stated periods sure returning, roll,
These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose
Their misery's full measure?—smiles with flow'rs,
And fruits promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,
That man may languish in luxurious scenes,
And in an Eden mourn his with'ring joys?
Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due—
For such delights! blest animals! too wise
To wonder; and too happy to complain!
"Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene;
Why not a dungeon dark for the condemn'd?
Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
For man to howl in? why not his abode
Of the same dismal colour with his fate?
A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expence
Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome
Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire,
If from her humble chamber in the dust, [flames,
While proud thought swells, and high desire in-
The poor worm calls us for her inmates there;
And round us death's inexorable hand
Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.
"Undrawn no more? behind the cloud of death,
Once I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt [thought:
That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
How the grave's alter'd! fathomless as hell!
Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,
The privilege of angels, and of worms,
An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
This particle of energy divine,
Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
And visits gods, and emulates their pow'rs,
For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
Death of that death I fearless once survey'd,
When horror universal shall descend,
And heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
How just this verse! this monumental sigh!

Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
Of matter, never dignify'd with life,

Here

Here lie proud rationals; *the ſons of heav'n!*
The lords of earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yeſterday, and not to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd."

And art thou then a ſhadow?leſs than ſhadow?
A nothing? leſs than nothing? To have been,
And not to be, is lower than unborn.
Art thou ambitious? why then make the worm
Thine equal? runs thy taſte of pleaſure high?
Why patronize ſure death of every joy?
Charm riches? why chooſe begg'ry in the grave,
Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Dar'ſt thou perſiſt? And is there nought on earth
But a long train of tranſitory forms,
Riſing, and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantaſtic lord, blown up
In ſport, and then in cruelty deſtroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo,
Deſtroys thy ſcheme the whole of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer compar'd to thee:
Oh! ſpare this waſte of being half divine;
And vindicate th' œconomy of heav'n.

§ 256. *The Annihilation of Man, incompatible with the Goodneſs of God.*

HEAV'N is all love; all joy in giving joy;
It never had created, but to bleſs;
And ſhall it then ſtrike off the liſt of life,
A being bleſt, or worthy ſo to be?
Heav'n ſtarts at an annihilating God.

§ 257. *The Guilty alone wiſh for Annihilation.*

Is that, all nature ſtarts at, thy deſire?
Art ſuch a clod to wiſh thyſelf all clay?
What is that dreadful wiſh?—the dying groan
Of nature murder'd by the blackeſt guilt:
What deadly poiſon has thy nature drank?
To nature undebauch'd no ſhock ſo great;
Nature's firſt wiſh is endleſs happineſs;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monſtrous wiſh, unborn, till virtue dies.
And oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!
For non-exiſtence no man ever wiſh'd,
But firſt he wiſh'd the Deity deſtroy'd.

§ 258. *No ſpiritual Subſtance annihilated.*

THINK'ST thou omnipotence a naked root,
Each bloſſom fair of Deity deſtroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing ſleeps; each ſoul
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and when the call
Of that loud trump collects us round heav'n's throne,
Conglob'd we baſk in everlaſting day.
How bright this proſpect ſhines! how gloomy thine!
A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the ſhambles of omnipotence!
Heaven's face all ſtain'd with cauſeleſs maſſacres
Of countleſs millions, born to feel the pang
Of being loſt. Lorenzo, can it be!
This bids us ſhudder at the thoughts of life.
Who would be born to ſuch a phantom world.
Where nought ſubſtantial, but our miſery?
A world, where dark, myſterious vanity
Of good and ill the diſtant colours blends,
Confounds all reaſon, and all hope deſtroys;
A world ſo far from great (and yet how great
It ſhines to thee!) there's nothing real in it;
Being, a ſhadow! conſciouſneſs, a dream!
A dream how dreadful! univerſal blank
Before it, and behind! poor man a ſpark
From non-exiſtence ſtruck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment ſure,
'Midſt upper, nether, and ſurrounding night,
His ſad, ſure, ſudden, and eternal tomb.

§ 259. *The World a Syſtem of Theology.*

The ſkies above proclaim immortal man,
And man immortal all below reſounds.
The world's a ſyſtem of theology,
Read by the greateſt ſtrangers to the ſchools,
If honeſt, learn'd; and ſages o'er a plough.
What then is unbelief? 'tis an exploit:
A ſtrenuous enterpriſe: to gain it, man
Muſt burſt thro' ev'ry bar of common ſenſe,
Of common ſhame, magnanimouſly wrong;
And what rewards the ſturdy combatant?
His prize, repentance; infamy, his crown.

§ 260. *Virtue the Fruit of Immortality.*

THE virtues grow on immortality;
That root deſtroy'd, they wither and expire,
A Deity believ'd will nought avail;
Rewards and puniſhments make God ador'd;
And hopes and fears give conſcience all her pow'r,
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with immortality expires.
Who tells me he denies his ſoul immortal,
Whate'er his boaſt, has told me, he's a knave.
His duty, 'tis to love himſelf alone,
Nor care, tho' mankind periſh, if he ſmiles.
And are there ſuch?—Such candidates there are
For more than death; for utter loſs of being;
Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of reaſon, and of hope!
Erect in ſtature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleaſure, poſting into pain!
Boaſters of liberty, faſt-bound in chains!
More ſenſeleſs than th' irrationals you ſcorn!
Far more undone! O ye moſt infamous
Of beings, from ſuperior dignity!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your ſouls fly off
In exhalation ſoft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence againſt you?
In the courſe drudgeries, and ſinks of ſenſe,
Your ſouls have quite worn out the make of heav'n
By vice new-caſt, and creatures of your own.

§ 261. *Free-thinking.*

THIS is free-thinking, unconfin'd to parts,
To ſend the ſoul, on curious travel bent,
Thro' all the provinces of human thought,
To dart her flight, thro' the whole ſphere of man;

To look on truth unbroken, and entire;
Truth in the ſyſtem, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and ſuſtain'd, afford
An arch-like, ſtrong foundation, to ſupport
Th' incumbent weight of abſolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we preſs, we ſtand
More firm; who moſt examine, moſt believe.
Parts, like half ſentences, confound; the whole
Conveys the ſenſe, and God is underſtood;
Who not in fragments writes to human race;
Read his whole volume, ſceptic! then, reply.
This, this is thinking free, a thought that graſps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eyes, ſurvey this midnight ſcene;
What are earth's kingdoms to yon boundleſs orbs
Of human ſouls, one day, the deſtin'd range?
And what yon boundleſs orbs to godlike man?
Thoſe numerous worlds that throng the firmament.
And aſk more ſpace in heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and ſtill leave room
For ampler orbs, for new creations, there.
Can ſuch a ſoul contract itſelf, to gripe
A point of no dimenſion, of no weight?
It can; it does: the world is ſuch a point,
And of that point how ſmall a part enſlaves.
How ſmall a part—of nothing, ſhall I ſay?
Why not?—friends, our chief treaſure? how they drop?
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What ſays this tranſportation of my friends?
It bids me love the place where now they dwell,
And ſcorn this wretched ſpot, they leave ſo poor.
Eternity's vaſt ocean lies before thee;
Give thy mind ſea-room; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of ſouls immortal; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; ſpread thy ſails; call ev'ry wind;
Eye thy great Pole-ſtar: make the land of life.

§ 262. *Rational and Animal Life.*

Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man,
And two of death; the laſt far more ſevere.
Life animal is nurtur'd by the ſun;
Thrives on its bounties, triumphs in its beams.
Life rational ſubſiſts on higher food,
Triumphant in his beams who made the day.
When we leave that ſun, and are left by this,
(The fate of all who die in ſtubborn guilt)
'Tis utter darkneſs; ſtrictly, double death.
We ſink by no judicial ſtroke of heav'n,
But nature's courſe; as ſure as plummets fall.
If then that double death ſhould prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the Deity:
Man ſhall be bleſt, as far as man permits.
Not man alone, all rationals heav'n arms
With an illuſtrious, but tremendous, pow'r,
To counteract its own moſt gracious ends:
And this, of ſtrict neceſſity, not choice.
That pow'r deny'd, men, angels, were no more
But paſſive engines, void of praiſe, or blame.
A nature rational implies the pow'r
Of being bleſt, or wretched, as we pleaſe;
Elſe idle reaſon would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliſs.
Heav'n wills our happineſs, allows our doom;
Invites us ardently; but not compels;
Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he muſt, who learns from death alone
The dreadful ſecret,—that he lives for ever.
Why this to thee? thee yet perhaps in doubt
Of ſecond life: but wherefore doubtful ſtill?
Eternal life is nature's ardent wiſh:
What ardently we wiſh, we ſoon believe:
Thy tardy faith declares that wiſh deſtroy'd:
What has deſtroy'd it?—ſhall I tell thee, what?
When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wiſh'd,
And when unwiſh'd, we ſtrive to diſbelieve.

§ 263. *The Goſpel.*

Instead of racking fancy, to refute,
Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—
From purer manners, to ſublimer faith,
Is nature's unavoidable aſcent;
An honeſt deiſt, where the goſpel ſhines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the Chriſtian ends.
When that bleſt change arrives; e'en caſt aſide
This ſong ſuperfluous; life immortal ſtrikes,
Conviction, in a flood of light divine.
A Chriſtian dwells, like Uriel in the ſun:
Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight;
And ardent hope anticipates the ſkies.
Read, and revere the ſacred page; a page
Where triumphs immortality; a page
Which not the whole creation could produce;
Which not the conflagration ſhall deſtroy;
In nature's ruins not one letter loſt:
'Tis printed in the minds of gods for ever.

§ 264. *The Myſtery of a Future State, no Argument againſt it.*

Still ſeems it ſtrange, that thou ſhouldſt live for ever?
Is it leſs ſtrange, that thou ſhouldſt live at all?
This is a miracle; and that no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end;
Deny thou art, then, doubt if thou ſhalt be.
A miracle, with miracles incloſ'd,
Is man! and ſtarts his faith at what is ſtrange?
What leſs than wonders from the wonderful?
What leſs than miracles from God can flow?
Admit a God,—that myſtery ſupreme!
That cauſe uncauſ'd! all other wonders ceaſe;
Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
Deny him—all is myſtery beſides.
We nothing know, but what is marvellous:
Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.
So weak our reaſon, and ſo great our God,
What moſt ſurpriſes in the ſacred page,
Or full as ſtrange, or ſtranger, muſt be true.
Faith is not reaſon's labour, but repoſe.

§ 265. *Hope.*

Hope, of all paſſions, moſt befriends us here;
Joy has her tears; and tranſport has her death;

Hope,

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' ſtrong,
Man's heart, at once, inſpirits and ſerenes;
Nor makes him pay his wiſdom for his joys;
'Tis all our preſent ſtate can ſafely bear,
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
And to the modeſt eye chaſtis'd delight!
Like the fair ſummer-evening, mild, and ſweet!
'Tis man's full cup; his paradiſe below!

§ 266. NIGHT VIII. *Worldly Purſuits.*

On life's gay ſtage, one inch above the grave,
The proud run up and down in queſt of eyes:
The ſenſual, in purſuit of ſomething worſe;
The grave, of gold; the politic, of pow'r;
And all, of other butterflies, as vain.
As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in;
On the ſwift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, ſtraw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd,
Where gay deluſion darkens to deſpair!

§ 267. *Human Life compared to the Ocean.*

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital! where moſt he domineers,
With all his choſen terrors frowning round,
Tho' lately feaſted high at Albion's coſt,
Wide op'ning, and loud roaring ſtill for more!
Too faithful mirror! how doſt thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The ſtrong reſemblance tempts me farther ſtill:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper ſtruck
By moral truth, in ſuch a mirror ſeen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When young, with ſanguine cheer and ſtreamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and ſtar our friend;
All in ſome darling enterpriſe embark'd:
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artleſs hands,
Ruin's ſure perquiſite! her lawful prize?
Some ſteer arright: but the black blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof
Full againſt wind, and tide, ſome win their way;
And when ſtrong effort has deſerv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, tis won! 'tis loſt!
They ſtrike; and, while they triumph, they expire.
In ſtreſs of weather, moſt: ſome ſink outright;
O'er them and o'er their names the billows cloſe;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born:
Others a ſhort memorial leave behind;
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd,
It floats a moment, and is ſeen no more;
One Cæſar lives, a thouſand are forgot.
How few beneath auſpicious planets born,
With ſwelling ſails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wiſhes freighted! Yet even theſe,
Freighted with all their wiſhes, ſoon complain:
They ſtill are men; and when is man ſecure?
As fatal time as ſtorm! the ruſh of years
Beats down their ſtrength: their numberleſs eſcapes
In ruin end: and now their proud ſucceſs
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world juſt made their own,
Their neſt ſo deeply down'd, and built ſo high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the ſtars.

§ 268. *The Love of Diſtinction.*

Ambition! pleaſure! let us talk of theſe:
Doſt graſp at greatneſs? firſt know what it is:
Think'ſt thou thy greatneſs in diſtinction lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er ſo high,
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverſe;
In that which joins, in that which equals all,
The monarch, and his ſlave—"A deathleſs ſoul,
Unbounded proſpect, and immortal kin,
A father God, and brothers in the ſkies!"
We wiſely ſtrip the ſteed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their capariſons, of men?
It nought avails thee, where, but what thou art;
All the diſtinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man: [creep,
Whenthro'death'sſtreightsearth'sſubtileſerpents
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen creſts, and hiſs at us below:
How mean that ſnuff of glory fortune lights,
And death puts out! doſt thou demand a teſt.
A teſt at once infallible and ſhort,
Of real greatneſs? that man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate or fame, who greatly dies:
High flush'd w'th hope, where heroes ſhall deſpair.

§ 269. *Pleaſure.*

Though ſomewhat diſconcerted, ſteady ſtill
To the world's cauſe, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries, "Be, then, ambition caſt;
Ambition's dearer far ſtands unimpeach'd,
Gay pleaſure! proud ambition is her ſlave:
Who can reſiſt her charms?"—Or, ſhould? Lorenzo!
What mortal ſhall reſiſt, where angels yield?
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of etherial pow'rs;
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of the world below:
How would all ſtagnate, but for pleaſure's ray?
What is the pulſe of this ſo buſy world?
The love of pleaſure: that, through ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and ſhuts out death from life.
Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleaſure's gay family holds all in chains.
Some moſt affect the black; and ſome the fair:
Whate'er the motive, pleaſure is the mark:
For her the black aſſaſſin draws his ſword;
Forher, dark ſtateſmen trim their midnight-lamp,
To which no ſingle ſacrifice may fall;
The Stoic proud, for pleaſure, pleaſure ſcorn'd;
For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,

And find, or hope, a luxury in tears:
For her, guilt, ſhame, toil, danger, we defy,
And, with an aim voluptuous, ruſh on death:
Thus univerſal her deſpotic pow'r.
Patron of pleaſure! I thy rival am;
Pleaſure, the purpoſe of my gloomy ſong.
Pleaſure is nought but virtue's gayer name—
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her worth too low:
Virtue the root, and pleaſure is the flow'r.
The love of pleaſure is man's eldeſt-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb:
Wiſdom, her younger ſiſter, tho' more grave,
Was meant to miniſter, and not to mar
Imperial pleaſure, queen of human hearts.

§ 270. *Riſe of Pleaſure.*

FIRST, pleaſure's birth, riſe, ſtrength, and grandeur ſee,
Brought forth by wiſdom, nurs'd by diſcipline,
By patience taught, by perſeverence crown'd,
She rears her head majeſtic; round her throne,
Erected in the boſom of the juſt,
Each virtue, liſted, forms her manly guard:
For what are virtues? (formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence of joy?
Great legiſlator! ſcarce ſo great as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice:
In the tranſgreſſion lies the penalty;
And they the moſt indulge, who moſt obey.

§ 271. *The End of Pleaſure.*

OF pleaſure, next, the final cauſe explore;
Its mighty purpoſe, its important end.
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, pleaſure came from heav'n:
In aid to reaſon was the goddeſs ſent,
To call up all its ſtrength by ſuch a charm.
Pleaſure firſt ſuccours virtue; in return,
Virtue gives pleaſure an eternal reign.
What, but the pleaſure of food, friendſhip, faith,
Supports life natural, civil, and divine?
It ſerves ourſelves, our ſpecies, and our God;
Glide then for ever, pleaſure's ſacred ſtream!
Through Eden as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And foſters ev'ry growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows.

§ 272. *Virtue aud Piety.*

"Is virtue, then, and piety the ſame?"
No:—piety is more; 'tis virtue's ſource;
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy,
With piety begins all good on earth;
Conſcience, her firſt law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, liſeleſs, impotent to good,
A feign'd affection bounds her utmoſt power.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's ſake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.
On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity much happineſs:
And yet ſtill more on piety itſelf.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inſpires:
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praiſe, the ſweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill;
Pray'r ardent opens heaven, lets down a ſtream
Of glory, on the conſecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the great God, that inſtant joins
The firſt in heav'n, and ſets his foot on hell.

§ 273. *Reſources of a Dejected Mind.*

ART thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercaſt?
Thy gloom to chaſe, go, fix ſome weighty truth; [good;
Chain down ſome paſſion; do ſome gen'rous
Teach ignorance to ſee; or grief to ſmile;
Correct thy friend; befriend thy greateſt foe;
Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay ſtrong hold on him who made thee—
Thy gloom is ſcatter'd, ſprightly ſpirits flow;
Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unſtrung.
Doſt call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? wretched comforters,
Phyſicians! more than half of thy diſeaſe,
Laughter, tho' never cenſur'd yet as ſin,
Is half-immoral. Is it much indulg'd?
By venting ſpleen, or diſſipating thought,
It ſhews a ſcorner, or it makes a fool;
And ſins, as hurting others, or ourſelves.
The houſe of laughter makes a houſe of woe:
What cauſe for triumph where ſuch ills abound?
What for dejection, where preſides a pow'r,
Who call'd us into being to be bleſs'd?
So grieve, as conſcious grief may riſe to joy;
So joy, as conſcious joy to grief may fall:
Moſt true; a wiſe man never will be ſad;
But neither will ſonorous, bubbling mirth
A ſhallow ſtream of happineſs betray;
Too happy to be ſportive, he's ſerene.
Retire, and read thy bible, to be gay.
There truths abound of ſov'reign aid to peace;
Ah! do not prize them leſs, becauſe inſpir'd;
If not inſpir'd, that pregnant page had ſtood,
Time's treaſure! and the wonder of the wiſe!
But theſe, thou think'ſt are gloomy paths to joy.
True joy in ſunſhine ne'er was found at firſt;
They, firſt, themſelves offend, who greatly pleaſe,
And travel only gives us ſound repoſe.
Heaven ſells all pleaſure; effort is the price;
The joys of conqueſt are the joys of man;
And glory the victorious laurels ſpreads
O'er pleaſure's pure, perpetual, placid ſtream.

§ 274. *A Man of Pleaſure is a Man of Pains.*

THERE is a time, when toil muſt be preferr'd,
Or joy, by miſtim'd fondneſs is undone.
A man of pleaſure is a man of pains.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bleſs'd.

Falſe

False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
From thoughts full bent, and energy, the true;
And that demands a mind in equal poise,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
But happiness that shortly must expire:
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?
And in a tempest can reflection live?
Can joy like thine secure itself an hour?
Can joy like thine meet accident unshock'd,
Or ope the door to honest poverty?
Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale?
In such a world, and such a nature, these
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
These fundamentals give delight indeed;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;
A constant, and a sound, but serious joy.
Is joy the daughter of severity?
It is: yet far my doctrine from severe:
"Rejoice for ever;" it becomes a man;
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods;
"Rejoice for ever." Nature cries, "Rejoice;"
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mix'd up of delicates for ev'ry sense;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feast
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise;
And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.
Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,
Is the whole science of felicity.
Yet sparing pledge; her bowl is not the best
Mankind can boast: A rational repast;
Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
A military discipline of thought,
To foil temptation in the doubtful field;
An ever-waking ardour for the right,
'Tis these first give, then guard a cheerful heart.
Nought that is right, think little; well aware,
What reason bids, God bids: by his command,
How aggrandiz'd the smallest thing we do!
Thus nothing is insipid to the wise;
To thee insipid all, but what is mad;
Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.

§ 275. *Earthly Happiness.*

Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of herself is folly's character;
As wisdom's is a modest self applause.
A change of evils is thy good supreme;
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing still:
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true:
The true is fix'd, and solid, as a rock;
Slipp'ry the false, and tossing, as the wave:
'Tis love o'erflowing makes an angel here;
Such angels all, entitled to repose
On him who governs fate. Tho' tempest frowns,
Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on heav'n!
To lean on Him on whom archangel's lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels seen of old
In Israel's dream, come from and go to heav'n:
Hence are they studious of sequester'd scenes,
While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

§ 276. *Joy.*

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
Joy's a fix'd state; a tenor, not a start;
Bliss there is none, but unprecarious bliss:
That is the gem; sell all, and purchase that.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

§ 277. *Follies of Imagination.*

In this is seen imagination's guilt; [thee,
But who can count her follies? She betrays
To think in grandeur there is something great.
For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
Hence what disaster!—Tho' the price was paid,
That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;
And poor magnificence is starv'd to death.
Hence, just resentment, indignation, ire!—

§ 278. *Pleasure consists in Goodness.*

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only contest, what deserves the name? [pass'd
Give pleasure's name to nought, but what has
Th' authentic seal of reason, which defies
The tooth of time; when past a pleasure still;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present joy.
Some joys the future overcast; and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb:
Some joys endear eternity: some give [tomb:
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight:
Be good,—and let heav'n answer for the rest.
Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds that obscure his sublunary day,
But never conquer. Ev'n the best must own,
Patience, and resignation, are the pillars
Of human peace on earth: remote from thee,
Till this heroic lesson thou hast learn'd;
To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain,
Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss.
Heav'n in reversion, like the sun as yet
Beneath the th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
Now see the man immortal; him, I mean,
Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on heav'n, Leans

Leans all that way his bias to the ſtars.
The world's dark ſhades, in contraſt ſet, ſhall raiſe
His luſtre more; tho' bright, without a foil.
Obſerve his awful portrait, and admire:
Nor ſtop at wonder; imitate and live.

§ 279. *Picture of a Good Man.*

With aſpect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him ſeated on a mount ſerene,
Above the fogs of ſenſe, and paſſion's ſtorm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmleſs thunders, breaking at his feet;
Earth's genuine ſons, the ſceptred and the ſlave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he ſees
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverſe in all; what higher praiſe?
What ſtronger demonſtration of the right?
The preſent all their care; the future, his:
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals:
Their virtues varniſh nature; his exalt:
Theirs, the wild chace of falſe felicities;
His, the compos'd poſſeſſion of the true:
Alike throughout is his conſiſtent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd ſhreds of happineſs,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and ſhews their nakedneſs.
He ſees with other eyes than theirs; where they
Behold a ſun, he ſpies a Deity;
What makes them only ſmile, makes him adore;
Where they ſee mountains, he but atoms ſees;
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain:
They things terreſtrial worſhip, as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as duſt,
That dims his ſight, and ſhortens his ſurvey,
Which longs, in infinite, to loſe all bound:
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aſide, to find his dignity:
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipſe;
He nothing thinks ſo great in man, as man;
Too dear he holds his intereſt, to neglect;
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'reſt, like a lion's, lives on prey:
They kindle at the ſhadow of a wrong;
Wrong he ſuſtains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor ſtoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace;
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praiſe:
With nakedneſs his innocence agrees;
While their broad foliage teſtifies their fall:
Their no joys end, where his full feaſt begins;
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliſs:
To triumph in exiſtence, his alone;
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true exiſtence is not yet begun:
His glorious courſe was, yeſterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome, yet life ſtill is ſweet.

§ 280. *The Fall of the Good Man.*

But nothing charms, Lorenzo, like the firm,
Undaunted breaſt:—And whoſe is that high praiſe?
They yield to pleaſure, tho' they danger brave,
And ſhew no fortitude, but in the field;
If there they ſhew it, 'tis for glory ſhown:
Nor will that cordial always man their hearts:
A cordial his ſuſtains, that cannot fail:
By pleaſure unſubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He ſhares in that omnipotence he truſts:
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls,
And, when he falls, writes *VICI* on his ſhield;
From magnanimity, all fear above:
From nobler recompenſe, above applauſe.

§ 281. *Wit and Wiſdom.*

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taſte!—
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of ſenſe;
But, as its ſubſtitute, a dire diſeaſe:
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by mankind,
Yet hated too; they think the talent rare.
Wiſdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Paſſion can give it; ſometimes wine inſpires
The lucky flaſh; and madneſs rarely fails.
Whatever cauſe the ſpirit ſtrongly ſtirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
See dullneſs blund'ring on vivacities.
But wiſdom, awful wiſdom! which inſpects,
Diſcerns, compares, weighs, ſeparates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the laſt;
How rare! In ſenates, ſynods, ſought in vain;
Or, if there found, 'tis ſacred to the few.
While a loud proſtitute to multitudes,
Frequent as fatal, wit. In civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriſer; ſenſe, a man:
Senſe is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
The plume expoſes, 'tis our helmet ſaves:
Senſe is the diamond, weighty, ſolid, ſound;
When cut by wit, it caſts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond ſtill:
Wit, widow'd of good ſenſe, is worſe than nought;
It hoiſts more ſail to run againſt a rock.
How ruinous the rock I warn thee ſhun,
Where ſyrens ſit, to ſing thee to thy fate!
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know;
She gives but little; nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulſe;
A dance of ſpirits, a mere froth of joy,
That mantles high, that ſparkles and expires,
Leaving the ſoul more vapid than before;
An animal ovation! ſuch as holds
No commerce with our reaſon, but ſubſiſts
On juices thro' the well-ton'd tubes, well-ſtrain'd;
A nice machine! ſcarce ever run'd aright;
But when it jars, the ſyrens ſing no more,
The demi-god is thrown beneath the man;
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell deſpair.

§ 282. *False Gaiety ends in Despair.*

THEY grin; but wherefore? and how long they laugh?
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lie:
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.
Hard either task! The most abandon'd own,
That others, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then, for themselves, the moment reason wakes,
O how laborious is their gaiety!
They scarce can muster patience for the farce;
And pump sad laughter, till the curtain falls:
Scarce, did I say? Some cannot sit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And shew us what their joy, by their despair.
The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye!
Its impious fury still alive in death!
Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But heav'n denies
A cover to such guilt; and so should man.
Look round, Lorenzo! see the reeking blade;
Th' envenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;
The loathsome rottenness and foul decays
From raging riot (slower suicides!),
And pride in these, more execrable still!—
How horrid all to thought!—But horrors, these,
That vouch the truth, and aid my feeble song.

§ 283. NIGHT IX. *Reflections on Death.*

WHERE the prime actors of the last year's scene; [plume?
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their
How many sleep, who kept the world awake
With lustre, and with noise? Has Death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.
But needless monuments to wake the thought;
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,
Tho' in a style more florid, full as plain,
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene;
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"Profest diversions! cannot these escape?"
Far from it; these present us with a shroud,
And talk of death, like garlands o'er the grave.
As some bold plunderers, for buried wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: how like gods
We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget our own!

§ 284. *The World a Grave.*

WHAT is the world itself? thy world?—a grave?
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread:
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons:
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel:
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter, thro' the mighty void, the dry;
Earth re-possesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As nature wide, our ruins spread: man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

§ 285. *The Triumphs of Death.*

NOR man alone; his breathing bust expires;
His tomb is mortal; empires die; Where now
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Tho' half our learning is their epitaph. [thought,
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O Death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels, glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride.

§ 286. *Deluge and Conflagration.*

BUT, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
And shakes my frame: of one departed world
I see the mighty shadow; oozy wreath
And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.
Deluge and Conflagration, dreadful pow'rs!
Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart the giant-furies roar;
Apart; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd:
But not for this ordain'd their boundless rage;
When heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes;
These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

§ 287. *The Last Day.*

SEEST thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?
The fate of nature; as, for man, her birth:
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt:
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd;
But not of waters? at the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,

Eruptions,

Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.
Amazing period; when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft
More than astonishment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire:
Far other sun!—A sun, O how unlike
The babe at Bethlem! How unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet, He it is;
That man of sorrows! O how chang'd! What
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descend! [pomp!
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside:
And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
While (dreadful contrast?) far, how far beneath!
Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous: her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey [peace,
At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more,
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Dost thou nor hear her? dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we stood! Lorenzo! while thou mayst,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is
too late!
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth rose from chaos; man from earth,
And an Eternity, the date of Gods,
Descended on poor-earth created man!
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
Already is begun the grand assize,
In us, in all: deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
Forestalls; and by forestalling, proves it sure.
Why on himself should man void judgment pass?
Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
And God above assert that God in man.

§ 288. *Thoughtlessness of the last Day.*

Thrice happy they, that enter now the court
Heav'n opens in their bosoms: but, how rare?
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who stands himself,
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?
Who hears intrepid the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?
O day of consummation! mark supreme
(If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
As in a theatre surround this scene.
Intent on man and anxious for his fate,
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
To disinvolve the moral world, and give
To nature's renovation brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!
I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!
No patron! intercessor none! now past
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain no pause! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all extreme!
Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd;
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads,
And deems it the first moment of his fall,

§ 289 *Eternity and Time.*

'Tis present to my thought!—And, yet, where is it?
Say, Thou great close of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! say, where art Thou?
Art thou in time, or in eternity? [Thou?
Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee!
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or un-arriv'd!)
As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd,
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd, calls his sons
From their long slumber; from earth's heaving womb
To second birth; upstarting from one bed;
He turns them o'er, eternity! to thee:
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live
He falls on his own scythe; nor falls alone;
His greatest foe falls with him; time, and he
Who murder'd all time's offspring, death, expire.
Time was! eternity now reigns alone!
And lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,
With banners, streaming as the comets blaze,
And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,
Of

Of light; of darkneſs; in a middle field,
Wide as creation! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whoſe preceding ſcenes
Detain'd them cloſe ſpectators, thro' a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand reſult;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd but by God;
Who, now, pronouncing ſentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
Eternity, the various ſentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous or ambroſial: What enſues?
The goddeſs, with determin'd aſpect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous ſize
Thro' deſtiny's inextricable wards,
Deep-driving ev'ry bolt; on both their fates;
Then from the cryſtal battlements of heav'n,
Down, down, ſhe hurls it thro' the dark profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand fathom; there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her reſolution more.
The deep reſounds, and hell, thro' all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

§ 290. *The unreaſonableneſs of Complaint.*

What then am I?—
Amidſt applauding worlds,
And worlds celeſtial, is there found on earth,
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious ſtring,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?
All, all is right, by God ordain'd, or done;
And who, but God, reſum'd the friends he gave?
And have I been complaining, then, ſo long?—
Complaining of his favours; pain, and death?
Who without pain's advice would e'er be good?
Who without death, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to ſave from pain! all puniſhment,
To make for peace! and death to ſave from death!
And ſecond death to guard immortal life;
To rouſe the careleſs, the preſumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of ſouls another way;
By the ſame tenderneſs divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endleſs in the ſkies.

§ 291. *Grief and Joy.*

Let impious grief be baniſh'd, joy indulg'd,
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim:
Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe:
Joy amidſt ills, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy and conqueſt; joy, and virtue too:
A noble fortitude in ills; delights
Heav'n, earth, ourſelves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's ſhining ſcene;
Proſperity conceals his brighteſt ray:
As night to ſtars, woe luſtre gives to man:
Heroes in battle, pilots in the ſtorm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter joy;
An ever-green, that ſtands the northern blaſt,
And bloſſoms in the rigour of our fate.

§ 292. *Night.*

——O Majestic Night!
Nature's great anceſtor! day's elder-born
And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!
A ſtarry crowd thy raven-brow adorns,
An azure zone, thy waiſt; clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought thro' varieties of ſhape and ſhade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heav'n through-out,
Voluminouſly pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs claim a grateful verſe,
And, like a ſable curtain ſtarr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the ſcene.

§ 293. *Regularity of the Heavenly Bodies.*

Nor think thou ſeeſt a wild diſorder here;
Thro' this illuſtrious chaos, to the ſight,
Arrangement neat, and chaſteſt order, reign:
The path preſcrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawleſs ſallies of mankind:
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
They rove for ever, without error rove:
Confuſion unconfus'd! nor leſs admire
This tumult untumultuous: all on wing,
In motion, all! yet what profound repoſe!
What fervid action, yet no noiſe! as aw'd
To ſilence by the preſence of their Lord;
Or huſh'd, by his command, in love to man,
And bid let fall ſoft beams on human reſt,
Reſtleſs themſelves. On yon cerulean plain,
In exultation to their God and thine,
They dance, they ſing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of his praiſe:
But, ſince their ſong arrives not at our ear,
Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the ſight
Fair hieroglyphic of his peerleſs power:
Mark, how, the labyrinthian turns they take,
The circles intricate, and myſtic maze,
Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence;
To Gods, how great! how legible to man!

§ 294. *Miracles.*

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tott'ring faith a ſolid baſe:
Why call for leſs than is already thine?
Say, which imports more plentitude of power,
Or nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?
To make a ſun, or ſtop his mid-career?
To countermand his orders, and ſend back
The flaming courier to the frighted eaſt,
Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's ſoft, flow'ry vale repoſe?
Great things are theſe; ſtill greater, to create.
From Adam's bow'r look down thro' the whole
Of miracles;—reſiſtleſs is their pow'r? [train
They do not, cannot, more amaze the mind,
Than this, call'd un-miraculous ſurvey.
Say'ſt thou, "The courſe of nature governs all?"
The courſe of nature is the art of God:
The miracles thou call'ſt for, this atteſt;
For, ſay, could nature nature's courſe controul?

§ 295. *Nature the Foe of Scepticiſm.*

Open thy boſom, ſet thy wiſhes wide,
And let in manhood; et in happineſs;
Admit the boundleſs theatre of thought
From nothing up to God; which makes a man:
Take God from nature, nothing great is left:

Man's

Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing ſees:
Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
See thy diſtreſs! how cloſe art thou beſieg'd!
Beſieg'd by nature, the proud ſceptic's foe!
Inclos'd by theſe innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkeſt mind,
As in a golden net of providence,
How art thou caught! ſure captive of belief!
From this thy bleſt captivity, what art,
What blaſphemy to reaſon ſets thee free?
This ſcene is heaven's indulgent violence:
Canſt thou bear up againſt this tide of glory?
What is earth boſom'd in the ambient orbs,
But faith in God impos'd, and preſs'd on man?
God is a ſpirit; ſpirit cannot ſtrike
Theſe groſs, material, organs; God by man
As much is ſeen, as man a God can ſee,
In theſe aſtoniſhing exploits of power:
What order, beauty, motion, diſtance, ſize!
Apt means! great ends! conſent to general good!
Each attribute of theſe material gods,
A ſeparate conqueſt gains o'er rebel thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

§ 296. *Reaſons for Belief.*

"What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
But that I am; and, ſince I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
Nought ſtill had been: eternal there muſt be:
But what eternal?—Why not human race;
And Adam's anceſtors without an end?
That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince every link
Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail;
Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties riſe; [too?
Whence earth, and theſe bright orbs?—eternal
Grant matter was eternal; ſtill theſe orbs
Would want ſome other father:—much deſign
Is ſeen in all their motions, all their makes:
Deſign implies intelligence, and art:
That can't be from themſelves, or man: that art
Man ſcarce can comprehend, could man beſtow?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—
Who, motion, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
Shot thro' vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's reſtive lump aſſume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
Aſſerting its indiſputable right
To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt:
Has matter none? Then whence theſe glorious forms, [poſ'd?
And boundleſs flights, from ſhapeleſs, and re-
Has matter more than motion? has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it fram'd ſuch laws,
Which, but to gueſs, a Newton made immortal?
If ſo, how each ſage atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to a man!
If art, to form; and council, to conduct;
And that with greater far than human ſkill;
Reſides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns.—
Grant then, inviſible, eternal mind;
That granted, all is ſolv'd.—But, granting that
Draw I not o'er me ſtill a darker cloud?
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
A being without origin, or end!
Hail, human liberty! There is no God.
Yet why? on either ſcheme the knot ſubſiſts:
Subſiſt it muſt, in God, or human race:
If in the laſt, how many knots beſide,
Indiſſoluble all?—why chooſe it there,
Where, choſen, ſtill ſubſiſt ten thouſand more?
Reject it; where that choſen, all the reſt
Diſpers'd, leave reaſon's whole horizon clear?
What vaſt preponderance is here! Can reaſon
With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God?
What things impoſſible muſt man think true,
On any other ſyſtem? and how ſtrange
To diſbelieve, through mere credulity!"

§ 297. *The Power of God infinite.*

Can man conceive beyond what God can do?
Nothing, but quite-impoſſible, is hard;
He ſummons into being, with like eaſe,
A whole creation, and a ſingle grain. [born!—
Speaks he the word? a thouſand worlds are
A thouſand worlds? there's ſpace for millions
And in what ſpace can his great fiat fail? [more;
Still ſeems my thought enormous? Think again;—
Experience ſelf ſhall aid thy lame belief:
Glaſſes (that revelation to the ſight!)
Have they not led us deep in the diſcloſe
Of fine-ſpun nature, exquiſitely ſmall;
And, tho' demonſtrated, ſtill ill-conceiv'd?
If, then, on the reverſe, the mind would mount
In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation poiſe?
Stupendous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!
My ſoul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
And finds herſelf but at the centre ſtill!
I Am, thy name! exiſtence all thine own!
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if ſtyl'd
"The thin, the fleeting atmoſphere of God."

§ 298. *The World ſufficient for Man. Contemplation of the Heavens.*

Yet why drown fancy in ſuch depths as theſe?
Return, preſumptuous rover! and confeſs
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too ſmall:
Enjoy we not full ſcope in what is ſeen?
Full ample the dominions of the ſun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchleſs monarch from his flaming throne,
Laviſh of luſtre, throws his beams about him,
Farther, and faſter, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires?
Beyond this city, why ſtrays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
Nor is inſtruction, here, our only gain;
There dwells a nobler pathos in the ſkies,
Which warms our paſſions, proſelytes our hearts:
How eloquently ſhines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonſtrating great truths in ſtyle ſublime,
Tho'

Tho' silent, loud! heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has its wonder, tho' too proud to praise.
Divine instructor! thy first volume, this,
For man's perusal; all in capitals!
In moon, and stars (heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who runs, may read;
Who reads, can understand: 'tis unconfin'd,
To Christian land, or Jewry; fairly writ
In language universal, to mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain,
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough.
Or from its husk strike out the bounding grain!
A language, worthy the great mind that speaks!
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page!
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.
By thee much open'd, I confess, O Night!
Yet more I wish; say, gentle Night! whose beams
Give us a new creation, and present
The world's great picture, soften'd to the sight;
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious, star of noon!
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and shew
The mighty potentate, to whom belong
These rich regalia, pompously display'd?
O for a glimpse of him my soul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste, [her,
Pants for the living stream; for him who made
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys: say, goddess! where? [throne?
Where blazes his bright court? where burns his
Thou know'st; for thou art near him; by thee,
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports, [round
The sable curtain's drawn, if not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where he dwells?
A star his dwelling pointed out below:
Say, ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
On which hand must I bend my course to find
him?
These courtiers keep the secret of their king;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from
In ardent contemplation's rapid car, [them.
From earth, as from my barrier, I set out:
How swift I mount! diminish'd earth recedes;
I pass the moon; and, from her further side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; pause at every planet,
And ask for him, who gives their orbs to roll.
From Saturn's ring, I take my bolder flight,
Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,
Of independant, native lustre, proud,
The souls of system!—What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonders burning round;
Where larger suns inherit higher spheres;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.

§ 299. *Man's Science the Culture of his Heart.*

'Tis not the curious, but the pious path,
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
Without, or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him: humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud science fails.
Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of nature, or the more profound of God:
To fathom nature; (ill attempted here!)
Past doubt, is deep philosophy above;
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still:
For, what a thunder of omnipotence
Is seen in all! in man! in earth! in skies!
Teaching this lesson, pride is loth to learn—
"Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
"Mankind was born to wonder and adore."

§ 300. *The Greatness of God inexpressible.*

"O what a root! O what a branch is here!
O what a father! what a family!
Worlds! systems! and creations!—and creations,
In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
Great Vine! on thee: on thee the cluster hangs;
The filial cluster! infinitely spread
In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)
A constellation of ten thousand gems,
Set in one signet, flames on the right-hand
Of majesty divine! the blazing seal,
That deeply stamps, on all created mind,
Indelible, his sovereign attributes
Omnipotence and love: nor stop we here,
For want of power in God, but thought in man.
If greater aught, that greater all is thine,
Dread Sire!—Accept this miniature of thee;
And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."

§ 301. *The Misery of Sin.*

O Thou, ambitious of disgrace alone?
Rank coward to the fashionable world!
Art thou asham'd to bend thy knee to heaven?
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the night,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
A scene more sad sin makes the darken'd soul;
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

§ 302. *Reason.*

Tho' blind of heart, still open is thine eye;
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
Of matter's grandeur, know, one end is this,
To tell the rational, who gazes on it—
Tho' that immensely great, still greater he,
Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
Unburthen'd, nature's universal scheme;
Can grasp creation with a single thought;
Creation grasp; and not exclude its sire—
To tell him farther—It behoves him much
To guard the important, yet-depending, fate

Of

Of being, brighter than a thousand suns;
One single ray of thought outshines them all.

§ 303. *Man.*

O Thou most awful being! and most vain!
Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy power!
Tho' dread eternity has sown her seeds
Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast;
Tho' heaven and hell depend upon thy thought,
A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.
My solemn night-born adjuration hear;
Hear, and I 'll raise thy spirit from the dust.

§ 304. *Death.*

By silence, death's peculiar attribute!
By darkness, guilt's inevitable doom:
By darkness, and by silence, sisters dread!
That draw the curtain round night's ebon throne,
And raise ideas, solemn as the scene:
By night, and all of awful, night presents
To thought, or sense, by these her trembling fires,
By these bright orators, that prove and praise,
And press thee to revere, the Deity:
Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,
To reach his throne; as stages of the soul,
Thro' which, at different periods, she shall pass,
Refining gradual, for her final height;
And purging off some dross at every sphere:
By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world:
By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,
From short ambition's zenith set for ever;
By the long list of swift mortality,
From Adam downward to this evening's knell,
Which midnight waves in fancy's startled eye;
And shocks her with a hundred centuries
Round death's black banner throng'd, in human thought:
By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,
And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear:
By tombs o'er tombs arising, human earth;
Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,
The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!
By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
And the pale lamp, that shews the ghastly dead,
More ghastly thro' the thick-incumbent gloom!
By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
The gliding spectre! and the groaning grove!
By groans and graves, and miseries that groan
For the grave's shelter: by desponding men,
Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt:
By guilt's last audit: by yon moon in blood,
The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell!
By second chaos; and eternal night—
Be wise—nor let Philander blame my charm;
But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living; duty to the dead.

§ 305. *Reflections on Sleep.*

But oh!—my spirits fail!—sleep's dewy wand
Has strok'd my drooping lids to soft repose:
Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot
The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
Whence sorrow never chas'd thee: with thee bring
Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;
Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supplies, lubricates, and keeps in play,
The various movements of this nice machine.
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
When will it end with me? —Thou only know'st,
Thou, whose broad eye the future and the past
Joins to the present; thou, and thou alone,
All-knowing!—all unknown! and yet well known!
Thee, tho' invisible, for ever seen!
And seen in all the great, and the minute,
Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
Each flower, each leaf, with its small people swarm'd,
To the first thought, that asks, from whence declare
Their common source, thou fountain running o'er
In rivers of communicated joy!
Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!
Say, by what name shall I presume to call
Him I see burning in these countless suns,
As Moses in the bush? illustrious mind!
How shall I name Thee?—how my labouring soul
Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!

§ 306. *Address to the Trinity.*

Great system of perfections! mighty cause
Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God,
Father of this immeasurable mass
Of matter multiform: mov'd, or at rest:
Father of these bright millions of the night!
Of which the least full Godhead had proclaim'd,
Father of matter's temporary lords!
Father of spirits! nobler offspring! sparks
Of high paternal glory; rich-endow'd
With various measures, and with various modes
Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams
More pale, or bright from day divine, that raise
Each over other in superior light,
Till the last ripens into lustre strong
Of next approach to Godhead: Father kind
Of intellectual beings! beings blest
With powers to please thee: not of passive ply
To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats
Of well adapted joys; in different domes
Of this imperial palace for thy sons.
Or, oh! indulge, immortal King! indulge
A title, less august indeed, but more
Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears!
Father of immortality to man!
And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom
That blessing was convey'd; far more! was bought;
Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
Were made; and one redeem'd! illustrious light
From light illustrious! Thou, whose regal power,
On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones
Inviolably

Inviolably reigns; beneath whose foot
And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
Of high, of low, of mind, and matter roll
Through the short channels of expiring time,
Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
In absolute subjection!—and, O Thou
The glorious third! distinct, not separate,
Beaming from both! incorporate with dust!
By condescension, as thy glory, great;
Inshrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
Of heaven with distant earth!—mysterious pow'r!
Reveal'd,—yet unreveal'd! darkness in light!
Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
Tri-une, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
Absconding yet demonstrable, great God!
Greater than greatest! with soft pity's eye,
From thy bright home, from that high firmament,
Where thou, from all-eternity, hast dwelt;
Beyond archangels unassisted ken;
Thro' radiant ranks of essences unknown;
Thro' hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd,
Round various banners of omnipotence,
With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd;
Thro' wond'rous beings interposing swarms;
All clustring at the call, to dwell in thee;
Thro' this wide waste of worlds—look down—
down—down,
On a poor breathing particle in dust,
Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes:
His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues too!
Those smaller faults; half-converts to the right.
Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
May see the sun (tho' night's descending scale
Now weighs up morn) unpity'd and unblest!
In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;
And, since all pain is terrible to man,
Gently, ah, gently, lay me in my bed,
My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near!
And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose;
O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,
Man's sickly soul, tho' turn'd, and toss'd for ever,
From side to side, can rest on nought but thee,
Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy.
Thou God and mortal! thence more God to man!
Thou canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise,
Uninjur'd from our praise can he escape,
Who, disemboson'd from the Father, bows
The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant earth!
Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
Against the cross, death's iron sceptre breaks!
Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!
Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
Deputes their suffering brothers to receive!
Injoins it as our duty, to rejoice!
And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
Takes his delights among the sons of men.
What words are these?—And did they come
from heav'n?
And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all mysteries to love like this?
Rich prelibation of consummate joy!

§ 307. *Conclusion.*

Then, farewell night? of darkness, now no
more:
Joy breaks, shines, triumphs; 'tis eternal day!
Shall that which rises out of nought complain,
Of a few evils, pay'd with endless joys?
My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
The two supports of human happiness,
Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
True taste of life, and constant thought of death;
Thy patron, he, whose diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of heav'n; eternity thy prize.
How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,
The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
Whose life's whole drift is to forget their graves!
And when our present privilege is past,
The same astonishment will seize us all.
What then must pain us, would preserve us now!
Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
That is, seize wisdom, ere she seizes thee:
For, what is hell? full knowledge of the truth,
When truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe;
And calls eternity to do her right.
Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
And truths divine converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes;
Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
An hour, when heaven's most intimate with man;
When, like a falling star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the just;
And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;
Which sets that title high within thy reach,
Awake, then, thy Philander calls, awake,
Thou who shalt wake; when the creation sleeps
When, like a taper, all these suns expire:
When time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd;
And midnight, universal midnight! reigns.

§ 308. *Solitude.* Young.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
(Strangers on earth) are innocence and peace:
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with health, with bus'ness unper-
This life we relish, and ensure the next. [plex'd,
There too the Muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

§ 309. *The Day of Judgment.* Young.

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,

At Heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The might plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng;
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages which their births disjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
To fix a hero's birthday, or descent? [spent,
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days?
To greet those worthies who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands:
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.
How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above;
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, fall; another, stand;
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the Fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy.)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
They all are here; and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air:
"For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare!"
Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound,
And hell thro' all her trembling realms resound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth.
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth,
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;
Who on the day of triumph, said'st, Be thine
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine;
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas, my muse!
How art thou lost! what numbers can'st thou choose?
A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heaven's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! where time and place,
Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,
Wait humbly at the foot stool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball
(Speck of creation!): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlasting Son;
Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradise:
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, knowledge shines in purest light;
On one, the sword of justice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!
Thus glorious, thro' the courts of heaven, the
Of life and death eternal bends his course; [source
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play,
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array;
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell;
And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
Voices seraphic! blest with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.
Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this!
O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigence of him in Bethlem born;
A needless, helpless, unaccounted guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast!
How chang'd from him, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made!
From him who was betray'd, forsook, denied,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and died;
Hung, pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe;
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd below!
And was 't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vanish'd—I am wholly thine.
Mistaken Caiaphas! ah! which blasphem'd,
Thou or thy prisoner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame! [claim;
But God is good! 'tis wond'rous all! ev'n He
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, died for thee.
Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd two columns raise
Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze:
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea; and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an immeasurable arch support.
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure form the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the piont of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;

Stars

Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.
Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dyed ocean into blood.
Oh formidable Glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight!
Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the Sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.
Ah how but by Repentance—by a mind
Quick and severe its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord a narrow bound: [weigh,
"O Thou! whose balance does the mountains
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the bounties of thy goodness calls.
"O! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee!
Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know!
If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
And sin the graceful indignation raise.
My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
O may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
Who calls forth Summer like a sparkling bride?
Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.
May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul!
When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine!
Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
Shine we in arms or sing beneath our vine?
Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
Thy pleasure points the shaft and bends the bow,
The cluster blasts or bids it brightly glow:
'Tis thou that lead'st our pow'rful armies forth,
And giv'st great Anne thy sceptre o'er the north.
"Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with pray'r the consecrated day;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies!
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.
"And, oh, permit the gloom of solemn night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies.
Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
And shew all nature in a milder light;
How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calms subsides;
How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
O how divine, to tread the milky way
To the bright palace of the Lord of day!
His court admire, or for his favour sue,
Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew!
Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
While I long vigils to its Founder keep! [troul,
"Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh con-
Subdue by force. the rebel in my soul!
Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
O may I pant for Thee in each desire,
And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize
Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies!
At the great day of recompence behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
Then, wafted upwards to to the blissful seat,
From age to age my grateful song repeat;
My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,
And rival angels in the praise of Thee!"

Fables for the Female Sex. Moore.

§ 310. FABLE I. *The Eagle and the Assembly of Birds.*

To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

The moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, Fair Excellence, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And shew the paths that lead astray
The wand'ring nymph from wisdom's way,
I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions understood;
Your monument, if actions raise,
Shall I deface by idle praise?
I echo not the voice of Fame;
That dwells delighted on your name:
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my ſtrain;
To theſe, deteſting praiſe, I write,
And vent in charity my ſpite:
With friendly hand I hold the glaſs
To all, promiſcuous, as they paſs:
Should folly there her likeneſs view,
I fret not that the mirror's true:
If the fantaſtic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.
Virtue, in ev'ry clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-ſoothing page;
While ſatire, that offends the ear,
Of vice and paſſion, pleaſes her.
Premiſing this, your anger ſpare;
And claim the fable you who dare.
The birds in place, by fictions preſs'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs addreſs'd:
By ſpecious lyes the ſtate was vex'd,
Their counſels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to ſtop ſeditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants the ſuit. The Eagle ſate
Decider of the grand debate.
The Pye, to truſt and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permiſſion to be heard.
Says he, prolixity of phraſe
You know I hate. This libel ſays,
"Some birds there are, who, prone to noiſe,
Are hir'd to ſilence wiſdom's voice;
And ſkill'd, to chatter out the hour,
Riſe by their emptineſs to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt you'll readily agree;
Yet well this ſage aſſembly knows,
By parts to government I roſe.
My prudent counſels prop the ſtate;
Magpies were never known to prate.
The Kite roſe up. His honeſt heart
In virtue's ſufferings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew:
So far the libeller ſaid true:
"Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
Who knew no int'reſt but their own;
Who hov'ring oe'r the farmer's yard,
Nor pigeon, chick, or duckling ſpar'd."
This might be true; but, if applied
To him, in troth, the ſlanderer lyed.
Since ign'rance then might be miſled,
Such things, he thought, were beſt unſaid.
The Crow was vex'd. As yeſter-morn
He flew acroſs the new-ſown corn,
A ſcreaming boy was ſet for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away;
Scandal had ſound him out in turn,
And buzz'd abroad that crows love corn.
The Owl aroſe with ſolemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the caſe:
That magpies prate, it may be true;
A kite may be voracious too;
Crows ſometimes deal in new-ſown peaſe;
He libels not, who ſtrikes at theſe:
The ſlander's here—"But there are birds,
Whoſe wiſdom lies in looks not words;
Blund'rers, who level in the dark,
And always ſhoot beſide the mark."
He names not me; but theſe are hints,
Which manifeſt at whom he ſquints,
I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
To queſtion if he meant an owl.
Ye wretches, hence! the Eagle cries,
'Tis conſcience, conſcience that applies;
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by innocence from harm;
While Guilt, and his aſſociate Fear,
Are ſtartled at the paſſing air.

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§ 311. FABLE II. *The Panther, the Horſe, and other Beaſts.*

The man who ſeeks to win the fair
(So cuſtom ſays) muſt truth forbear;
Muſt fawn and flatter, cringe and lye,
And raiſe the goddeſs to the ſky.
For truth is hateful to her ear;
A rudeneſs which ſhe cannot bear.
A rudeneſs! Yes, I ſpeak my thoughts;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.
How wretched, Chloe, then am I,
Who love you and yet cannot lye?
And ſtill, to make you leſs my friend,
I ſtrive your errors to amend!
But ſhall the ſenſeleſs fop impart
The ſofteſt paſſion to your heart;
While he, who tells you honeſt truth,
And points to happineſs your youth,
Determines, by his care, his lot,
And lives neglected and forgot?
Truſt me, my dear, with greater eaſe,
Your taſte for flatt'ry I could pleaſe;
And ſimiles in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, ſhould ſhine.
What if I ſay your lips diſcloſe
The freſhneſs of the op'ning roſe?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreſhing ſhow'rs?
Yet certain as theſe flow'rs ſhall fade,
Time ev'ry beauty will invade.
The butterfly of various hue,
More than the flow'r reſembles you;
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, buſy thing,
To pleaſure ever on the wing,
Gaily coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.
Would you the bloom of youth ſhould laſt?
'Tis virtue that muſt bind it faſt;
An eaſy carriage, wholly free
From ſour reſerves or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unſkill'd in any art;
Humility enough to own
The frailties which a friend makes known,
And decent pride enough to know
The worth that virtue can beſtow.
Theſe are the charms which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things elſe removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves,

You'll

You 'll frown, and aſk, To what intent
This blunt addreſs to you is ſent?
I 'll ſpare the queſtion, and confeſs
I 'd praiſe you, if I lov'd you leſs.
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude while you are vain.
Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
When beaſts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther of majeſtic port
(The vaineſt female of the court)
With ſpotted ſkin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every boſom with deſire.
Where'er ſhe mov'd, a ſervile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd:
Aſſemblies ev'ry week ſhe held
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd;
Where noiſe, and nonſenſe, and grimace,
And lyes, and ſcandal, fill'd the place.
Behold the gay fantaſtic thing
Encircled by the ſpacious ring!
Low bowing, with important look,
As firſt in rank, the Monkey ſpoke:
"Gad take me, madam! but I ſwear,
No angel ever look'd ſo fair:
Forgive my rudeneſs, but I vow
You were not quite divine till now;
Thoſe limbs! that ſhape! and then thoſe eyes!
O cloſe them, or the gazer dies!"
Nay, gentle pug, for goodneſs huſh,
I vow and ſwear you make me bluſh;
I ſhall be angry at this rate;
'Tis ſo like flatt'ry, which I hate.
The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taſte, and ſenſe,
To which the fair have vaſt pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they ſtrive not to attain;
And play'd ſo cunningly his part,
That pug was rivall'd in his art.
The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
And burnt—for what he durſt not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning underſtood.
Half angry at the bold addreſs,
She frown'd; but yet ſhe muſt confeſs
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But ſtill his phraſe was ſomewhat rude.
The Hog her neatneſs much admir'd;
The formal Aſs her ſwiftneſs fir'd:
While all to feed her folly ſtrove,
And by their praiſes ſhar'd her love.
The Horſe, whoſe gen'rous heart diſdain'd
Applauſe by ſervile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage ſilence broke,
And thus with indignation broke:
When flatt'ring monkeys fawn and prate,
They juſtly raiſe contempt or hate;
For merit 's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his ſelfiſh ends;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendſhips to betray.
Diſmiſs the train of fops and fools,
And learn to live by wiſdom's rules:
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who would court that lovely ſhape,
To be the rival of an ape?
He ſaid, and ſnorting in diſdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and ſought the plain.

§ 312. FABLE III. *The Nightingale and Glow-worm.*

THE prudent nymph, whoſe cheeks diſcloſe
The lily and the bluſhing roſe,
From public view her charms will ſcreen,
And rarely in the crowd be ſeen;
This ſimple truth ſhall keep her wiſe—
"The faireſt fruits attract the flies."
One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cried, Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, ſo fine a creature.
All other inſects that I ſee,
The frugal ant, induſtrious bee,
Or ſilk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who ſervilely their lives employ
In bus'neſs, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulger herd! ye are my ſcorn;
For grandeur only I was born,
Or ſure am ſprung from race divine
And plac'd on earth to live and ſhine.
Thoſe lights that ſparkle ſo on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the ſky;
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Becauſe they imitate my fire.
She ſpoke. Attentive on a ſpray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay;
He ſaw the ſhining morſel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
Awhile he gaz'd with ſober look,
And thus the trembling prey beſpoke:
Deluded fool, with pride elate!
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Leſs dazzling, long thou mightſt have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, ſoon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom ſhe adorns.

§ 313. FABLE IV. *Hymen and Death.*

SIXTEEN, d' ye ſay? Nay then 'tis time;
Another year deſtroys your prime.
But ſtay—the ſettlement? "That 's made."
Why then 's my ſimple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable ſcan.
The ſhades were fled, the morning bluſh'd,
The winds were in their caverns huſh'd,
When Hymen, penſive and ſedate,
Held o'er the fields his muſing gait.
Behind him, thro' the green-wood ſhade,
Death's meagre form the god ſurvey'd;
Who quickly, with gigantic ſtride,
Outwent his pace, and join'd his ſide.

The chat on various ſubjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began:
Relentleſs Death! whoſe iron ſway
Mortals reluctant muſt obey,
Still of thy pow'r ſhall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
All over ſtuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel ſhafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot that Hymen tied.
Shall not the bloody and the bold,
The miſer hoarding up his gold,
The harlot reeking from the ſtew,
Alone thy fell revenge purſue?
But muſt the gentle and the kind
Thy fury, undiſtinguiſh'd, find?
The monarch calmly thus replied:
Weigh well the cauſe, and then decide.
That friend of yours you lately nam'd,
Cupid alone, is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be juſtly laid:
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly one in twenty years
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus ſends;
Hence care, and bitterneſs, and ſtrife,
Are common to the nuptial life.
Believe me! more than all mankind
Your vot'ries my compaſſion find.
Yet cruel am I call'd, and baſe,
Who ſeek the wretched to releaſe;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indiſſoluble but for me.
'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
By me your crowded altars ſmoke:
For mortals boldly dare the nooſe,
Secure that Death will ſet them looſe.

§ 314. FABLE V. *The Poet and his Patron.*

Why, Cælia, is your ſpreading waiſt
So looſe, ſo negligently lac'd?
Why muſt the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your ſnowy boſom's ſwelling pride?
How ill that dreſs adorns your head,
Diſtain'd and rumpled from the bed!
Thoſe clouds that ſhade your blooming face
A little water might diſplace,
As Nature ev'ry morn beſtows
The cryſtal dew to cleanſe the roſe.
Thoſe treſſes, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Deſtroy the face which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulneſs of dreſs?
Pray, Madam, are you married?—Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceaſes;
No matter now how looſe your dreſs is;
The end is won, your fortune's made;
Your ſiſter now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed averſion, ſtrife,
And all that ſours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatneſs guides it to the heart;
Let neatneſs then and beauty ſtrive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you 'll find it true)
To keep the conqueſt, than ſubdue;
Admit us once behind the ſcreen,
What is there further to be ſeen?
A newer face may raiſe the flame,
But ev'ry woman is the ſame.
Then ſtudy chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your huſband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dreſs
That gave your beauty pow'r to bleſs?
Purſue it ſtill; be neater ſeen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So ſhall you keep alive deſire,
And time's ſwift wing ſhall fan the fire.
In garret high (as ſtories ſay)
A Poet ſung his tuneful lay;
So ſoft, ſo ſmooth, his verſe you'd ſwear
Apollo and the Muſes there:
Thro' all the town his praiſes rung;
His ſonnets at the playhouſe ſung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddeſs Want her pinions ſpread,
And with poetic fury fir'd
What Phœbus faintly had inſpir'd.
A noble youth, of taſte and wit,
Approv'd the ſprightly things he writ,
And ſought him in his cobweb dome,
Diſcharg'd his rent, and brought him home.
Behold him at the ſtately board!
Who but the Poet and my Lord!
Each day deliciouſly he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His ſides were plump, his ſkin was ſleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Aſtoniſh'd at the change ſo new,
Away th' inſpiring goddeſs flew.
Now, dropt for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muſe,
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He ſtifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor ſonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram, was ready.
With juſt contempt his Patron ſaw
(Reſolv'd his bounty to withdraw);
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool beſpoke:
Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the ſun of favour ſhone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Eſteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'ſt the charm
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools alone deſpiſe
The arts that taught them firſt to riſe.

§ 315. FABLE VI. *The Wolf, the Sheep, and the Lamb.*

Duty demands, the parent's voice
Should ſanctify the daughter's choice:
In that is due obedience ſhewn;
To chooſe, belongs to her alone.

May horror ſeize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchaſe vile and baſe,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue ſickens; and the breaſt,
Where peace had built her downy neſt,
Becomes the troubled ſeat of care,
And pines with anguiſh and deſpair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
Whoſe nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-ſpent life,
And cloy'd with thefts would take a wife.
His purpoſe known, the ſavage race
In num'rous crowds attends the place;
For why, a mighty wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance ſought;
But cold by age, or elſe too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd as at early dawn,
He ſolitary croſs'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, the ſportive Lamb
Skipp'd wanton by her fleecy Dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beaſt,
Diſcharg'd an arrow at his breaſt.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimbleſt ſpeed the Wolf o'ertook,
And courteous thus the Dam beſpoke:
Stay, faireſt, and ſuſpend your fear,
Truſt me, no enemy is near:
Theſe jaws, in ſlaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder bus'neſs brings me now,
Vanquiſh'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter—ſweet, forgive
A Wolf's addreſs—in her I live;
Love from her eyes like lightning came,
And ſet my marrow all on flame;
Let your conſent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the ſhepherd's cur may ſleep,
While I ſecure his maſter's ſheep.
Diſcourſe like this attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breaſt inflam'd;
Now fearleſs by his ſide ſhe walk'd,
Of ſettlements and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubled her demands,
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
The Wolf agrees. Her boſom ſwells;
To Miſs her happy fate ſhe tells;
And, of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her Dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mamma beſt knew
What unexperienc'd girls ſhould do.
So, to the neighb'ring meadow carried,
A formal aſs the couple married.

Torn from the tyrant mother's ſide,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride;
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a ſiſter lamb is ſerv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The craſhing bones he grinds for food,
And ſlakes his thirſt with ſtreaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind deteſts,
And lodges but in gentle breaſts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment paſt,
The ſavage hunger'd for the feaſt;
But (as we find, in human race,
A maſk conceals the villain's face)
Juſtice muſt authoriſe the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durſt not eat.

As forth he walk'd in queſt of prey,
The hunters met him on the way:
Fear wings his flight; the marſh he ſought:
The ſnuffing dogs are ſet at fault.
His ſtomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling he grinds his empty jaws:
Food muſt be had, and Lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudful lie.
Is this (diſſembling rage, he cried)
The gentle virtue of a bride?
That, learn'd with man's deſtroying race,
She ſets her huſband for the chace?
By treach'ry prompts the noiſy hound
To ſcent his footſteps on the ground?
Thou trait'reſs vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!

So ſaying, on the Lamb he flies:
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

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§ 316. FABLE VII. *The Gooſe and the Swans.*

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The liſping tone, the ſhape conſtrain'd,
The ſtudied look, the paſſion feign'd,
Are fopperies which only tend
To injure what they ſtrive to mend.

With what ſuperior grace enchants
The face, which nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom and good-humour ſit,
And eaſy gaiety and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The maſter lines, the finiſh'd air,
We catch from ev'ry look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the ſight;
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love;
While the agreeable ſtrikes ſure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, leſs fair?
If nature on your cheek beſtows
A bloom that emulates the roſe,
Or from ſome heavenly image drew
A form Apelles never knew,

Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And ſpoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care ſhe ſtill rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When ſuch, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still preſs the foremoſt in the crowd,
At ev'ry public ſhow are ſeen,
With look awry, and awkward mien,
The gaudy dreſs attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.
Nature may underdo her part,
But ſeldom wants the help of art;
Truſt her, ſhe is your ſureſt friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.
A Gooſe, affected, empty, vain,
The ſhrilleſt of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated creſt,
Precedence claim'd above the reſt.
Says ſhe, I laugh at human race,
Who ſay geeſe hobble in their pace;
Look here!—the ſland'rous lye detect;
No haughty man is ſo erect.
That peacock yonder! Lord, how vain
The creature 's of his gaudy train!
If both were ſtript, I pawn my word
A gooſe would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geeſe ſet off with half that ſhow,
Would men admire the peacock! No.
Thus vaunting, 'croſs the mead ſhe ſtalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The ſun ſhot down his noon-tide beams,
The Swans were ſporting in the ſtreams;
Their ſnowy plumes and ſtately pride
Provok'd her ſpleen. Why there, ſhe cried,
Again what arrogance we ſee!
Thoſe creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall ev'ry fowl the water ſkim,
Becauſe we geeſe are known to ſwim!
Humility they ſoon ſhall learn,
And their own emptineſs diſcern.
So ſaying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave ſhe ſprings;
Her boſom ſwells, ſhe ſpreads her plumes,
And the ſwan's ſtately creſt aſſumes.
Contempt and mockery enſued,
And burſts of laughter ſhook the flood.
A Swan, ſuperior to the reſt,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool addreſs'd:
Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride:
Theſe airs thy awkwardneſs impart,
And ſhew thee plainly as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock
Thou hadſt eſcap'd the public mock;
And, as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honeſt hobbling gooſe.
Learn hence to ſtudy wiſdom's rules;
Know, foppery 's the pride of fools;
And, ſtriving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

§ 317. FABLE VIII. *The Lawyer and Juſtice.*

Love! thou divineſt good below!
Thy pure delights few mortals know:
Our rebel hearts thy ſway diſown,
While tyrant luſt uſurps thy throne.
The bounteous God of nature made
The ſexes for each other's aid;
Their mutual talents to employ,
To leſſen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he aſſign'd
That ſoft'ning gentleneſs of mind,
That can by ſympathy impart
Its likeneſs to the roughеſt heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endued,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His roſy fingers on her face
Shed laviſh ev'ry bloomy grace,
And ſtamp'd (perfection to diſplay)
His mildeſt image on her clay.
Man, active, reſolute, and bold,
He faſhion'd in a different mould,
With uſeful arts his mind inform'd,
His breaſt with nobler paſſions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taſte, and ſenſe,
And courage for the fair's defence.
Her frame, reſiſtleſs to each wrong,
Demands protection from the ſtrong;
To man ſhe flies when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.
By nature's Author thus declar'd
The woman's ſovereign and her guard,
Shall man by treach'rous wiles invade
The weakneſs he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inſpire
Protecting love, and ſoft deſire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breaſt points the dart,
Becomes the ſpoiler's baſe pretence
To triumph over innocence.
The wolf, that tears the tim'rous ſheep,
Was never ſet the fold to keep;
Nor was the tiger, or the pard,
Meant the benighted trav'ller's guard;
But man, the wildeſt beaſt of prey,
Wears friendſhip's ſemblance to betray;
His ſtrength againſt the weak employs;
And where he ſhould protect, deſtroys.
Paſt twelve o'clock, the watchman cried;
His brief the ſtudious Lawyer plied;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earneſt of to-morrow's lie.
Sudden the furious winds ariſe,
The jarring caſement ſhatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow ſound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When Juſtice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to ſight.
The wretch with thrilling horror ſhook;
Looſe ev'ry joint, and pale his look;
Not having ſeen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in reports,
He aſk'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence ſhe came?

Sternly

Sternly the white-rob'd Shade replied
(A crimſon glow her viſage dyed);
Canſt thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Juſtice grown ſo ſtrange a name?
Were not your courts for Juſtice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee I did elect,
My ſacred temple to protect,
That thou and all thy venal tribe,
Should ſpurn the goddeſs for the bribe.
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Juſtice has neither ears nor eyes;
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainſt me the judge denounces war,
And rarely iſſues his decree
But with intent to baffle me.
She paus'd—her breaſt with fury burn'd;
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd:
I own the charge is juſtly laid,
And weak th' excuſe that can be made;
Yet ſearch the ſpacious globe, and ſee
If all mankind are not like me.
The gown-man, ſkill'd in Romiſh lies,
By faith's falſe glaſs deludes our eyes:
O'er conſcience rides without controul,
And robs the man to ſave his ſoul.
The doctor, with important face,
By ſly deſign miſtakes the caſe;
Preſcribes, and ſpins out the diſeaſe,
To trick the patient of his fees.
The ſoldier, rough with many a ſcar,
And red with ſlaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's truſt betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.
When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'reſt turns the ſcales,
Muſt I be better than the reſt,
And harbour Juſtice in my breaſt?
On one ſide only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?
Thou blind to ſenſe, and vile of mind,
Th' exaſperated Shade rejoin'd,
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will other's faults excuſe thy own?
For ſickly ſouls the prieſt was made;
Phyſicians for the body's aid;
The ſoldier guarded liberty;
Man, woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithleſs to their truſt,
They leave not thee the leſs unjuſt.
Henceforth your pleadings I diſclaim,
And bar the ſanction of my name;
Within your courts it ſhall be read,
That Juſtice from the law is fled.
She ſpoke; and hid in ſhades her face,
Till Hardwicke ſooth'd her into grace.

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§ 318. FABLE IX. *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.*

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I ſaid that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I ſay ſhe equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But inſtantly your forehead lours,
As if her merit leſſen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All muſt be blind becauſe you ſee.
Survey the garden, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the bloſſoms, and the flow'rs;
Then tell me where the woodbine grows
That vies in ſweetneſs with the roſe;
Or where the lily's ſnowy white,
That throws ſuch beauties on the ſight?
Yet folly is it to declare,
That theſe are neither ſweet nor fair.
The cryſtal ſhines with fainter rays
Before the diamond's brighter blaze;
And fops will ſay the diamond dies
Before the luſtre of your eyes:
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither ſhine when you are by.
When zephyrs o'er the bloſſom ſtray,
And ſweets along the air convey,
Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Becauſe you breathe a ſweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field;
Sweet is the ſmell the bloſſoms yield;
Sweet is the ſummer gale that blows;
And ſweet, tho' ſweeter you, the roſe.
Shall envy then torment your breaſt,
If you are lovelier than the reſt?
For while I give to each her due,
By praiſing them I flatter you;
And praiſing moſt, I ſtill declare
You faireſt, where the reſt are fair.
As at his board a farmer ſate,
Repleniſh'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him ſtood,
And with his maſter ſhar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers ſcour'd;
Till, fated now, ſupine he lay,
And ſnor'd the riſing fumes away.
The hungry Cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a ſervant's ſhare;
Her modeſt worth the maſter knew,
And ſtraight the fatt'ning morſel threw:
Enrag'd, the ſnarling Cur awoke,
And thus with ſpiteful envy ſpoke:
They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by ſervices their meat;
Me, zeal and induſtry inflame
To ſcour the fields, and ſpring the game;
Or, plunged in the wint'ry wave,
For man the wounded bird to ſave.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves his fleecy ſheep;
At home his midnight hours ſecure,
And drive the robber from the door:
For this his breaſt with kindneſs glows,
For this his hand the food beſtows;
And ſhall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendſhip to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper ſuch vile things as you!

I own

I own (with meekneſs Puſs replied)
Superior merit on your ſide;
Nor does my breaſt with envy ſwell,
To find it recompenc'd ſo well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whoſe claws deſtroy the pilf'ring mouſe?
Who drives the vermin from the houſe?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring ſwain,
From lurking rats ſecures the grain?
From hence, if he rewards beſtow,
Why ſhould your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happineſs to ſee,
Since there's enough for you and me?
Thy words are juſt, the farmer cried,
And ſpurn'd the ſnarler from his ſide.

§ 319. FABLE X. *The Spider and the Bee.*

THE nymph who walks the public ſtreets,
And ſets her cap at all ſhe meets,
May catch the fool who turns to ſtare;
But men of ſenſe avoid the ſnare.
As on the margin of the flood,
With ſilken line, my Lydia ſtood,
I ſmil'd to ſee the pains ſhe took
To cover o'er the fraudful hook.
Along the foreſt as we ſtray'd,
You ſaw the boy his lime-twigs ſpread;
Gueſs'd you the reaſon of his fear,
Leſt, heedleſs, we approach too near?
For as behind the buſh we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the ſpray.
Needs there ſuch caution to delude
The ſcaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And think you, with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?
The maid who modeſtly conceals
Her beauties, while ſhe hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpſe, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's firſt fig-leaf to brocade,
All dreſs was meant for fancy's aid;
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the baſhful nymph conceals.
When Celia ſtruts in man's attire,
She ſhews too much to raiſe deſire;
But, from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very ſhoe has pow'r to wound.
The roving eye, the boſom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop: for gudgeons ſtrike
At the bare hook and bait alike;
While ſalmon play regardleſs by,
Till art like nature forms the fly.
Beneath a peaſant's homely thatch
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night with reſtleſs care,
She ſpun her web, and wove her ſnare.
Within the limits of her reign
Lay many a heedleſs captive ſlain;
Or flutt'ring ſtruggled in the toils,
To burſt the chains, and ſhun her wiles.
A ſtraying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with diſdainful eye,
And thus began: Mean thing! give o'er,
And lay thy ſlender threads no more;
A thoughtleſs fly or two, at moſt,
Is all the conqueſt thou canſt boaſt;
For bees of ſenſe thy arts evade,
We ſee ſo plain the nets are laid.
The gaudy tulip, that diſplays
Her ſpreading foliage to gaze;
That points her charms at all ſhe ſees,
And yields to ev'ry wanton breeze,
Attracts not me; where bluſhing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modeſt roſe,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant boſom lie;
Reluctant ſhe my ardour meets,
And baſhful renders up her ſweets.
To wiſer heads attention lend,
And learn this leſſon from a friend:
She who with modeſty retires,
Adds fuel to her lover's fires;
While ſuch incautious jilts as you
By folly your own ſchemes undo.

§ 320. FABLE XI. *The Young Lion and the Ape.*

'TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice;
And peeviſh grow, and ſick, to hear
His exclamations, O how fair!
I liſten not to wild delights,
And tranſports of expected nights;
What is to me your hoard of charms,
The whiteneſs of your neck and arms?
Needs there no acquiſition more
To keep contention from the door?
Yes; paſs a fortnight, and you'll find
All beauty cloys, but of the mind.
Senſe and good humour ever prove
The ſureſt cords to faſten love.
Yet, Phillis, ſimpleſt of your ſex,
You never think but to perplex;
Coquetting it with ev'ry ape
That ſtruts abroad in human ſhape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taſte,
But that it ſtings your lover's breaſt.
To-morrow you reſign the ſway,
Prepar'd to honour and obey:
The tyrant miſtreſs change for life,
To the ſubmiſſion of a wife.
Your follies, if you can, ſuſpend,
And learn inſtruction from a friend:
Reluctant hear the firſt addreſs,
Think often ere you anſwer Yes:
But, once reſolv'd, throw off diſguiſe,
And wear your wiſhes in your eyes;
With caution ev'ry look forbear
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breaſt a wound;
Contemn the girliſh arts to teaze,
Nor uſe your pow'r, unleſs to pleaſe;
For fools alone with rigour ſway,
When, ſoon or late, they muſt obey.
The King of brutes, in life's decline,
Reſolv'd dominion to reſign;

The

The beaſts were ſummon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.
A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus addreſs'd the train:
Why cringe, my friends, with ſlaviſh awe,
Before this pageant king of ſtraw?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And, ere we feel it, own his pow'r?
The counſels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wiſe;
Subjection let us caſt away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to ſpurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So ſhall he right from wrong diſcern,
And mercy from oppreſſion learn;
At others woes be taught to melt,
And loath the ills himſelf has felt.
He ſpoke—his boſom ſwell'd with pride;
The youthful Lion thus replied:
What madneſs prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending ſtroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compaſſion to the feeling heart?
Or teach the grateful breaſt to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their ſchools,
From women thou haſt drawn thy rules:
To them return; in ſuch a cauſe,
From only ſuch expect applauſe;
The partial ſex I don't condemn,
For liking thoſe who copy them.
Wouldſt thou the gen'rous lion bind?
By kindneſs bribe him to be kind;
Good offices their likeneſs get,
And payment leſſens not the debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good from others he receives;
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'reſt ſcorn for ſcorn.

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§ 321. FABLE XII. *The Colt and the Farmer.*

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
Why ſo averſe, ſo coy to man?
Did Nature, laviſh of her care,
From her beſt pattern form you fair,
That you, ungrateful to her cauſe,
Should mock her gifts, and ſpurn her laws?
And, miſer-like, withhold that ſtore,
Which, by imparting, bleſſes more?
Beauty's a gift by Heaven aſſign'd
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And though by waſting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him once 'twas paid.
And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to ruſt, or time to ſteal?
The ſummer of your youth to rove
A ſtranger to the joys of love?
Then, when life's winter haſtens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rleſs to court ſome peaſant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms;
No gratitude to warm his breaſt,
For blooming beauty once poſſeſt;
How will you curſe that ſtubborn pride
Which drove your bark acroſs the tide,
And ſailing before folly's wind,
Left ſenſe and happineſs behind!
Corinna, leſt theſe whims prevail,
To ſuch as you I write my tale.
A Colt, for blood and mettled ſpeed
The choiceſt of the running breed.
Of youthful ſtrength and beauty vain,
Refus'd ſubjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious ſkill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;
In vain the maſter's forming care
Reſtrain'd with threats, or ſooth'd with pray'r;
Of freedom proud, and ſcorning man,
Wild o'er the ſpacious plains he ran.
Where'er luxuriant nature ſpread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling ſtreams ſoft gliding paſs,
To cool and freſhen up the graſs,
Diſdaining bounds, he cropt the blade,
And wanton'd in the ſpoil he made.
In plenty thus the ſummer paſs'd,
Revolving winter came at laſt;
The trees no more a ſhelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual ſnows inveſt the ground,
In icy chains the ſtreams are bound,
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
His lank unſhelter'd ſides aſſail.
As round he caſt his rueful eyes,
He ſaw the thatch'd-roof cottage riſe;
The proſpect touch'd his heart with cheer,
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.
A ſtable, erſt his ſcorn and hate,
Was now become his wiſh'd retreat;
His paſſion cool, his pride forgot,
A Farmer's welcome yard he ſought.
The maſter ſaw his woeful plight,
His limbs that totter'd with his weight:
And, friendly, to the ſtable led,
And ſaw him litter'd, dreſs'd and fed.
In ſlothful eaſe all night he lay,
The ſervants roſe at break of day;
The market calls—along the road
His back muſt bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he ſtruggles or complains,
Inceſſant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the ſoil;
While ſcanty meals at night repay
The painful labours of the day.
Subdued by toil, with anguiſh rent,
His ſelf-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he ſighing ſaid,
By arrogance and folly led:
Had but my reſtive youth been brought
To learn the leſſon nature taught,

Then

Then had I, like my ſires of yore,
The prize from ev'ry courſer bore.
While man beſtow'd rewards and praiſe,
And females crown my latter days.
Now laſting ſervitude's my lot,
My birth contemn'd, my ſpeed forgot;
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death from year to year.

§ 322. FABLE XIII. *The Owl and the Nightingale.*

To know the miſtreſs' humour right,
See if her maids are clean and tight;
If Betty waits without her ſtays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When Miſs comes in with boiſt'rous ſhout,
And drops no curtſey going out,
Depend upon 't, mamma is one
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.
If bottled beer her thirſt aſſuage,
She feels enthuſiaſtic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts and workings of the ſpirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy but death remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are ſweet to ſuch a wife.
At home ſuperior wit ſhe vaunts,
And twits her huſband with his wants;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground;
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order but of ſoul;
With books her litter'd floor is ſpread,
Of nameleſs authors, never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
Fill up the intermediate ſpace.
Abroad, at viſitings, her tongue
Is never ſtill, and always wrong;
All meanings ſhe defines away,
And ſtands with truth and ſenſe at bay.
If e'er ſhe meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the houſewife's uſeful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds contentment's temple there,
She ſtarts at ſuch miſtakes in nature,
And cries, Lord help us! what a creature!
Meliſſa, if the moral ſtrike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.
An Owl, puff'd up with ſelf-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuſcripts he treaſur'd up,
And rummag'd ev'ry grocer's ſhop;
At paſtry-cooks was known to ply,
And ſtrip for ſcience ev'ry pye.
For modern poetry, and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ;
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treaſures were his own;
To all his authors had acceſs,
And ſometimes would correct the preſs.
In logic he acquir'd ſuch knowledge,
You'd ſwear him fellow of a college;
Alike to ev'ry art and ſcience
His daring genius bid defiance,
And ſwallow'd wiſdom with that haſte
That cits do cuſtards at a feaſt.
Within the ſhelter of a wood,
One evening, as he muſing ſtood,
Hard by, upon a leafy ſpray,
A Nightingale began his lay.
Sudden he ſtarts, with anger ſtung,
And ſcreeching interrupts the ſong:
Pert, buſy thing! thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplation ſoar.
What is the muſic of thy voice,
But jarring diſſonance and noiſe?
Be wiſe; true harmony thou'lt find
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious ſtudy gain'd.
Go, read the authors Pope explodes;
Fathom the depths of Cibber's odes;
With modern plays improve thy wit;
Read all the learning Henley writ;
And if thou needs muſt ſing, ſing then,
And emulate the ways of men;
So ſhalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.
Thou wretch, the little warbler cried,
Made up of ignorance and pride!
Aſk all the birds, and they'll declare
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyſelf, thy talents ſcan,
Science was only meant for man.
No ſenſeleſs authors me moleſt,
I mind the duties of my neſt;
With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their evenings with a ſong:
Make ſhort the weary traveller's way,
And warble in the poet's lay.
Thus, following nature and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applauſe;
While nurs'd in pedantry and ſloth,
An Owl is ſcorn'd alike by both.

§ 323. FABLE XIV. *The Sparrow and the Dove.*

It was, as learn'd traditions ſay,
Upon an April's blitheſome day,
When pleaſure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the ſpring,
And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Inſtructing little hearts to beat;
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold addreſs, and flippant tongue,
Juſt left his lady of a night,
Like him to follow new delight.
The youth, of many a conqueſt vain,
Flew off to ſeek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a ſaucy eaſe bow'd round.
For ev'ry ſhe his boſom burns,
And this and that he woos by turns;
And here a ſigh, and there a bill;
And here—thoſe eyes, ſo form'd to kill!
And now, with ready tongue, he ſtrings
Unmeaning, ſoft, reſiſtleſs things;
With vows and dem-me's ſkill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.

Not

Not that he thought this ſhort eſſay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, truſt me, ſays our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous ſex much better:
But theſe he held as ſpecious arts,
To ſhew his own ſuperior parts;
The form of decency to ſhield,
And give a juſt pretence to yield.
Thus finiſhing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
With careleſs impudence drew near,
And whiſper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which like the maſon's ſign,
The conſcious can alone divine.
The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cried, Sir?—pray, Sir, explain your meaning—
Go prate to thoſe that may endure ye!—
To me this rudeneſs!—I'll aſſure ye!
Then off ſhe glided like a ſwallow,
As ſaying—you gueſs where to follow.
To ſuch as know the party ſet,
'Tis needleſs to declare they met;
The parſon's barn, as authors mention,
Confeſs'd the fair had apprehenſion.
Her honour there ſecure from ſtain,
She held all farther trifling vain;
No more affected to be coy,
But ruſh'd, licentious, on the joy.
Hiſt, love! the male companion cried;
Retire awhile, I fear we're ſpied.
Nor was the caution vain: he ſaw
A Turtle ruſtling in the ſtraw;
While o'er her callow brood ſhe hung,
And fondly thus addreſs'd her young:
Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpleſs pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle ſire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord aſſumes an eagle's ſpeed,
And like a lion dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wint'ry ſkies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudeſt wind,
From danger tears the vital ſpoil,
And with affection ſweetens toil.
Ah ceaſe, too vent'rous, ceaſe to dare;
In thine, our dearer ſafety ſpare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, ſtray;
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!
Should I ſurvive to ſee the day
That tears me from myſelf away;
That cancels all that Heaven could give,
The life by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than loſt were I,
Who in the thought already die.
Ye pow'rs whom men and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, ſay,
Why mourning comes by bliſs convey'd,
And even the ſweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our ſouls poſſeſs
Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bleſs:
Yet friendſhip forms the bliſs above;
And, life, what art thou without love!
Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt ſomething moving in his heart;
But quickly, with diſdain, ſuppreſs'd
The virtue riſing in his breaſt;
And firſt he feign'd to laugh aloud;
And next, approaching ſmil'd and bow'd:
Madam, you muſt not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come thro' pure good nature—
(Upon my ſoul a charming creature!)
Are theſe the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloiſter'd, moping life?
No doubt that odious thing, call'd Duty,
Is a ſweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is meaſur'd to thy want of ſkill;
That good old-faſhion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other:
The greateſt ill in the creation
Is ſure the want of education.
But think ye—tell me without feigning—
Have all theſe charms no farther meaning!
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyſhip much better.
For ſhame! reject this mean employment,
Enter the world and taſte enjoyment,
Where time by circling bliſs we meaſure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleaſure:
Come, prove the bleſſing, follow me,
Be wiſe, be happy, and be free.
Kind Sir, replied our matron chaſte,
Your zeal ſeems pretty much in haſte;
I own, the fondneſs to be bleſt
Is a deep thirſt in ev'ry breaſt;
Of bleſſings too I have my ſtore,
Yet quarrel not ſhould Heaven give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your moſt obedient.
Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant ſpoke, and ſmil'd ſuperior:
Methinks, to quit your boaſted ſtation
Requires a world of heſitation;
Where brats and bonds are held a bleſſing,
The caſe, I doubt, is paſt redreſſing.
Why, child, ſuppoſe the joys I mention
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You 've cauſe ſufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curſe of marriage;
That fly decoy, with varied ſnares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to huſband and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecaſting,
To make misfortune firm and laſting;
The ſin, by Heaven's peculiar ſentence,
Unpardon'd through a life's repentance.
It is the double ſnake that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That lead the carcaſe ſtill aſtray,
By dragging each a different way.
Of all the ills that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods defend me!

Give,

Give me frank nature's wild demeſne,
And boundleſs tract of air ſerene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to ſport, delights to range:
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliſs is worth beſtowing:
Delights ſtill varied, and divine,
Sweet goddeſs of the hills! are thine.
What ſay you now, you pretty pink, you?
Have I for once ſpoke reaſon, think you?
You take me now for no romancer—
Come, never ſtudy for an anſwer!
Away, caſt ev'ry care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone ſhall find ye.
Soft yet, return'd our female fencer;
A queſtion more, or ſo—and then, Sir.
You 've rallied me with ſenſe exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do thoſe of your world never wive it?
"No, no." How then? "Why, dare I tell?
"What does the bus'neſs full as well."
Do you ne'er love? "An hour at leaſure."
Have you no friendſhips? "Yes, for pleaſure."
No care for little ones? "We get 'em;
"The reſt the mothers mind—and let 'em."
Thou, wretch, rejoin'd the kindling Dove,
Quite loſt to life, as loſt to love!
Whene'er misfortune comes, how juſt!
And come misfortunes ſurely muſt.
In the dread ſeaſon of diſmay,
In that your hour of trial, ſay,
Who then ſhall prop your ſinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?
Say, when the black-bow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all tranſient cheer,
And blaſts the melancholy year;
For times at no perſuaſion ſtay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where 's that tongue by folly fed,
That ſoul of pertneſs whither fled?
All ſhrunk within thy lonely neſt,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unbleſt.
No friends, by cordial bonds allied,
Shall ſeek thy cold unſocial ſide;
No chirping prattlers to delight,
Shall turn the long-enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her conſtant heart.
Freedom, reſtrain'd by reaſon's force,
Is as the ſun's unvarying courſe;
Benignly active, ſweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But, torn from virtue's ſacred rules,
Becoms a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares, and ſtorms, and ſtrife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.
Thou fool! by union ev'ry creature
Subſiſts, through univerſal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock of a meaner kind.
While womb'd in ſpace, primæval clay
A yet unfaſhion'd embryo lay,
The Source of endleſs good above
Shot down his ſpark of kindling love;
Touch'd by the all-enlivening flame,
Then motion firſt exulting came;
Each atom ſought its ſep'rate claſs
Through many a fair enamour'd maſs;
Love caſt the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form and order o'er the ſky
Firſt train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The ſun diſplay'd his orb to ſight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.
Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her firſt-born heir,
And ſcal'd the breathing ſteep of air;
Then infant ſtems of various uſe,
Imbib'd her ſoft maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom diſclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breaſt repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endleſs form and hue:
Then pour'd her leſſer offspring round,
And fondly cloth'd their parent ground.
Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, ſubliming and refin'd,
Aſpir'd, and reach'd its kindred Mind.
Caught in the fond celeſtial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown deſire;
And now with kind effuſion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the ſympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own reſemblance there;
On all with circling radiance ſhone,
But cent'ring fix'd on one alone;
There claſp'd the heaven-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.
Here ever bleſſing, ever bleſt
Reſides this beauty of the breaſt;
As from his palace here the god
Still beams effulgent bliſs abroad;
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring by which the world is bound;
Here bids his ſeat of empire grow,
And builds his little heaven below.
The bridal partners thus allied,
And thus in ſweet accordance tied,
One body, heart, and ſpirit live,
Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give;
Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in muſic twenty-fold.
Their union, firm and undecay'd,
Nor time can ſhake, nor pow'r invade;
But, as the ſtem and ſcion ſtand
Ingrafted by a ſkilful hand,
They check the tempeſt's wint'ry rage,
And bloom and ſtrengthen into age.
A thouſand amities unknown,
And pow'rs perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks and chaſte deſire,
Fan and ſupport the mutual fire;
Whoſe flame, perpetual as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.

Nor

Nor yet the nuptial ſanction ends:
Like Nile it opens, and deſcends;
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celeſtial head.
The ſire, firſt ſpringing from above,
Becomes the ſource of life and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow
In fondneſs down on ſons below:
Thus, roll'd in one continued tide,
To time's extremeſt verge they glide;
While kindred ſtreams on either hand,
Branch forth in bleſſings o'er the land.

Thee, wretch! no liſping babe ſhall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinſman on thy ſight rejoice,
No ſiſter greet thy ent'ring voice;
With partial eyes no parent ſee,
And bleſs their years reſtor'd in thee.

In age rejected or declin'd,
An alien even among thy kind,
The partner of thy ſcorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face;
Each ſpark unplume thy little pride,
All friendſhip fly thy faithleſs ſide.
Thy name ſhall like thy carcaſe rot,
In ſickneſs ſpurn'd, in death forgot.

All-giving Pow'r! great Source of life!
Oh hear the parent, hear the wife!
That life thou lendeſt from above,
Though little, make it large in love;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand;
To thoſe from whom my days I drew,
To theſe in whom thoſe days renew,
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth as blood allied,
To friends with ſteely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind!

But chief the lord of my deſire,
My life, myſelf, my ſoul, my ſire,
Friends, children, all that wiſh can claim,
Chaſte paſſion claſp, and rapture name—
O ſpare him, ſpare him, gracious Pow'r!
O give him to my lateſt hour!
Let me my length of life employ
To give my ſole enjoyment joy.
His love let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight;
And ev'ry needleſs bleſſing ſpare,
Wherein my darling wants a ſhare.
When he with graceful action woos,
And ſweetly bills, and fondly coos,
Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own;
And, in my circling wings careſs'd,
Give all the lover to my breaſt.
Then in our chaſte connubial bed,
My boſom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with bliſsful ſlumbers cloſe,
And watch, with me, my lord's repoſe;
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him with a love like mine.

And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond whate'er my ſex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And ſpare me for my huſband's ſake.
Let one unruffled, calm delight
The loving and belov'd unite;
One pure deſire our boſoms warm,
One will direct, one wiſh inform;
Through life, one mutual aid ſuſtain;
In death, one peaceful grave contain.

While ſwelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endleſs ſtream,
The well-known wings a ſound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart;
Quick dropp'd the muſic of her tongue,
And forth with eager joy ſhe ſprung.
As ſwift her ent'ring conſort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
Their wings, their ſouls, embracing meet,
Their hearts with anſwering meaſure beat;
Half loſt in ſecret ſweets, and bleſs'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er expreſs'd.

Straight to her humble roof ſhe led
The partner of her ſpotleſs bed;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, ariſe,
Their welcome ſparkling in their eyes;
Tranſported, to their ſire they bound,
And hang with ſpeechleſs action round.
In pleaſure wrapt the parents ſtand,
And ſee their little wings expand;
The ſire his life-ſuſtaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten ſpoil,
With tranſport giv'n, tho' won with toil;
While all-collected at the ſight,
And ſilent through ſupreme delight,
The fair high heaven of bliſs beguiles,
And on her lord and infants ſmiles.

The Sparrow, whoſe attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little ſlights diſarm'd,
And from himſelf by virtue charm'd,
When now he ſaw what only ſeem'd
A fact, ſo late a fable deem'd,
His ſoul to envy he reſign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind;
In ſecret wiſh a Turtle too,
And, ſighing to himſelf, withdrew.

§ 324. FABLE XV. *The Female Seducers.*

'Tis ſaid of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy ſex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame;
Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That ſweep Sabæa's ſpicy vales,
Nor all the healing ſweets reſtore,
That breathe along Arabia's ſhore.

The traveller, if he chance to ſtray,
May turn uncenſur'd to his way;
Polluted ſtreams again are pure,
And deepeſt wounds admit a cure:
But woman no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never cloſe.

Tho' diſtant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor ſkill'd on life's tempeſtuous tide,

If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the courſe decreed,
In vain ſhe ſeeks the friendleſs ſhore,
Her ſwifter folly flies before!
The circling ports againſt her cloſe,
And ſhut the wand'rer from repoſe;
Till, by conflicting waves oppreſs'd,
Her found'ring pinnace ſinks to reſt.
Are there no offerings to atone
For but a ſingle error?—None.
Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
Nay daughter of celeſtial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The ſtrength angelic natures claim;
Nay more—for ſacred ſtories tell,
That even immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming ſphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endued,
Was form'd to fall, and riſe renew'd,
The ſtars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All beauteous from her late diſgrace;
And ſuns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent riſe with new-born light.
In vain may death and time ſubdue,
While nature mints her race anew;
And holds ſome vital ſpark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart.
'Tis hence reviving warmth is ſeen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each inſect tries his wing,
And lifts freſh pinions on the ſpring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed ſtem and tendril ſhoot,
Exhaling incenſe to the ſkies,
Again to periſh, and to riſe.
And muſt weak woman then diſown
The change to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightneſs ſhine,
And ne'er like ev'ning ſuns decline?
Reſolv'd and firm alone? Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.
But ſhould the ſpark of veſtal fire
In ſome unguarded hour expire;
Or ſhould the nightly thief invade
Heſperia's chaſte and ſacred ſhade,
Of all the blooming ſpoil poſſeſs'd,
The dragon Honour charm'd to reſt,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin ſplendour burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With ſpring's ſucceeding bloſſom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not reſtore;
And woman falls—to riſe no more!
Within this ſublunary ſphere
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground;
A ſtream call'd Life, acroſs it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies;
And there the hills of virtue riſe.
Upon a mountain's airy ſtand,
Whoſe ſummit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling choſe,
As well for proſpect as repoſe;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.
A num'rous progeny divine
Confeſs'd the honours of their line,
But in a little daughter fair
Was center'd more than half their care;
For Heaven to gratulate her birth,
Gave ſigns of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chaſtity the name ſhe bore.
As now the maid in ſtature grew
(A flow'r juſt op'ning to the view)
Oft through her native lawns ſhe ſtray'd,
And wreſtling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffuſive ſweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as ſhe breath'd;
The morn her radiant bluſh aſſum'd,
The ſpring with earlier fragrance bloom'd;
And nature yearly took delight,
Like her to dreſs the world in white.
But when her riſing form was ſeen
To reach the criſis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious ſtep their darling led;
By turns they ſnatch'd her to their breaſt,
And thus the fears of age expreſs'd:
O joyful cauſe of many a care!
O daughter too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey all muſt go,
Whoſe doubted period none can know;
Whoſe due direction who can find,
Where reaſon's mute, and ſenſe is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders theſe,
Thro' ſuch a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wiſe,
And learn what love and years adviſe.
Far to the right thy proſpect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills aſcend;
Lo! there the arduous path 's in view
Which Virtue and her ſons purſue;
With toil o'er leſs'ning earth they riſe,
And gain, and gain upon the ſkies.
Narrow 's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleaſure ſmoothly ſpread,
But rough, and difficult, and ſteep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
Fruits immature thoſe lands diſpenſe,
A food indelicate to ſenſe,
Of taſte unpleaſant: yet from thoſe
Pure health, with cheerful vigour, flows;
And ſtrength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.
Hence, as they ſcale that heavenly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;

From earth refining ſtill they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then ſpreads the ſtrait, the doubtful clears,
And ſmooth the rugged path appears;
For cuſtom turns fatigue to eaſe,
And, taught by virtue, pain can pleaſe.
At length, the toilſome journey o'er,
And near the bright celeſtial ſhore,
A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkneſs leading up to light;
Senſe backward ſhrinks, and ſhuns the ſight;
For there the tranſitory train
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's groſs incumb'ring maſs,
Man's late aſſociates, cannot paſs;
But, ſinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring ſoul at large;
Lightly ſhe wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.
Thither, oh thither wing thy ſpeed,
Tho' pleaſure charm, or pain impede;
To ſuch th' all-bounteous Pow'r has given,
For preſent earth, a future heaven;
For trivial loſs, unmeaſur'd gain;
And endleſs bliſs for tranſient pain.
Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy ſight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:
Wide on the left the pathway bends,
And with pernicious eaſe deſcends;
There, ſweet to ſenſe, and fair to ſhow,
New-planted Edens ſeem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poiſon bear;
For death is vegetable there.
Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each ſinew ſlack'ning at the taſte,
The ſoul to paſſion yields her throne,
And ſees with organs not her own;
While, like the ſlumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the ſhadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The ſcences of fairy-land ariſe;
The puppet world's amuſing ſhow,
Dipp'd in the gaily-colour'd bow,
Sceptres and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants and of kings,
That tempt along the baneful plain,
The idly wiſe and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulfy ſhore,
Sudden they ſink—and riſe no more.
But liſt to what thy fates declare;
Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair.
If once thy ſliding foot ſhould ſtray,
Once quit yon heaven-appointed way,
For thee, loſt maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs ſhall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, ſcorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning ſteps ſhall wait;
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy preſence fly.
Thus arm'd with words of potent ſound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm by truth divinely caſt,
Forward our young advent'rer paſs'd;

Forth from her ſacred eyelids ſent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honour, handmaid late aſſign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind,
Awe-ſtruck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin viſion bow'd;
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught freſh virtue at the ſight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heaven-compounded Dame;
If matter, ſure the moſt refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And bodied by her native ray.
Where'er ſhe paſſes, thouſands bend,
And thouſands where ſhe moves attend;
Her ways obſervant eyes confeſs,
Her ſteps purſuing praiſes bleſs;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to heaven, are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blithſome day,
The jovial birth of roſy May,
When genial warmth, no more ſuppreſt,
Now melts the froſt in ev'ry breaſt.
The cheek with ſecret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chaſteſt eyes;
The ſun with healthier viſage glows,
Aſide his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds ſet free,
Springs out, and gives a looſe to glee.
And now; for momentary reſt,
The nymph her travell'd ſtep repreſs'd,
Juſt turn'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
And gloried in the height ſhe gain'd.
Outſtretch'd before her wide ſurvey
The realms of ſweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her ſoul with woe,
To ſee a world ſo loſt below;
When ſtraight the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;—
No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
A people ſunk and loſt in woes,
But as of preſent good poſſeſt,
The very triumph of the bleſt.
The Maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens ſung:

Hither, faireſt, hither haſte,
Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte
What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told:
Taſte what eceſtacies they give;
Dying raptures taſte, and live.
In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure,
Nature empties all her treaſure,
Soft deſires, that ſweetly languiſh:
Fierce delights, that riſe to anguiſh;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away.
Liſt not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,

Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
April's ſunſhine is offence;
Age and envy will adviſe
Even againſt the joy they prize.
Come, in pleaſure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment paſt the painting;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay
Brighteſt beauty, come away.
So ſung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;
And O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulyſſes on the main,
That ſo our Fair One might withſtand
The covert ruin, now at hand.
The ſong her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters ſtood in view;
Curioſity, with prying eyes,
And hands of buſy bold empriſe;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet;
And, like fore-running Fancy, fleet;
By ſearch untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty ſhe ſtill aſpir'd,
Taſteleſs of every good poſſeſt,
And but in expectation bleſt.
With her, aſſociate, Pleaſure came,
Gay Pleaſure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien all ſwimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to ſight;
Looſe flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kiſſing winds around,
As erſt Meduſa's looks were known
To turn beholders into ſtone,
A dire reverſion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleaſure melt.
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the ſtrong, the ſteel diſarm'd;
No ſafety ev'n the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
While diſtant, more than half betray'd.
With ſmiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her ſide, and ſeiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd,
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd;
While half conſenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidſt a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling w ſhes, ſmiling tears,
Still down and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling, yielding Fair.
As when ſome ſtately veſſel, bound
To bleſt Arabia's diſtant ground,
Borne from her courſes, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whoſe treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous ſand;
The pilot warns, with ſail and oar
To ſhun the much-ſuſpected ſhore,
In vain; the tide, too ſubtly ſtrong,
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
Till, found'ring, ſhe reſigns to fate,
And ſinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to ſin,
And Heav'ns own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious, ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The dames, accuſtom'd to ſubdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The loſt, the long-reluctant Maid.
Here ſtop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor ſend your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn to you and heav'n reſtor'd;
Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
The ſervant of her better fate;
With Honour, left upon the ſhore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing caſt a veil,
Rememb'ring you yourſelves are frail.
And now from all-enquiring light,
Faſt fled the conſcious ſhades of night;
The Damſel, from a ſhort repoſe,
Confounded at her plight, aroſe.
As when with ſlumb'rous weight oppreſt,
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And ſteal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus ſtreams,
Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams;
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And ſtands all rapt amidſt his ſtore;
But wakens, naked and deſpoil'd,
Of that for which his years had toil'd:
So far'd the Nymph, her treaſure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to ſtone;
Within, without, obſcure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all deſtroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd, inſidious coaſt!
Are theſe the bleſſings thou canſt boaſt?
Theſe, Virtue! theſe the joys they find,
Who leave thy heaven-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, ſhe cried.
Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the ſky;
Contempt diſcharg'd a living dart,
A ſide-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poiſons o'er her face,
And ſoil'd and blaſted ev'ry grace;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While theſe in crimes the deepeſt dyed
Approach'd to whiten at her ſide:
And ev'ry lewd inſulting dame
Upon her folly roſe to fame.
What ſhould ſhe do? Attempt once more
To gain the late deſerted ſhore?
So truſting, back the Mourner flew,
As faſt the train of fiends purſue.
Again the farther ſhore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And ſhews her inſtant foes behind.

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd with headlong ſpeed ſhe tends,
Where late ſhe left an hoſt of friends;
Alas! thoſe ſhrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine:
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coaſt,
Where peace was wreck'd and honour loſt.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heaven not daring to complain;
No truce by hoſtile clamour given,
And from the face of friendſhip driven,
The Nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling ſky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant ſat, as in a ſhrine,
Virtue, firſt effluence divine;
Far, far above the ſcenes of woe,
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddeſs, eſſence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom ſhould mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire,
The gems of heaven and ſolar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To riſe a new-born phœnix die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form ſhe threw,
Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.
Thro' this her all-enquiring eye
Attentive from her ſtation high,
Beheld, abandon'd to deſpair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice whoſe awful ſound
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be ſtill,
To numbers bow'd each liſt'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the ſurging of the main
And ſmooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heaven ſhe ſtrung,
And thus the tuneful goddeſs ſung:

Lovely Penitent ariſe,
Come, and claim thy kindred ſkies;
Come, thy ſiſter angels ſay
Thou has wept thy ſtains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil tried;
In the ſmooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treaſures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams;
Sands, that trip the flitting ſtreams;
Down, that anchors on the air;
Clouds, that paint their changes there;

Seas, that ſmoothly dimpling lie,
While the ſtorm impends on high,
Shewing, in an obvious glaſs,
Joys that in poſſeſſion paſs;

Tranſient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas. can life contain!
Life! like all its circles—vain.

Will the ſtork, intending reſt,
On the billow build her neſt?
Will the bee demand his ſtore
From the bleak and bladeleſs ſhore?

Man alone. intent to ſtray,
Ever turns from wiſdom's way;
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the ſea, and ploughs the ſand.

Soon this elemental maſs,
Soon the incumb'ring world ſhall paſs;
Form be wrapt in waſting fire,
Time be ſpent, and life expire.

Then, ye boaſted works of men,
Where is your aſylum then?
Sons of pleaſure, ſons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a ſceptred graſp'd in ſleep,
Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting ſnows, and gliding ſhades.

Paſs the world, and what's behind?
Virue's gold. by fire refin'd;
From an univerſe depray'd,
From the wreck of nature ſav'd.

Like the life-ſupporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the ſwain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou haſt plenteous crops in ſtore,
Seed, by genial ſorrows ſown,
More than all thy ſcorners own,

What tho' hoſtile earth deſpiſe,
Heaven beholds with gentler eyes;
Heaven thy friendleſs ſteps ſhall guide,
Cheer thy hours and guard thy ſide.

When the fatal trump ſhall ſound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heaven ſhall thy return atteſt,
Hail'd by myriads of the bleſt.

Little native of the ſkies,
Lovely penitent, ariſe;
Calm thy boſom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy ſiſter now.

More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture pleaſure knows:
Richer far the weeds I bring
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars of ſhorteſt date,
Crowns of endleſs triumph wait;
On my cares a period bleſt;
On my toils eternal reſt.

Come, with Virtue at thy ſide;
Come, be ev'ry bar defied,
Till we gain our native ſhore;
Siſter, come, and turn no more.

§ 325. FABLE XVI. *Love and Vanity.*

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil their bloom,
Up with the ſun, from ſhort repoſe,
Gay health and luſty labour roſe;
The milkmaid caroll'd at her pail,
And ſhepherds whiſtled o'er the dale:
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from buſtle, ſtate, and ſtrife,
Forth from his thatch-roof'd cottage ſtray'd,
And ſtroll'd along the dewy glade.
A Nymph, who lightly tripp'd it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye;
He mark'd the geſture of the Fair,
Her ſelf-ſufficient grace and air,
Her ſteps that mincing, meant to pleaſe,
Her ſtudied negligence and eaſe;
And curious to enquire what meant
This thing of prettineſs and paint,
Approaching ſpoke, and bow'd obſervant;
The lady ſlightly,—Sir, your ſervant.
Such beauty in ſo rude a place!
Fair one, you do the country grace;
At court no doubt the public care,
But Love has ſmall acquaintance there.
Yes, Sir, replied the flutt'ring Dame,
This form confeſſes whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I ſway
The utmoſt iſlands of the ſea;
Within my court all honour centres;
I raiſe the meaneſt ſoul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for poſts and places.
As Vanity appoints at pleaſure,
The world receives its weight and meaſure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, paſſions, peace, and ſtriſe.
Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I ſtep in where nature fails,
And ev'ry breach of ſenſe repairing,
Am bounteous ſtill where heaven is ſparing.
But chief in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
Their various habits, and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From ſix to ſixty, ſick or ſound,
I rule the female world around.
Hold there a moment, Cupid cried,
Nor boaſt dominion quite ſo wide.
Was there no province to invade,
But that by Love and Meekneſs ſway'd?
All other empire I reſign;
But be the ſphere of beauty mine.
For in the downy lawn of reſt,
That opens on a woman's breaſt,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I chooſe to live, and chooſe to reign.
Far-ſighted faith I bring along,
And truth above an army ſtrong;
And chaſtity of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And lowlineſs to whoſe mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow;
And modeſty, with downcaſt eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye;
And innocence, array'd in light;
And honour, as a tow'r upright;
With ſweetly winning graces more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All ſmiling ſiſters, three times three;
And roſy peace, the cherub bleſt,
That nightly ſings us all to reſt.
Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the firſt ſtep of infant time,
Woman, th' world's appointed light,
Has ſkirted ev'ry ſhade with white;
Has ſtood for imitation high,
To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye,
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down:
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.
Upon a new Promethean plan
She moulds the eſſence of a man,
Tempers his maſs, his genius fires,
And, as a better ſoul inſpires.
The rude ſhe ſoftens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls ſloth from his ſupine repoſe,
Within the coward's boſom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty creſt,
Bids baſhful merit ſtand confeſt,
And, like coarſe metal from the mines,
Collects, irridiates, and refines.
The gentle ſcience ſhe imparts,
All manners ſmooths, informs all hearts;
From her ſweet influence are felt
Paſſions that pleaſe, and thoughts that melt;
To ſtormy rage ſhe bids controul,
And ſinks ſerenely on the ſoul,
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.
Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantaſtic chain,
She fills the ſphere by Heaven aſſign'd,
And, rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.
He ſpoke, The Nymph impatient ſtood,
And, laughing, thus her ſpeech renew'd:
And pray, Sir, may I be ſo bold
To hope your pretty tale is told;
And next demand without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?——
Upon my word theſe high-flown fancies,
Shew depth of learning—in romances.
Why what unfaſhion'd ſtuff you tell us
Of buckram dames and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when your grown maturer,
You'll ſhoot yonr next opinion ſurer,
O ſuch a pretty knack at painting!
And all for ſoft'ning and for ſainting!
Gueſs now, who can, a ſingle feature,
Thro' the whole piece of female nature;

Then

Then mark, my looſer hand may fit
The lines, too coarſe for Love to hit.
'Tis ſaid that woman, prone to changing,
Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reaſon, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright;
Trackleſs, and ſhifting as the wind;
A ſea, whoſe fathom none can find;
A moon, ſtill changing and revolving;
A riddle, paſt all human ſolving;
A bliſs, a plague, a heaven, a hell;
A——ſomething that no man can tell.
Now learn a ſecret from a friend,
But keep your counſel, and attend.
Tho' in their tempers thought ſo diſtant,
Nor with their ſex nor ſelves conſiſtent,
'Tis but the difference of a name,
And ev'ry woman is the ſame;
For as the world, however varied,
And through unnumber'd changes carried,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms and ſtorms,
Tho' in a thouſand ſuits array'd,
Is of one ſubject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's conſtitution,
The world's enigma, finds ſolution;
And let her form be what you will,
I am the ſubject eſſence ſtill.
With the firſt ſpark of female ſenſe,
The ſpeck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make freſh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taſte for all their joys
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noiſe.
And now, familiar and unaw'd,
I ſend the flutt'ring ſoul abroad,
Prais'd for her ſhape, her air, her mien,
The little goddeſs, and the queen,
Takes at her infant ſhrine oblation,
And drinks ſweet draughts of adulation.
Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dreſs becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound;
I ſwell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waiſt's deſcending ſize,
Heav'd in the ſnowy boſom, riſe,
High on the flowing lappet ſail,
Or, curl'd in treſſes, kiſs the gale.
Then to her glaſs I lead the fair,
And ſhew the lovely idol there;
Where, ſtruck as by divine emotion,
She bows with moſt ſincere devotion,
And, numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er,
In ſecret bids the world adore.
Then all for parking and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, maſquerading:
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what paſſion!
And churches, ſometimes—if the faſhion;
For woman's ſenſe of right and wrong
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And ſwims the ſtraw of ev'ry ſtream.
Her ſoul intrinſic worth rejects,
Accompliſh'd only in defects;
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly her wiſeſt acquiſition;
And even from pity and diſdain
She 'll cull ſome reaſon to be vain.
Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature,
And ev'n from vice, which you 'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire;
And on the very baſe of ſhame
Erect my monument of fame.
Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godſhip has not dreamt.
Thoſe ſhining virtues, which you muſter,
Whence think you they derive their luſtre?
From native honour and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Truſt me, from titled dames to ſpinners,
'Tis I make ſaints, whoe'er makes ſinners;
'Tis I inſtruct them to withdraw,
And hold preſumptuous man in awe;
For female worth, as I inſpire,
In juſt degrees, ſtill mounts the higher;
And virtue, ſo extremely nice,
Demands long toil and mighty price,
Like Samſon's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the ſex's tott'ring ſtate;
Sap theſe, and in a moment's ſpace
Down ſinks the fabric to its baſe.
Alike from titles and from toys
I ſpring, the fount of female joys;
In ev'ry widow, wife, and miſs,
The ſole artificer of bliſs;
For them each topic I explore,
I cleave the ſand of ev'ry ſhore;
To them uniting Indias ſail,
Sabæa breathes her fartheſt gale;
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig ſenſe and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention
Spin out the various arts you mention;
Nor bliſs alone my pow'rs beſtow,
They hold the ſov'reign balm of woe.
Beyond the ſtoic's boaſted art
I ſooth the heavings of the heart;
To pain give ſplendor and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.
Alike the palace and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign!
Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Taſte, talents, tempers, ſtate, and ſtation,
Whate'er a woman ſays, I ſay;
Whate'er a woman ſpends, I pay;
Alike I fill and empty bags,
Flutter in finery and rags,
With light coquettes thro' folly range,
And with the prude diſdain to change.
And now you 'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply—
But ſoft, and while I'am in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,

Their utmoſt mazes to unravel,
And touch the fartheſt ſtep they travel.
When ev'ry pleaſure 's run aground,
And folly tir'd thro' many a round,
The nymph, conceiving diſcontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours, ſhed in pious moiſture,
Diſmiſs her to a church, or cloyſter;
Then on I lead her, with devotion
Conſpicuous in her dreſs and motion,
Inſpire the heavenly-breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony and grace.
Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her lateſt hour;
The couch of decent pain I ſpread,
In form recline her languid head;
Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not with her parting breath;
Then do I ſet, in order bright,
A length of fun'ral pomp to ſight.
The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
The plumes that whiten o'er the bier;
And laſt, preſenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,
To ſcenes of painted bliſs I waft her,
And form the heaven ſhe hopes hereafter.
In truth rejoin'd love's gentle god,
You 've gone a tedious length of road,
And, ſtrange, in all the toilſome way
No houſe of kind refreſhment lay;
No nymph, whoſe virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her ſex exempted.
For one we 'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
Since ev'ry fair, by ſuch permiſſion,
Will hold herſelf the one ſelected;
And ſo my ſyſtem ſtands protected.
O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in ſtory!
The Godhead in his zeal return'd,
And, kindling at her malice, burn'd:
Then ſweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
Hypſipyle, who ſav'd her ſire,
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire;
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne paſs'd unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceſte's voluntary ſteel,
And Catherine, ſmiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some ſhe evades or diſavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows—
A kind of ancient thing called fables!
And thus the Goddeſs turn'd the tables.
Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flaſh'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conqueſt of ſo fair a field.
When happily arriv'd in view
A Goddeſs whom our grand-dames knew,
Of aſpect grave, and ſober gait,
Majeſtic, awful, and ſedate,
As heaven's autumnal eve ſerene,
When not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſcene;
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome Cornelia nam'd.
Quick at a venture both agree
To leave their ſtrife to her decree.
And now by each the facts were ſtated,
In form and manner as related.
The caſe was ſhort. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion:
When thus the Goddeſs, anſw'ring mild,
Firſt ſhook her gracious head, and ſmil'd:
Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I ſhar'd the fickle ſex with you;
But from their preſence long precluded,
Or held as one whoſe form intruded,
Full fifty annual ſuns can tell,*
Prudence has bid the ſex farewell.
In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both, ſtill biaſs'd in opinion,
And arrogant of ſole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the caſe compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.
When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperienc'd gait and air,
Who ne'er had croſs'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor ſeen the world beyond a wake,
With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,
Tripp'd lightly by them o'er the green.
Now, now! cried Love's triumphant child,
And at approaching conqueſt ſmil'd,
If Vanity will once be guided,
Our diff'rence ſoon may be decided;
Behold yon wench, a fit occaſion
To try your force of gay perſuaſion.
Go you while I retire aloof,
Go, put thoſe boaſted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Tranſcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite conteſt o'er,
And ne'er will boaſt my empire more.
At once, ſo ſaid, and ſo conſented;
And well our Goddeſs ſeem'd contented;
Nor pauſing made a moment's ſtand,
But tripp'd and took the girl in hand.
Meanwhile the Godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occaſion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erſt had wounded many a heart;
Then bending, drew it to the head;
The bowſtring twang'd, the arrow fled,
And to her ſecret ſoul addreſt,
Tranſfix'd the whiteneſs of her breaſt.
But here the Dame, whoſe guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket-mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;

As quickly rang'd in order bright,
A thouſand beauties ruſh to ſight,
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone;
Enraptur'd ſtands the love-ſick maid,
Suſpended o'er the darling ſhade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres ev'ry fond deſire.

§ 326. *The Young Lady and Looking-Glaſs.* Wilkie.

Ye deep philoſophers, who can
Explain that various creature, Man,
Say, is there any point ſo nice
As that of off'ring an advice?
To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almoſt certain to offend:
Tho' you in ſofteſt terms adviſe,
Confeſs him good, admit him wiſe;
In vain you ſweeten the diſcourſe,
He thinks you call him fool, or worſe.
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply;
Without a name reprove and warn;
Here none are hurt, and all may learn;
This too muſt fail: the picture ſhewn,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the caſe,
Say this is honeſt, that is baſe;
In converſation none will bear it;
And for the pupil, few come near it.
And is there then no other way
A moral leſſon to convey?
Muſt all that ſhall attempt to teach,
Admoniſh, ſatirize, or preach?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By ſages found to reach the heart,
Ere ſcience, with diſtinctions nice,
Had fix'd what virtue is, and vice.
Inventing all the various names
On which the moraliſt declaims:
They would by ſimple tales adviſe,
Which took the hearer by ſurpriſe;
Alarm'd his conſcience, unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard;
And made him from himſelf receive
The leſſons which they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end when others fail,
If any ſhall pretend to doubt,
The tale which follows makes it out.

There was a little ſtubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame;
Reſtive, by long indulgence, grown,
No will ſhe minded but her own:
At trifles oft ſhe 'd ſcold and fret,
Then in a corner take a ſeat,
And, ſourly moping all the day,
Diſdain alike to work or play.

Papa all ſofter arts had tried,
And ſharper remedies applied;
But both were vain; for ev'ry courſe
He took, ſtill made her worſe and worſe.

'Tis ſtrange to think how female wit
So oft ſhould make a luckly hit;
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, ſounder ſenſe,
Will err, and meaſures falſe purſue—
'Tis very ſtrange, I own, but true.—
Mamma obſerv'd the riſing laſs
By ſtealth retiring to the glaſs,
To practiſe little airs unſeen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep deſign ſhe laid
To tame the humour of the Maid;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall, againſt the ſeat
Which Jeſſy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glaſs was ſtraight ſuſpended,
That it might ſhew her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful, when ſhe ſtorm'd;
And warn her, as ſhe priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the looking-glaſs achiev'd;
Its threats were minded and believ'd.

The Maid, who ſpurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice:
So, when all other means had fail'd,
The ſilent monitor prevail'd.

Thus, Fable to the human kind
Preſents an *image* of the mind;
It is a *mirror*, where we ſpy
At large our own deformity;
And learn of courſe thoſe faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend.

§ 327. *The Boy and the Rainbow.* Wilkie.

Declare, ye ſages, if ye find
'Mongſt animals of ev'ry kind,
Of each condition, ſort, and ſize,
From whales and elephants to flies,
A creature that miſtakes his plan,
And errs, ſo conſtantly as Man.
Each kind purſues his proper good,
And ſeeks for pleaſure, reſt, and food,
As nature points, and never errs
In what it chooſes and prefers;
Man only blunders, though poſſeſt
Of talents far above the reſt.

Deſcend to inſtances, and try;
An ox will ſcarce attempt to fly,
Or leave his paſture in the wood,
With fiſhes to explore the flood.
Man only acts, of ev'ry creature,
In oppoſition to his nature.
The happineſs of human-kind
Conſiſts in rectitude of mind;
A will ſubdu'd to reaſon's ſway,
And paſſions practis'd to obey;
An open and a gen'rous heart,
Refin'd from ſelfiſhneſs and art;
Patience, which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
And wiſdom never ſad nor ſour:
In theſe conſiſts our proper bliſs;
Elſe Plato reaſons much amiſs:

But fooliſh mortals ſtill purſue
Falſe happineſs in place of true;
Ambition ſerves us for a guide,
Or luſt, or avarice, or pride;
While Reaſon no aſſent can gain,
And Revelation warns in vain.
Hence through our lives, in ev'ry ſtage,
From infancy itſelf to age,
A happineſs we toil to find,
Which ſtill avoids us like the wind;
Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vaniſh'd, loſt and gone.
You 'll aſk me why I thus rehearſe
All Epictetus in my verſe?
And if I fondly hope to pleaſe
With dry reflections, ſuch as theſe,
So trite, ſo hackney'd, and ſo ſtale?
I 'll take the hint, and tell a tale.
One evening, as a ſimple ſwain
His flock attended on the plain,
The ſhining bow he chanc'd to ſpy,
Which warns us when a ſhow'r is nigh.
With brighteſt rays it ſeem'd to glow:
Its diſtance eighty yards or ſo.
This bumpkin had, it ſeems, been told
The ſtory of the cup of gold,
Which fame reports is to be found
Juſt where the Rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a ſudden itch
To ſeize the goblet, and be rich;
Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
No more to toil thro' wind and rain,
But ſit indulging by the fire,
'Midſt eaſe and plenty, like a 'ſquire.
He mark'd the very ſpot of land
On which the Rainbow ſeem'd to ſtand,
And, ſtepping forwards at his leiſure,
Expected to have found the treaſure.
But as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place, and ſlipp'd away,
As ſeeming his approach to ſhun.
From walking he began to run;
But all in vain, it ſtill withdrew
As nimbly as he could purſue.
At laſt, thro' many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy road, and thorny brake,
It led the eaſy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vaniſh'd in his ſight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labour for his pains.

§ 328. *The Rake and the Hermit.* Wilkie.

A youth, a pupil of the town,
Philoſopher and atheiſt grown,
Benighted once upon the road,
Found out a hermit's lone abode.
Whoſe hoſpitality in need
Reliev'd the trav'ller and his ſteed;
For both ſufficiently were tir'd,
Well drench'd in ditches, and bemir'd.
Hunger the firſt attention claims;
Upon the coals a raſher flames.
Dry cruſts, and liquor ſomething ſtale,
Were added to make up a meal;
At which our trav'ller, as he ſat,
By intervals began to chat.—
'Tis odd, quoth he, to think what ſtrains
Of folly govern ſome folks' brains:
What makes you chooſe this wild abode?
You 'll ſay, 'Tis to converſe with God.
Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim;
You never ſaw or ſpoke with him.
They talk of Providence's pow'r,
And ſay, it rules us ev'ry hour:
To me all nature ſeems confuſion,
And ſuch weak fancies mere deluſion.
Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,
Could there be ſuch a thing as night;
Which, when the ſun has left the ſkies,
Puts all things in a deep diſguiſe?
If then a trav'ller chance to ſtray
The leaſt ſtep from the public way,
He 's ſoon in endleſs mazes loſt,
As I have found it to my coſt.
Beſides, the gloom which naturs wears
Aſſiſts imaginary fears,
Of ghoſts and goblins from the waves
Of ſulph'rous lakes and yawning graves;
All ſprung from ſuperſtitious ſeed,
Like other maxims of the creed.
For my part, I reject the tales
Which faith ſuggeſts when reaſon fails;
And reaſon nothing underſtands,
Unwarranted by eyes and hands.
Theſe ſubtle eſſences, like wind,
Which ſome have dreamt of, and call mind,
It ne'er admits; nor joins the lie,
Which ſays men rot, but never die.
It holds all future things in doubt,
And therefore wiſely leaves them out:
Suggeſting what is worth our care,
To takes things preſent as they are,
Our wiſeſt courſe: the reſt is folly,
The fruit of ſpleen and melancholy.—
Sir, quoth the Hermit, I agree
That Reaſon ſtill our guide ſhould be;
And will admit her as the teſt
Of what is true, and what is beſt;
But Reaſon ſure would bluſh for ſhame
At what you mention in her name;
Her dictates are ſublime and holy;
Impiety 's the child of Folly;
Reaſon with meaſur'd ſteps and ſlow,
To things above from things below
Aſcends, and guides us thro' her ſphere
With caution, vigilance, and care.
Faith in the utmoſt frontier ſtands,
And Reaſon puts us in her hands;
But not till her commiſſion giv'n
Is found authentic, and from Heav'n.
'Tis ſtrange, that man, a reas'ning creature,
Should miſs a God in viewing nature;
Whoſe high perfections are diſplay'd
In ev'ry thing his hands have made:
Ev'n when we think their traces loſt,
When found again, we ſee them moſt:
The night itſelf, which you would blame
As ſomething wrong in nature's frame,

Is but a curtain to inveſt
Her weary children when at reſt:
Like that which mothers draw to keep
The light off from a child aſleep.
Beſide, the fears which darkneſs breeds
(At leaſt augments) in vulgar heads,
Are far from uſeleſs, when the mind
Is narrow, and to earth confin'd;
They make the worldling think with pain
On frauds, and oaths, and ill-got gain;
Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
Juſt rais'd againſt his neighbour's life;
And in defence of virtue's cauſe,
Aſſiſt each ſanction of the laws.
But ſouls ſerene, where wiſdom dwells,
And ſuperſtitious dread expels,
The ſilent majeſty of night
Excites to take a nobler flight;
With ſaints and angels to explore
The wonders of creating pow'r;
And lifts on contemplation's wings
Above the ſphere of mortal things.
Walk forth, and tread thoſe dewy plains
Where night in awful ſilence reigns;
The ſky's ſerene, the air is ſtill,
The woods ſtand liſtening on each hill,
To catch the ſounds that ſink and ſwell,
Wide-floating from the ev'ning bell,
While foxes howl, and beetles hum,
Sounds which make ſilence ſtill more dumb:
And try if folly, raſh and rude,
Dare on the ſacred hour intrude.
Then turn your eyes to heaven's broad frame,
Attempt to quote thoſe lights by name
Which ſhine ſo thick, and ſpread ſo far;
Conceive a ſun in ev'ry ſtar,
Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
While comets ſhoot athwart the whole;
From ſyſtem ſtill to ſyſtem ranging,
Their various benefits exchanging,
And ſhaking from their flaming hair
The things moſt needed ev'ry where—
Explore this glorious ſcene, and ſay
That night diſcovers leſs than day;
That 'tis quite uſeleſs, and a ſign
That chance diſpoſes, not deſign:
Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
Him either mad, or elſe a dunce;
For reaſon, tho' tis far from ſtrong,
Will ſoon find out that nothing's wrong,
From ſigns and evidences clear
Of wiſe contrivance ev'ry where.
The Hermit ended, and the youth
Became a convert to the truth;
At leaſt he yielded, and confeſs'd
That all was order'd for the beſt.

§ 329. *The Youth and the Philoſopher.*

W. Whitehead.

A GRECIAN youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philoſophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill
To curb the ſteed, and guide the wheel;
And as he paſs'd the gazing throng
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they expreſs'd
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt.
At length, quite vain, he needs would ſhew
His maſter what his art could do;
And bade his ſlaves the chariot lead
To Academus' ſacred ſhade.
The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs ſtarted at the ſight;
The Muſes drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt ſhades retire.
Howe'er the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;
And gathering crowds, with eager eyes,
And ſhouts, purſue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain
The ſelf-ſame track he marks again;
Purſues with care the nice deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded ſages hail'd the boy,
And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging ſage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, fluſh'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth, he cried,
Expect no praiſe from me (and ſigh'd.)
With indignation I ſurvey
Such ſkill and judgment thrown away.
The time profuſely ſquander'd there
On vulgar arts, beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at leſs expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the ſtate.

§ 330. *The Bee, the Ant, and the Sparrow.*

Dr. Cotton.

Addreſſed to Phœbe and Kitty C. at Boarding-School.

My dears, 'tis ſaid, in days of old
That beaſts could talk, and birds could ſcold:
But now, it ſeems, the human race
Alone engroſs the ſpeaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)
There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
Which reaſon'd and convers'd as we.
Who reads my page will doubtleſs grant
That Phe's the wiſe induſtrious Ant;
And all with half an eye may ſee
That Kitty is the buſy Bee.
Here then are two—but where's the third?
Go ſearch the ſchool, you'll find the bird.

Your

Your ſchool! I aſk your pardon, Fair;
I'm ſure you'll find no Sparrow there.
Now to my tale—One ſummer's morn
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to huſband ev'ry hour,
And make the moſt of ev'ry flow'r.
Nimble from ſtalk to ſtalk ſhe flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
With which the artiſt builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home:
Or from the cowſlip's golden bells
Sucks honey, to enrich her cells:
Or ev'ry tempting roſe purſues,
Or ſips the lily's fragrant dews;
Yet never robs the ſhining bloom
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus ſhe diſcharg'd in ev'ry way
The various duties of the day.
It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
Whoſe brow was wrinkled o'er by care:
A great œconomiſt was ſhe,
Nor leſs laborious than the Bee;
By penſive parents often taught
What ills ariſe from want of thought;
That poverty on ſloth depends;
On poverty the loſs of friends;
Hence ev'ry day the Ant is found
With anxious ſteps to tread the ground;
With curious ſearch to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.
The active Bee with pleaſure ſaw
The Ant fulfil her parent's law.
Ah! ſiſter labourer, ſays ſhe,
How very fortunate are we!
Who, taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labour flow,
Are independant of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and ſtate.
Why is our food ſo very ſweet?
Becauſe we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants ſo very few?
Becauſe we nature's calls purſue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Becauſe we act our parts aſſign'd.
Have we inceſſant taſks to do?
Is not all nature buſy too?
Doth not the ſun, with conſtant pace,
Perſiſt to run his annual race?
Do not the ſtars, which ſhine ſo bright,
Renew their courſes ev'ry night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the gen'rous ſteed
Withhold his labour or his ſpeed?
If you all nature's ſyſtem ſcan,
The only idle thing is man.
A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
Their ſage diſcourſe, and ſtraight drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert and very proud;
As worthleſs and as vain a thing,
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a ſpray ſhe ſat,
The little friends were deep in chat;
That virtue was their fav'rite theme,
And toil and probity their ſcheme:
Such talk was hateful to her breaſt;
She thought them arrant prudes at beſt.
When to diſplay her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd,
She view'd the Ant with ſavage eyes,
And hopp'd and hopp'd to ſnatch her prize.
The Bee, who watch'd her op'ning bill,
And gueſs'd her fell deſign to kill,
Aſk'd her from what her anger roſe,
And why ſhe treated Ants as foes?
The Sparrow her reply began,
And thus the converſation ran:
Whenever I'm diſpos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And ev'ry inſect made for me.
Hence oft I ſearch the emmet-brood
(For emmets are delicious food),
And oft, in wantonneſs and play,
I ſlay ten thouſand in a day.
For truth it is, without diſguiſe,
That I love miſchief as my eyes.
Oh! fie! the honeſt Bee replied,
I fear you make baſe men your guide;
Of ev'ry creature ſure the worſt,
Though in creation's ſcale the firſt!
Ungrateful man! 'tis ſtrange he thrives,
Who burns the Bees to rob their hives!
I hate his vile adminiſtration,
And ſo do all the emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite to the Eagle from the Wren!
O! do not men's example take,
Who miſchief do for miſchief's ſake;
But ſpare the Ant—her worth demands
Eſteem and friendſhip at your hands.
A mind with ev'ry virtue bleſt,
Muſt raiſe compaſſion in your breaſt.
Virtue! rejoin'd the ſneering bird,
Where did you learn that Gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd, I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.
But ſay it was the ancients' claim,
Yet moderns diſavow the name;
Unleſs, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.
Virtue in fairy tales is ſeen
To play the goddeſs or the queen;
But what's a queen without the pow'r
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags,
At beſt 'tis only worth in rags.
Such whims my very heart derides:
Indeed you make me burſt my ſides.
Truſt me, Miſs Bee—to ſpeak the truth,
I've copied men from earlieſt youth;
The ſame our taſte, the ſame our ſchool,
Paſſion and appetite our rule;
And call me bird, or call me ſinner,
I'll ne'er forego my ſport or dinner.
A prowling cat the miſcreant ſpies,
And wide expands her amber eyes:

Near

Near and more near Grimalkin draws;
She wags her tail, protends her paws;
Then, ſpringing on her thoughtleſs prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.
Thus in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked wanton Sparrow died.

§ 331. *The Bears and Bees.* Merrick.

As two young Bears in wanton mood,
Forth iſſuing from a neighb'ring wood,
Came where th' induſtrious Bees had ſtor'd
In artful cells their luſcious hoard;
O'erjoy'd they ſeiz'd with eager haſte
Luxurious on the rich repaſt.
Alarm'd at this the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew.
The beaſts, unable to ſuſtain
Th' unequal combat, quit the plain;
Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native ſhelter they regain;
There ſit, and now, diſcreeter grown,
Too late their raſhneſs they bemoan;
And this by dear experience gain,
That pleaſure's ever bought with pain.
So when the gilded baits of vice
Are plac'd before our longing eyes,
With greedy haſte we ſnatch our fill,
And ſwallow down the latent ill;
But when experience opes our eyes,
Away the fancied pleaſure flies:
It flies, but oh! too late we find
It leaves a real ſting behind.

§ 332. *The Camelion.* Merrick.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud conceited talking ſpark,
With eyes, that hardly ſerv'd at moſt
To guard their maſter 'gainſt a poſt;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To ſee whatever could be ſeen:
Returning from his finiſh'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will ſtop:
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
"I've ſeen—and ſure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due ſubmiſſion,
And acquieſce in his deciſion.
Two travellers of ſuch a caſt,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they paſs'd,
And on their way in friendly chat
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Diſcours'd a while, 'mongſt other matter,
Of the Camelion's form and nature.
"A ſtranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never liv'd beneath the ſun:
"A lizard's body, lean and long,
"A fiſh's head, a ſerpent's tongue;
"Its foot with triple claw diſjoin'd;
"And what a length of tail behind!
"How ſlow its pace! and then its hue—
"Who ever ſaw ſo fine a blue?"
'Hold there,' the other quick replies,
'Tis green,—I ſaw it with theſe eyes,
'As late with open mouth it lay,
'And warm'd it in the ſunny ray;
'Stretch'd at its eaſe the beaſt I view'd,
'And ſaw it eat the air for food.'
"I've ſeen it, Sir, as well as you,
"And muſt again affirm it blue.
"At leiſure I the beaſt ſurvey'd,
"Extended in the cooling ſhade."
'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I aſſure ye.'—
"Green!" cries the other in a fury—
'Why, Sir, d'ye think I've loſt my eyes?"
'Twere no great loſs,' the friend replies,
'For, if they always ſerve you thus,
'You'll find them but of little uſe.'
So high at laſt the conteſt roſe,
From words they almoſt came to blows:
When luckily came by a third—
To him the queſtion they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "ceaſe your pother,
"The creature 's neither one nor t'other:
"I caught the animal laſt night,
"And view'd it o'er by candlelight:
"I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
"You ſtare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
"And can produce it." 'Pray, Sir, do:
'I'll lay my life, the thing is blue.'
"And I'll be ſworn that when you've ſeen
"The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
'Well then, at once, to eaſe the doubt,'
Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out:
'And when before your eyes I've ſet him,
'If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.'
He ſaid; then full before their ſight
Produc'd the beaſt, and lo—'twas white.
Both ſtar'd; the man look'd wond'rous wiſe—
"My children," the Camelion cries
(Then firſt the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
"When next you talk of what you view,
"Think others ſee as well as you:
"Nor wonder, if you find that none
"Prefers your eyeſight to his own."

§ 333. *The Monkeys. A Tale.* Merrick.

Whoe'er, with curious eye, has rang'd
Through Ovid's tales, has ſeen
How Jove, incens'd, to Monkeys chang'd
A tribe of worthleſs men.

Repentant ſoon, th' offending race
Entreat the injur'd pow'r
To give them back the human face,
And reaſon's aid reſtore.

Jove, ſooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their pray'r;
But t'other half he bade the wind
Diſperſe in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod
That ſhook the vaulted ſkies,
With haughtier air the creatures ſtrode,
And ſtretch'd their dwindled ſize.

The

The hair in curls luxuriant now
Around their temples ſpread;
The tail, that whilom hung below,
Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
Nor alter'd much the face;
It ſtill retains its native grin,
And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd, and half the ſame,
Jove bade them take their place
(Reſtoring them their ancient claim)
Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute ſurvey'd,
Nor would a name beſtow;
But woman lik'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a beau.

§ 334. *Know Thyſelf.* Arbuthnot.

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and for what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropp'd by wild atoms in diſorder'd dance?
Or from an endleſs chain of cauſes wrought,
And of unthinking ſubſtance, born with thought?
By motion which began without a cauſe,
Supremely wiſe, without deſign or laws?
Am I but what I ſeem, mere fleſh and blood?
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
The purple ſtream that through my veſſels glides,
Dull and unconſcious flows, like common tides;
The pipes through which the circling juices ſtray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
This frame, compacted with tranſcendent ſkill
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and waſtes; I call it mine, not me.
New matter ſtill the mould'ring maſs ſuſtains:
The manſion chang'd, the tenant ſtill remains,
And from the fleeting ſtream repair'd by food,
Diſtinct, as is the ſwimmer from the flood.

What am I then? ſure of a noble birth;
By parent's right, I own as mother, Earth;
But claim ſuperior lineage by my ſire,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire;
Eſſence divine, with lifeleſs clay allay'd,
By double nature, double inſtinct ſway'd:
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native ſky;
I ſtrive to mount, but ſtrive, alas! in vain,
Tied to this maſſy globe with magic chain.
Now with ſwift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll:
What ſteady pow'rs their endleſs motions guide
Through the ſame trackleſs paths of boundleſs void!
I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a ſcale;
Theſe godlike thoughts while eager I purſue,
Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an inſect of the meaneſt kind,
Eraſe the new-born image from my mind:
Some beaſtly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning maſtiff at my gate,
Calls off from heavenly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.
If, on ſublimer wings of love and praiſe,
My ſoul above the ſtarry vault I raiſe,
Lur'd by ſome vain conceit, or ſhameful luſt,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the duſt.
The low'ring lark thus, from her lofty ſtrain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverſe guſts of jarring inſtincts toſt,
I rove to one, now to the other coaſt;
To bliſs unknown my lofty ſoul aſpires,
My lot unequal to my vaſt deſires.
As 'mongſt the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conſcious worth;
So man, amongſt his fellow brutes expos'd,
See he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.
Pity him beaſts! you by no law confin'd,
And barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
Whilſt man, through op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays;
Too weak to chooſe, yet chooſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte;
Bilk'd by paſt minutes, while the preſent cloy,
The flatt'ring future ſtill muſt give the joy:
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtleſs of his laſt abode,
Whether next ſun his being ſhall reſtrain
To endleſs nothing, happineſs, or pain.
Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtleſs crew
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths purſue;
Of them I aſk the way; the firſt replies,
Thou art a god; and ſends me to the ſkies:
Down on the turf, the next, two two-legg'd beaſt,
There fix thy lot, thy bliſs and endleſs reſt:
Between theſe wide extremes the length is ſuch,
I find I know too little or too much.
'Almighty Pow'r, by whoſe moſt wiſe com-
'mand,
'Helpleſs, forlorn, uncertain here I ſtand;
'Take this faint glimm'ring of thyſelf away,
'Or break into my ſoul with perfect day!'
This ſaid, expanded lay the ſacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of ſouls perplex'd.
Thus the benighted traveller, that ſtrays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays:
The nightly miſt, and thick deſcending dew,
Parting, unfold the fields and vaulted blue.
'O Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
'I grope and gueſs no more, but ſee my way;
'Thou clear'dſt the ſecret of my high deſcent.
'And told'ſt me what thoſe myſtic tokens meant;
'Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
'Too hard for worldly ſages to explain.
'Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' ſchemes,
'Their ſyſtems falſe, deluſive were their dreams;
'Unſkill'd my two-fold nature to divide, [pride;
'One nurs'd my pleaſure, and one nurs'd my
'Thoſe jarring truths which human art beguile,
'Thy ſacred page thus bids me reconcile.'
Offſpring of God, no leſs thy pedigree, [be,
What thou once wert, art now, and ſtill may
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;

Faultleſs

Faultleſs thou dropp'dſt from his unerring ſkill,
With the bare pow'r to ſin, ſince free of will:
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
For who has pow'r to walk has pow'r to rove:
Who acts by force impell'd can nought deſerve;
And wiſdom ſhort of infinite may ſwerve.
Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'ſt thy flight,
Left thy Creator, and the realms of light; [
Diſdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil,
And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Tho' by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy manſions chas'd,
Thou ſtill retain'ſt ſome ſparks of heavenly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet reſtleſs to aſpire;
Angel enough to ſeek thy bliſs again,
And brute enough to make thy ſearch in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly uſe,
Some fly thee, ſome torment, and ſome ſeduce;
Repaſt ill-ſuited to ſuch diff'rent gueſts,
For what thy ſenſe deſires, thy ſoul diſtaſtes:
Thy luſt, thy curioſity, thy pride,
Curb'd or indulg'd, or baulk'd or gratified,
Rage on, and make thee equally unbleſs'd [ſeſs'd,
In what thou want'ſt, and what thou haſt poſ-
In vain thou hop'ſt for bliſs on this poor clod;
Return and ſeek thy Father and thy God;
Yet think not to regain thy native ſky,
Borne on the wings of vain philoſophy!
Myſterious paſſage! hid from human eyes:
Soaring you 'll ſink, and ſinking you will riſe:
Let humble thoughts thy weary footſteps guide;
Repair by meekneſs what you loſt by pride.

§ 335. *Leſſons of Wiſdom.* Armſtrong.

How to live happieſt; how avoid the pains,
The diſappointments, and diſguſts of thoſe
Who would in pleaſure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he ſtill retain'd
His manly ſenſe, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wiſe he was, but not ſevere;
He ſtill remember'd that he once was young;
His eaſy preſence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the diſſolute admir'd, for he
A graceful looſeneſs when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could inſtruct. Much had he read,
Much more had ſeen; he ſtudied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man; and much he pitied thoſe
Whom falſely-ſmiling fate has curs'd with means
To diſſipate their days in queſt of joy.
Our aim is happineſs: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He ſaid, 'tis the purſuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the wideſt wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of ſaunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy goddeſs; that from ſtage to ſtage
Invites us ſtill, but ſhifts as we purſue.
For, not to name the pains that pleaſure brings
To counterpoiſe itſelf, relentleſs Fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam; and were the Fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would ſoon be ſtale.
Were theſe exhauſtleſs, Nature would grow ſick,
And, cloy'd with pleaſure, ſqueamiſhly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature reſt: be buſy for yourſelf,
And for your friend; be buſy even in vain,
Rather than teaſe her fated appetites.
Who never faſts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never ſleeps.
Let nature reſt: and when the taſte of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but ſhun ſatiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be bleſt.
But him the leaſt the dull or painful hours
Of life oppreſs, whom ſober Senſe conducts,
Aud Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Senſe I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Senſe are one: and, truſt me, he
Who has not virtue, is not truly wiſe.
Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
Is ſenſe and ſpirit, with humanity:
'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis e'en vindictive, but in vengeance juſt.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; ſome great ones dare;
But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth;
This is the ſolid pomp of proſperous days,
The peace and ſhelter of adverſity,
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock
Defies of Envy and all-ſapping Time.
The gaudy gloſs of Fortune only ſtrikes
The vulgar eye: the ſuffrage of the wiſe,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By ſenſe alone and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
Is the beſt gift of Heaven: a happineſs
That even above the ſmiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baſer hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man juſtly boaſts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd;
Or dealt by chance to ſhield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel ſunſhine on a fool.
But for one end, one much neglected uſe,
Are riches worth your care (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence ſupplied)
This noble end is, to produce the Soul,
To ſhew the virtues in their faireſt light;
To make humanity the miniſter
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breaſt
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.——
Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (ſtrange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.

§ 336. *The Pain ariſing from virtuous Emotions attended with Pleaſure.* Akenſide.

——Behold the ways
Of Heaven's eternal deſtiny to man,
For ever juſt, benevolent and wiſe:

That

That Virtue's awful ſteps, howe'er purſued
By vexing Fortune and intruſive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaſte,
Her fair attendant, Pleaſure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this exiſtence, that thy ſoft'ning ſoul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of paſſion ſwelling with diſtreſs and pain,
To mitigate the ſharp with gracious drops
Of cordial Pleaſure? Aſk the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps, at the ſilent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
That ſacred hour, when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſooths
With virtue's kindeſt looks his aching breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Aſk the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some hapleſs bark; while ſacred pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or terrors icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch, that ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
Drops lifeleſs down. O deemeſt thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature given
To mutual terror and compaſſion's tears?
No ſweetly-melting ſoftneſs which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the ſocial pow'rs,
To this their proper action and their end?—
Aſk thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that ſtudious gloom thy pauſing eye
Led by the glimm'ring taper moves around
The ſacred volumes of the dead, the ſongs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the preſent pow'r
Of heaven and earth ſurveys th' immortal page,
E'en as a father bleſſing, while he reads
The praiſes of his ſon; if then thy ſoul,
Spurning the yoke of theſe inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame:
Say, when the proſpect blackens on thy view;
When, rooted from the baſe, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt and tremble at the frown
Of curs'd Ambition;—when the pious band
Of youths that fought for freedom and their ſires,
Lie ſide by ſide in gore;—when ruffian-pride
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of public pow'r, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To ſlaviſh empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee;—when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful buſt
And ſtoried arch, to glut the coward race
Of regal envy, ſtrew the public way
With hallow'd ruins!—when the muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where wiſdom, wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female ſuperſtition's midnight pray'r;—
When ruthleſs rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer blow
To ſweep the works of glory from their baſe;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where ſenates once the pride of monarchs doom'd,
Hiſſes the gliding ſnake thro' hoary weeds
That claſp the mould'ring column;—thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the proſpect thrills
Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;—
Say, does thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? Or wouldſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows, for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-inveſted front,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king, [woe
"And wherefore ſhould the clam'rous voice of
"Intrude upon mine ear?" The baleful dregs
Of theſe late ages, this inglorious draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſs'd be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
Defil'd to ſuch a depth of ſordid ſhame
The native honours of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of its ſire.

§ 337. *A Paraphraſe on Pſalm* lxxiv. 16, 17. Miſs Williams.

"The day is thine, the night alſo is thine; thou haſt
"prepared the light and the ſun.
"Thou haſt ſet all the borders of the earth; thou haſt
"made ſummer and winter."

My God! all nature owns thy ſway,
Thou giv'ſt the night, and thou the day!
When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning, rich in luſtre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,
To thee we owe her flagrant hour;
And when ſhe pours her choral ſong,
Her melodies to thee belong!
Or when, in paler tints array'd,
The evening ſlowly ſpreads her ſhade;
That ſoothing ſhade, that grateful gloom,
Can more than day's enliv'ning bloom
Still ev'ry fond and vain deſire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inſpire;
From earth the penſive ſpirit free,
And lead the ſoften'd heart to Thee.
In ev'ry ſcene thy hands have dreſs'd,
In ev'ry form by thee impreſs'd,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the ſhelt'ring woods are ſpread;
In ev'ry note that ſwells the gale,
Or tuneful ſtream that cheers the vale,

The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praiſe, and love.
As o'er thy work the ſeaſons roll,
And ſooth, with change of bliſs, the ſoul,
Oh never may their ſmiling train
Paſs o'er the human ſcene in vain!
But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the wond'ring ſoul to praiſe;
And be the joys that moſt we prize
The joys that from thy favour riſe!

§ 338. *A Paraphraſe on Iſaiah* xlix. 15.
Miſs Williams.

"Can a woman forget her ſucking child, that ſhe
"ſhould not have compaſſion on the ſon of her womb?
"Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

Heaven ſpeaks! Oh Nature, liſten and rejoice!
Oh ſpread from pole to pole this gracious voice!
"Say every breaſt of human frame, that proves
The boundleſs force with which a parent loves;
Say, can a mother from her yearning heart
Bid the ſoft image of her child depart? [bear
She! whom ſtrong inſtinct arms with ſtrength to
All forms of ill, to ſhield that deareſt care;
She! who with anguiſh ſtung, with madneſs wild,
Will ruſh on death to ſave her threaten'd child;
All ſelfiſh feelings baniſh'd from her breaſt,
Her life one aim to make another's bleſt—
When her vex'd infant to her boſom clings,
When round her neck his eager arms he flings;
Breathes to her liſt'ning ſoul his melting ſigh,
And lifts, ſuffus'd with tears, his aſking eye!
Will ſhe, for all ambition can attain,
The charms of pleaſure, or the lures of gain,
Betray ſtrong Nature's feelings? will ſhe prove
Cold to the claims of duty, and of love?
But ſhould the mother from her yearning heart
Bid the ſoft image of her child depart;
When the vex'd infant to her boſom clings,
When round her neck his eager arms he flings;
Should ſhe unpitying hear his melting ſigh,
And view unmov'd the tear that fills his eye;
Should ſhe, for all ambition can attain,
The charms of pleaſure, or the lures of gain,
Betray ſtrong Nature's feeling——ſhould ſhe prove
Cold to the claims of duty and of love!
Yet never will the God, whoſe word gave birth
To yon illumin'd orbs, and this fair earth;
Who thro' the boundleſs depths of trackleſs ſpace
Bade new-wak'd beauty ſpread each perfect grace;
Yet when he form'd the vaſt ſtupendous whole,
Shed his beſt bounties on the human ſoul;
Which reaſon's light illumes, which friendſhip warms,
Which pity ſoftens, and which virtue charms;
Which feels the pure affections' gen'rous glow,
Shares others' joy, and bleeds for others' woe—
Oh ne'er will the gen'ral Father prove
Of man forgetful, man the child of love!"
When all thoſe planets in their ample ſpheres
Have wing'd their courſe, and roll'd their deſtin'd years:
When the vaſt ſun ſhall veil his golden light
Deep in the gloom of everlaſting night;
When wild, deſtructive flames ſhall wrap the ſkies,
When Chaos triumphs, and when Nature dies;
Man ſhall alone the wreck of worlds ſurvive,
Midſt falling ſpheres, immortal man ſhall live!
The voice which bade the laſt dread thunders roll,
Shall whiſper to the good, and cheer their ſoul.
God ſhall himſelf his favour'd creature guide
Where living waters pour their bliſsful tide,
Where the enlarg'd, exulting, wond'ring mind
Shall ſoar, from weakneſs and from guilt refin'd;
Where perfect knowledge, bright with cloudleſs rays,
Shall gild eternity's unmeaſur'd days;
Where friendſhip, unembitter'd by diſtruſt,
Shall in immortal bands unite the juſt;
Devotion, rais'd to rapture, breathe her ſtrain,
And love in his eternal triumph reign!

§ 339. *A Paraphraſe on Matt.* vii. 12.
Miſs Williams.

"Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do to you,
"do ye even ſo to them."

Precept divine! to earth in mercy given;
O ſacred rule of action, worthy heaven!
Whoſe pitying love ordain'd the bleſt command
To bind our nature in a firmer band;
Enforce each human ſuff'rer's ſtrong appeal,
And teach the ſelfiſh breaſt what others feel;
Wert thou the guide of life, mankind might know
A ſoft exemption from the worſt of woe;
No more the powerful would the weak oppreſs,
But tyrants learn the luxury to bleſs;
No more would ſlavery bind a hopeleſs train
Of human victims in her galling chain:
Mercy the hard, the cruel heart would move
To ſoften miſ'ry by the deeds of love;
And av'rice from his hoarded treaſures give,
Unaſk'd, the liberal boon, that want might live!
The impious tongue of falſehood then would ceaſe
To blaſt, with dark ſuggeſtions, virtue's peace;
No more would ſpleen or paſſion baniſh reſt,
And plant a pang in fond affection's breaſt;
By one harſh word, one alter'd look, deſtroy
Her peace, and wither ev'ry op'ning joy;
Scarce can her tongue the captious wrong explain,
The ſlight offence which gives ſo deep a pain!
Th' affected eaſe that ſlights her ſtarting tear,
The words whoſe coldneſs kills from lips ſo dear;—
The hand ſhe loves, alone can point the dart,
Whoſe hidden ſting could wound no other heart—
Theſe, of all pains the ſharpeſt we endure,
The breaſt which now inflicts, would ſpring to cure.—
No more deſerted genius then would fly
To breathe in ſolitude his hopeleſs ſigh;
No more would fortune's partial ſmile debaſe
The ſpirit, rich in intellectual grace;
Who views unmov'd from ſcenes where pleaſures bloom,
The flame of genius ſunk in miſ'ry's gloom;
The ſoul heaven form'd to ſoar, by want depreſt,
Nor heeds the wrongs that pierce a kindred breaſt.
Thou righteous Law, whoſe clear and uſeful light
Sheds on the mind a ray divinely bright;
Condenſing in one rule whate'er the ſage
Has proudly taught, in many a labour'd page;
Bid every heart thy hallow'd voice revere,
To juſtice ſacred, and to nature dear!

§ 340. *Reflections on a Future State, from a Review of Winter.* Thomson.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years,
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awak'ning nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise; ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Pow'r
And Wisdom oft arraign'd; see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

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§ 341. *On Slavery.* Miss H. Falconar.

To man superior reason's light was giv'n
Reason, the noblest gift of bounteous Heav'n,
Unfailing beam, bright intellectual ray,
Thou steady guide through error's devious way,
Say, wert thou first by gracious Heav'n design'd
To stamp injustice on the human kind?
Forbid it truth, forbid it ev'ry breast
That heaves in pity for the wretch oppress:
Yet reason, justice, mercy, plead in vain;
Still the sad victim drags his galling chain;
Still bows submissive to the tyrant hand
That tore the suff'rer from his native land;
Yet, ere the arts of luxury began,
They boasted liberty, the right of man;
Serene, they saw each peaceful morning smile,
Joy led their hours, and plenty bless'd their toil.
Their pleading sighs, their suppliant, moving pray'r,
Daughter of Virtue! Royal Charlotte, hear!
Sovereign, yet parent of this happy isle,
O'er whose gay plains fair plenty deigns to smile,
Where spotless peace extends her azure wing;
And liberty's enchanting blossoms spring;
Thine is compassion's sympathetic sigh,
The melting tear that beams in pity's eye:
The heart like thine, that feels another's pain,
Hears not distress'd misfortune plead in vain;
Be 't thine to heal pale sorrow's wounded breast,
And lull each raging passion into rest;
Let not the wretched slave in vain deplore
The long-lost joys he must behold no more;
Then, while Britannia hails thy sacred name,
A deed like this shall swell the trump of fame;
Virtues like thine shall wake the sounding lyre,
Each bosom glow with emulative fire;
And swell'd with themes like this, the poet's page
Remain admir'd through each succeeding age.
When Superstition rais'd her threat'ning hand,
And scatter'd horror round the bleeding land,
On sad Britannia's ravag'd plains she stood,
Drench'd in one fatal stream of martyr'd blood;
O'er ev'ry scene with fell delight she flew,
And smil'd, exulting, at the dreadful view;
Religion's sacred truths, though once design'd
To banish error from the darken'd mind,
Avail'd not here; her pure celestial light,
Lost in the gloom of Superstition's night,
Drooping, beheld the fatal torrent roll
Resistless terrors o'er the doubtful soul;
Till bright Eliza came, whose matchless sway,
Call'd forth the dawn of fair Religion's day;
Cherish'd the genial influence as it rose,
Dispell'd their errors and reliev'd their woes.
Shall Britain, then, who boasts th' unrivall'd deed,
Relentless, see the guiltless victim bleed?
Amid the horrors of tormenting pain
He seeks for mercy, but he seeks in vain;
Affrighted Mercy quits the guilty land,
Where grim Oppression waves her tyrant's hand;
Where, to the savage herd, a harmless prey
Sinks faint beneath the fervid beam of day;
Or, haply trembling in the midnight air,
Sunk in the deepest gloom of low despair;
Or burning thirst and furious want, combin'd,
With wild distraction fire his glowing mind,
Till death restores to him eternal rest,
And calms the tumults of his troubled breast.
The British youth, torn from his much-lov'd home,
O'er foreign seas and foreign coasts to roam,
Amid the fury of the piercing blast,
The swell'd wave circling round the shiver'd mast,
While bursting peals of thunder rend the skies,
And o'er the deck the foaming billows rise,

A while in terror views the lightning glare,
With ſtreaming horror, through the midnight air;
The ſtorm once paſt, he gains the friendly ray
Of hope, to guide him through the dang'rous way;
Smiling, ſhe bids each future proſpect riſe,
Through fancy's varied mirror, to his eyes.
Not ſo the ſlave; oppreſs'd with ſecret care,
He ſinks the hapleſs victim of deſpair;
Or doom'd to torments that might even move
The ſteely heart, and melt it into love;
Till, worn with anguiſh, with'ring in his bloom,
He falls an early tenant of the tomb!
Shall Britain view, unmov'd, ſad Afric's ſhore
Delug'd ſo oft in ſtreams of purple gore!
Britain, where ſcience, peace, and plenty, ſmile,
Virtue's bright ſeat and freedom's favour'd iſle!
Rich are her plains and fruitful is her clime,
The ſcourge of tyrants, and the boaſt of time;
Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry worth, poſſeſt,
That fires the hero's or the patriot's breaſt:
There, nobly warm'd with animating fire,
Our Shakſpeare ſtruck his ſoul-commanding lyre;
There ſcenes of bliſs immortal Milton ſung,
And notes harmonious iſſued from his tongue:
And bards like theſe ſhall boaſt in ev'ry age,
While native genius glows in Hayley's page;
While genius bids to our enchanted eyes,
In Swift's own ſtrains, a ſecond Pope ariſe.
When truth, perplex'd in errors thorny maze,
Threw o'er the world obſcur'd and darken'd rays,
Then Newton roſe, unveil'd the beauteous maid:
He ſpoke, and nature ſtood at once diſplay'd.
Theſe were the ſouls that Britain once poſſeſs'd,
When genuine virtue fir'd the patriot's breaſt;
And ſtill ſhall ſhe protect fair freedom's cauſe,
And vindicate her violated laws;
Waft peace and freedom to a wretched land,
And ſcatter bleſſings with a lib'ral hand.

In Britain's paradiſe, by freedom made,
The tree of commerce ſpreads its ample ſhade;
Unſparing plenty bends the lofty brow,
And wealth bright glitters on each golden bough;
On ſome the richeſt gems of India ſhone,
And added luſtre to the Britiſh throne;
Such as in gentle radiance might outvie
The melting luſtre of the ſparkling eye;
Such as in gay variety might grace
The native beauties of the lovely face:
On ſome the bud of health, in roſy bloom,
Call'd languid ſickneſs from an early tomb;
Or bade contented labour calmly ſmile
O'er the rich proſpect of his native ſoil.
One ample branch, ſuperior to the reſt,
Roſe to the view, in ſplendid radiance dreſt;
On ev'ry leaf the tempting manna hung,
In golden dyes each beauteous bloſſom ſprung;
The flow'rs of brighteſt hue oppreſſion nam'd,
Yet from the tree the rank of commerce claim'd.
Led by the fair deceit, beneath its ſhade
With eager eye the ſlaves of av'rice ſtray'd;
This fatal fruit was loveliеſt to the view,
That on the ſpreading tree of commerce grew;
They graſp'd the baneful load with fatal haſte,
Deſtructive poiſon to th' enchanted taſte;
Loſt in the pleaſing dream, awhile the ſoul,
Where av'rice reign'd ſecure from all controul,
Slept calm, till conſcience, with unerring dart,
Struck deep conviction through the guilty heart;
And bade reflection wake the feeling mind,
That turn'd to ev'ry ſcene it left behind:
There might they ſee the tortur'd wretch implore
Eternal vengeance on Britannia's ſhore;
In ſilent grief, amid diſtraction wild,
The wretched parent mourn her long-loſt child:
Theſe ſcenes appear when death, in terror dreſt,
Bids ſharp repentance wound the ſhudd'ring breaſt,
Wheno'er your heads th'avenging thunders roll,
And quick deſtruction ſeems to ſnatch the ſoul;
When faſt around the dreadful lightnings fall,
And guilt ſhall hear th' incens'd Almighty's call;
Then will his wrath deſtroy the life he gave,
And juſtice ſnatch the ſoul that mercy could not ſave.
Britain, be thine the glorious taſk to heal
The bleeding wounds thy wretched ſons ſhall feel;
Extend thy ev'ry noble pow'r to ſave
The wretch juſt tott'ring o'er an early grave;
For, noble were the deed that could impart
Reviving vigour to the drooping heart;
For, then no more the fatal branch ſhall bind,
In golden ties, the loſt enchanted mind;
Tear ev'ry fibre from the verdant root,
And blaſt each dang'rous bloſſom ere it ſhoot:
So ſhall the praiſe of ranſom'd millions riſe,
In grateful incenſe, to the echoing ſkies;
So through the world thy matchleſs fame extend,
And wond'ring nations hail thee mercy's friend;
Thee, firſt in ev'ry virtue, ev'ry worth,
That gives to glory or to genius birth;
Let thy avenging, thy all-conqu'ring hand
Give peace and freedom to an injur'd land!
Glory be thine; and let pale miſ'ry prove
The joys of friendſhip and the bliſs of love!
And heav'nly liberty's celeſtial ray
Beam o'er the world one pure eternal day!

§ 342. *A Prayer in the Proſpect of Death.* Burns.

O THOU unknown Almighty Cauſe
Of all my hope and fear!
In whoſe dread Preſence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I muſt appear!
If I have wander'd in thoſe paths
Of life I ought to ſhun,
As Something loudly in my breaſt
Remonſtrates I have done;
Thou know'ſt that Thou haſt formed me
With paſſions wild and ſtrong:
And liſt'ning to their 'witching voice
Has often led me wrong.
Where human weakneſs has come ſhort,
Or frailty ſtepp'd aſide,
Do Thou, All-Good! for ſuch Thou art,
In ſhades of darkneſs hide.
Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and goodneſs ſtill
Delighteth to forgive.

§ 343. *The Genealogy of Chriſt, as it is repreſeated on the Eaſt Window of Wincheſter College Chapel. Written at Winton School by Dr.* Lowth.

At once to raiſe our rev'rence and delight,
To elevate the mind, and pleaſe the ſight,
To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
And waft the ſoul on wings of ecſtacy;
For this the painter's art with nature vies,
And bids the viſionary ſaint ariſe:
Who views the ſacred forms in thought aſpires,
Catches pure zeal, and, as he gazes, fires;
Feels the ſame ardour to his breaſt convey'd;
Is what he ſees, and emulates the ſhade.
Thy ſtrokes, great Artiſt, ſo ſublime appear,
They check our pleaſure with an awful fear;
While thro' the mortal line the God you trace,
Author himſelf and Heir of Jeſſe's race,
In raptures we admire thy bold deſign,
And, as the ſubject, own the hand divine.
While thro' thy work the riſing day ſhall ſtream,
So long ſhall laſt thine honour, praiſe, and name.
And may thy labours to the Muſe impart
Some emanation from her ſiſter art,
To animate the verſe, and bid it ſhine
In colours eaſy, bright, and ſtrong as thine!
Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
While ſofteſt ſlumbers ſeem to ſeal his eyes;
The hoary ſire Heaven's guardian care demands,
And at his feet the watchful angel ſtands.
The form auguſt and large, the mien divine,
Betray the founder of Meſſiah's line*.
Lo! from his loins the promis'd ſtem aſcend,
And high to Heaven its ſacred boughs extend:
Each limb productive of ſome hero ſprings,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th' eternal plant wide ſpreads its arms around,
And with the mighty branch the myſtic top is crown'd.
And lo! the glories of th' illuſtrious line
At their firſt dawn with ripen'd ſplendours ſhine,
In David all expreſs'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man complete.
Serene he ſits, and ſweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See! with what art he ſtrikes the vocal ſtrings,
The God, his theme, inſpiring what he ſings!
Hark—or our ears delude us—from his tongue
Sweet flows, or ſeems to flow, ſome heavenly ſong.
Oh could thine art arreſt the fleeting ſound,
And paint the voice in magic numbers bound;
Could the warm ſun, as erſt when Memnon play'd,
Wake with his riſing beam the vocal ſhade;
Then might he draw the attentive angels down,
Bending to hear the lay, ſo ſweet, ſo like their own.
On either ſide the monarch's offſpring ſhine,
And ſome adorn, and ſome diſgrace their line.
Here Ammon glories; proud inceſtuous lord!
This hand ſuſtains the robe, and that the ſword.
Frowning and fierce, with haughty ſtrides he tow'rs,
And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs.
There Abſalom the raviſh'd ſceptre ſways,
And his ſtolen honour all his ſhame diſplays:
The baſe uſurper Youth! who joins in one
The rebel ſubject and th' ungrateful ſon.
Amid the royal race, ſee Nathan ſtand:
Fervent he ſeems to ſpeak, and lift his hand;
His looks the emotion of his ſoul diſcloſe,
And eloquence from ev'ry geſture flows.
Such, and ſo ſtern he came, ordain'd to bring
The ungrateful mandate to the guilty King:
When, at his dreadful voice, a ſudden ſmart
Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conſcious heart,
From his own lips condemn'd; ſevere decree!
Had his God prov'd ſo ſtern a Judge as He,
But man with frailty is allied by birth;
Conſummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth:
Thro' all the ſoul tho' virtue holds the rein,
Beats at the heart, and ſprings in ev'ry vein,
Yet ever from the cleareſt ſource have ran
Some groſs alloy, ſome tincture of the man.
But who is he deep muſing? in his mind,
He ſeems to weigh in reaſon's ſcales mankind;
Fix'd contemplation holds his ſteady eyes—
I know the ſage †, the wiſeſt of the wiſe.
Bleſt with all man could wiſh, or prince obtain,
Yet his great heart pronounc'd thoſe bleſſings vain.
And lo! bright glittering in his ſacred hands,
In miniature the glorious temple ſtands.
Effulgent frame! ſtupendous to behold!
Gold the ſtrong valves, the roof of burniſh'd gold.
The wand'ring ark, in that bright dome enſhrin'd,
Spreads the ſtrong light, eternal, unconfin'd!
Above th' unutterable glory plays,
Preſence divine! and the full-ſtreaming rays
Pour thro' reluctant clouds intolerable blaze.
But ſtern oppreſſion rends Reboam's reign;
See the gay prince, injurious, proud, and vain!
Th' imperial ſceptre totters in his hand,
And proud rebellion triumphs in the land.
Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful ſpring,
A beardleſs Senate, and a haughty King.
There Aſa, good and great, the ſceptre bears,
Juſtice attends his peace, ſucceſs his wars:
While virtue was his ſword and Heaven his ſhield,
Without controul the warrior ſwept the field;
Loaded with ſpoils, triumphant he return'd,
And half her ſwarthy ſons ſad Ethiopia mourn'd.
But ſince thy flagging piety decay'd,
And barter'd God's defence for human aid;
See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,
Nor herbs nor healthful arts avail thee now,
Nor is Heav'n chang'd, apoſtate prince, but thou.
No mean atonement does this lapſe require;
But ſee the Son, you muſt forgive the Sire:
He‡, the juſt prince—with ev'ry virtue bleſt
He reign'd, and goodneſs all the man poſſeſs'd;
Around his throne fair happineſs and peace
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and ſmil'd in ev'ry face.
As when along the burning waſte he ſtray'd,
Where no pure ſtreams in bubbling mazes play'd,
Where drought incumbent on the thirſty ground
Long ſince had breath'd her ſcorching blaſts around.

The

* Jeſſe. † Solomon. ‡ Joſaphat.

The *prophet calls, th' obedient floods repair
To the parch'd fields, for Joſaphat was there.
The new-ſpring waves, in many a gurgling vein,
Trickle luxurious through the ſucking plain;
Freſh honours the reviving fields adorn,
And o'er the deſert plenty pours her horn.
So, from the throne his influence he ſheds,
And bids the virtues raiſe their languid heads:
Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
Oppreſſion flies, and Juſtice lifts her ſcales.
See, on his arm the royal eagle ſtand,
Great type of conqueſt and ſupreme command;
Th' exulting bird diſtinguiſh'd triumph brings,
And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.
Fierce Moab's ſons prevent th' impending blow,
Ruſh on themſelves, and fall without the foe.
The pious hero vanquiſh'd Heaven by pray'r;
His faith an army, and his vows a war.
Thee too, Ozias, fates indulgent bleſs'd,
And thy days ſhone in faireſt actions dreſt:
Till that raſh hand, by ſome blind phrenzy
Unclean, the ſacred office durſt invade. [ſway'd,
Quick o'er thy limbs the ſcurfy venom ran,
And hoary filth beſprinkled all the man.
Tranſmiſſive worth adorns the pious † Son,
The father's virtues with the father's throne.
Lo! there he ſtands: he who the rage ſubdued
Of Ammon's ſons, and drench'd his ſword in blood.
And doſt thou, Ahaz, Judah's ſcourge, diſgrace
With thy baſe front the glories of thy race?
See the vile King his iron ſceptre bear—
His only praiſe attends the pious ‡ Heir;
He, in whoſe ſoul the virtues all conſpire,
The beſt good ſon from the worſt wicked ſire.
And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
Long exil'd piety returns again;
Again in genuine purity ſhe ſhines, [ſhrines.
And with her preſence gilds the long-neglected
Ill-ſtarr'd does proud Aſſyria's impious § Lord
Bid Heav'n to arms, and vaunt his dreadful ſword;
His own vain threats th' inſulting King o'erthrow,
But breathe new courage on the gen'rous foe.
Th' avenging Angel, by divine command,
The fiery ſword full-blazing in his hand.
Leant down from heaven: amid the ſtorm he rode,
March'd Peſtilence before him; as he trod,
Pale Deſolation bath'd his ſteps in blood.
Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud hoſt he paſs'd,
Diſpenſing death, and drove the furious blaſt;
Nor bade Deſtruction give her revels o'er [gore.
Till the gorg'd ſword was drunk with human
But what avails thee, pious prince, in vain
Thy ſceptre reſcued, and th' Aſſyrian ſlain?
Even now the ſoul maintains her lateſt ſtrife,
And death's chill graſp congeals the fount of life:
Yet ſee, kind Heaven renews thy brittle thread,
And rolls full fifteen ſummers o'er thy head;
Lo! the receding ſun repeats his way,
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
Tho' nature her inverted courſe forego,
The day forget to reſt, the time to flow,
Yet ſhall Jehovah's ſervants ſtand ſecure,
His mercy fix'd, eternal ſhall endure;
On them her ever-healing rays ſhall ſhine;
More mild and bright, and ſure, O ſun! than thine.
At length the long-expected Prince behold,
The laſt good King; in ancient days foretold,
When Bethel's altar ſpoke his future fame,
Rent to its baſe, at good Joſiah's name.
Bleſt, happy prince! o'er whoſe lamented urn,
In plaintive ſong, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom ſad Sion's ſofteſt ſorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his ſweet melodious woes.
But now fallen Sion, once the fair and great,
Sits deep in duſt, abandon'd, deſolate:
Bleeds her ſad heart, and ever ſtream her eyes,
And anguiſh tears her with convulſive ſighs.
The mournful captive ſpreads her hands in vain,
Her hands, that rankle with the ſervile chain;
Till he ‖, great chief, in Heaven's appointed time,
Leads back her children to their native clime.
Fair liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envied walls ſecurely riſe.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin ſpread,
Again ſhall lift ſublime thy ſacred head.
But, ah! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
A faint reſemblance of the old in you.
No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful anſwers from the myſtic cloud;
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine;
And Heaven has left thy ſolitary ſhrine.
Yet, in thy courts, hereafter ſhalt thou ſee,
Preſence immediate of the Deity, [Thee.
The light himſelf reveal'd, the God confeſs'd in
And now at length the fated term of years
The world's deſire have brought, and lo! the God appears.
The heavenly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,
And her fond looks confeſs'd the parent's cares;
The pleaſing burden on her breaſt ſhe lays,
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a ſmile ſur-
The infant ſmiles, to her fond boſom preſt, [veys:
And wantons, ſportive, on the mother's breaſt.
A radiant glory ſpeaks him all Divine,
And in the Child the beams of Godhead ſhine.
But now, alas! far other views diſcloſe
The blackeſt comprehenſive ſcene of woes.
See where man's voluntary ſacrifice
Bows his meek head, and God eternal dies!
Fixt to the Croſs his healing arms are bound,
While copious Mercy ſtreams from ev'ry wound.
Mark the blood-drops that life exhauſting roll,
And the ſtrong pang that rends the ſtubborn ſoul,
As all death's tortures, with ſevere delay,
Exult and riot in the nobleſt prey!
And canſt thou, ſtupid man, thoſe ſorrows ſee,
Nor ſhare the anguiſh which he bears for thee?
Thy ſin, for which his ſacred fleſh is torn,
Points ev'ry nail, and ſharpens ev'ry thorn.
Canſt thou?—while nature ſmarts in ev'ry wound,
And each pang cleaves the ſympathetic ground!
Lo! the black ſun, his chariot backward driven,
Blots out the day, and periſhes from Heav'n!

* Eliſha. † Jotham. ‡ Hezekiah. § Sennacherib. ‖ Zorobabel.

Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part;
And the rent rock upbraids man's stubborn heart.
The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead start into life again.
And thou, O tomb, once more shalt wide dis-
Thy satiate jaws, and give up all thy prey. [play
Thou, groaning earth, shall heave, absorpt in flame,
As the last pangs convulse thy lab'ring frame;
When the same God unshrouded thou shalt see,
Wrapt in full blaze of pow'r and majesty,
Ride on the clouds; whilst, as his chariot flies,
The bright effusion streams thro' all the skies.
Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:
The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,
And all man's arts and labour be no more.
Then shall the splendours of the enliven'd glass
Sink undistinguish'd in the burning mass.
And oh! till earth and seas, and heaven decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away; [spare,
May winds and storms those beauteous colours
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair;
All the vain rage of wasting time repel, [well.
And his tribunal see, whose Cross they paint so

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§ 344. *On the Death of Frederic Prince of Wales. Written at Paris, by* David Lord Viscount Stormont, *of Christ Church, Oxon.*

Little I whilom deem'd my artless zeal
Should woo the British Muse in foreign land
To strains of bitter argument; and teach
The mimic Nymph that haunts the winding
And oozy current of Parisian Seine, [verge
To syllable new sounds in accents strange.
But sad occasion calls: who now forbears
The last kind office? who but consecrates
His off'ring at the shrine of fair Renown
To gracious Frederic rais'd; tho' but compos'd
Of the waste flow'rets whose neglected hues
Chequer the lonely hedge or mountain slope?
Where are those hopes, where fled th' illusive scenes
That forgeful fancy plann'd what time the bark
Stemm'd the salt wave from Albion's chalky bourn?
Then filial Piety and parting Love [cliffs,
Pour'd the fond pray'r—"Farewell, ye less'ning
Fairer to me than aught in fabled song
Or mystic record told of shores Atlantic!
Favour'd of Heav'n, farewel! imperial isle,
Native to noblest wits, and best approv'd
In manly science and advent'rous deed!
Celestial Freedom, by rude hand estrang'd
From regions once frequented, with Thee takes
Her stedfast station, fast beside the throne
Of sceptred rule, and there her state maintains
In social concord and harmonious love.
These blessings still be thine, nor meddling fiend
Stir in your busy streets foul Faction's roar;
Still thrive your growing works, and gales propitious
Visit your sons who ride the wat'ry waste;
And still be heard from forth your gladsome bow'rs
Shrill tabor pipes, and ev'ry peaceful sound.
Nor vain the wish, while George the golden scale [sway.
With steady prudence holds, and temp'rate
And when his course of earthly honours run,
With lenient hand shall Frederic sooth your care:
Rich in each princely quality, mature
In years, and happiest in nuptial choice.
Thence too arise new hopes; a playful troop
Circles his hearth, sweet pledges of that bed
Which Faith and Joy, and thousand Virtues guard.
His be the care t' inform their ductile minds
With worthiest thoughts, and point the ways of honour.
How often shall he hear with fresh delight
Their earnest tales, or watch their rising pas-
With timorous attention; then shall tell [sions
Of justice, fortitude, and public weal;
And oft the while each rigid precept smooth
With winning tokens of parental love!"
Thus my o'erweening heart the secret stores
Of Britain's hope explor'd, while my strain'd
Pursued her fading hills, till wrapt in mist [sight
They gently sunk beneath the swelling tide.
Nor slept those thoughts, whene'er in other climes
I mark'd the cruel waste of foul oppression,
Saw noblest spirits, and goodliest faculties,
To vassalage and loathsome service bound.
Then conscious preference rose; then northward
My eye to gratulate my natal soil. [turn'd
How have I chid, with froward eagerness,
Each veering blast that from my hand withheld
The well-known characters of some lov'd friend,
Tho' distant not unmindful! Still I learn'd,
Delighted, what each patriot plan devis'd
Of arts or glory, or diffusive commerce.
Nor wanted its endearment ev'ry tale
Of lightest import. But, oh heavy change!
What notices come now? Distracted scenes
Of helpless sorrow, solemn sad accounts;
How fair Augusta watch'd the weary night,
Tending the bed of anguish; how great George
Wept with his infant progeny around;
How heav'd th' orphan's and the widow's sigh,
That follow'd Frederic to the silent tomb!
For well was Fredetic lov'd, and well deserv'd.
His voice was ever sweet, and on his steps
Attended ever the alluring grace
Of gentle lowliness and social zeal.
Him shall remember oft the labour'd hind,
Relating to his mates each casual act
Of courteous bounty. Him th' artificer,
Plying the varied woof in sullen sadness,
Tho' wont to carol many a ditty sweet.
Soon to the mariner, who many moons
Has counted, beating still the foamy surge,
And treads at last the wish'd-for beach, shall stand
Appall'd at the sad tale, and soon shall steal
Down his rough cheek th' involuntary tear.
Be this our solace yet—all is not dead;
The bright memorial lives: for his example
Shall Hymen trim his torch, domestic praise
Be countenanc'd, and virtue fairer shew,
In age succeeding, when another George,
To ratify some weighty ordinance

Of

Of Britain's peers conven'd, ſhall paſs beſide
Thoſe hallow'd ſpires, whoſe gloomy vaults inclose,
Shrouded in ſleep, pale rows of ſceptred kings,
Oft to his ſenſe the ſweet paternal voice
And long remember'd features ſhall return;
Then ſhall his generous breaſt be new inflam'd
To acts of higheſt worth, and higheſt fame.
Theſe plaintive ſtrains, from Albion far away,
I lonely meditate at even tide;
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious of the raptur'd lay;
But ſtill remenb'ring oft the magic ſounds,
Well-meaſur'd to the chime of Dorian lute,
Or paſt'ral ſtop, which erſt I lov'd to hear
On Iſis' border'd mead, where dips by fits
The ſtooping oſier in her haſty ſtream.
Hail, Wolſey's ſpacious Dome! hail, ever fam'd
For faithful nurture, and truth's ſacred lore,
Much honour'd parent! You my duteous zeal
Accept, if haply in thy laureat wreath
You deign to interweave this humble ſong.

§ 345. *Death.* Emily.

The feſtive roar of laughter, the warm glow
Of briſk-eyed joy, and friendſhip's genial bowl,
Wit's ſeaſon'd converſe, and the liberal flow
Of unſuſpicious youth, profuſe of ſoul,
Delight not ever; from the boiſterous ſcene
Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
From folly's crowd, whoſe vacant brow ſerene
Was never knit to wiſdom's frowning lore,
Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your ſolemn reſt,
Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning aiſles
Lonely to wander; no unholy gueſt
That means to break, with ſacrilegious tread,
The marble ſlumbers of your monumented dead.
Permit me, with ſad muſings, that inſpire
Unlabour'd numbers apt, your ſilence drear
Blameleſs to wake, and with the Orphean lyre,
Fitly attemper'd, ſooth the mercileſs ear
Of Hades, and ſtern death, whoſe iron ſway
Great nature owns thro' all her wide domain;
All that with oary fin cleave their ſmooth way
Through the green boſom of the ſpawny main;
And thoſe that to the ſtreaming æther ſpread,
In many a wheeling glide, their feathery ſail;
And thoſe that creep, and thoſe that ſtate lier tread,
That roam o'er foreſt, hill, or browſy dale;
The victims each of ruthleſs fate muſt fall;
E'en God's own image, man, high paramount of all.
And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
That ſtartle from the ſleepful lid of light
The curtain'd reſt, and with the diſſonant bray
Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright
Yon radiant goddeſs, that now ſhoots among
Theſe many-window'd aiſles her glimmering beam;
Know, that or ere its ſtarr'd career along
Thrice ſhall have roll'd her ſilver-wheeled team
Some parent breaſt may heave the anſwering
To the ſlow pauſes of the funeral knoll; [figh
E'en now black Atropos, with ſcowling eye,
Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl;
E'en now in roſy-crowned pleaſure's wreath
Entwines in adder folds all-unſuſpected Death.

Know, on the ſtealing wing of time ſhall flee
Some few, ſome ſhort-liv'd years, and all is paſt;
A future bard theſe awful domes may ſee,
Muſe o'er the preſent age, as I the laſt;
Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you
The various maze of life were ſeen to tread,
Each bent their own peculiar to purſue,
As cuſtom urg'd, or wilful nature led:
Mix'd with the various crowd's inglorious clay,
The nobler virtues undiſtinguiſh'd lie;
No more to melt with beauty's heaven-born ray,
No more to wet compaſſion's tearful eye,
Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
And feel the thrilling melody of ſweet renown.

Where is the maſter-hand, whoſe ſemblant art
Chiſel'd the marble into life, or taught
From the well-pencil'd portraiture to ſtart
The nerve that beat with ſoul, the brow that thought?
Cold are the fingers that in ſtone-fixt trance
The mute attention riveting, to the lyre
Struck language: dimm'd the poet's quick-eyed glance,
All in wild raptures flaſhing heaven's own fire:
Shrunk is the ſinew'd energy, that ſtrung
The warrior arm. Where ſleeps the patriot breaſt
Whilom that heav'd impaſſion'd? where the tongue
That lanc'd its lightning on the tow'ring creſt
Of ſceptred inſolence, and overthrew
Giant Oppreſſion, leagued with all her earth-born crew!

Theſe now are paſt; long, long, ye fleeting years,
Purſue, with glory wing'd your fated way,
Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
The dawn of that inevitable day,
When wrapt in ſhrouded clay, their warmeſt friend
The widow'd virtues ſhall again deplore,
When o'er his urn in pious grief ſhall bend
His Britain, and bewail one patriot more;
For ſoon muſt thou, too ſoon! who ſpread'ſt abroad
Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd,
Doom'd like ſome better angel ſent of God
To ſcatter bleſſings over human kind,
Thou too muſt fall, O Pitt! to ſhine no more,
And tread theſe dreadful paths a Faulkland trod before.

Faſt to the driving winds the marſhall'd clouds
Sweep diſcontinuous o'er th' ethereal plain!
Another ſtill upon another crowds;
All haſtening downward to their native main.
Thus paſſes o'er, thro' varied life's career,
Man's fleeting age; the Seaſons, as they fly,
Snatch from us in their courſe, year after year,
Some ſweet connection, ſome endearing tie.

The parent, ever-honour'd, ever-dear,
Claims from the filial breaſt the pious ſigh;
A brother's urn demands the kindred tear,
And gentle ſorrows guſh from friendſhip's eye.
To-day we frolic in the roſy bloom
Of jocund youth—the morrow knells us to the tomb.

Who knows how ſoon in this ſepulchral ſpot
Snall heav'n to me the drear abode aſſign?
How ſoon the paſt irrevocable lot
Of theſe that reſt beneath me ſhall be mine?
Haply when Zephyr to thy native bourn wave,
Shall waft thee o'er the ſtorm'd Hibernian
Thy gentle breaſt, my Taviſtock, ſhall mourn
To find me ſleeping in the ſenſeleſs grave.
No more the ſocial leiſure to divide,
In the ſweet intercourſe of ſoul and ſoul,
Blithe, or of graver brow: no more to chide
The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
Till all thy cultur'd virtues ſhall diſplay,
Full-bloſſom'd, their bright honours to the gazing day.

Ah, deareſt youth! theſe vows perhaps unheard
The rude wind ſcatters o'er the billowy main:
Theſe prayers at friendſhip's holy ſhrine preferr'd
May riſe to graſp their father's knees in vain.
Soon, ſoon may nod the ſad funereal plume
With ſolemn horror o'er thy timeleſs hearſe,
And I ſurvive to grave upon thy tomb
The mournful tribute of memorial verſe.
That leave to heaven's deciſion—be it thine,
Higher than yet a parent's wiſhes flew,
To ſoar in bright pre-eminence, and ſhine
With ſelf-earn'd honours, eager to purſue
Where glory, with her clear unſullied rays,
The well-born ſpirit lights to deeds of mightieſt praiſe.

'Twas ſhe thy godlike Ruſſel's boſom ſteel'd
With confidence untam'd, in his laſt breath
Stern-ſmiling. She with calm compoſure, held
The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
Smit with the warmth of her impulſive flame,
Wolfe's gallant virtue flies to worlds afar,
Emulous to pluck freſh wreaths of well-earn'd fame
From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd war.
'Twas ſhe that, on the morn of direful birth,
Bar'd thy young boſom to the fatal blow,
Lamented Armytage!—the bleeding youth!
O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
Ye Nereids! and ye Nymphs of Camus hoar,
Weep—for ye oft have ſeen him on your haunted ſhore.

Better to die with glory than recline
On the ſoft lap of ignominious peace,
Than yawn out the dull droning life ſupine
In monkiſh apathy and gowned eaſe.
Better employ'd in honour's bright career
The leaſt diviſion on the dial's round,
Than thrice to compaſs Saturn's live-long year,
Grown old in ſloth, the burthen of the ground,
Than tug with ſweating toil the ſlaviſh oar
Of unredeem'd affliction, and ſuſtain
The fev'rous rage of fierce diſeaſes ſore
Unnumber'd, that in ſympathetic chain
Hang ever thro' the thick circumfluous air,
All from the drizzly verge of yonder ſtar-girt ſphere.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life
A thouſand maladies are poſted round,
With wretched man to wage eternal ſtrife
Unſeen, like ambuſh'd Indians, till they wound,
There the ſwoln hydrop ſtands, the wat'ryrheum,
The northern ſcurvy, blotch with lep'rous ſcale;
And moping ever in the cloiſter'd gloom
Of learned ſloth, and bookiſh aſthma pale:
And the ſhunn'd hag unſightly, that ordain'd
On Europe's ſons to wreak the faithleſs ſword
Of Cortez, with the blood of millions ſtain'd)
O'er dog-eyed luſt the tort'ring ſcourge abhorr'd
Shakes threat'ning, ſince the while ſhe wing'd her flight
From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' ſnow-clad height.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
The chatt'ring ague chill; the writhing ſtone;
And he of ghaſtly feature, on whoſe ear
Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning moan,
Maraſmus; knotty gout; and the dead life
Of nerveleſs palſy; there, on purpoſe fell
Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife
Grim ſuicide, the damned fiend of hell.
There too is the ſtunn'd apoplexy pight*, [foul;
The bloated child of gorg'd intemperance
Self-waſting melancholy, black as night
Low'ring; and foaming fierce with hideous howl
The dog hydrophoby; and near allied
Scar'd madneſs, with her moon-ſtruck eyeballs ſtaring wide.

There, ſtretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky mine †,
With boiling ſulphur fraught, and ſmouldering fires:
He, the dread delegate of wrath divine,
Ere while that ſtood o'er Taio's hundred ſpires
Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-ſhaking wand,
Powerful as that the ſon of Amram bore,
And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his hand.
He ſtruck—the rocking ground, with thunderous roar,
Yawn'd! Here from ſtreet to ſtreet hurries, and there
Now runs, now ſtops, then ſhrieks and ſcours amain,
Staring diſtraction: many a palace fair
With millions ſinks ingulph'd, and pillar'd fane.
Old ocean's fartheſt waves confeſs the ſhock;
Even Albion trembled conſcious on his ſtedfaſt rock.

* Placed. † Alluding to the Earthquake at Liſbon, November 1, 1755.

The

The meagre famine there, and drunk with blood
Stern war; and the loath'd monſter whom of
The ſlimy Naiad of the Memphian flood [yore
Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phœbus bore,
Foul peſtilence that on the wide-ſtretch'd wings
Of commerce ſpeeds from Cairo's ſwarthy bay
His weſtering flight, and thro' the ſick air flings
Spotted contagion; at his heels diſmay
And deſolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
Terrible; as long of old, when from the height
Of Paran came unwreath'd the mightieſt, ſhook
Earth's firm-fixt baſe tott'ring; thro' the black night [abroad
Glanc'd the flaſh'd lightnings: heaven's rent roof
Thunder'd; and univerſal nature felt its God.

Who on that ſcene of terror, on that hour
Of rous'd indignation ſhall withſtand
Th' Almighty, when he meditates to ſhow'r
The burſting vengeance o'er a guilty land?
Canſt thou, ſecure in reaſon's vaunted pride, [gore
Tongue-doubty miſcreant, who but now didſt
With more than Hebrew rage the innocent ſide
Of agonizing mercy, bleeding ſore—
Canſt thou confront, with ſtedfaſt eye unaw'd,
The ſworded judgment ſtalking far and near?
Well may'ſt thou tremble, when an injur'd God
Diſclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—
Loud whirlwinds howl in zephyr's ſofteſt breath,
And every glancing meteor glare ſimagin'd death.

The good alone are fearleſs; they alone,
Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
The wreck of worlds, and look unſhrinking down
On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave:
Thrice happy who, the blameleſs road along
Of honeſt praiſe, hath reach'd the vale of death!
Around him, like miniſtrant cherubs, throng
His better actions, to the parting breath
Singing their beſt requiems; he the while
Gently repoſing on ſome friendly breaſt,
Breathes out his beniſons; then with a ſmile
Of ſoft complacence lays him down to reſt,
Calm as the ſlumb'ring infant: from the goal
Free and unbounded flies the diſembodied ſoul.

Whether ſome delegated charge below, [claim;
Some much-lov'd friend its hovering care may
Whether it heavenward ſoars again to know
That long-forgotten country, whence it came;
Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child
Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
Thro' ſpeculation's puzzling mazes wild,
And all to end at laſt where it begun.
Fain would we trace with reaſon's erring clue,
The darkſome paths of deſtiny aright;
In vain; the taſk were eaſier to purſue
The trackleſs wheelings of the ſwallow's flight.
From mortal ken himſelf the Almighty ſhrouds,
Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient clouds.

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§ 346. *On the Immortality of the Soul.* S. Jenyns. Tranſlated from the Latin of If. H. Browne.

BOOK I.

To all inferior animals 'tis given
T' enjoy the ſtate allotted them by Heav'n;
No vain reſearches e'er diſturb their reſt,
No fears of dark futurity moleſt.
Man, only Man, ſolicitous to know
The ſprings whence Nature's operations flow,
Plods thro' a dreary waſte with toil and pain,
And reaſons, hopes and thinks, and lives in vain;
For fable Death ſtill hov'ring o'er his head,
Cuts ſhort his progreſs with his vital thread.
Wherefore, ſince Nature errs not, do we find
Theſe ſeeds of Science in the human mind,
If no congenial fruits are predeſign'd?
For what avails to man this pow'r to roam
Thro' ages paſt, and ages yet to come,
T' explore new worlds o'er all th' ethereal way,
Chain'd to a ſpot, and living but a day?
Since all muſt periſh in one common grave,
Nor can theſe long laborious ſearches ſave,
Were it not wiſer far, ſupinely laid,
To ſport with Phillis in the noontide ſhade?
Or at thy jovial feſtivals appear,
Great Bacchus, who alone the ſoul can clear
From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?

Come on then, let us feaſt; let Chloe ſing
And ſoft Neæra touch the trembling ſtring;
Enjoy the preſent hour, nor ſeek to know
What good or ill to-morrow may beſtow.
But theſe delights ſoon pall upon the taſte;
Let's try then if more ſerious cannot laſt:
Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame purſue,
Let power and glory be our points in view;
In courts, in camps, in ſenates let us live:
Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive:
Each weak attempt the ſame ſad leſſon brings!
Alas! what vanity in human things!

What means then ſhall we try? where hope to find
A friendly harbour for the reſtleſs mind? [find
Who ſtill, you ſee, impatient to obtain
Knowledge immenſe (ſo Nature's laws ordain)
Ev'n now, tho' fetter'd in corporeal clay,
Climbs ſtep by ſtep the proſpect to ſurvey,
And ſeeks, unwearied Truth's eternal ray.
No fleeting joys ſhe aſks which muſt depend
On the frail ſenſes, and with them muſt end;
But ſuch as ſuit her own immortal fame,
Free from all change, eternally the ſame.
Take courage, then, theſe joys we ſhall attain;
Almighty wiſdom never acts in vain:
Nor ſhall the ſoul, on which it has beſtow'd
Such pow'rs, e'er periſh like an earthly clod;
But purg'd at length from foul corruption's ſtain,
Freed from her priſon, and unbound her chain,
She ſhall her native ſtrength and native ſkies regain;
To heav'n an old inhabitant return,
And draw nectareous ſtreams from truth's perpetual urn.

Whilſt life remains, (if life it can be call'd
T' exiſt in fleſhly bondage thus enthrall'd),
Tir'd with the dull purſuit of worldly things,
The ſoul ſcarce wakes, or opes her gladſome wings,
Yet ſtill the godlike exile in diſgrace
Retains ſome marks of her celeſtial race;
Elſe whence from mem'ry's ſtore can ſhe produce
Such various thoughts, or range them ſo for uſe?

Can matter theſe contain, diſpoſe, apply?
Can in her cell ſuch mighty treaſures lie?
Or can her native force produce them to the eye?
Whence is this pow'r, this foundreſs of all arts,
Serving, adorning life, thro' all its parts;
Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd thoſe names,
Adjuſted properly by legal claims,
From woods and wilds collected rude mankind,
And cities, laws, and governments deſign'd?
What can this be, but ſome bright ray from heav'n,
Some emanation from Omniſcience giv'n?
When now the rapid ſtream of eloquence
Bears all before it, paſſion, reaſon, ſenſe,
Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force
Derive their eſſence from a mortal ſource?
What think you of the bard's enchanting art,
Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart
With fabled ſcenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,
Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and ſublime?
Whilſt things on earth roll round from age to age,
The ſame dull farce repeated on the ſtage,
The poet gives us a creation new,
More pleaſing and more perfect than the true;
The mind, who always to perfection haſtes,
Perfection ſuch as here ſhe never taſtes,
With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,
And thence foreſees a ſyſtem more complete.
Of thoſe what think you, who the circling race
Of ſuns and their revolving planets trace,
And comets journeying thro' unbounded ſpace?
Say can you doubt, but that the all-ſearching ſoul,
That now can traverſe heaven from pole to pole,
From thence deſcending, viſits but this earth,
And ſhall once more regain the regions of her birth?
Could ſhe thus act unleſs ſome power unknown,
From matter quite diſtinct, and all her own,
Supported and impell'd her? She approves
Self-conſcious, and condemns; ſhe hates and loves,
Mourns and rejoices, hopes and is afraid,
Without the body's unrequeſted aid:
Her own internal ſtrength her reaſon guides;
By this ſhe now compares things, now divides;
Truth's ſcatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,
Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects;
Piles arts on arts, effects to cauſes ties,
And rears the aſpiring fabric to the ſkies;
From whence, as on a diſtant plain below,
She ſees from cauſes conſequences flow,
And the whole chain diſtinctly comprehends,
Which from the Almighty's throne to earth deſcends:
And laſtly, turning inwardly her eyes,
Perceives how all her own ideas riſe:
Contemplates what ſhe is, and whence ſhe came,
And almoſt comprehends her own amazing frame.
Can mere machines be with ſuch pow'rs endu'd,
Or conſcious of thoſe pow'rs, ſuppoſe they cou'd?
For body is but a machine alone
Mov'd by external force, and impulſe not its own.
Rate not the extenſion of the human mind
By the plebeian ſtandard of mankind,
But by the ſize of thoſe gigantic few
Whom Greece and Rome ſtill offer to our view,
Or Britain, well-deſerving equal praiſe,
Parent of heroes too in better days.
Why ſhould I try her numerous ſons to name,
By verſe, law, eloquence, conſign'd to fame;
Or who have forc'd fair Science into ſight,
Long loſt in darkneſs and afraid of light?
O'er all-ſuperior, like the ſolar ray,
Firſt Bacon uſher'd in the dawning day,
And drove the miſts of ſophiſtry away;
Pervaded nature with amazing force,
Following experience ſtill throughout his courſe;
And finiſhing at length his deſtin'd way,
To Newton he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.
Illuſtrious ſouls! if any tender cares
Affect angelic breaſts for Man's affairs;
If in your preſent happy heav'nly ſtate,
You're not regardleſs quite of Britain's fate,
Let this degenerate land again be bleſt
With that true vigour which ſhe once poſſeſs'd;
Compel us to unfold our ſlumb'ring eyes,
And to our ancient dignity to riſe.
Such wond'rous pow'rs as theſe muſt ſure be giv'n
For moſt important purpoſes by Heav'n;
Who bids theſe ſtars as bright examples ſhine,
Beſprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
To form to virtue each degenerate time,
And point out to the ſoul its origin ſublime.
That there's a ſelf which after death ſhall live,
All are concern'd about, and all believe;
That ſomething's ours, when we from life depart,
This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
The wiſe of learn'd antiquity proclaim
This truth, the public voice declares the ſame;
No land ſo rude but looks beyond the tomb
For future proſpects in a world to come.
Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,
We plant ſlow oaks poſterity to ſhade;
And hence vaſt pyramids aſpiring high
Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.
Hence is our love of fame; a love ſo ſtrong,
We think no dangers great, or labours long,
By which we hope our beings to extend,
And to remoteſt times in glory to deſcend.
For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
Diſowning ev'ry crime for which he dies;
Of life profuſe, tenacious of a name,
Fearleſs of death, and yet afraid of ſhame.
Nature has wove into the human mind
This anxious care for names we leave behind,
T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
And give an earneſt of a life to come:
For if when dead we are but duſt or clay,
Why think of what poſterity ſhall ſay?
Her praiſe or cenſure cannot us concern,
Nor ever penetrate the ſilent urn.
What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral train,
And marble monument that ſpeaks in vain,
With all thoſe cares which ev'ry nation pays
To their unfeeling dead in diff'rent ways!
Some in the flow'r-ſtrewn grave the corpſe have laid,
And annual obſequies around it paid,
As if to pleaſe the poor departed ſhade;

Others

Others on blazing piles the body burn,
And ſtore their aſhes in the faithful urn;
But all in one great principle agree,
To give a fancy'd immortality.
Why ſhould I mention thoſe, whoſe oozy ſoil
Is render'd fertile by the o'erflowing Nile?
Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,
No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pires;
But, waſhing, firſt th' embowel'd body clean,
Gums, ſpice, and melted pitch they pour within;
Then with ſtrong fillets bind it round and round,
To make each flaccid part compact and ſound;
And laſtly paint the varniſh'd ſurface o'er
With the ſame features which in life it wore:
So ſtrong their preſage of a future ſtate,
And that our nobler part ſurvives the body's fate.

Nations behold, remote from Reaſon's beams,
Where Indian Ganges rolls his ſandy ſtreams,
Of life impatient ruſh into the fire,
And willing victims to their gods expire!
Perſuaded the loos'd ſoul to regions flies,
Bleſt with eternal ſpring, and cloudleſs ſkies.

Nor is leſs fam'd the oriental wife
For ſtedfaſt virtue, and contempt of life:
Theſe heroines mourn not with loud female cries
Their huſbands loſt, or with o'erflowing eyes;
But, ſtrange to tell! their funeral piles aſcend,
And in the ſame ſad flames their ſorrows end;
In hopes with them beneath the ſhades to rove,
And there renew their interrupted love.

In climes where Boreas breathes eternal cold,
See num'rous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,
To battle all unanimouſly run,
Nor fire, nor ſword, nor inſtant death they ſhun.
Whence this diſdain of life in ev'ry breaſt,
But from a notion on their minds impreſt,
That all who for their country die, are bleſt?
Add too to theſe the once-prevailing dreams
Of ſweet Elyſian groves, and Stygian ſtreams;
All ſhew with what conſent mankind agree
In the firm hope of Immortality.
Grant theſe inventions of the crafty-prieſt,
Yet ſuch inventions never could ſubſiſt,
Unleſs ſome glimmerings of a future ſtate
Were with the mind coæval, and innate;
For ev'ry fiction which can long perſuade,
In truth muſt have its firſt foundations laid.

Becauſe we are unable to conceive
How unembody'd ſouls can act, and live,
The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,
And habitations in peculiar places:
Hence reas'ners more refin'd, but not more wiſe,
Struck with the glare of ſuch abſurdities,
Their whole exiſtence fabulous ſuſpect,
And truth and falſehood in a lump reject;
Too indolent to learn what may be known,
Or elſe too proud that ignorance to own.
For hard 's the taſk the daubing to pervade
Folly and Fraud on Truth's fair form have laid:
Yet let that taſk be ours; for great the prize;
Nor let us Truth's celeſtial charms deſpiſe,
Becauſe that prieſts or poets may diſguiſe.

That there 's a God, from Nature's voice is clear;
And yet what errors to this truth adhere!
How have the fears and follies of mankind
Now multiply'd their gods, and now ſubjoin'd
To each the frailties of the human mind!
Nay, ſuperſtition ſpread at length ſo wide,
Beaſts, birds, and onions too, were deify'd.

Th' Athenian ſage, revolving in his mind
This weakneſs, blindneſs, madneſs of mankind,
Foretold, that in maturer days, tho' late,
When Time ſhould ripen the decrees of Fate,
Some God would light us, like the riſing day,
Thro' error's maze, and chaſe theſe clouds away.
Long ſince has Time fulfill'd this great decree,
And brought us aid from this Divinity.

Well worth our ſearch diſcoveries may be made
By Nature, void of this celeſtial aid:
Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,
Nor ſcorn plain Reaſon, when ſhe deigns to teach.

That mind and body often ſympathize,
Is plain; ſuch is this union Nature ties:
But then as often too they diſagree,
Which proves the ſoul's ſuperior progeny.
Sometimes the body in full ſtrength we find,
Whilſt various ails debilitate the mind;
At others, whilſt the mind its force retains,
The body ſinks with ſickneſs and with pains:
Now did one common fate their beings end,
Alike they 'd ſicken, and alike they 'd mend.
But ſure experience, on the ſlighteſt view,
Shews us, that the reverſe of this is true;
For when the body oft expiring lies,
Its limbs quite ſenſeleſs, and half cloſ'd its eyes,
The mind new force and eloquence acquires,
And with prophetic voice the dying lips inſpires.

Of like materials were they both compos'd,
How comes it that the mind, when ſleep has cloſ'd
Each avenue of ſenſe, expatiates wide,
Her liberty reſtor'd, her bonds unty'd;
And like ſome bird who from its priſon flies,
Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the ſkies?

Grant that corporeal is the human mind,
It muſt have parts *in infinitum* join'd;
And each of theſe muſt will, perceive, deſign,
And draw confus'dly in a diff'rent line;
Which then can claim dominion o'er the reſt,
Or ſtamp the ruling paſſion in the breaſt?

Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts
Of modelling and figuring theſe parts;
Juſt as if circles wiſer were than ſquares:
But ſurely common ſenſe aloud declares
That ſite and figure are as foreign quite
From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.

Allow that motion is the cauſe of thought,
With what ſtrange pow'rs muſt motion then be fraught!
Reaſon, ſenſe, ſcience, muſt derive their ſource,
From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pulley's force;
Tops whipp'd by ſchool-boys ſages muſt commence,
Their hoops, like them, be cudgel'd into ſenſe,
And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence.
Whence can this very motion take its birth?
Not ſure from matter, from dull clods of earth;
But from a living ſpirit lodg'd within,
Which governs all the bodily machine;

Juſt as th' Almighty Univerſal Soul
Informs, directs, and animates the whole.
Ceaſe then to wonder how th' immortal mind
Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd;
But rather wonder, if ſhe e'er could die,
So fram'd, ſo faſhion'd for eternity:
Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,
Which time can diſſipate, and force divide;
For beings of this make can never die,
Whoſe pow'rs within themſelves and their own eſſence lie.
If to conceive how any thing can be
From ſhape extracted and locality
Is hard; what think you of the Deity?
His Being not the leaſt relation bears,
As far as to the human mind appears,
To ſhape or ſize, ſimilitude or place,
Cloth'd in no form, and bounded by no ſpace.
Such then is God, a Spirit pure, refin'd
From all material droſs; and ſuch the human mind.
For in what part of eſſence can we ſee
More certain marks of Immortality?
Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight
She looks abroad, and prunes herſelf for flight;
Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam
From this dull earth, and ſeek her native home.
Go then, forgetful of its toil and ſtrife,
Purſue the joys of this fallacious life;
Like ſome poor fly, who lives but for a day,
Sip the freſh dews, and in the ſunſhine play,
And into nothing then diſſolve away.
Are theſe our great purſuits? Is this to live?
Theſe all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give?
How much more worthy envy is their fate,
Who ſearch for truth in a ſuperior ſtate!
Not groping ſtep by ſtep, as we purſue,
And following Reaſon's much entangled clue,
But with one great and inſtantaneous view.
But how can ſenſe remain, perhaps you 'll ſay,
Corporeal organs if we take away?
Since it from them proceeds, and with them muſt decay.
Why not? or why may not the ſoul receive
New organs, ſince ev'n art can theſe retrieve?
The ſilver trumpet aids th' obſtructed ear,
And optic glaſſes the dim eye can clear;
Theſe in mankind new faculties create,
And lift him far above his native ſtate,
Call down revolving planets from the ſky,
Earth's ſecret treaſures open to his eye,
The whole minute creation make his own,
With all the wonders of a world unknown.
How could the mind, did ſhe alone depend
On ſenſe, the errors of thoſe ſenſes mend?
Yet oft, we ſee, thoſe ſenſes ſhe corrects,
And oft their information quite rejects,
In diſtances of things, their ſhapes, and ſize,
Our reaſon judges better than our eyes.
Declares not this the ſoul's pre-eminence
Superior to, and quite diſtinct from ſenſe?
For ſure 'tis likely, that, ſince now ſo high
Clogg'd and unfledg'd ſhe dares her wings to try,
Loos'd and mature ſhe ſhall her ſtrength diſplay,
And ſoar at length to Truth's refulgent ray.
Inquire you how theſe pow'rs we ſhall attain,
'Tis not for us to know; our ſearch is vain:
Can any now remember or relate
How he exiſted in the embryo ſtate!
Or one from birth inſenſible of day
Conceive ideas of the ſolar ray?
That light 's deny'd to him, which others ſee,
He knows, perhaps you 'll ſay,—and ſo do we.
The mind contemplative finds nothing here
On earth that 's worthy of a wiſh or fear:
He whoſe ſublime purſuit is God and truth,
Burns, like ſome abſent and impatient youth,
To join the object of his warm deſires;
Thence to ſequeſter'd ſhades and ſtreams retires,
And there delights his paſſion to rehearſe
In Wiſdom's ſacred voice, or in harmonious verſe.
To me moſt happy therefore he appears,
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd this ſun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well ſatisfy'd returns from whence he came.
Is life an hundred years, or e'er ſo few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new;
A fair, where thouſands meet, but none can ſtay;
An inn, where travellers bait, then poſt away;
A ſea, where man perpetually is toſt,
Now plung'd in buſineſs, now in trifles loſt:
Who leave it firſt, the peaceful port firſt gain;
Hold then! nor farther launch into the main!
Contract your ſails; life nothing can beſtow
By long continuance, but continued woe;
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The fun'rals of our friends, who go before;
Diſeaſes, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age ſurrounded with a thouſand ſnares.
But whither, hurry'd by a gen'rous ſcorn
Of this vain world, ah whither am I borne?
Let 's not unbid th' Almighty's ſtandard quit;
Howe'er ſevere our poſt, we muſt ſubmit.
Could I a firm perſuaſion once attain,
That after death no being would remain;
To thoſe dark ſhades I'd willingly deſcend,
Where all muſt ſleep, this drama at an end,
Nor life accept, altho' renew'd by Fate
Ev'n from its earlieſt and its happieſt ſtate.
Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive
Each boon, each bleſſing in her pow'r to give,
Genius and ſcience, morals and good ſenſe,
Unenvy'd honours, wit, and eloquence;
A num'rous offſpring to the world well known
Both for paternal virtues, and their own;
Ev'n at this mighty price I 'd not be bound
To tread the ſame dull circle round and round;
The ſoul requires enjoyments more ſublime,
By ſpace unbounded, undeſtroy'd by time.

Book II.

God then thro' all creation gives, we find,
Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,
Excepting in ourſelves; ourſelves of all
His works the chief on this terreſtrial ball,
His own bright image, who alone unbleſt
Feel ills perpetual, happy all the reſt.

But hold, presumptuous! charge not Heav'n's decree
With such injustice, such partiality.
Yet true it is, survey we life around,
Whole hosts of ills on ev'ry side are found;
Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,
But at the species meditate the blow.
What millions perish by each other's hands
In War's fierce rage! or by the dread commands
Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains,
Or lose them in variety of pains!
What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,
In spite of Nature's liberality!
(Those, still more num'rous, I to name disdain,
By lewdness and intemperance justly slain)
What numbers guiltless of their own disease,
Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow degrees!
Where then is Virtue's well-deserv'd reward?
Let 's pay to Virtue ev'ry due regard;
That she enables man, let us confess,
To bear those evils which she can't redress,
Gives hope and conscious peace, and can assuage
Th' impetuous tempests both of lust and rage;
Yet she 's a guard so far from being sure,
That oft her friends peculiar ills endure:
Where vice prevails severest is their fate,
Tyrants pursue them with a three-fold hate:
How many struggling in their country's cause,
And from their country meriting applause,
Have fall'n by wretches fond to be enslav'd,
And perish'd by the hands themselves had sav'd!
Soon as superior worth appears in view,
See knaves and fools united to pursue!
The man so form'd they all conspire to blame,
And envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame:
Should he at length, so truly good and great,
Prevail, and rule with honest views the state,
Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,
Submit to clamour, libels, and disgrace,
Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,
By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.
Hear this, and tremble! all who would be great,
Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretched state.
Is private life from all these evils free?
Vice of all kinds, rage, envy, there we see,
Deceit, that Friendship's mask insidious wears,
Quarrels, and feuds, and law's entangling snares.
But there are pleasures still in human life,
Domestic ease, a tender loving wife,
Children whose dawning smiles your heart engage,
The grace and comfort of soft-stealing age:
If happiness exists, 'tis surely here;
But are these joys exempt from care and fear?
Need I the miseries of that state declare,
When diff'rent passions draw the wedded pair?
Or say how hard those passions to discern,
Ere the die 's cast, and 'tis too late to learn?
Who can insure, that what is right, and good,
These children shall pursue? or if they should,
Death comes when least you fear so black a day,
And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.

We say not that these ills from Virtue flow;
Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know
The golden ages would again begin;
But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to sin.
Observing this, some sages have decreed,
That all things from two causes must proceed;
Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,
This wholly evil, that supremely good.
From this arise the miseries we endure,
Whilst that administers a friendly cure;
Hence life is chequer'd still with bliss and woe,
Hence tares withgolden crops promiscuousgrow,
And pois'nous serpents make their dread repose
Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.
Can such a system satisfy the mind?
Are both these gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,
Or one superior? Equal if you say,
Chaos returns, since neither will obey:
Is one superior? good or ill must reign,
Eternal joy or everlasting pain:
Whiche'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,
And the victorious god enjoy the field:
Hence with these fictions of the Magi's brain!
Hence oozy Nile, with all her monstrous train!
Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right?
He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,
Wealth, fame, externals all, are useless things;
Himself half-starving happier far than kings.
'Tis fine indeed to be so wond'rous wise!
By the same reasoning too he pain denies;
Roast him, or flay him, break him on the wheel,
Retract he will not, tho' he can 't but feel:
Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan;
What then? An inconvenience 'tis, he 'll own:
What vigour, health, and beauty? are these good?
No; they may be accepted, not pursued:
Absurd to squabble thus about a name,
Quibbling with diff'rent words that mean the same.
Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,
You might be blest without external good;
But know, be self-sufficient as you can,
You are not spirit quite, but frail and mortal man.
But since these sages, so absurdly wise,
Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,
Because externals, and in Fortune's pow'r,
Now mine, now thine, the blessings of an hour;
Why value, then, thatstrength ofmindtheyboast,
As often varying, and as quickly lost?
A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,
And a slow fever wipes it quite away.
See one * whose councils, one † whose conqu'ring hand
Once sav'd Britannia's almost sinking land,
Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r;
Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.
Him let me add, whom late we saw excel
‡ In each politer kind of writing well;
Whether he strove our follies to expose
In easy verse, or droll and hum'rous prose;
Few years, alas! compel his throne to quit
This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit;
See self-surviving he 's an idiot grown!
A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.

* Lord Somers. † Duke of Marlborough. ‡ Dean Swift.

Thy

Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,
If in a future ſtate we ceaſe to live.
For here the virtuous ſuffer much, 'tis plain;
If pain is evil, this muſt God arraign;
And on this principle confeſs we muſt,
Pain can no evil be, or God muſt be unjuſt.
Blind man! whoſe reaſon ſuch ſtrait bounds confine,
That ere it touches Truth's extremeſt line,
It ſtops amaz'd, and quits the great deſign.
Own you not, Stoic, God is juſt and true?
Dare to proceed; ſecure this path purſue:
'Twill ſoon conduct you far beyond the tomb,
To future juſtice, and a life to come.
This path, you ſay, is hid in endleſs night;
'Tis ſelf-conceit alone obſtructs your ſight;
You ſtop ere half your deſtin'd courſe is run,
And triumph when the conqueſt is not won:
By this the Sophiſts were of old miſled; [bred!
See what a monſtrous race from one miſtake is
Hear then my argument:—Confeſs we muſt,
A God there is, ſupremely wiſe and juſt:
If ſo, however things affect our ſight,
As ſings our bard, *whatever is, is right:*
But is it right, what here ſo oft appears,
That Vice ſhould triumph, Virtue ſink in tears?
The inference then that cloſes this debate,
Is, that there muſt exiſt a future ſtate.
The wiſe, extending their enquiries wide,
See how both ſtates are by connection ty'd;
Fools view but part, and not the whole ſurvey,
So crowd exiſtence all into a day.
Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,
That Juſtice never will reſume her reign;
On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,
And to this altar vile aſſaſſins fly.
"But rules not God by general laws divine:
Man's vice or virtue change not the deſign:"
What laws are theſe? Inſtruct us if you can:—
There 's one deſign'd for brutes, and one for man,
Another guides inactive matter's courſe,
Attracting, and attracted by its force:
Hence mutual gravity ſubſiſts between
Far diſtant worlds, and ties the vaſt machine.
The laws of life, why need I call to mind,
Obey'd by birds and beaſts of ev'ry kind;
By all the ſandy deſert's ſavage brood,
And all the num'rous offſpring of the flood?
Of theſe, none uncontroul'd and lawleſs rove,
But to ſome deſtin'd end ſpontaneous move;
Led by that inſtinct Heav'n itſelf inſpires,
Or ſo much reaſon as their ſtate requires:
See all with ſkill acquire their daily food,
All uſe thoſe arms, which nature has beſtow'd;
Produce their tender progeny, and feed
With care parental, whilſt that care they need;
In theſe lov'd offices completely bleſt,
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears moleſt.
Man o'er a wider field extends his views;
God thro' the wonders of his works purſues;
Exploring thence his attributes, and laws,
Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal Cauſe;
For ſure in nothing we approach ſo nigh
The great example of Divinity,
As in benevolence: the patriot's ſoul
Knows not ſelf-centred for itſelf to roll;
But warms, enlightens, animates the whole:
Its mighty orb embraces firſt his friends,
His country next, then man; nor here it ends,
But to the meaneſt animal deſcends.
Wiſe Nature has this ſocial law confirm'd
By forming man ſo helpleſs, and unarm'd:
His want of others' aid, and pow'r of ſpeech
T' implore that aid, this leſſon daily teach;
Mankind with other animals compare,
Single, how weak and impotent they are!
But view them in the complicated ſtate,
Their pow'rs how wond'rous, and their ſtrength how great,
When ſocial virtue individuals joins,
And in one ſolid maſs, like gravity, combines!
This then 's the firſt great law by Nature giv'n,
Stamp'd on our ſouls, and ratify'd by Heav'n;
All from utility this law approve,
As ev'ry private bliſs muſt ſpring from ſocial love.
Why deviate then ſo many from this law?
See paſſions, cuſtom, vice and folly draw!
Survey the rolling globe from Eaſt to Weſt,
How few, alas! how very few are bleſt!
Beneath the frozen Poles, and burning Line,
What poverty and indolence combine
To cloud with Error's miſts the human mind!
No trace of man, but in the form we find.
And are we free from error and diſtreſs, [bleſs?
Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to
Whom true Religion leads? (for ſhe but leads
By ſoft perſuaſion, not by force proceeds;)
Behold how we avoid this radiant ſun,
This proffer'd guide how obſtinately ſhun,
And after Sophiſtry's vain ſyſtems run!
For theſe as for eſſentials we engage
In wars and maſſacres with holy rage;
Brothers by brothers' impious hands are ſlain,
Miſtaken Zeal, how ſavage is thy reign!
Unpuniſh'd vices here ſo much abound,
All right and wrong, all order they confound;
Theſe are the giants who the gods defy,
And mountains heap on mountains to the ſky:
Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or ſeeing ſpares,
And deems the crimes of Man beneath his cares?
He ſees; and will at laſt rewards beſtow,
And puniſhments, not leſs aſſur'd for being ſlow.
Nor doubt I, tho' this ſtate confus'd appears,
That ev'n in this God ſometimes interferes:
Sometimes, leſt man ſhould quite his pow'r diſown,
He makes that pow'r to trembling nations known:
But rarely this; not for each vulgar end,
As Superſtition's idle tales pretend,
Who thinks all foes to God who are her own,
Directs his thunder, and uſurps his throne.
Nor know I not how much a conſcious mind
Avails to puniſh, or reward mankind;
Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, muſt feel
The Fury's ſcourges, and th' infernal wheel;
From man's tribunal tho' thou hop'ſt to run,
Thyſelf thou canſt not, nor thy conſcience ſhun:
What muſt thou ſuffer when each dire diſeaſe,
The progeny of Vice, thy fabric ſeize!
Conſumption,

Consumption, fever, and the racking pain
Of spasms, and gout, and stone, a frightful train!
When life new tortures can alone supply,
Life thy sole hope thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.
Should such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,
It can be little worth his while to live:
No honours, no regards his age attend,
Companions fly, he ne'er could have a friend;
His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright
He looks within, and shudders at the sight:
When threat'ning Death uplifts his pointed dart,
With what impatience he applies to art,
Life to prolong amidst disease and pains!
Why this, if after it no sense remains?
Why should he choose these miseries to endure,
If death could grant an everlasting cure?
'Tis plain, there's something whispers in his ear,
(Tho' fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.
See the reverse: how happy those we find,
Who know by merit to engage mankind!
Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry heart belov'd,
For virtues practis'd, and for arts improv'd:
Their easy aspects shine with smile serene,
And all is peace and happiness within:
Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears or strife,
Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.
Him fortune cannot sink, nor much elate,
Whose views extend beyond this mortal state,
By age when summon'd to resign his breath,
Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,
As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,
Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er:
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conscience has a coward made;
Whilst he who Virtue's radiant course has run,
Descends like a serenely-setting sun,
His thoughts triumphant Heav'n alone employs,
And hope anticipates his future joys.
So good, so blest th'illustrious * Hough we find,
Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind,
The Mitre's glory, Freedom's constant friend,
In times which ask'd a champion to defend;
Who after near a hundred virtuous years,
His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,
Replete with life, with honours, and with age,
Like an applauded actor left the stage:
Or like some victor in th' Olympic games,
Who, having run his course, the crown of glory claims.
From this just contrast plainly it appears,
How conscience can inspire both hopes and fears:
But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this dread,
If nothing really can affect the dead?
See all things join to promise, and presage
The sure arrival of a future age!
Whate'er their lot is here the good and wise
Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise.
An honest man, when Fortune's storms begin,
Has consolation always sure within;
And if she sends a more propitious gale,
He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.
Nor fear that he who sits so loose to life,
Should too much shun its labours and its strife;
And scorning wealth, contented to be mean,
Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene;
Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,
Avoid the fight, inglorious and afraid:
Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,
And he who pow'r contemns, be least a slave:
Virtue will lead him to Ambition's ends,
And prompt him to defend his country and his friends.
But still his merit you cannot regard,
Who thus pursues a posthumous reward;
His soul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,
Who quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,
Embraces Virtue from a nobler sense
Of her abstracted, native excellence.
From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,
The beauty, fitness, harmony of things.
It may be so: yet he deserves applause,
Who follows where instructive Nature draws;
Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,
And soars triumphant on her wings to heav'n.
Say what this venal virtuous man pursues;
No mean rewards, no mercenary views;
Not wealth usurious, or a num'rous train,
Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain!
He follows but where Nature points the road,
Rising in virtue's school, till he ascends to God.
But we, th' inglorious common herd of Man,
Sail without compass, toil without a plan;
In Fortunes varying storms for ever tost,
Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost;
Mere infants all till life's extremest day,
Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.
Who rests of Immortality assur'd
Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd:
He hopes not vainly in a world like this,
To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss;
For good and ill in this imperfect state,
Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate,
With Wisdom's richest harvest Folly grows,
And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose;
All things are blended, changeable, and vain,
No hope, no wish, we perfectly obtain;
God may perhaps (might human Reason's line
Pretend to fathom infinite design)
Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind
No happiness complete on earth may find;
And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,
To heav'n her safest best retreat may rise.
Come then, since now in safety we have pass'd
Thro' Error's rocks, and see the port at last;
Let us review and recollect the whole.—
Thus stands my argument.—The thinking soul
Cannot terrestrial or material be,
But claims by Nature Immortality;
God, who created it can make it end,
We question not, but cannot apprehend
He will; because it is by him endued
With strong ideas of all perfect Good;
With wond'rous pow'rs to know and calculate
Things too remote from this our earthly state;

* Bishop of Worcester.

With

With ſure preſages of a life to come;
All falſe and uſeleſs, if beyond the tomb
Our beings ceaſe: we therefore can't believe
God either acts in vain or can deceive.
If ev'ry rule of equity demands,
That Vice and Virtue from the Almighty's hands
Should due rewards and puniſhments receive,
And this by no means happens whilſt we live;
It follows, that a time muſt ſurely come,
When each ſhall meet their well-adjuſted doom:
Then ſhall this ſcene which now to human ſight
Seems ſo unworthy Wiſdom infinite,
A ſyſtem of conſummate ſkill appear,
And ev'ry cloud diſpers'd, be beautiful and clear.
Doubt we of this? What ſolid proof remains,
That o'er the world a wiſe Diſpoſer reigns?
Whilſt all creation ſpeaks a pow'r divine,
Is it deficient in the main deſign?
Not ſo: the day ſhall come, (pretend not now
Preſumptuous to enquire or when, or how,
But) after death ſhall come th' important day,
When God to all his juſtice ſhall diſplay;
Each action with impartial eyes regard,
And in a juſt proportion puniſh and reward.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE SECOND.

DIDACTIC, DESCRIPTIVE, NARRATIVE, AND PATHETIC.

§ 1. *The Traveller; or, a Proſpect of Society. Inſcribed to the Rev. Mr. H. Goldſmith.*

By Dr. Goldſmith.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door:
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte expanding to the ſkies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend;
Bleſs'd be that ſpot where cheerful gueſts retire,
To pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bleſs'd that abode where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry ſtranger finds a ready chair:
Bleſs'd be thoſe feaſts, with ſimple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale;
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wand'ring ſpent, and care:
Impell'd, with ſteps unceaſing to purſue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow flies;
My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;
And plac'd on high, above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, ſhould thankleſs pride repine?
Say, ſhould the philoſophic mind diſdain [vain?
That good which makes each humbler boſom
Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he, whoſe ſympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind. [crown'd;
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and ſplendour
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round;
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale;
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary ſtores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As ſome lone miſer viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:
Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe, [plies;
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man ſup-
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the hoard of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wand'ring hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.

But where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know;
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own;
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And his long nights of revelry and eaſe:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine;
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such

Such is the patriot's boaſt, where'er we roam:
His firſt, beſt country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And eſtimate the bleſſings which they ſhare,
Though patriots flatter, ſtill ſhall wiſdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their bleſſings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at labour's earneſt call;
With food as well the peaſant is ſupplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's ſhelvy ſide;
And tho' the rocky-creſted ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks by cuſtom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the bleſſings ſent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet theſe each other's pow'r ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt. [fails;
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
And honour ſinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry ſtate, to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to exceſs in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit, in ſorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected ſhrub at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at ev'ry blaſt.
Far to the right, where Apennine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends;
Its uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the ſcene.
Could Nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweets ſalute the nothern ſky
With vernal lives, that bloſſom but to die:
Theſe here diſporting, own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.
But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,
And ſenſual bliſs is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man ſeems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contraſted faults through all his manners reign:
Tho' poor, luxurious; tho' ſubmiſſive, vain;
Tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flouriſh'd through the ſtate:
At her command the palace learn'd to riſe,
Again the long-fall'n column ſought the ſkies:
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm:
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Commerce on other ſhores diſplay'd her ſail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a ſlave:
And late the nation found, with fruitleſs ſkill,
Its former ſtrength was but plethoric ill.
Yet ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupplied
By arts, the ſplendid wrecks of former pride;
From theſe the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.
Here may be ſeen, in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſteboard triumph, and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in ev'ry grove.
By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd;
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repreſs'd by long controul,
Now ſinks at laſt, or feebly mans the ſoul;
While low delights, ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:
As in thoſe domes where Cæſars once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.
My ſoul, turn from them—turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay;
Where the bleak Swiſs their ſtormy manſion tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and ſteel, the ſoldier and his ſword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly ſues the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.
Yet ſtill e'en here Content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Tho' poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſt tho' ſmall,
He ſees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round ſurveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart;

And e'en thoſe hills that round his manſion riſe,
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies.
Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a child, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd:
Their wants but few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due;
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few:
For ev'ry want that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt. [flies,
Whence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe pow'rs that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
Till buried in debauch the bliſs expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow;
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low:
For, as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some ſterner virtue's o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit like falcons cow'ring on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play [way;
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
Theſe far diſpers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.

To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn,—and France diſplays her bright domain.
Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf whom all the world can
How often have I led thy ſportive choir, [pleaſe,
With tuneleſs pipe, beſide the murm'ring Loire!
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harſh touch falt'ring ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill,
Yet would the village praiſe my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour!
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burden of threeſcore.

So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay,
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here.
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand:
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages, it ſtrays;
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe:
They pleaſe, are pleas'd, they give to get eſteem;
Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.

But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd, or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought;
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence oſtentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart:
Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper-lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year;
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf-applauſe.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land;
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently ſlow,
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidſt the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore;
While the pent ocean, riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;
The ſlow canal, the yellow-bloſſom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-ſubjected ſoil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each boſom reign,
And induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplay'd. Their much-lov'd wealth im-
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts; [parts
But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear;
E'en liberty itſelf is barter'd here!
At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies;
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves.
And, calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſlumber in the ſtorm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic ſires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the ſons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the ſound, my Genius ſpreads her wing
And flies where Britain courts the weſtern ſpring;
Where lawns extend that ſcorn Arcadian pride;
And brighter ſtreams than fam'd Hydaſpes glide:
There all around the gentleſt breezes ſtray,
There gentle muſic melts on ev'ry ſpray;
Creation's mildeſt charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the maſter's mind!
Stern o'er each boſom Reaſon holds her ſtate,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by;

Intent on high designs a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right above controul:
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man. [here,
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd
Thine are those charms, that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom ills annoy.
That independance Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependant lordlings stand alone;
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrensy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talents sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not thus, when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye pow'rs of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
By proud Contempt, or Favour's fost'ring sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires,
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour;
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r,
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore;
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim,
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind?
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government, tho' terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

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§ 2. *The Deserted Village.* Goldsmith.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth when ev'ry sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring hill,

The

The hawthorn buſh, with ſeats beneath the ſhade,
For talking age and whiſp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bleſs'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their ſports beneath the ſpreading tree;
While many a paſtime circled in the ſhade,
The young contending as the old ſurvey'd:
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And ſleits of art and feats of ſtrength went round.
And ſtill, as each repeated pleaſure tir'd,
Succeeding ſports the mirthful band inſpir'd
The dancing pair that ſimply ſought renown.;
By holding out to tire each other down;
The ſwain, miſtruſtleſs of his ſmutted face,
While ſecret laughter titter'd round the place;
The baſhful virgin's ſide-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would thoſe looks reprove— [theſe,
Theſe were thy charms, ſweet village! ſports like
With ſweet ſucceſſion taught e'en toil to pleaſe;
Theſe round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence ſhed, [are fled,
Theſe were thy charms—but all theſe charms

Sweet ſmiling village, loveliеſt of the lawn,
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn,
Amidſt thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is ſeen,
And deſolation ſaddens all thy green:
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a tillage ſtints thy ſmiling plain;
No more thy glaſſy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with ſedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow-ſounding bittern guards its neſt;
Amidſt thy deſert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to haſt'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and Lords may flouriſh or may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made:
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroy'd, can never be ſupplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore;
Juſt gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His beſt companions, innocence and health;
And his beſt riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land, and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain;
Along the lawn, were ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repoſe;
And ev'ry want to luxury allied,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Thoſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that aſk'd but little room,
Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
Theſe, far departing, ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confeſs'd the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds;
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view [grew;
Where once the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn
Remembrance wakes with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my grief, and God has given my ſhare—
I ſtill had hopes, my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To huſband out life's taper at the cloſe,
And keep the flame from waſting my repoſe:
I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Amidſt the ſwains to ſhew my book-learn'd ſkill,
Around my fire, an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I ſaw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants to the place from whence at firſt he flew,
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return, and die at home at laſt.

O bleſt retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never muſt be mine!
How bleſt is he, who crowns, in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And, ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around; befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And, all his proſpects bright'ning to the laſt,
His heaven commences ere the world be paſt!

Sweet was the ſound, when oft at evening's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe;
There as I paſs'd, with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whiſp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind;
Theſe all in ſweet confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, ſolitary thing,
That feebly bend beſide the plaſhy ſpring;
She, wretched matron! forc'd in age for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep till morn;
She only left, of all the harmleſs train,
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.

Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change, his place;
Unſkilful he to fawn, or ſeek for pow'r,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's ſide;
But, in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledg'd offſpring to the ſkies:
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beſide the bed, where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The rev'rend champion ſtood: At his controul
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt falt'ring accents whiſper'd praiſe.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to ſhare the good man's ſmile.
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſs'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their care diſtreſs'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heaven.
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

Beſide yon ſtraggling fence that ſkirts the way,
With bloſſom furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noiſy manſion ſkill'd to rule,
The village maſter taught his little ſchool;
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's diſaſters in his morning face:
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the buſy whiſper circling round
Convey'd the diſmal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind; or, if ſevere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could meaſure, terms and tides preſage,
And ev'n the ſtory ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too the parſon own'd his ſkill,
For, even though vanquiſh'd, he could argue ſtill;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring ſound,
Amaz'd the gazing ruſtics rang'd around;
And ſtill they gaz'd, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew.
But paſt is all his fame: the very ſpot,
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Low lies that houſe where nut-brown draughts inſpir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and ſmiling toil retir'd,
Where village ſtateſmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplendours of that feſtive place;
The white-waſh'd wall, the nicely ſanded floor,
The varniſh'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The cheſt contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt of draw'rs by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of gooſe;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay.
While broken tea-cups, wiſely kept for ſhow,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.

Vain tranſitory ſplendour! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring manſion from its fall?
Obſcure it ſinks, nor ſhall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peaſant ſhall repair
To ſweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad ſhall prevail;
No more the ſmith his duſky brow ſhall clear,
Relax his pond'rous ſtrength, and lean to hear;
The hoſt himſelf no longer ſhall be found,
Careful to ſee the mantling bliſs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be preſt,
Shall kiſs the cup to paſs it to the reſt.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud diſdain,
Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art:
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The ſoul adopts, and owns their firſt-born ſway;
Lightly

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmoleſted, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight maſquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In theſe, ere triflers half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain;
And, ev'n while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart diſtruſting aſks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye ſtateſmen who ſurvey,
The rich man's joys increaſe, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits ſtand
Between a ſplendid and a happy land.
Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting folly hails them from her ſhore;
Hoards, ev'n beyond the miſer's wiſh, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our uſeful product ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the loſs: the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleaſure all,
In barren ſplendour feebly waits the fall.

As ſome fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dreſs ſupplies:
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when thoſe charms are paſt (for charms are frail)
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then ſhines forth, ſolicitous to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt array'd;
But, verging to decline, its ſplendours riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurpriſe.
While, ſcourg'd by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And while he ſinks, without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave!

Where then, ah where, ſhall poverty reſide,
To 'ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride?
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,
Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city ſped—what waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare;
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To ſee each joy the ſons of pleaſure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp diſplay,
There the black gibbet glooms beſide the way.
The dome where pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crouds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare.
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy! [eyes
Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts? Ah, turn thine
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhiv'ring female lies.
She, once, perhaps, in village plenty bleſt,
Has wept at tales of innocence diſtreſt;
Her modeſt looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primroſe peeps beneath the thorn;
Now loſt to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door ſhe lays her head;
And pinch'd with cold, and ſhrinking from the ſhow'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour,
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, ſweet Auburn, thine, the loveliеſt
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain? [train,
Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they aſk a little bread!

Ah, no! to diſtant climes, a dreary ſcene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting ſteps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charms before,
The various terrors of that horrid ſhore;
Thoſe blazing ſuns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable day;
Thoſe matted woods where birds forget to ſing,
But ſilent bats in drowſy cluſters cling:
Thoſe pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark ſcorpion gathers death around;
Where at each ſtep the ſtranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful ſnake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapleſs prey,
And ſavage men, more murd'rous ſtill than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landſcape with the ſkies.
Far diff'rent theſe from ev'ry former ſcene,
The cooling brook, the graſſy-veſted green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſhelter'd thefts of harmleſs love.

Good Heaven! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleaſure paſt, [laſt,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their
And took a long farewell, and wiſh'd in vain
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And ſhudd'ring ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Return'd and wept, and ſtill return'd to weep!
The good old ſire the firſt prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſh'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his hapleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſs'd the cot where every pleaſure roſe;
And kiſs'd her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſp'd them cloſe, in ſorrow doubly dear;
Whilſt her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the ſilent manlineſs of grief.

O, luxury! thou curſt by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions, with inſidious joy,
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own.
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldly woe;
Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and ev'ry part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.

Even now the devaſtation is begun,
And half the buſ'neſs of deſtruction done;
Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring veſſel ſpreads the ſail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand.
Contented toil, and hoſpitable care,
And kind connubial tenderneſs, are there;
And piety with wiſhes plac'd above,
And ſteady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, ſweet poetry, thou loveliеſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;
Unfit in theſe degen'rate times of ſhame
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride!
Thou ſource of all my bliſs and all my woe,
That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou ſource of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell! and, oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torrio's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redreſs the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid ſlighted truth with thy perſuaſive ſtrain,
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that ſtates, of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Though very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf dependant pow'r can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

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§ 3. *Edwin and Angelina. A Ballad.* Goldſmith.

'Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
'And guide my lonely way
'To where yon taper cheers the vale
'With hoſpitable ray.

'For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
'With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
'Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
'Seem length'ning as I go.'

'Forbear, my ſon,' the Hermit cries,
'To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
'For yonder phantom only flies
'To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houſeleſs child of want
'My door is open ſtill;
'And, tho' my portion is but ſcant,
'I give it with good-will.

'Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
'Whate'er my cell beſtows;
'My ruſhy couch and frugal fare,
'My bleſſing and repoſe.

'No flocks that range the valley free
'To ſlaughter I condemn;
'Taught by that power that pities me,
'I learn to pity them:

'But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
'A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
'A ſcrip with herbs and fruit ſupplied,
'And water from the ſpring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
'All earth-born cares are wrong:
'Man wants but little here below,
'Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heaven deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now, when buſy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning reſt,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſs'd and ſmil'd;
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſooth the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the Hermit ſpied,
With anſw'ring care oppreſs'd:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

'From better habitations ſpurn'd,
'Reluctant doſt thou rove?
'Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
'Or unregarded love?

'Alas!

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings
'Are trifling and decay;
'And those who prize the paltry things
'More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
'A charm that lulls to sleep;
'A shade that follows wealth or fame,
'And leaves the wretch to weep?

'And love is still an emptier sound,
'The modern fair-one's jest;
'On earth unseen, or only found
'To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame! fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
'And spurn the sex!' he said:
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

And, 'ah! forgive a stranger rude,
'A wretch forlorn,' she cried,
'Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
'Where Heaven and you reside!

'But let a maid thy pity share,
'Whom love has taught to stray;
'Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
'Companion of her way.

'My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
'A wealthy lord was he;
'And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
'He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms
'Unnumber'd suitors came;
'Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
'And felt, or feign'd a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
'With richest proffers strove;
'Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
'But never talk'd of love.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,
'No wealth or power had he;
'Wisdom and worth were all he had,
'But these were all to me.

'The blossom op'ning to the day,
'The dews of heaven refin'd,
'Could nought of purity display
'To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
'With charms inconstant shine;
'Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
'Their constancy was mine.

'For still I tried each fickle art,
'Importunate and vain;
'And while his passion touch'd my heart,
'I triumph'd in his pain:

'Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
'He left me to my pride;
'And sought a solitude forlorn
'In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault!
'And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
'And stretch me where he lay!

'And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
'I'll lay me down and die;
''Twas so for me that Edwin did,
'And so for him will I!'

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

'Turn Angelina, ever dear,
'My charmer, turn to see
'Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
'Restor'd to love and thee!

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
'And ev'ry care resign:
'And shall we never, never part,
'My life—my all that's mine?

'No, never from this hour to part;
'We'll live and love so true,
'The sigh that rends thy constant heart
'Shall break thy Edwin's too!'

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§ 4. *A Pastoral. In Four Parts.* Pope.

To Sir William Trumbal.

Pastoral I. SPRING.

First in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains.
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
You that, too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves;
But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied:

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?

Why ſit we ſad when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon ſhall attend the ſtrain,
While yon ſlow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here weſtern winds on breathing roſes blow.
I'll ſtake yon lamb that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing ſhade ſurveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines:
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing,
Now hawthorns bloſſom, now the daiſies ſpring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales ſhall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inſpire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praiſe,
With Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white Bull ſhall at your altars ſtand,
That threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or ſheep for victims I'll impart;
Thy victim, Love, ſhall be the ſhepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain;
Then hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies—
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden ſands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bleſt Thames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties yield:
Feed here, my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celeſtial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windſor ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windſor-ſhade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the ſkies relent in ſhow'rs,
Huſh'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia ſmile, the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The ſkies to brighten, and the birds to ſing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
The ſun's mild luſtre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia ſmiles, new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd nature ſeems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; abſent from her ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
E'en ſpring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here;
But, bleſt with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears
A wond'rous Tree that ſacred Monarchs bears:
Tell me but this, and I'll diſclaim the prize,
And give the conqueſt to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me firſt, in what more happy fields
The Thiſtle ſprings, to which the Lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will reſign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, ſhall be thine.

DAMON.

Ceaſe to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Bleſt Swains, whoſe Nymphs in every grace excel;
Bleſt Nymphs, whoſe Swains thoſe graces ſing ſo well!
Now riſe, and haſte to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A ſoft retreat from ſudden vernal ſhow'rs;
The turf with rural dainties ſhall be crown'd;
While op'ning blooms diffuſe their ſweets around.
For, ſee! the gath'ring flocks to ſhelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful ſhow'rs deſcend.

PASTORAL II. SUMMER.

Addreſſed to Dr. Garth.

A SHEPHERD's boy (he ſeeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſunbeams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring ſhade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,
The Naiads wept, in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhow'r.
Accept, O Garth, the Muſe's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the ſole diſeaſe thou can'ſt not cure.
Ye ſhady beeches, and ye cooling ſtreams,
Defence from Phœbus, not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I ſing;
The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay—
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating ſheep with my complaints agree;
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The ſultry Sirius burns the thirſty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where ſtray, ye Muſes, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?
In thoſe fair fields where ſacred Iſis glides,
Or elſe where Cam his winding vales divides?

As

As in the cryſtal ſpring I view my face,
Freſh riſing bluſhes paint the wat'ry glaſs;
But ſince thoſe graces pleaſe thy eyes no more,
I ſhun the fountains which I ſought before.
Once I was ſkill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched ſhepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other ſwains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces ſhear:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He ſaid—Alexis, take this pipe, the ſame
That taught the groves my Roſalinda's name:
But now the reeds ſhall hang on yonder tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by ſome transforming pow'r
The captive bird that ſings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy liſt'ning ears employ,
And I thoſe kiſſes he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the ſong:
The Nymphs, forſaking ev'ry cave and ſpring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring:
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all beſtow'd again.
For you the ſwains the faireſt flow'rs deſign,
And in one garland all their beauties join:
Accept the wreath which you deſerve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.
See what delights in ſylvan ſcenes appear!
Deſcending gods have found Elyſium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis ſtray'd,
And chaſte Diana haunts the foreſt-ſhade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſhearing ſeek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breaſt the ſerpent love abides,
Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew,
But your Alexis knows no ſweets but you.
Oh deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats,
The moſſy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales ſhall fan the glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall crowd into a ſhade:
Where'er you tread, the bluſhing flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your praiſe!
Your praiſe the birds ſhall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds ſhall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you ſing, and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
The wond'ring foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again.
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong ſtreams hang liſt'ning in their fall!
But ſee, the ſhepherds ſhun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat;
To cloſer ſhades the panting flocks remove;
Ye gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But ſoon the ſun with milder rays deſcends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey;
By night he ſcorches, as he burns by day.

Pastoral III. AUTUMN.

Addreſſed to Mr. Wycherley.

Beneath the ſhade a ſpreading beech diſplays
Hylas and Ægon ſung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent Love;
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your ſacred ſuccour bring,
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I ſing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe humour charms,
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms!
Oh, ſkill'd in nature! ſee the hearts of ſwains,
Their artleſs paſſions, and their tender pains.
Now ſetting Phœbus ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As ſome ſad Turtle his loſt love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
For her, the feather'd choirs neglect their ſong;
For her, the limes their pleaſing ſhades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forſaken by the ſpring;
Ye birds that, left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing;
Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cauſe my Delia's ſtay;
Fade ev'ry bloſſom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and periſh all but ſhe!
What have I ſaid? where'er my Delia flies,
Let ſpring attend, and ſudden flow'rs ariſe;
Let op'ning roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their ev'ning ſong,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And ſtreams to murmur ere I ceaſe to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not ſhow'rs to larks, or ſunſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy ſight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia ſounds:
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleaſing phrenzy ſooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes! Now ceaſe, my lay;
And ceaſe, ye gales, to bear my ſighs away!

Next Ægon ſung, while Windſor groves admir'd;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what yourſelves inſpir'd.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here, where the mountains, leſs'ning as they riſe,
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies;
While lab'ring oxen ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat;
While curling ſmokes from village tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we paſs'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs.
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and ſo my hopes decay.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
And grateful cluſters ſwell with floods of wine;
Now bluſhing berries paint the yellow grove;
Juſt gods! ſhall all things yield returns but love?
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
The ſhepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who loſt my heart while I preſerv'd my ſheep?
Pan came, and aſk'd what magic caus'd my ſmart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas! have pow'r to move?
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrains!
I'll fly from ſhepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From ſhepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forſake mankind, and all the world—but Love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee ſuck, and ſavage tigers fed:
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods! adieu, the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff ſhall end my pains:
No more, ye hills, no more reſound my ſtrains!
Thus ſung the ſhepherds till th' approach of night
The ſkies yet bluſhing with departing light;
When falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
And the low ſun had lengthen'd ev'ry ſhade.

Pastoral IV. WINTER.

To the Memory of Mrs. Tempeſt.

LYCIDAS.

Thyrsis, the muſic of that murm'ring ſpring
Is not ſo mournful as the ſtrains you ſing;
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.
Now ſleeping flocks on their ſoft fleeces lie,
The moon, ſerene in glory, mounts the ſky,
While ſilent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh ſing of Daphne's fate and Daphne's praiſe!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that ſhine with ſilver froſt,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure loſt.
Here ſhall I try the ſweet Alexis' ſtrain,
That call'd the liſt'ning Dryads to the plain!
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving ſong.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future harveſt of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And ſaid, 'Ye ſhepherds, ſing around my grave!'
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
And with freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muſes, leave your cryſtal ſpring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypreſs garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the ſtream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone:
"Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore!
"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obſcure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours ſcatter'd on her bier.
See where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
The thirſty heifers ſhun the gliding flood;
The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan
In notes more ſad than when they ſing their own;
In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the ſhore;
Now Daphne 's dead, and pleaſure is no more!
No grateful dews deſcend from ev'ning ſkies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs ariſe;
No rich perfumes refreſh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incenſe yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, ſilent ſince her death,
Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath;
Th' induſtrious bees neglect their golden ſtore;
Fair Daphne's dead, and ſweetneſs is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne ſings,
Shall, liſt'ning in mid air, ſuſpend their wings;
No more the birds ſhall imitate her lays,
Or, huſh'd with wonder, hearken from the ſprays;
No more the ſtreams their murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal ſhore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and muſic is no more.
Her fate is whiſper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in ſighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate re-murmur to the ſilver flood;
The ſilver flood, ſo lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new paſſion, and o'erflows with tears.
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more!
But ſee! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high,
Above the clouds, above the ſtarry ſky!
Eternal beauties grace the ſhining ſcene,
Fields ever freſh, and groves for ever green!

There,

There, while you reſt in amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from thoſe meads ſelect unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddeſs, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things liſten while thy Muſe complains!
Such ſilence waits on Philomela's ſtrains
In ſome ſtill ev'ning, when the whiſp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddeſs, oft a lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming ewes increaſe my fleecy breed. [give,
While plants their ſhade, or flow'rs their odours
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe ſhall live!

THYRSIS.

But ſee, Orion ſheds unwholeſome dews;
Ariſe, the pines a noxious ſhade diffuſe;
Sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels decay;
Time conquers all, and we muſt Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, ſtreams, and groves;
Adieu, ye ſhepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye ſylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

§ 5. *Windſor-Foreſt.* Pope.

To the Rt. Hon. George Lord Lanſdown.

Thy foreſts, Windſor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muſes' ſeats,
Invite my lays. Be preſent, ſylvan maids!
Unlock your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muſes bring!
What Muſe for Granville can refuſe to ſing?

The groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong:
Theſe, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again!
Not, chaos-like, together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd:
Where order in variety we ſee,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
There interſpers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees ariſe that ſhun each other's ſhades:
Here, in full light the ruſſet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluiſh hills aſcend.
Ev'n the wild heath diſplays her purple dyes,
And 'midſt the deſert fruitful fields ariſe,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and fringing corn,
Like verdant iſles, the ſable waſte adorn.
Let India boaſt her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
Tho' gods aſſembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Induſtry fits ſmiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſert, and a gloomy waſte;
To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey;
And kings more furious and ſevere than they;
Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves),
What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant ſway'd?
In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Soft ſhow'rs diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in vain;
The ſwain with tears his fruſtrate labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beaſt or ſubject ſlain
Were equal crimes in a deſpotic reign?
Both doom'd alike for ſportive tyrants bled;
But while the ſubject ſtarv'd, the beaſt was fed.
Proud Nimrod firſt the bloody chace began;
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boaſts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game.
The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains.
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The level'l'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;
The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires;
And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curſt,
Th' oppreſſor rul'd tyrannic where he durſt;
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And ſerv'd alike his vaſſals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon ſpar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his ſport remain.
But ſee, the man who ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts, himſelf denied a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chaſer, and at once the prey:
Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the ſubject's cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed;
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread;
The foreſts wonder'd at the unuſual grain,
And ſecret tranſport touch'd the conſcious ſwain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddeſs, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous ſwains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beſet,
Wind the ſhrill horn, or ſpread the waving net.
When milder autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſhorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready ſpaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;

But

But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purpled crest and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold!

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo): [roves,
With slaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed,
Our plenteous streams a various race supply:
The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car;
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And pawing seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the valley sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen:
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign;
The earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor-shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last):
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A pointed quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd; and, burning with desire,
Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god more furious urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain—
"Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
"Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
"My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
She lay, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherds spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The wat'ry landskip of the pendent woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear:

Not

Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear;
Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes;
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre shew
Like thy bright beauties on the banks below;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
His sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forests yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields;
With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead and lives past ages o'er:
Or, wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' observe a mean, but to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd;
Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus, retir'd.
Ye sacred nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless.
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow)
I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks were led!
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.
Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.
Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore;
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains;
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age;
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the Martyr King the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress.
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone).
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed!
Heavens! what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishoneſt scars.
At length great Anna said—'Let discord cease!'
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!
In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold;
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood;
First, the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose clear streams his flow'ry islands lave,
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:

The

The blue, tranſparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his ſedgy treſſes rears;
And ſullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And ſilent Darent, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.
High in the midſt, upon his urn reclin'd,
His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind,
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windſor domes and pompous turrets riſe!
Then bow'd and ſpoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the huſh'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.
Hail, ſacred Peace! hail, long expected days,
That Thames's glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
Tho' Tybers' ſtreams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
From Heaven itſelf tho' ſeven-fold Nilus flows,
And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſes' themes,
Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.
Let Volga's banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a ſervile train;
Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign!
No more my ſons ſhall dye with Britiſh blood
Red Iber's ſands, or Iſter's foaming flood:
Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
Of war or blood but in the ſylvan chace;
The trumpets ſleep while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employed on birds and beaſts alone.
Behold! th' aſcending villas on my ſide
Project long ſhadows o'er the chryſtal tide.
Behold! Auguſta's glitt'ring ſpires increaſe,
And temples riſe, the beauteous works of peace.
I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend!
There mighty nations ſhall enquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant ſtates be ſeen
Once more to bend before a Britiſh queen.
Thy trees, fair Windſor! now ſhall leave their woods,
And half thy foreſts ruſh into my floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her croſs diſplay,
To the bright regions of the riſing day:
Tempt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales:
For me the balm ſhall bleed, the amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow:
The pearly ſhell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold,
The time ſhall come when, free as ſeas or wind,
Unbounded Thames ſhall flow for all mankind;
Whole nations enter with each ſwelling tide,
And ſeas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
And the new world launch forth to ſeek the old.
Then ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy ſide;
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our ſpeech, our colour, and our ſtrange attire!
Oh ſtretch thy reign, fair Peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
Till Conqueſt ceaſe, and Slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds ſhall barb'rous Diſcord dwell;
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition ſhall attend her there;
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires!
There hateful Envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And Perſecution mourn her broken wheel;
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And graſping furies thirſt for blood in vain.
Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of op'ning fate to light:
My humble Muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace deſcending bids her olives ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more ſweetly paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe;
Enough for me, that to the liſt'ning ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

§ 6. *Two Choruſes to the Tragedy of Brutus*.*

Pope.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

Ye ſhades, where ſacred truth is ſought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught,
Where heavenly viſions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human blood,
War, horrid war, your thoughtleſs walks invades,
And ſteel now glitters in the Muſes' ſhades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

O heaven-born ſiſters! ſource of art!
Who charm the ſenſe, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and myſtic Song!
To what new clime, what diſtant ſky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak Atlantic ſhore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens ſinks by fates unjuſt,
When wild Barbarians ſpurn her duſt;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmoſt ſhore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with ſtrangers' gore;

* Altered from Shakſpeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whoſe deſire theſe two Choruſes were compoſed, to ſupply as many wanting in his Play. They were ſet many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-houſe.

See Arts her ſavage ſons controul,
And Athens riſing near the pole!
Till ſome new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madneſs tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods! what juſtice rules the ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves;
And men, once ignorant, are ſlaves.
O curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry ſtate!
Still when the luſt of tyrant pow'r ſucceeds,
Some Athens periſhes, ſome Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, Tyrant Love! haſt thou poſſeſs'd
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breaſt?
Wiſdom and Wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here;
But ent'ring learns to be ſincere.
Marcus, with bluſhes, owns he loves;
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, doſt thou blame deſire,
Which Nature has impreſs'd?
Why, Nature, doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and gen'rous breaſt?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love;
Brutus for abſent Portia ſighs,
And ſterner Caſſius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is looſe love? a tranſient guſt,
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt,
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wand'ring, ſelf-conſuming fire,
But Hymen's kindred flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaſte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, ſource of ev'ry ſocial tie,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend!
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe;
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye,
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmiſes;
Hence falſe tears, deceit, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurpriſes;
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine!
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure,
Days of eaſe and nights of pleaſure;
Sacred Hymen! theſe are thine.

§ 7. *Ode on Solitude**. Pope.

Happy the man whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire;
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, ſlide ſoft away:
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day:

Sound ſleep by night, ſtudy and eaſe
Together mix'd; ſweet recreation!
And innocence which moſt does pleaſe
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

§ 8. *The Dying Chriſtian to his Soul.* Pope.

ODE.

Vital ſpark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life!

Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes, it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting!

§ 9. *An Eſſay on Criticiſm.* Pope.

'Tis hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But, of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs.
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe;
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis without judgments, as our watches; none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.

In

In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heaven derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet, if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd;
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd.
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's or an Eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpite,
There are who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſs'd,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fool at laſt,
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs;
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd writings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require;
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you, who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dullneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away,
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like Kings, we loſe the conqueſt gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſervile province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
Firſt follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame;
Unerring Nature, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart;
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of Art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides:
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effect remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe;
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the Muſe's ſteed;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed:
The winged courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shews much true mettle when you check his courſe.
Thoſe rules of old diſcover'd, not deviſ'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodiz'd.
Nature, like monarchy, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhew'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from heaven,
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then Criticiſm the Muſe's handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd;
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey;
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poets may be made,
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay;
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.
You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character:
His fable, ſubject, ſcope, in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight;
Read them by day, and meditate by night:
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upwards to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd his text peruſe;
Or let your comment be the Mantua's Muſe.
When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the Critics law,
And but from Nature's fountains ſcorn'd to draw:

But

But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare;
For there's a happiness as well as care:
Music resembles Poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can teach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky Licence answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;
Which, without passing through the judgment,
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock or common precipice.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
As kings dispense with laws themselves have made,
Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgess its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near;
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array;
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem;
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes),
To teach vain Wits a science little known;
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!
Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls we find [wind:
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight, with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But, more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves, & rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low;
That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome;
No single parts unequally surprise;
All comes united to th' admiring eyes:
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles is a praiſe.
Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize;
And all to one lov'd folly ſacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice,
Made him obſerve the ſubject and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities: what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a Combat in the liſts left out.
"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;
Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagyrite.
"Not ſo, by heaven!" he anſwers in a rage;
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the "ſtage."
So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics of leſs judgment than coprice,
Curious, not knowing; not exact, but nice,
Form ſhort ideas; and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to Conceit alone their taſte confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus, unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies periſh thro' exceſs of blood.

Others for language all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for dreſs:
Their praiſe is ſtill—The Style is excellent;
The Senſe they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and, where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more ſurvey;
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true expreſſion, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it ſhines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit, in pompous words expreſt,
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſt:
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some, by old words, to fame have made pretence;
Ancients in phraſe, mere moderns in their ſenſe:
Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky as Fungoſo in the play,
Theſe ſparks, with awkward vanity, diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday!
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.
In words, as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new or old.
Be not the firſt by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.

But moſt by numbers judge a poet's ſong;
And ſmooth or rough with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvaried chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, "it whiſpers thro' the trees:"
If cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep."
Then, at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong, [along.
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line
Where Denham's ſtrength and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance;
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows:
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar. [throw,
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:

Perſians

Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdued by ſound!
The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow;
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes, and ſhun the fault of ſuch
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence;
That always ſhews great pride, or little ſenſe:
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:
As things ſeem large which we thro' miſts deſcry;
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, ſome our own, deſpiſe;
The ancients only, or the moderns, prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Tho' each may feel increaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the town;
They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works; and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with quality:
A conſtant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my lord:
What woeful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonnetteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtyle refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus thro' imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being ſingular:
So much they ſcorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So ſchiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A Muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd;
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill, they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to day.
We think our fathers fools, ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo.
Once ſchool-divines this zealous iſle o'erſpread;
Who knew moſt ſentences was deepeſt read:
Faith, Goſpel, all ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and Thomiſts now in peace remain
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If faith itſelf has diff'rent dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in wit ſhould take their turn!
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think the reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind!
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on thoſe of ſtate,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of parſons, critics, beaux:
But ſenſe ſurviv'd when merry jeſts were paſt,
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay, ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But, like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true:
For envied wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt who ſtays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all e'en that can boaſt;
Our ſons their fathers' falling language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live;
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt;
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy:
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe:
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools;
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good nature and good sense must ever join:
To err is human; to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war,
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away;
The modest fan was lifted up no more;
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice:
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.
Learn then what morals critics ought to shew,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.
'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do:
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
'Twere well might critics still this freedom take;
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flatt'ry to fulsome dedicators, [more
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite;
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race;
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain;
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales:
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
Nay, shew'd his faults, but when would Poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church yard:
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias's'd

Unbiaſs'd or by favour or by ſpite;
Nor dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd well-bred, and tho' well-bred ſincere,
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere;
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhew,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride!
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?
Such once were Critics; ſuch the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagyrite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore:
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws, and ſtood convinc'd; 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature ſhould preſide o'er Wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He who, ſupreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ;
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his Works inſpire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme;
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm;
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong tranſlations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe;
The ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The juſteſt rules and cleareſt method join'd:
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace;
But leſs to pleaſe the eye than arm the hand;
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
And bleſs their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt;
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws;
And is himſelf that great ſublime he draws.
Thus long ſucceeding Critics juſtly reign'd,
Licence repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And Arts ſtill follow'd where the Eagles flew:
From the ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom;
And the ſame age ſaw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny then Superſtition join'd;
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind:
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood;
And to be dull was conſtrued to be good.
A ſecond deluge Learning thus o'er-run;
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths begun.
At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name;
The glory of the Prieſthood, and the ſhame!
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.
But ſee! each Muſe, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruin ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her ſiſter-arts revive;
Stone's leap'd to form, and rocks began to live:
With ſweeter notes each riſing temple rung;
A Raphael pointed, and a Vida ſung.
Immortal Vida! on whoſe honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow,
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name;
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But ſoon by impious arts from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flouriſh'd moſt in France:
The rules a nation, born to ſerve obey, obeys;
And Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defied the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws;
Such was the Muſe whoſe rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief Maſter-piece is writing well."
Such was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry Author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walſh, the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend:
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give.
The Muſe whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries: [view;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame:
Averſe alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

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§ 10. *The Rape of the Lock.* POPE.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuiſſe tuis.
MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing—This verſe to CARYL, Muſe! is due,
This even Belinda may vouchſafe to view:

Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If She inſpire, and He approve my lays. [pel
Say what ſtrange motive, goddeſs! could com-
A well-bred Lord t' aſſault a gentle Belle?
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In talks ſo bold can little men engage?
And in ſoft boſoms dwells ſuch mighty rage?
Sol thro' white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lap-dogs gave themſelves the rouſing ſhake;
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſs'd,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy reſt—
'Twas He had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning-dreams that hover'do'er herhead—
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau,
That even in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow,
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:
Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one viſion touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by Angel-pow'rs, [flow'rs!
With golden crowns, and wreaths of heavenly
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then, unnumber'd ſpirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower ſky:
Theſe, tho' unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou haſt in air,
And view with ſcorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a ſoft tranſition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to theſe of air.
Think not, when woman's tranſient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And, tho' ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death ſurvive;
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their firſt elements their ſouls retire:
The ſprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a ſalamander's name.
Soft yielding maids to water glide away,
And ſip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude ſinks downward to a gnome,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in ſylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know further yet—whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects mankind, is by ſome ſylph embrac'd:
For ſpirits, freed from mortal laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what ſexes and what ſhapes they pleaſe.
What guards the purity of melting maids
In courtly balls and midnight maſquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark,
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their ſylph, the wiſe celeſtials know,
Tho' honour is the word with men below. [face,
Some nymphs there are, too conſcious of their
For life predeſtin'd to the gnomes' embrace.
Theſe ſwell their proſpects and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain, [train,
While peers, and dukes, and all their ſweeping
And garters, ſtars, and coronets appear,
And in ſoft ſounds "your grace" ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eye of young coquette's to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
Oft, when the world imagine women ſtray,
The ſylphs thro' myſtic mazes guide their way;
Thro' all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio ſpeaks, what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They ſhift the moving toy-ſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſword-knots ſword-knots ſtrive,
Beaux baniſh beaux, and coaches coaches drive,
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim;
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling ſtar
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend;
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where;
Warn'd by thy Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but moſt beware of man! [long,
He ſaid; when Shock, who thought ſhe ſlept too
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a billet-doux; [read,
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no ſooner
But all the viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet ſtands diſplay'd;
Each ſilver vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the coſmetic pow'rs:
A heavenly image in the glaſs appears;
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears;
Th' inferior prieſteſs, at her altar's ſide,
Trembling, begins the ſacred rites of pride.

Unnumber'd

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box:
The tortoise here and elephant unite, [white:
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightning quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dress't youths, around her shone;
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixt as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide their faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heaven, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves:
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire:
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r;
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play;
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress't,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air,
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the winds their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear:
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of open æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky:
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light,
Pursue the stars that shoot across the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wint'ry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain:
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight,
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;

Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace, at a ball; [fall.
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock muſt
Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty choſen Sylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt the important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' ſtiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale:
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clogg'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain:
Or alum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r,
Shrink his thin eſſence like a ſhrivell'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill;
In fumes of burning chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!

He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

Close by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs, [tow'rs,
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take and ſometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs reſort.
To taſte awhile the pleaſures of a court;
In various talk the inſtructive hours they paſs'd,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat;
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet ceaſe.

Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At ombre ſingly to decide their doom;
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:
Firſt Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard; [flow'r,
And four fair queens whoſe hands ſuſtain a
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſoftер pow'r;
Four knaves in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-coloured troops, a ſhining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The ſkilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her ſable matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.
Spadillo firſt, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more Manillo forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Baſto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majeſty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd,
The reſt his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armſes to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant firſt her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head;
His giant limbs, in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only graſps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who ſhews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd.
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find. [bin'd.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's feeble ſons,
With like confuſion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions diſunited fall
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook;
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille,
And now (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth: the King, unſeen,
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate,
Sudden theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For, lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On ſhining altars of Japan they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:
From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the ſmoking tide:
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band:
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee thro' all things with his half-ſhut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt ere 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus' injur'd hair!
But when to miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill!
Juſt then Clariſſa drew with tempting grace,
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
So Ladies, in romance, aſſiſt their Knight,
Preſent the ſpear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends;
This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſteam ſhe bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thouſand ſprites repair,
A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe looks back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel ſought
The cloſe receſſes of the Virgin's thought:
As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd the ideas riſing in her mind.
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd;
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.
The Peer now ſpreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' incloſe the Lock; now joins it to divide.
Ev'n then before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again;
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flaſh'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend the affrighted ſkies.
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying heaven are caſt,
When huſbands or when lapdogs breath their laſt;
Or when rich China veſſels, fallen from high,
In glitt'ring duſt and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
The Victor cried: the glorious prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh Fair,
As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a Lady's bed;
While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze;
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall live!
What Time would ſpare, from ſteel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, ſubmit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder, then, fair Nymph! thy hairs ſhould feel
The conqu'ring force of unreſiſted ſteel?

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the penſive nymph oppreſs'd,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive.
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad Virgin! for thy raviſh'd Hair.
For that ſad moment when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew.
Umbriel, a duſky melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No cheerful breeze this ſullen region knows;
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here, in a grotto ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With ſtore of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons.

There

There Affectation, with a ſickly mien,
Shews in her cheek the roſes of eighteen;
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride;
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs and for ſhow.
The fair ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe,
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.

A conſtant vapour o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful as hermits dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright as viſions of expiring maids:
Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry ſide are ſeen
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here ſighs a jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe paſs'd the Gnome thro' this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing ſpleenwort in his hand:
Then thus addreſs'd the Pow'r:—Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who gives th' hyſteric or poetic fit;
On various tempers act, by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy pow'r diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains.
But, oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game;
If e'er with hairy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lapdog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe;
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.

The goddeſs, with a diſcontented air,
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grant his pray'r.
A wond'rous bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound:
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes Wretched maid replied)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrivall'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay;
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd thro' cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to chaos fall;
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, periſh all!

She ſaid; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs;
(Sir Plume of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane):
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe.
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil!
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis paſt a jeſt—nay, prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair?"—he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (replied the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain;
But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock, I ſwear.
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew),
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbear not ſo;
He breaks the vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then, ſee! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languiſhing, half-drown'd in tears:
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which with a ſigh ſhe rais'd, and thus ſhe ſaid:

For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy, ah ten times happy, had I been,
If Hampton-Court theſe eyes had never ſeen!
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh, had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant northern land:

Where

Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste bohea
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell:
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind;
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister lock now sits uncouth alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails;
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd, and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began:

Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaux,
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
Why bows the side box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small pox, or chas'd old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey,
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade;
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack:
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage,
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes, arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propt on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng;
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"Oh cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast;
"Those eyes are made so killing!" was his last.
Thus on Meander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain;
But at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cried,
And drew her deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal rings; which, after melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grand-dames whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears).
Boast not my fall, he cried, insulting foe!
Thou by some others shalt be laid as low:
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore

Reſtore the Lock! ſhe cries; and all around
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So heaven decrees! With heaven who can conteſt?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.
There hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vaſes,
And beaux in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer-caſes.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribbands bound;
The courtier's promiſes, and ſick man's pray'rs,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.

But truſt the Muſe—ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
So Rome's great founder to the heavens with-
To Proculus alone confeſt in view. [drew,
A ſudden ſtar, it ſhot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heaven's beſpangling with diſhevell'd light.
The Sylphs beheld it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs thro' the ſkies.

This the Beau-monde ſhall from the Mall ſur-
And hail with muſic its propitious ray; [vey,
This the bleſt Lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake.
This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome.

Then ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ra-
viſh'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt;
This Lock the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

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§ 11. *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.* Pope.

What beck'ning ghoſt along the moon-
light ſhade,
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd!
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heaven a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye elſe, ye pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods!
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of kings and heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull, ſullen priſ'ners in the body's cage;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like eaſtern kings, a lazy ſtate they keep,
And cloſe confin'd in their own palace ſleep.

From theſe perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breath which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives and thus your children fall;
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates;
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand; and pointing ſay
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way),:
Lo! theſe were they whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield,
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good or melt at others woe.

What can atone, oh ever-injur'd ſhade!
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public ſhow;
What tho' no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face;
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſs'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt.
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot:
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets

Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

§ 12. *Prologue to Mr. Addiſon's Tragedy of Cato.* Pope.

To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakneſs ſhew,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſt in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heaven itſelf ſurveys—
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While Cato gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar, 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſs'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd;
And ſhew, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece whom ſhe ſubdu'd;
Our ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation and Italian ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage;
Be juſtly warn'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

§ 13. *Epilogue to Mr. Rowe's Jane Shore.* Pope.

Prodigious this! the frail one of our play
From her own ſex ſhould mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aſide,
Peep'd in your fans, been ſerious thus, and cried
The play may paſs—but that ſtrange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I ſo hate a whore—
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool,
So from a ſiſter ſinner you ſhall hear,
"How ſtrangely you expoſe yourſelf, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of the ſoul they ſin;
Still hoarding up, moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtue's a reſerve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy ſoft nights and ſolid dinners,
Faith, gallants, board with ſaints, and bed with ſinners.
Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a huſband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And ſure ſuch kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows;
Stern Cato's ſelf was no relentleſs ſpouſe:
Plu—Plutarch—what's his name that writes his life?
Tells us that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend a night or ſo ſhould need her,
He'd recommend her as a ſpecial breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would ſcruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoic chief our ſtage may ring,
The Stoic huſband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a ſage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Thoſe ſtrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might inſtruct the city;
There many an honeſt man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er ſaw naked ſword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a diſgrace
That Edward's Miſs thus perks it in your face;
To ſee a piece of failing fleſh and blood
In all the reſt ſo impudently good;
Faith, let the modeſt matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and ſtare the ſtrumpet down.

§ 14. *The Temple of Fame.* Pope.

In that ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhow'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flow'rs;
When op'ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings,)
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe;
And, join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe:
I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
The whole creation open to my eyes;
In air ſelf balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe, and circling oceans flow;

Here

Here naked rocks and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities, and the foreſts green;
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes,
There trees and intermingled temples riſe:
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore:
Then, gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds con-
High on a rock of ice the ſtructure lay, [ceal'd.
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd to diſtant ſight of ſolid ſtone.
Inſcriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile time ſubdued;
Yet wide were ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
Some, freſh engrav'd, appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I ſaw, that other names deface,
And fix their own with labour in their place;
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than exceſs of praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like cryſtal, faithful to the graving ſteel:
The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
There names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt,
From time's firſt birth, with time itſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays, [days.
Spread, and grow brighter, with the length of
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent ſky:
As Atlas ſix'd, each hoary pile appears
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame exceil'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute th' diff'rent quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.
Weſtward a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſhaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld,
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield:
There great Alcides, ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil:
Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound,
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a ſudden Thebes aſpire!
Cythæron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There mighty ouſee the length'ning ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.
The Eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name:
There, in long robes, the royal Magi ſtand;
Grave Zoroaſter waves the circling wand:
The ſage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied
ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made viſionary fabrics round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;
Of Taliſmans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience, to be good.
But, on the South, a long majeſtic race
Of Egypt's prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſceptred ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold,
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic ſtructure was the northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride;
There huge coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd;
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There ſat Zamolxis with erected eyes;
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, mear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood,
Druids and bards (their once cloud harps unſtrung),
And youths that died to be by poets ſung.
Theſe, and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face:
The wall, in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall;
For thus romantic Fame increaſes all.
The Temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates un-
fold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold;
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd.

Of

Of bright tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heaven with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage Hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of Time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within ſtood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields purſued renown in arms.
High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himſelf ſubdued;
His feet on ſceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belyed the Lybian god.
There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minervas, ſhone;
Cæſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill, in ev'ry ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his country's fate,
But chief were thoſe who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought.
High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much ſuff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy and leſs guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike Socrates;
He whom ungraceful Athens could expel,
At all times juſt but when he ſign'd the ſhell;
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names;
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore;
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;
Around the ſhrine itſelf of Fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the firſt the mighty Homer ſhone,
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar ſeen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:
Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;
A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t' affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unwearied art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a rev'rent eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged ſire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold; and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers ſhone.

Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright, [flight:
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for
Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring god.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace;
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race.
The youths hung o'er their chariots as they run,
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone:
The champions, in diſtorted poſture, threat:
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Auſonian lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.
The poliſh'd pillar diff'rent ſculptures grace;
A work outlaſting monumental braſs.
Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear;
The Julian ſtar, and great Auguſtus here.
The Doves that round the infant poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a ſhrine that caſt a dazzling light,
Sat fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite;
His ſacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully ſhone;
The Roman roſtra deck'd the conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.

Theſe maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies:
Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aching ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great:
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;
But ſwell'd to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring head ſhe rais'd.
With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew;
And ampler viſtas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long aiſles extend.
Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet enfold;

A thouſand

A thouſand buſy tongues the Goddeſs bears,
A thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning ears.
Beneath in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine;
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they ſung;
For Fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſing:
With time's firſt birth began the heavenly lays,
And laſt eternal thro' the length of days.

Around theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded, and the temple ſhook;
And all the nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees that with the ſpring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,
Or ſettling ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crowds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſt the ſame;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.
Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune, reigns;
And, undiſcerning, ſcatters crowns and chains.

Firſt at the ſhrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their pray'r:
Long have we ſought t' inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none.
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow;
For Fame is all we muſt expect below.

The Goddeſs heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe
The golden trumpet of eternal praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud:
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud;
By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter as they wider ſpread:
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next theſe the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs the ſacred fane:
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou, juſt Goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame), but high above deſert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.

This band diſmiſs'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the ſame requeſt, and lowly bow'd;
The conſtant tenour of whoſe well-ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.

But ſtraight the direful trump of ſlander ſounds!
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies;
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gath'ring ſcandals drew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cried) amidſt alarms and ſtrife
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd thy inſpiration own;
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen replied, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in deep oblivion drown'd:
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone;
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.

Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame;
But, ſafe in deſerts from th' applauſe of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue even for virtue's ſake.

And live there men who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues which the good would hide.
Riſe! muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath;
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud and yet ſo clear,
Even liſt'ning angels lean from heaven to hear:
To furtheſt ſhores th' ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.

Next theſe, a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dreſs'd;
Hither, they cried, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown ducheſſes lewd tales we tell;
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name;
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.

The queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſs'd
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:

What

What! you (she cried) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and even fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days—
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall;
The people's fable and the scorn of all!
Straight the black clarion, sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the crowd.
Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics—
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long fleaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.
This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown,
Strait chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life;
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store;
Of storms and sea, and travels on the shore;
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air;
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair:
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state;
The falls of favourites, projects of the great;
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumbered multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew;
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place;
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs, and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thousand vents impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below;
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force;
Some to retain, and some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.
There, at one passage, oft you may survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?
'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign;
Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure;
Be envied, wretched—and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price
As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
Oh! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name
But the fallen ruins of another's fame—

Then teach me, Heaven! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe,
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

§ 15. *The happy Life of a Country Parſon.* Pope.

In Imitation of Dr. Swift.

Parson, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing
Are better than the Biſhop's bleſſing—
A Wife that makes conſerves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need;
October ſtore, and beſt Virginia;
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea;
Gazettes ſent gratis down; and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long ſince;
Sermons to Charles the Firſt when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient ſtanding;
A Chryſoſtom to ſmooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts—my text,
Howbeit—likewiſe—now to my next.
Lo! here the Septuagint—and Paul,
To ſum the whole—the cloſe of all.
He that has theſe, may paſs his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiſs his Wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And faſt on Fridays—if he will:
Toaſt Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Churchwardens about pews,
Pray heartily for ſome new Gift,
And ſhake his head at Dr. S——t.

§ 16. *An Eſſay on Man. In Four Epiſtles.* Pope.

To H. St. John Lord Bolingbroke.

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to the Univerſe.

Of Man *in the abſtract.—That we can judge only with regard to our own* ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things.—That Man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a Being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general Order *of things, and conformable to* Ends *and* Relations *to him unknown.—That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends.—The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and miſery. The* impiety *of putting himſelf in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations.—The* abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* final cauſe *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world which is not in the natural.—The* unreaſonableneſs *of his complaints againſt* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though to poſſeſs any of the* ſenſitive faculties *in a higher degree would render him miſerable.—That throughout the whole viſible world an univerſal* order *and* gradation *in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſes a* ſubordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of* ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; *that Reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties.—How much further this* order *and* ſubordination *of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *muſt be deſtroyed.—The* extravagance, madneſs, *and* pride *of ſuch a deſire.—The conſequence of all the* abſolute ſubmiſſion *due to Providence, both as to our* preſent *and* future ſtate.

Awake, my Saint John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of Kings.
Let us, ſince life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us, and to die,
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan; [ſhoot;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield!
The latent tracks, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to Man;
Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What varied Being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God or thee?
Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs;
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade;
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are leſs than Jove.
Of ſyſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,

Where

Where all must fall or not coherent be,
And all that rises rise in due degree;
Then in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere such a rank as Man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use;
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. [strains
When the proud Steed shall know why man re-
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains,
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God;
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day;
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd;
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. [soar;
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know;
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now;
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is but always, To be blest.
The soul uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste;
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancies't such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust;
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride is still aiming at the blest abodes;
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.
Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for
" mine:
" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r,
" Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me the mine a thousand treasures brings,
" For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
" My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole Nations to the deep?
" No ('tis replied); the first Almighty Cause
" Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws; [gan:
" Th' exceptions few; some change since all be-
" And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human Happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sunshine, as of Man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia or a Cataline?
Who knows but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind, [kind?
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge man-
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things;
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit,
In both, to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral Order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.
What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
And, little less than Angel, would be more: [Now,

Now, looking downward, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what the use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state:
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate:
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?
The bliss of man, (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind:
No pow'rs of body of or soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or, quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain,
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whispering Zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies?
Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam!
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line!
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and Reason what a nice barrier!
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how allied,
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?
See thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each symptom in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky;
Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God:
All this dread Order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm?—oh madness, pride, impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor Order Imperfections name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit—in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear; *Whatever is, is right.*

EPISTLE II.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Himself, *as an Individual.*

The Business of Man not to pry into God *but to study* Himself. *His* Middle Nature; *his Powers and Frailties,*

Frailties.—The Limits of his Capacity.—*The two Principles of Man,* Self-love *and* Reason, *both necessary.*—Self-love *the stronger, and why.—Their end the same.—The* Passions, *and their use.—The* Predominant Passion, *and its force.—Its necessity in directing Men to different Purposes —Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue* —Virtue *and* Vice *joined in our* mixed Nature; *the limits near, yet the things* separate *and* evident: *What is the Office of* Reason.—*How odious* Vice *in itself, and how we deceive ourselves in it.—That, however, the* Ends *of* Providence *and* general Good *are answered in our Passions and Imperfections.—How usefully these are distributed to all* Orders *of* Men.—*How useful they are to* Society, *and to* Individuals, *in every* state *and every* age *of life.*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a God or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd,
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all:
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct but what is Vanity or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the time to come!

Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and Reason to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole,
Man, but for that, no action could attend;
And, but for this, were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void;
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments temptations throng;
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire;
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour;
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast:
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest.
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale:

Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.
Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and ſoften'd in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain:
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.
Pleaſures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And, when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike:
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one maſter Paſſion in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength;
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's diſeaſe, its ruling paſſion came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mine opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurſe;
Wit, ſpirit, faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As heaven's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſour.
We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;
'Tis here to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe;
A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral men impels to ſev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory pleaſe,
Or (oft moſt ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride;
All, all alike find Reaſon on their ſide.
Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply:
Ev'n av'rice, prudence, ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice allied:
Reaſon the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Cataline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce;
In man they join to ſome myſterious uſe:
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in ſome well wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet, ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where 's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be;
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool, by fits, is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill!
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it ſtill;

Each

Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal; [Whole:
But Heaven's great view is One, and that the
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied—
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heaven, forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call, [all.
Till one Man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by Reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.

Whate'er the Paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf.
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt; the poet in his Muſe.
See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride, beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
Till tir'd he ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupplied,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, Joy:
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain.
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others' wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this—tho' Man 's a fool, yet God is wiſe.

EPISTLE III.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man *with reſpect to* Society.

The whole Univerſe one Syſtem of Society.—Nothing made wholly for itſelf, *nor wholly for* another.—*The happineſs of* Animals *mutual.*—Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *operates alike to the good of each Individual.*—Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *operates alſo to Society in all animals.—How far* Society *is carried by Inſtinct.—How much farther by Reaſon.—Of that which is called the* State of Nature.—*Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in the Invention of* Arts, *and in the Forms of* Society.—*Origin of Political Societies.—Origin of Monarchy.—Patriarchal Government.—Origin of true Religion and Government, from the ſame principle of Love.—Origin of Superſtition and Tyranny, from the ſame principle of Fear.—The influence of Self-love operating to the* ſocial *and* public Good.—*Reſtoration of true Religion and Government on their firſt Principle.—Mixed Government.—Various Forms of each, and the true End of all.*

Here then we reſt: 'The Univerſal Cauſe
'Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.'
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach, or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of
Combining all below and all above. [Love
See plaſtic Nature working to this end;
The ſingle atoms each to other tend;
Attract, attracted to the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endued,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying Vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die);
Like bubbles on the ſea of Matter borne,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to Whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpreads the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heaven ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer.
The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Now, Nature's children ſhall divide her care,
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.

While Man exclaims, 'See all things for my uſe!
'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon *he* muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove!
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods,
For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And till he ends the being, makes it bleſt;
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh when thy feaſt is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heaven a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end!
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that Heaven aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with Reaſon or with Inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'erſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier Reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong,
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chooſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd the Whole, the Whole to bleſs,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happineſs;
So, from the firſt, eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone;
Each ſex deſires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race,
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend.
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace;
Another love ſucceeds another race.

A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the improve,
At once extend the int'reſt and the love:
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain, habitual thoſe:
The laſt ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecaſt juſt returns engage;
That pointed back to youth, this on to age:
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

Nor think, in Nature's ſtate they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began;
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt;
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heaven's attribute was Univerſal Care;
And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, bears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer ſavage, Man.

See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake—
"Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions take:

" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield:
" Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
" Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of social union find,
" And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
" Here subterranean works and cities see;
" There towns aërial on the waving tree.
" Learn each small People's genius, policies,
" The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
" How those in common all their wealth bestow,
" And Anarchy without confusion know;
" And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
" Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
" Entangle Justice in her net of Law;
" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
" Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
" Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
" And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

Great Nature spoke; observant Man obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend!
What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law. [known,
Thus states were form'd; the name of King un-
Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas Virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),
The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made. [sate

Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state;
On him their second Providence, they hung;
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wand'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began,
Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great First Father, and that First ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To Virtue in the paths of Pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith and all th' allegiance then:
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A Sovereign Being but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms un-
Th' enormous faith of many made for one; [done,
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its Cause?
Force first made Conquest, and that Conquest
Till Superstition taught the Tyrant awe; [Law,
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She 'midst the lightnings blaze, and thunder's
sound, [the ground,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide!
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With heaven's own thunders shook the world
And play'd the god an engine on his foe. [below,

So drives Self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust;
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same Self-love in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join'd to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n King's learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Resum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From Order, Union, full Consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty
made
To serve, not suffer; strengthen, not invade;

More

More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For forms of Government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight:
His can 't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In Faith and Hope the world will diſagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this One great End:
And all of God that bleſs Mankind, or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives!
The Strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul,
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

EPISTLE IV.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with reſpect to Happineſs.

Falſe Notions of Happineſs, Philoſophical and Popular.—It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all.—God intends Happineſs to be equal; and to be ſo, it muſt be ſocial, ſince all particular Happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by general not particular Laws.—As it is neceſſary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods ſhould be unequal, Happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe.—But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the balance of Happineſs among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Paſſions of Hope and Fear.—What the Happineſs of Individuals is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the Good Man has here the advantage.—The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature or of Fortune.—The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general laws in favour of particulars.—That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt.—That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of, Virtue.—That even theſe can make no Man happy without Virtue: Inſtanced in Riches—Honours—Nobility—Greatneſs—Fame—Superior Talents—With pictures of human infelicity in Men poſſeſſed of them all.—That Virtue only conſtitutes a Happineſs whoſe object is univerſal, and whoſe proſpect eternal.—That the perfection of Virtue and Happineſs conſiſts in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Reſignation to it here and hereafter.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content, whate'er thy name;
That ſomething ſtill which prompts the eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies;
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts to the field? toil,
Where grows? where grows it not? if vain our
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil.
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free; thee.
And fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with
Aſk of the Learn'd the way: The Learn'd are blind:
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe;
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe:
Some ſunk to beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to gods, confeſs ev'n virtue vain!
Or indolent to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that happineſs is happineſs?
Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is common ſenſe and common eaſe.
Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind.
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit reſts ſelf-ſatisfied:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink;
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their happineſs:
But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe;
All nature's diff'rence keep's all nature's peace,
Condition, circumſtance, is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king:
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſs'd,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?

If

If then to all men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heaven's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in hope, and theſe in fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe;
But future views of better, or of worſe.
Oh, ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heaven ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Compe-
But health ſubſiſts with temperance alone; [tence:
And peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bleſt or curſt, [firſt?
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and diſdains;
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy bliſs to vice, to virtue woe?
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See godlike Turenne proſtrate on the duſt!
See Sydney bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the ſon expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the ſire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why ſo long in life (if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial ill is univerſal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heaven complain,
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ſtill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak prince, th' Eternal Cauſe
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
Oh blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks, on Calvin Heaven's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell.
If Calvin feel Heaven's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your virtue, puniſh mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too;
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country
Or he whoſe virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day? [ſay,
"But ſometimes virtue ſtarves while vice is
"fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it when he tills the ſoil.
The knave deſerves it when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain,
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—ſhall the good want health, the good want
"pow'r?"
Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not man a God, and earth a heaven?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſunſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a conqu'ror's ſword, or truth a gown,
Or public ſpirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will heaven reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind:
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or truſt,
Content or pleaſure, but the good and juſt?
Judges and ſenates have been bought for gold;
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.

Oh

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover, and the love of human kind, [clear,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.
Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made;
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade:
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and
"cowl?"
I 'll tell you, friend; a wiſe man and a fool,
You 'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The reſt is all but leather or prunella. [ſtrings,
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with
That thou mayſt be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatneſs; ſay where greatneſs
lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point 's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the politic and wiſe;
All ſly, ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What 's fame? a fancy'd life in other's breath;
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.
A wit 's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honeſt man 's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.
In parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condem'd in buſineſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above life 's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill theſe things thy envy call,
Say, wouldſt thou be the man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands, if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy!
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife!
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind!
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and
great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe;
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero ſunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctified from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, ſtoried halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!
Know then this truth—(enough for man to
know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill:
Where

Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its ends it gain;
And if it lose. attended with no pain:
Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest,
And but more relish'd as the more distrest:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppress;
Never dejected while another's blest:
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow?
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know!
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find,
Slaves to no sect, who takes no private road;
But looks through nature, up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of Man.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'p on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind;
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown.
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parents, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowing of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless beauty blest,
And heaven beholds its image on his breast.
Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, *whatever is, is right*;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

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§ 17. *Moral Essays. In Four Epistles.* Pope.

To Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

EPISTLE I.

Yes, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage, cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave.
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philosopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's less: [guess.
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein;
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of minds as moss:
That each from other differs, first confess:
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies of our minds?
On human actions reason tho' you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following like, thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd thro' our passions shown.

Or

Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's ſtream for obſervation ſtay:
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way;
In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
Oft in the paſſions' wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield;
And what comes then is maſter of the field,
As the laſt image of that troubled heap,
When ſenſe ſubſides, and fancy ſports in ſleep
(Tho' paſt the recollection of the thought),
Becomes the ſtuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cauſe of moſt we do,
True, ſome are open, and to all men known;
Others ſo very cloſe, they're hid from none:
(So darkneſs ſtrikes the ſenſe no leſs than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at ſight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves.
When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſay 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his ſpleen.
But theſe plain characters we rarely find:
Tho' ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole;
Or Affectations quite reverſe the ſoul.
The dull, flat falſehood ſerves for policy:
And in the cunning, truth itſelf 's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wiſe:
The fool lies hid in inconſiſtencies.
See the ſame man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company. in place, or out;
Early at buſineſs, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chace, wiſe at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks, who endures a knave is next a knave,
Save juſt at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with veniſon to ſaint without.
Who would not praiſe Patricio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquette,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bett.
What made (ſays Montaigne, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd prince a leaden ſaint revere,
A godleſs regent tremble at a ſtar?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithleſs thro' piety, and dup'd thro' wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the ſame:
In man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found;
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground,

In vain the ſage, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why;
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhew
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune, or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in buſineſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the ſoul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State;
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.
Not always Actions ſhew the man; we find
Who does a kindneſs, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt,
Perhaps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the Eaſt.
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great.
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave;
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:
Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe;
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting, lies.
But grant that actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character muſt mark;
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them or miſcall them policy?
Muſt then at once (the character to ſave)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind;
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
Aſk why from Britain Cæſar would retreat?
Cæſar himſelf might whiſper, he was beat.
Why riſk the World's great Empire for a Punk?
Cæſar perhaps might anſwer, he was drunk.
But, ſage hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove,
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape, is twice a Saint in Lawn:
A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'llor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will;
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but, if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the ſoil the Virtue's like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Tho' the ſame ſun with all diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the Roſe, and in the Diamond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flow'r.
'Tis Education forms the common mind;
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;
A Quaker? ſly; a Preſbyterian? ſour;
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Aſk men's Opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How Trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Penſion, by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a ſtupid ſilent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found:
Or chanc'd to meet a miniſter that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? thoſe Uncertainty divides;
By Paſſions? thoſe Diſſimulatiou hides:
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.
Search then the Ruling Paſſion: There, alone,
The Wild are conſtant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool conſiſtent, and the Falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and Wharton ſtands confeſt.
Wharton, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling paſſion was the Luſt of Praiſe:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wiſe,
Women and Fools muſt like him, or he dies:
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him, Maſter of the Joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible to ſhun contempt:
His paſſion ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant bounty which no friend has made:
An Angel Tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind:
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the wiſe his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad outcaſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Cataline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar, born In Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chaſtity, at praiſe.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil;
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.
In this one paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour juſt when they deſtroy,
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
Old Politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in buſineſs to the laſt;
As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Laneſb'row dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend ſire, who want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſt
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſt:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry ſparrow that he ſees.
A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my ſoul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas! then bring the jowl."
The frugal crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still ſtrives to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a ſaint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
"No, let a charming chintz and Bruſſels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
"One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
"And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."
The courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
"If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir?"
"I give and I deviſe" (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir, what all?
"Why—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul,"
The manor, Sir?—"the manor! hold," he cried,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and died.
And you, brave Cobham, to the lateſt breath,
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments, as in all the paſt,
"Oh ſave my country, Heaven!" ſhall be your laſt.

EPISTLE II.

To a Lady.

Of the Characters of Women.

Nothing ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt women have no characters at all."
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's counteſs, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there Paſtora by a fountain ſide.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man;
And there a naked Leda with a ſwan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's looſe hair and lifted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether

Whether the charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
If folly grow romantic, I muſt paint it.
Come then, the colours and the ground pre-
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air; [pare;
Chooſe a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Ruſa, whoſe eye quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a ſpark,
Agrees as ill with Ruſa ſtudying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greaſy taſk,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning maſk:
So morning inſects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting ſun.
How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend!
To her, Caliſta prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe;
All eyes may ſee—a pimple on her noſe.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd; but the fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"
Ladies, like variegated tulips, ſhow,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy ſpots their nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypſo once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Leſs wit than mimic, more a wit than wiſe;
Strange graces ſtill, and ſtronger flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo lure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleaſure, yet a ſlave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now conſcience chills her, and now paſſion burns;
And atheiſm and religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad good Chriſtian at her heart.
See Sin in ſtate majeſtically drunk;
Proud as a peereſs, prouder as a punk;
Chaſte to her huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming miſtreſs, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head 's untouch'd, that noble ſeat of thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She ſins with poets thro' pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tallboy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feaſt,
The noſe of haut-gout, and the tip of taſte,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind,
On the ſoft paſſion, and the taſte refin'd,
Th' addreſs, the delicacy, ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia 's a wit, has too much ſenſe to pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her ſtars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A ſpark too fickle, or a ſpouſe too kind.
Wiſe wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much ſpirit to be e'er at eaſe;
With too much quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought;
You purchaſe pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate;
No aſs ſo meek, no aſs ſo obſtinate.
Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe 's honeſt, and the beſt of friends,
Or her, whoſe life the church and ſcandal ſhare,
For ever in a paſſion, or a pray'r.
Or he, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there 's no ſuch "place!"
Or who in ſweet viciſſitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill thoſe foes to fair ones, time and thought!
Woman and fool are too hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all womankind!
Who, with herſelf, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in expoſing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er ſhe hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the world has been her trade,
The wiſeſt fool much time has ever made.
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No paſſion gratified, except her rage,
So much the fury ſtill outran the wit,
The pleaſure miſs'd her, and the ſcandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from Hell;
But he 's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence purſu'd,
No more a ſtorm her hate than gratitude:
To that each paſſion turns or ſoon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield muſt make her hate:
Superiors! death! and equals! what a curſe!
But an inferior not dependant! worſe.
Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and ſhe 'll hate you while you live.

But

But die, and she 'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that 's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress
Sick of herself, thro' very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how should equal colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say, what can Chloe want?—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour;
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair!
Forbid it, Heav'n! a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you 're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe—is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish'd out and made a Queen:
The same for ever! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, Painters gems at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there 's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or king:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public, men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

That, nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds pursue;
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it when they give no more:
As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing:
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And, unobserv'd, the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools;
Or, or if she rules him, never shews she rules:

Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys:
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Diſdains all loſs of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or ſmall-pox, above them all,
And miſtreſs of herſelf, tho' china fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman 's at beſt a contradiction ſtill.
Heaven, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can,
Its laſt beſt work, but forms a ſofter man;
Picks from each ſex, to make the fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of pleaſure, our deſire of reſt:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taſte of follies with our ſcorn of fools;
Reſerve with frankneſs, art with truth allied,
Courage with ſoftneſs, modeſty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new,
Shakes all together, and produces—You.
Be this a woman's fame; with this unbleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' ſimple pray'r;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your ſex a tyrant o'er itſelf.
The gen'rous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens ſpirits, as he ripens mines,
Kept droſs for ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave ſenſe, good-humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

To Allen, Lord Bathurſt.

P. Who ſhall decide, when doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the ſtanding jeſt of heaven:
And gold but ſent to keep the fools in play,
For ſome to heap, and ſome to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind
(And ſurely, Heaven and I are of a mind,)
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its ſire the ſun,
Then careful Heaven ſupplied two ſorts of men;
To ſquander theſe, and thoſe to hide agen.
Like doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſs'd,
We find our tenets juſt the ſame at laſt.
Both fairly owning, riches in effect
No grace of Heaven, or token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.
B. What nature wants, commodious gold beſtows;
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows.
P. But how unequal it beſtows obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while who ſow it ſtarve:
What nature wants (a phraſe I muſt diſtruſt)
Extends to luxury, extends to luſt:
Uſeful, I grant, it ſerves what life requires;
But, dreadful too, the dark aſſaſſin hires.
B. Trade it may help, ſociety extend:
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.
B. It raiſes armies in a nation's aid:
P. But bribes a ſenate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If ſecret gold ſap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confeſs, beneath the patriot's cloke,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea ſpoke,
And, jingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Bleſt paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things;
Can pocket ſtates, can fetch or carry kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an army o'er,
Or ſhip off ſenates to ſome diſtant ſhore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind ſhall blow:
Pregnant with thouſands flits the ſcrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a king, or buys a queen.
Oh! that ſuch bulky bribes as all might ſee,
Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'ſquires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door:
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet;
Whom, with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With ſpurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair courſers, vaſes, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix whores, and make his lady weep.
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of ſwine?
O filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the nation's laſt great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my lord, on ſuch a world we fall,
What ſay you? *B.* Say; Why take it, gold and all.
P. What riches give us, let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;
To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, noſe and ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narſes, the obſcener ail,
With all th' embroidery plaſter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a friend;

Or

Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:
But thousands die, without or this or that;
Die, and endow a college, or a cat!
To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part? [heart.
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
'God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
'The wretch he starves'—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.
B. Who suffer'd thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful, tho' unknown
P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on ven'son when it sold so dear,
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Austrian mines.
Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears she Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
"At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood
"(So long by watchful ministers withstood),
"Shall deluge all; and av'rice, creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
"Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
"Peeress and butler share alike the box,
"And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
"And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
"See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms.
"And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms!" [brain,
'Twas no court badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
"The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsy we can frame,
Than even that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis heaven each passion sends,
"And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
"Extremes in nature equal good produce;
"Extremes in man concur to gen'ral use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds,
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor:
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain, spouting thro' his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst;
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought and salads blest his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expence;
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall:
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar, whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son, he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow is a task indeed.)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise,
What slaughter'd hecatombs, with floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet;
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?

In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cauſe;
His thankleſs country leaves him to her laws.
The ſenſe to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly purſued,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with economy, magnificence;
With ſplendour, charity; with plenty, health!
Oh teach us, Bathurſt! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between the extremes to move,
Of mad good-nature, and of mean ſelf-love.

B. To worth or want well weigh'd be bounty given,
And eaſe or emulate the care of Heaven; [given,
(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd;
As poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a ſtink it lies:
But well diſpers'd is incenſe to the ſkies.

P. Who ſtarves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that truſts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
Whoſe table wit or modeſt merit ſhare,
Unelbow'd by a gameſter, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſt, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where'er he ſhines, O fortune gild the ſcene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There Engliſh bounty yet awhile may ſtand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praiſes why ſhould lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt Muſe! and ſing the Man of Roſs:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring through the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heaven-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The Man of Roſs," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The Man of Roſs divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where age and want ſit ſmiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſs'd,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the Man of Roſs relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an uſeleſs race.

B. Thrice happy man enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man poſſeſs'd five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh, grandeur, bluſh! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little ſtars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name!
Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end;
Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gordon's ſelf might own
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings wealth to life can lend!
And ſee what comfort it affords our end.
In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how chang'd from him
That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and love;
Or juſt as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic ſtateſmen, and their merry king,
No wit to flatter left of all his ſtore!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame—this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) adviſ'd him, "Live like me."
As well his grace replied, "Like you, Sir John!
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd;
Ariſe, and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What even denied a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend!
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
'Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!'
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd!
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—*B.* Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the ſkies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There

There dwelt a citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's;
Conſtant at church and 'change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqu'd ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhipwrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks;
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmok'd upon the board.

Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a gem away;
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought:
"I 'll now give ſixpence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I 'll now go twice,
"And am ſo clear too of all other vice."

The tempter ſaw his time; the work he plied;
Stocks and ſubſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
'Till all the dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhow'r of cent. per cent.
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs director, and ſecures his ſoul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a bleſſing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His compting-houſe employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('twas ſuch a buſy life),
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the devil ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
Firſt, for his ſon a gay commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies.
His daughter flaunts a viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's ſenate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play: ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him, Coningſby harangues;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs;
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown;
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

To Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

'Tis ſtrange, the miſer ſhould his cares employ
To gain thoſe riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Nor for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chooſe his pictures, muſic, meats:
He buys for Topham, drawings and deſigns;
For Pembroke ſtatues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkiſh manuſcripts for Hearne alone;
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? No more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhew how many taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a taſte."
Heaven viſits with a taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! ſportive fate, to puniſh awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a guide:
A ſtanding ſermon, at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You ſhow us Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools; [take,
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain church with old theatric ſtate;
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverſe your ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four ſlices of pilaſter on 't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a front:
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expenſe,
And ſomething previous ev'n to taſte—'tis ſenſe:
Good ſenſe, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, and tho' no ſcience, fairly worth the ſeven:
A light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To ſwell the terrace, or to ſink the grot;
In all, let nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpied,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleaſingly confounds
Surpriſes, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Conſult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to riſe or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the vale;

Calls in the country, catching op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.
Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole;
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain,
You 'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet;
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.
Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sate delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long too meet!
His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.
At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call;
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study door he 'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round,
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, some are vellum; and the rest as good
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look;
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb!
A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state;
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you 'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the king.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill!
Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread
The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense,
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbour glad, if he increase;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:

Let his plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a country, and then raiſe a town.
You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Virtruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind
(Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd),
Bids harbours open, public ways extend;
Bid temples, worthier of the God, aſcend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject ſea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land;
Theſe honours peace to happy Britain brings:
Theſe are imperial works, and worthy kings.

§ 18. *Epiſtle to Mr. Addiſon, occaſioned by his Dialogues on Medals.* Pope.

See the wild waſte of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread!
The very tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations ſpoil'd,
Where, mix'd with ſlaves, the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of men ſcarce leſs alive than they!
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage.
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruin ſav'd from flame,
Some buried marble half preſerves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.
Ambition ſigh'd: ſhe found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs column and the crumbling buſt:
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her triumphs ſhrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conqueſt keeps;
Beneath her palm here ſad Judea weeps.
Now ſcantier limits the proud arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
And ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name;
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, ſages, beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years
To gain Peſcennius one employs his ſchemes;
One graſps a Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his ſhield was ſcour'd:
And Curio, reſtleſs by the fair one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine,
Her gods and godlike heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garments bloom a-new.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the patriot's honeſt face;
There, warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's, looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurell'd bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine;
With aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
"Stateſman, yet friend to truth! of ſoul ſincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;
"Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend:
"Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvied, by the Muſe he lov'd."

§ 19. *Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, being the Prologue to the Satires.* Pope.

P. Shut, ſhut the door, good John, fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker; ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide? [glide;
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge,
No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me juſt at dinner time.
Is there a Parſon, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poeteſs, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza when he ſhould *engroſs?*
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe;
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope;
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong
The world had wanted many an idle ſong,)

What *Drops* or *Noſtrum* can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I 'm ſped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face:
I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, 'keepyourpiece nineyears.'
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by ſoft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term*
Oblig'd by hunger and requeſt of friends; [ends.
'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
'I am all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it make it.'
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and Ten Pound,
Pitholeon ſends to me: 'you know his Grace:
'I want a Patron; aſk him for a Place.'
Pitholeon libell'd me—'but here 's a letter [ter
'Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no bet-
'Dare you refuſe him? Curl invites to dine;
'He 'll write a *Journal*, or he 'll turn Divine.'
Bleſs me! a packet.—'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
'A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muſe.'
If I diſlike it, 'Furies, death and rage!'
If I approve, 'Commend it to the ſtage.' [ends,
There (thank my ſtars!) my whole commiſſion
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the houſe reject him, ''Sdeath, I'll
'print it, [Lintot.'
'And ſhame the fools—Your int'reſt, Sir, with
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too
'Not, Sir, if you reviſe it, and retouch.' [much:
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At laſt he whiſpers, 'Do; and we go ſnacks.'
Glad of a quarrel, ſtraight I clap the door:
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.
'Tis ſung, when Midas' ears began to ſpring
(Midas, a ſacred perſon and a king),
His very Miniſter who ſpied them firſt
(Some ſay his Queen) was forc'd to ſpeak, or
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe, [burſt.
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,
I 'd never name Queens, Miniſters, or Kings;
Keep cloſe to Ears, and thoſe let Aſſes prick,
'Tis Nothing—*P.* Nothing, if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs: [lie?
The truth once told (and wherefore ſhould we
The Queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro'
He ſpins the ſlight ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry in vain,
The creature 's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimſy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnaſſian ſneer;
And has not Colley ſtill his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henly, his free-maſons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philips ſeems a Wit?
Still Sappho—*A.* Hold, for God's ſake—you 'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall; [all.
But foes like theſe—*P.* One Flatt'rer 's worſe than
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worſe when they *repent.*
One dedicates in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-ſtreet will my fame defend,
And, more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.
This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, 'Subſcribe, ſubſcribe.'
There are who to my perſon pay the court,
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am ſhort.
Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high;
Such *Ovid*'s noſe; and, 'Sir! you have an Eye'—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me ſee
All that diſgrac'd my Betters met in me.
Say for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
'Juſt ſo immortal *Maro* held his head;'
And when I die, be ſure you let me know
Great *Homer* died three thouſand years ago.
Why did I write! what ſin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parent's, or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father diſobey'd [Wife,
The Muſe but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome Friend, not
To help me thro' this long diſeaſe, my Life;
To ſecond, Arbuthnot! thy Art and Care,
And teach the being you preſerv'd to bear.
But why then publiſh? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walſh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth*, inflam'd with early praiſe,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read;
Ev'n mitred *Rocheſter* would nod the head;
And *St. John*'s ſelf (great *Dryden*'s friend before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more. [Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their Author when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks.*
Soft were my numbers, who could take offence
While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe?
Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flow'ry theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſat ſtill.

Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.
Did ſome more ſober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence;
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Commas and points they ſet exactly right;
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds*;
Each wight who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in *Milton*'s or in *Shakſpeare*'s name.
Pretty! in Amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This who can gratify? for who can *gueſs?*
The Bard whom pilfer'd Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains, from hard bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning,
And He, whoſe fuſtian 's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe, my modeſt Satire bade *tranſlate*,
And own'd that nine ſuch Poets made a *Tate*.
How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar and chafe!
And ſwear, not Addiſon himſelf was ſafe.
Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires;
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And, without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, gives his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What, tho' my name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals?
Or ſmoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the race that write:
I kept, like *Aſian* monarchs, from their ſight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great George! a birthday ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor, like a puppy, dangled thro' the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide:
But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Buſo* left the whole *Caſtalian* ſtate.
Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown *Buſo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong.
His library (where buſts of poets dead
And a true *Pindar* ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe;
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd;
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder!) came not nigh;
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the *great* have kindneſs in reſerve;
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.
May ſome choice patron bleſs each grey gooſe quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Buſo* ſtill!
So when a ſtateſman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with ſenſe:
Or ſimple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May Dunce by Dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſt be the *great* for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me, for they left me Gay;
Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return,
My Verſe and Queenſb'ry weeping o'er thy urn.
O let me live my own, and die ſo too!
(To live and die is all I have to do):
Maintain a Poet's dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe.
Above a patron, tho' I condeſcend
Sometimes to call a miniſter my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs;
Can ſleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if *Dennis* be alive or dead.
Why am I aſk'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave? [doubt
"I found him cloſe with *Swift*"—"Indeed? no
(Cries prating *Balbus*) ſomething will come out.
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
No, ſuch a Genius never can lie ſtill;'

And

And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir *Will* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my *style?*
Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress;
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit *selfishly* approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you Friend,
Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:
Who to the *dean* and *silver bell* can swear,
And sees at *Cannons* what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie—
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let *Sporus* tremble.—*A.* What! that thing of silk?
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*;
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd:
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; be one Poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That flatt'ry ev'n to Kings he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same:
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread;
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the *last!*
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave 's a knave to me in ev'ry state:
Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibald*'s door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted*'s lie:
To please a Mistress, one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moor!*
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung.—*A.* What fortune, pray?—
P. Their own;
And better got than *Bestia*'s from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife;
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No Courts he saw, no Suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art:
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.

O grant

O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O Friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:
Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing Age;
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe, if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, cheerful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a Queen.
A. Whether that bleſſing be denied or given,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heaven.

§ 20. *Satires and Epiſtles of Horace imitated.* Pope.

SATIRE I.

To Mr. Forteſcue.

P. THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
There are to whom my Satire ſeems too bold;
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay;
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counſel learned in the law:
You 'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a fee.
F. I 'd write no more.
A. Not write? but then I think:
And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night;
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious, take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip wine—*probatum eſt.*
But talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
Or, if you needs muſt write, write Cæſar's praiſe;
You 'll gain at leaſt a *knighthood*, or the *bays*.
P. What! like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With Arms, and George, and Brunſwick crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuſs, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horſe?
F. Then all your Muſe's ſoſter art diſplay,
Let Carolina ſmooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow thro' all the royal line.
P. Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;
And juſtly Cæſar ſcorns the poet's lays;
It is to *hiſtory* he truſts for praiſe.
F. Better be Cibber, I 'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all taſte, blaſpheme quadrille,
Abuſe the city's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their truſt in Peter.
Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.
P. What ſhould ail them?
F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam.
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.
P. Each mortal has his pleaſure: none deny
Scarſdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling luſtres dance as faſt as ſhe;
F—— loves the ſenate, Hockley hole his brother,
Like in all elſe as one egg to another.
I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The ſoul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within:
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the leſs lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
Verſeman or Proſeman, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good Eraſmus, in an honeſt mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire's my weapon, but I 'm too diſcreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of hectors,
Thieves, ſupercargoes, ſharpers, and directors.
Save but our *army!* and let Jove incruſt
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore.
Who'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong.
Slander or poiſon dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words, or hanging, if your judge be Page:
From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate,
Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and aſſes lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he 's not ſtung by pug.
So drink with Waters, or with Chartres eat;
They 'll never poiſon you, they 'll only cheat.
Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day;
Or death's black wing already be diſplay'd,
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkewer to write,
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgel, I will rhyme and print.
F. Alas,

F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
In flow'r of age you perish for a song! [long;
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers now to take your life!

P. What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a *star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'rers and bigots even in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man 's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.
To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierc'd th'Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state;
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me know; who love me, tell;
And he unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers to peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes!
Consult the statute, *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardii sext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. Libels and *Satires!* lawless things indeed!
But grave *Epistles*, bringing vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve—

F. Indeed?
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you 're dismiss'd.

SATIRE II.

To Mr. Bethel.

What, and how great, the virtue and the art,
To live on little with a cheerful heart,
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine),
Let 's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dancing to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat),
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!"
O blast it, south winds, till a stench exhale
Rank as the rankness of a rabbit's tail!
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a Martin's nest.
Till Becca-ficas sold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
Let me extol a Cat on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend,
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.
Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you 'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A loft Bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart;
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that;
Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay;
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass;
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now

Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
Firſt Health: the ſtomach (cramm'd from ev'ry diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft the ſchool-boy's ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
How pale each worſhipful and rev'rend gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy or a City feaſt!
What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heavenly particle inſpires the clay?
The ſoul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, even in ſound Divines.
On morning wings how active ſprings the mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind!
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues!
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muſe!
Not but we may exceed ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;
Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage,
And more, the ſickneſs of long life, Old Age;
For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the veſſel drains?
Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe.
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear
(For, faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong;
The world's good word is better than a ſong),
Who has not learn'd, freſh ſturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want and infamy?
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf;
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd a penny well.
"Right," cries his Lordſhip, "for a rogue in need
"To have a taſte, is inſolence indeed:
"In me, 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let Bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
O Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Quays, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall:
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M—o's was, but not at five per cent.
Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.
And who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd proſperity;
Or, bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
Thus Bethel ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate, the man.
In South-ſea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The lord of thouſands, than if now *excis'd*;
In foreſt planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton round the year;
But ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play),
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards;
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords.
To Hounſlow heath I point, and Banſted-down;
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
From yon old walnut tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The devil is in you, if you cannot dine: [place];
Then chearful healths (your miſtreſs ſhall have
And, what 's more rare, a poet ſhall ſay grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt:
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I loſt!
My life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame
Before and after ſtanding armies came.
My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone:
I 'll hire another's; is not that my own, [gate
And yours, my friends? thro' whoſe free op'ning
None comes too early, none departs too late;
For I who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.
"Pray Heaven it laſt! (cries Swift) as you go on:
"I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own.
"Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife;
"Why, you 'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What 's *property*? dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's ſhare;
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir;
Or in pure equity (the caſe not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty years:
At beſt, it falls to ſome ungracious ſon, [own."
Who cries, "My father 's damn'd, and all 's my
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Henſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a ſcriv'ner, or a city knight.
Let lands and houſes have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill.

The Firſt Epiſtle of the Firſt Book of Horace.

EPISTLE I.

To Lord Bolingbroke.

St. John, whoſe love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt!

Why

Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now ſick alike of envy and of praiſe.
Public too long, ah let me hide my age!
See, modeſt Cibber now has left the ſtage;
Our Gen'rals, now, retir'd to their eſtates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates;
In Life's cool ev'ning, ſatiate of applauſe,
Nor fond of bleeding even in Brunſwick's cauſe.
A voice there is, that whiſpers in my ear, [hear)
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muſe take
"And never gallop Pegaſus to death; [breath,
"Leſt ſtiff amd ſtately, void of fire or force,
"You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's
"horſe."
Farewell, then, Verſe, and Love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this harveſt up, and hoard with haſte,
That ev'ry day will want, and moſt, the laſt.
But aſk not to what Doctors I apply;
Sworn to no maſter, of no ſect am I:
As drives the ſtorm, at any door I knock;
And houſe with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttleton her cauſe purſue,
Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation ſlide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long, as to him, who works for debt, the day,
Long as the night to her whoſe Love 's away,
Long as the year's dull circle ſeems to run
When the briſk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So ſlow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my ſoul;
That keep me from myſelf, and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant buſineſs to a future day:
That taſk, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe:
Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure;
And, which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.
Late as it is, I put myſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome comfort not to be a fool.
Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
I 'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to go back, is ſomewhat to advance;
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy boſom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are words and ſpells which can con-
Between the Fits, this Fever of the ſoul; [trol,
Know, there are rhymes, which, freſh and freſh
applied,
Will cure the arrant'ſt puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, ſlothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vaſſal to a punk,
A Switz, a High Dutch, or a Low Dutch bear;
All that we aſk is but a patient ear.

'Tis the firſt Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the firſt Wiſdom, to be a Fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is ſo great
As want of figure, and a ſmall eſtate.
To either India ſee the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philoſophy thy friend?
To ſtop thy fooliſh views, thy long deſires,
And eaſe thy heart of all that it admires?
Here Wiſdom calls: "Seek Virtue firſt, be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There, London's voice: "Get money, money ſtill!
"And then let Virtue follow, if ſhe will."
This, this the ſaving doctrine preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
From him whoſe quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches ſticks at Weſtminſter.
Barnard in ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourſcore thouſand
pounds;
A penſion, or ſuch harneſs for a ſlave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, their Honours and ſo forth.
Yet ev'ry child another ſong will ſing:
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conſcious Honour is to feel no ſin;
He 's arm'd without that 's innocent within:
Be this thy ſcreen, and this thy wall of braſs.
Compar'd to this, a Miniſter 's an Aſs.
And ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old ſong?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was ſpoke at Creſſy or Poitiers?
Who counſels beſt! who whiſpers, "Be but great,
"With praiſe or infamy, leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if poſſible with grace;
"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place:"
For what? to have a box where Eunuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the circle eye a King—
Or he, who bids thee face with ſteady view
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow Greatneſs thro';
And, while he bids thee, ſets th' Example too?
If ſuch a doctrine in St. James's air
Should chance to make the well-dreſt rabble ſtare;
If honeſt S*z take ſcandal at a Spark
That leſs admires the Palace than the Park,
Faith I ſhall give the anſwer Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave;
"Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
"Full many a beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you 're once a Slave;
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a King 's a Lion, at the leaſt
The people are a many-headed beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one luſt of gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold;
Their country's wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder provinces, the main;

The

The reſt, ſome farm the poor-box, ſome the pews;
Some keep aſſemblies, and would keep the ſtews;
Some with fat bucks on childleſs dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the ſilent growth of ten per cent.
In dirt and darkneſs, hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each purſues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But ſhew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job ſail'd forth, the evening bright and ſtill,
"No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich "hill?"
Up ſtarts a palace, lo! th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimſy, or that devil within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen,
'Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
'For ſnug's the word: my dear! we 'll live in town.'
At am'rous Flavio is the ſtocking thrown;
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool whoſe wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial ſolace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the ſame itch;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their ſhoes,
Diſcharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaiſe and one;
They hire their ſculler, and when once aboard
Grow ſick, and damn the climate like a lord.
You laugh, half beau, half ſloven, if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy lady Mary.
But when no prelate's lawn with hair-ſhirt lin'd
Is half ſo incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round,
You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor once to Chancery nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a ſeam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree,
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom wiſdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune bleſt;
Rich even when plunder'd, honour'd while oppreſt;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; free, tho' in the Tow'r:
In ſhort, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing;
Juſt leſs than Jove, and much above a king,
Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god?

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. Murray.

"Not to admire, is all the art I know
"To make men happy, and to keep them ſo."
(Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flow'rs of ſpeech;
So take it in the very words of Creech).
This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred ſun, and ſtars that riſe and fall,
There are, my friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look thro' and truſt the Ruler with his ſkies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all without a fear.
Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold:
All the mad trade of fools and ſlaves for gold?
Or popularity, or ſtars and ſtrings?
The mob's applauſes, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing.
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpris'd at better, or ſurpris'd at worſe.
Thus, good or bad to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and ſnatch the man away,
For virtue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of madmen is a ſaint run mad.
Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate:
Procure a taſte to double the ſurpriſe,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes;
Be ſtruck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' ſplendid livery.
If not ſo pleas'd, at council-board rejoice,
To ſee their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at ſenate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conſpir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dullneſs of ſome ſon of earth?
Yet time ennobles or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is fame? the meaneſt have their day;
The greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
Grac'd as thou art with all the pow'r of words;
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords:
Conſpicuous ſcene! another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far) where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or an Hyde!
Rack'd with ſciatics, martyr'd with the ſtone,
Will any mortal let himſelf alone?
See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
And deſp'rate miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the mind's diſeaſe;
There all men may be cur'd whene'er they pleaſe.

Would

Would ye be bleſt? deſpiſe low joys, low gains;
Diſdain what ever Cornbury diſdains:
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
But art thou one whom new opinions ſway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way;
Who virtue and a church alike diſowns;
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly then on all the wings of wild deſire,
Admire what'er the maddeſt can admire.
Is wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the ſkies;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that 's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage, juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a wife with half as many more;
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte;
And then ſuch friends—as cannot fail to laſt.
A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;
Venus ſhall give him form, and Anſtis youth.
(Believe me, many a German prince is worſe,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purſe)
His wealth brave Timon glorioufly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or, if three ladies like a luckleſs play,
Takes the whole houſe upon the poet's day.
Now in ſuch exigences not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;
A noble ſuperfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting; never, never reſt.
But if to pow'r and place your paſſion lie,
If in the pomp of life conſiſts the joy,
Then hire a ſlave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word:
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troubleſome, is near the chair;
"That makes three members, this can chooſe a "may'r."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
Adopt him ſon, or couſin at the leaſt,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jeſt.
Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat,
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day;
Go, drive the deer, and drag the finny prey,
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd "happy dog" the beggar at his door;
And envied thirſt and hunger to the poor.
Or ſhall we every decency confound,
Thro' taverns, ſtews, and bagnios take our round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feaſts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beaſts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country and degrade our name?
If, after all, we muſt with Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The man that loves and laughs muſt ſure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worſt,
Ev'n take the counſel which I gave you firſt;
Or, better precepts if you can impart,
Why do; I 'll follow them with all my heart.

EPISTLE I. BOOK II.

To Auguſtus.

While you, great patron of mankind! ſuſtain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How ſhall the muſe from ſuch a monarch ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
Edward and Henry now the boaſt of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more ſacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd
The Gaul ſubdued, or property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities ſtorm'd,
Or laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human virtue, to its lateſt breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry labour paſt,
Had ſtill this monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
Oppreſt we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe ſuns of glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee the world its preſent homage pays,
The harveſt early, but mature the praiſe:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
Whoſe word is truth, as ſacred and rever'd
As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom to mortal eyes
None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.
Juſt in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt,
Your people, ſir, are partial in the reſt:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old,
It is the ruſt we value not the gold.
Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton heads of houſes quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Chriſt's kirk o'er the Green:
And each true Briton is to Ben ſo civil,
He ſwears the Muſes met him at the Devil.
Tho' juſtly Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhould not we be wiſer than our ſires?
In ev'ry public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, we ſing, we dance as well:
And learned Athens to our art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us trembling thro' a hoop.

If

If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps an hundred years ago?
End all dispute, and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize?
" Who lasts a century can have no flaw?
" I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound?
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?
" We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
" By courtesy of England he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow,
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe;
And, estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.
Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art!
But still I love the language of his heart.
" Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
" What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
" In all debates where critics bear a part,
" Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
" Of Shakespear's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
" How Beaumont's judgment check'd what
" Fletcher writ;
" How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow,
" But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
" These, only these, support the crowded stage,
" From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; the people's voice is odd;
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it gives the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say, our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley, with his desp'rate hook;
Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er),
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams thro' many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow;
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires;
And, to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd so worthy to be read
By learned critics of the mighty dead?
In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;
In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
" All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t'excel;
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ Romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm;
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court:
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant or tremble thro' an eunuch's throat.
But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.
Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his Fathers was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove, that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good security, his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;

To theatres and to rehearſals throng;
And all our grace at table is a ſong!
I, who ſo oft renounce the Muſes, lie;
Not —— 's ſelf e'er tells more fibs than I:
When, ſick of muſe, our follies we deplore,
And promiſe our beſt friends to rhyme no more,
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to ſhew our wit.
He ſerv'd a 'prenticeſhip who ſets up ſhop;
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Even Radcliff's doctors travel firſt to France,
Nor dare to practiſe till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile.)
But thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble to a man.
Yet ſir, reflect, the miſchief is not great;
Theſe madmen never hurt the church or ſtate;
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of caſhiers, or mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no loſſes while the muſe is kind.
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter,
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre;
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.
Of little uſe the man you may ſuppoſe,
Who ſays in verſe what others ſay in proſe:
Yet let me ſhew, a poet's of ſome weight,
And (tho' no ſoldier) uſeful to the ſtate.
What will a child learn ſooner than a ſong?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue,
What's long, or ſhort, each accent where to place,
And ſpeak in public with ſome ſort of grace?
I ſcarce can think him ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Unleſs he praiſe ſome monſter of a king;
Or virtue or religion turn to ſport,
To pleaſe a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;
And in our own (excuſe from courtly ſtains)
No whiter page than Addiſon's remains.
He from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the paſſions on the ſide of truth;
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cauſe,
Her trade ſupported, and ſupplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verſe engrav'd:
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet ſav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the ideot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And ſtretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with pſalms:
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unleſs the Gods beſtow'd a proper muſe?
Verſe cheers their leiſure, verſe aſſiſts their work,
Verſe prays for peace, or ſings down Pope and Turk.
The ſilenc'd preacher yields to potent ſtrain,
And feels that grace his pray'r beſought in vain;
The bleſſing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And heaven is won by violence of ſong.
Our rural anceſtors, with little bleſt,
Patient of labour when the end was reſt,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain
With feaſts and off'rings, and a thankful ſtrain:
The joy their wives, their ſons, and ſervants ſhare,
Eaſe of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jeſt, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry ſoul:
With growing years the pleaſing licenſe grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left the ſting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant malice rang'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and juſtice lent her arm.
At length by wholeſome dread of ſtatutes bound,
The poets learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to flattery's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to ſoft refinement leſs a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was ſmooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verſe, the full reſounding line,
The long majeſtic march, and energy divine.
Tho' ſtill ſome traces of our ruſtic vein
And ſplayfoot verſe remain'd and will remain;
Late, very late, correctneſs grew our care,
When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Shew'd us that France had ſomething to admire!
Not but the tragic ſpirit was our own,
And full in Shakeſpear, fair in Otway ſhone:
But Otway fail'd to poliſh or refine,
And fluent Shakeſpear ſcarce effac'd a line.
Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The laſt and greateſt art, the art to blot.
Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
The humbler muſe of comedy require.
But, in known images of life, I gueſs
The labour greater, as th' indulgence leſs.
Obſerve how ſeldom even the beſt ſucceed:
Tell me if Congreve's Fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace who never wanted wit!
The ſtage how looſely does Aſtrea tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vaſt applauſe!
But fill their purſe, our poets' work is done;
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
O you!

O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praiſe,
With what a ſhifting gale your courſe you ply,
For ever ſunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but ſhort repoſe;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewel the ſtage! if, juſt as thrives the play,
The ſilly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There ſtill remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monſter of the Pit;
A ſenſeleſs, worthleſs, and unhonour'd crowd,
Who, to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their ſticks before ten lines are ſpoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black Joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taſte of mobs, but now of lords
(Taſte, that eternal wanderer! which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)!
The play ſtands ſtill! damn action and diſcourſe,
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot and horſe;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, biſhops, ermin, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.
With laughter ſure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape ſo wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er ſo white,
The people, ſure the people, are the ſight!
Ah, luckleſs poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant ſhall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit aſcends!
Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,
Howl to the roarings of the nothern deep,
Such is the ſhout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat:
Or when from Court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd
Sinks the loſt Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the univerſal peal!
"But has he ſpoken?" Not a ſyllable.
"What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, leſt you think I rally more than teach,
Or praiſe malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once preſume t' inſtruct the times,
To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each paſſion that he feigns;
Enrage, compoſe, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart;
And ſnatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic ſtate
Alone deſerves the favour of the Great:
Think of thoſe Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's ſenſe, than Gazer's eye.
Or who ſhall wander where the Muſes ſing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taſte their ſpring?
How ſhall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurniſh'd yet?
My Liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I gueſs; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind the creatures moſt abſurd:
The ſeaſon when to come and when to go,
To ſing or ceaſe to ſing, we never know;
And, if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You loſe your patience juſt like other men.
Then too we hurt ourſelves, when, to defend
A ſingle verſe, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat unaſk'd; lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But moſt when, ſtraining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epiſtles to the King;
And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or penſion from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Hiſtorians by expreſs command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land;
Be call'd to Court to plan ſome work divine,
As once, for Louis, Boileau and Racine.

Yet think, great Sir! (ſo many virtues ſhewn)
Ah think what Poet beſt may make them known!
Or chooſe at leaſt ſome Miniſter of Grace,
Fit to beſtow the Laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
Aſſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding ſteed;
So well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit.
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a Ruſſian Bear."
Not with ſuch majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
The forms auguſt of King or conq'ring Chief
E'er ſwell'd on marble, as in verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your Arms, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing!
What ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought! [bought!
Your country's peace how oft, how dearly
How barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep
Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in ſleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Aſia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne.
But Verſe, alas! your Majeſty diſdains;
And I'm not uſed to Panegyric ſtrains:
The Zeal of Fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write;
That, when I aim at praiſe, they ſay I bite.
A vile Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woeful likeneſs; and if lies,
"Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſatire in diſguiſe:"
Well may he bluſh who gives it or receives;
And, when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like Journals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Clothe ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

EPISTLE II. BOOK II.

Dear colonel, Cobham's and your country's
You love a verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend. [friend!
A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—"This lad, Sir, is of Blois:
"Obſerve his ſhape how clean, his locks how
"curl'd!
"My only ſon, I'd have him ſee the world:
"His French is pure; his voice too—you ſhall
"hear,
"Sir, he's your ſlave, for twenty pounds a year.
"Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
"Your barber, cook, upholſt'rer, what you pleaſe:
"A perfect genius at an opera ſong—
"To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong.
"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
"His whole ambition was to ſerve a lord:
"But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
"Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
"Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
"And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
"The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal;
"(Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to ſteal."
If, after this, you took the graceleſs lad,
Could you complain my friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
'Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfrey ſhould decide the ſuit,
Who ſent the thief, that ſtole the caſh, away,
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you, when I went, I could not write;
You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With laws to which you gave your own aſſent?
Nay worſe, to aſk for verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anna's wars, a ſoldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night
He ſlept, poor dog! and loſt it to a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, ſcal'd a caſtle wall,
Tore down a ſtandard, took the fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great commander cried;
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.
Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
"Go on, my friend (he cried) ſee yonder walls!
"Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
"More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, ſuch a ſot?
"Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.
Beſides my father taught me, from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove),
But knottier points we knew not half ſo well
Depriv'd us ſoon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by ſuff'rers thought unjuſt,
Denied all poſts of profit or of truſt;
Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſt fail'd,
While mighty William's thund'ring arm pre-
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd, [vail'd.
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me the Muſes help to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer!) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I ſhould want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would ſcribble rather than repoſe. [day,
Years following years ſteal ſomething ev'ry
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;
In one our frolics, one amuſements end,
In one a miſtreſs drops, in one a friend:
This ſubtle thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turn'd ten thouſand verſes now ſtand ſtill?
But, after all, what would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheaſant's wing, and one the leg:
The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt, an egg.
Hard taſk! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
When Oldfield loves what Dartincuf deteſts.
But grant I may relapſe, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
Who there his Muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends,
In crowds and courts, law, buſineſs, feaſts, and
friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomſbury-ſquare—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.
"Oh! but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
"And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs;
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Even to their own S r-v--nce in a car?
Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a crowd
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottos and to groves we run;
To eaſe and ſilence ev'ry Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-court.
How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar? [before?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd
The man who, ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſeven years complete,
See! ſtrew'd with learned duſt, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue, you would ſwear,
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air!

And

And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers, at their doors,
Shall I in London act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother Serjeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, theſe congenial ſouls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at Murray, as a wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and 'Sir, your eloquence;'
"Yours, Cowper's manners;" and 'Yours, Talbot's ſenſe.'
'Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit;
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Tibbald Shakeſpear, and he'll ſwear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut thro' Merlin's Cave to ſee
No poets there but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we pleaſe.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or, I'm content; allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
"And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To court applauſe, by printing what I write:
But, let the fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
In vain bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect:
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue;
Each, prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The men who write ſuch Verſe as we can read!
Their own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care.
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright thro' the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command old words that long have ſlept, t' awake,
Words that wiſe Bacon or brave Raleigh ſpake;
Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue:
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhew no mercy to an empty line:
Then poliſh all with ſo much life and eaſe,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
"But eaſe in writing flows from art, not chance;
"As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance."
If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool:
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a diſeaſe;
It gives men happineſs or leaves them eaſe.
There liv'd in *primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no ſmall fool, a Lord;
Who, tho' the Houſe was up, delighted ſate,
Heard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of ſober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
Not quite a madman tho' a paſty fell,
And much too wiſe to walk into a well.
Him the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare—
My friends! he cried, p-x take you for your care,
That from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote,
Well, on the whole, plain proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom, curſe on it! will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I 'll e'en leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to ſmooth and harmonize my mind;
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the ſoul.
Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropp'd before;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me in the penſive Grot;
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I aſk theſe ſober queſtions of my heart:
If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you waht, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your Folly, as Diſeaſe?
The heart reſolves this matter in a trice:
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
When golden Angels ceaſe to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil;
When ſervile Chaplains cry that birth and place
Endue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look if that breaſt, moſt dirty D—! be fair;
Say, can you find out one ſuch lodger there?
Yet ſtill, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to Church to hear theſe flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,
The wiſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
If D*** lov'd ſixpence more than he.
If there be truth in Law, and Uſe can give
A Property, that 's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord;
All Worldly's hens, nay partridge, ſold to town,
His ven'ſon too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thouſands what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long ſince, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln-fen,
Buy ev'ry ſtick of wood that lends them heat:
Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are Wights who fondly call their own
Half that the Devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:

Eſtates have wings, and hang in fortune's pow'r,
Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wouldſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chaſe)
Alas, my Bathurſt! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood hills to Saperton's fair dale;
Let riſing granaries and temples here,
Their mingled farms and pyramids appear;
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak;
Incloſe whole towns in walls—'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.
Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vaſes, ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not—and, thank heaven! there are,
Who if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend, you 'll find
Two of a face as ſoon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one ſun;
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to
The other ſlights, for women, ſports, and wines,
All Townſhend's turnips, and all Groſvenor's mines:
Why one, like Bu— with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows, and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driven by ſtrong Benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorp, from pole to pole;
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will:
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual; his great End the ſame.
Yes, Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep.
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor would live without a place:
But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
How free or frugal I ſhall paſs my days;
I, who at ſome times ſpend, at others ſpare,
Divided between careleſsneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore;
Another, not to heed to treaſure more;
Glad, like a boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd if ſordid want be far away.
What is 't to me (a paſſenger, God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?
The ſhip itſelf may make a better figure,
But I that ſail am neither leſs nor bigger;
I neither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth:
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.
"But why all this of avarice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad—the avarice of pow'r?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall?
Not the black fear of death that ſaddens all?
With terrors round, can reaſon hold her throne,
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In ſpite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no ſourneſs, drawn ſo near its end?
Canſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your buſineſs done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk ſober off, before a ſprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
Leave ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe,
Whom folly pleaſes, and whoſe follies pleaſe.

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§ 21. *Epilogues to the Satires. In two Dialogues.* Pope.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print;
And when it comes, the Court ſee nothing in 't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ;
And are, beſides, too *moral* for a Wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all muſt feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace, long before ye,
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a "Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their truſt in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of *Vice:*
Horace would ſay, Sir Billy *ſerv'd the Crown;*
Blunt could *do buſineſs,* H-ggins *knew the town;*
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex,*
In rev'rend Biſhops note ſome *ſmall neglects;*
And own the Spaniard did *a waggiſh thing,*
Who cropp'd our ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle
Could pleaſe at Court, and make Auguſtus ſmile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and ſhame, and was a kind of *ſcreen.*
But, 'faith, your very friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are who wiſh you'd jeſt no more—
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go ſee Sir Robert—
P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleaſure, ill exchang'd for Pow'r,
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come—at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is—I dare laugh out.
F. Why yes, with *Scripture* ſtill you may be free;
A horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *Honeſty;*
A joke

A Joke on JEKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*,
Who never chang'd his principle, or wig;
A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the ſtage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old virtue, as they will.
If any aſk you, "Who's the man, ſo near
"His prince, that writes in verſe, and has his ear?"
Why anſwer, Lyttleton; and I'll engage
The worthy youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verſes vile, his whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's caſe.
Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt Fleury;
But well may put ſome ſtateſmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any but at fools or foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your friends; and, if your friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the ſneer of more impartial men
At ſenſe and virtue balance all again.
Judicious wits ſpread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu, diſtinction, ſatire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmleſs characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Oſborne's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd cream of courtly ſenſe,
The firſt was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.
O come, that eaſy, Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin, yet ſo Engliſh all the while,
As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing, without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the *Nation's Senſe*;
Or teach the melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad verſe on Carolina's urn,
And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All parts perform'd, and *all* her children bleſt!
So Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No Gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a-God's name, ev'ry fool and knave
Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why ſo? if Satire knows its time and place,
You ſtill may laſh the greateſt—in diſgrace:
For merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all ſatire in all changes ſpare
Immortal S—k, and grave D—re.
Silent and ſoft as ſaints remov'd to heaven,
All ties diſſolv'd, and ev'ry ſin forgiven,
Theſe may ſome gentle miniſterial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King! [port,
There, where no paſſion, pride, or ſhame tranſ-
Lull'd with the ſweet Nepenthe of a Court;
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their place:
But, paſt the ſenſe of human miſeries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a queſtion, or a job.

P. Good Heaven forbid that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig Miniſters to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns died, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As pride in Slaves, and avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer or Peereſs ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a ſiſter, or forſwears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the dignity of *Vice* be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall Cibber's ſon, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A fav'rite's porter with his maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a ſtateſman's ſkill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will? [things!)
Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the man,
And ſo may'ſt thou, illuſtrious Paſſeran!
But ſhall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn from their books to hang himſelf and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care:
This calls the church to deprecate our ſin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on *gin*.
Let modeſt Foſter, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaff in doctrine—yea in life;
Let humble Allen, with an awkward ſhame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame.
Virtue may chooſe the high or low degree,
'Tis juſt alike to virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone if ſhe forgets her birth,
And ſtoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a whore:
Let *Greatneſs* own her, and ſhe's mean no more.
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confeſs,
Chaſte matrons praiſe her, and grave biſhops bleſs;
In golden chains the willing world ſhe draws,
And hers the goſpel is, and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a ſcar,
Dragg'd in the duſt! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance; behind her, crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the Pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or ſon!
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
That *not to be corrupted is the ſhame*.
In ſoldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!

See all our nobles begging to be ſlaves!
See all our fools aſpiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'ſcape or triumph o'er the law;
While truth, worth, wiſdom, daily they decry:
"Nothing is ſacred now but villany."
Yet may this verſe (if ſuch a verſe remain)
Shew there was one who held it in diſdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'TIS all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will ſay.
P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow, 'faith, it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to-day.
How ſhould I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the ſins of *Thirty nine!*
Vice with ſuch giant ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing genius ſins up to my ſong.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty laſh;
Even Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a daſh.
Spare then the perſon, and expoſe the vice:
P. How, Sir! not damn the ſharper, but the dice?
Come on then, ſatire! gen'ral, unconfin'd
Spread thy broad wing, and ſouſe on all the kind.
Ye ſtateſmen, prieſts, of one religion all!
Ye tradeſmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye rev'rend Atheiſts—*F.* Scandal! name them; who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a ſiſter, who forſwore a debt,
I never nam'd; the town's enquiring yet.
F. The pois'ning dame, you mean.—*P.* I don't.
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the ſecret, and not you!
The bribing ſtateſman.—*F.* Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd elector.—*F.* There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not?
Muſt great offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to ſpare the knight requires,
As beaſts of nature may we hunt the 'ſquires?
Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean—
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? no; his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's riſing in the trade.
P. If not the tradeſman who ſet up to-day,
Much leſs the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down proud ſatire! tho'a realm be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched *Wild*;
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice;
Have you leſs pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendleſs villain, than the great?
Alas! the ſmall diſcredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better ſure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who, thank God, have plums;
Still better Miniſters; or, if the thing
May pinch even there—why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! ſtop!
P. Muſt ſatire, then, nor riſe nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, ſtrike that *Wild*, I'll juſtify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago;
Who now that obſolete example fears?
Even Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men deſp'rate, if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to virtue ſome years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the Prince.
F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where I can.
When I confeſs, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodneſs, need I Scarb'row name?
Pleas'd let me own, in *Eſher*'s peaceful grove
(Where *Kent* and nature vie for Pelham's love),
The ſcene, the maſter, op'ning to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my Craggs anew!
Even in a Biſhop I can ſpy deſert;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a heart:
Manners with candour are to *Benſon* given;
To *Berkley* ev'ry virtue under heaven.
But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That inſtant, I declare, he has my love:
I ſhun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus *Somers* once and *Halifax* were mine.
Oft, in the clear ſtill mirrour of retreat,
I ſtudied *Shrewſbury*, the wiſe and great;
Carleton's calm ſenſe and *Stanhope*'s noble flame
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the ſame.
How pleaſing *Atterbury*'s ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the ſoul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r?
How can I *Pult'ney*, *Cheſterfield* forget,
While Roman ſpirit charms, and Attic wit?
Argyle, the State's whole thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the ſenate and the field:
Or *Wyndham*, juſt to freedom and the throne,
The maſter of our paſſions, and his own:
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;
And if yet higher the proud liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay, No follower, but a friend.
Yet think not, friendſhip only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue*; where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe;
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver caſt a glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Roſs, or my Lord Mayor.
Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret bias to a knave:
To find an honeſt man, I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
F. Then why ſo few commended?
P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verſe.

But

But random praiſe—the taſk can ne'er be done:
Each mother aſks it for her booby ſon:
Each widow aſks it for *the beſt of men*;
For him ſhe weeps, for him ſhe weds again.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like ſatire, to the ground:
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my cenſure, not expect my praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend—
What Richlieu wanted, Louis ſcarce could gain;
And what young Ammon wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain?
No pow'r the Muſe's friendſhip can command;
No pow'r, when virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honeſt line;
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? *F.* 'Faith, the thought's no ſin;
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you 'll allow.
P. I only call thoſe knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I 'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lie.
Cobham 's a coward, Polwart is a ſlave;
And Lyttleton a dark, deſigning knave;
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull;
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a tyrant to his wife.
But pray, when others praiſe him, do I
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name? [blame?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
O all-accompliſh'd St. John! deck thy ſhrine?
What ſhall each ſpur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay;
Or each new-penſion'd ſycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt;
But 'twas my gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His ſaws are toothleſs, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To ſee a footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:
Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold, ſir, for God's ſake, where's th' affront to you?
Againſt your worſhip when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the Bard whoſe diſtich all commend
(In pow'r a ſervant, out of pow'r a friend)
To W—le guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What 's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?
The Prieſt whoſe flattery bedropp'd the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whoſe ſpeech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. 'Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame.
Let courtly wits to wits afford ſupply,
As hog to hog in huts of Weſtphaly;
If one thro' nature's bounty, or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind:
From tail to mouth they feed and they carouſe;
The laſt full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*.
F. This filthy ſimile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach—
P. So does flatt'ry mine:
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me farther—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And muſt no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Becauſe the deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous paſtor blame a failing ſpouſe,
Without a ſtaring reaſon on his brows?
And each blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on man, but God?
Aſk you what provocation I have had?
The ſtrong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be yours.
Mine, as a foe profeſt to falſe pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's honour like his ſenſe;
Mine, as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine, as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You 're ſtrangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no ſlave;
So impudent, I own myſelf no knave;
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud, I muſt be proud, to ſee
Men not afraid of God afraid of me?
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by ridicule alone.
O ſacred weapon! left for truth's defence;
Sole dread of folly, vice, and inſolence!
To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,
The Muſe may give thee, but the gods muſt guide;
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
To rouſe the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his ſtall.
Ye tinſel inſects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your ſtains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The Muſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that makes ſaints of queens, and gods of kings,
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the preſs,
Like the laſt Gazette, or the laſt addreſs.

When

When black ambition ſtains a public cauſe,
A monarch's ſword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's ſcar,
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a ſtar.
Not ſo, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from *Virtue*'s ſhrine,
Her prieſteſs Muſe forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of *Eternity*.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the grave;
Far other ſtars than * and * * wear,
And may deſcend to Mornington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unſullied mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine);
Let *Envy* howl, while heaven's whole chorus ſings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* ſick'ning ſee the incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies:
Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verſe as mean as mine.
Yes, the laſt pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth ſtands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, laſt of Britons! let your names be read;
Are none, none living! let me praiſe the dead;
And, for that cauſe which made your fathers
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line. [ſhine,
F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays on Man*.

§ 22. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. Pope.

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. Swift.

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt; and, in ſhort,
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in ev'ry ſtreet,
And fun'rals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a duſt in ev'ry place!
And a thin Court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W * and H * * both in town!
"The dog-days are no more the caſe."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then ſouthward let your bard retire,
Hold out ſome months 'twixt ſun and fire,
And you ſhall ſee, the firſt warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.
My lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with diſtinction you beſtow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Juſt as a Scotſman does his plums.
"Pray, take them, ſir; enough 's a feaſt:
"Eat ſome, and pocket up the reſt."
What, rob your boys, thoſe pretty rogues?
"No, ſir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments beſiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude 's the certain crop;
And 'tis but juſt; I 'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wiſe man always is or ſhou'd
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I 'll ſay; you 'll find in me
A ſafe companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your reſolution
To give me back my Conſtitution!
The ſprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging ſmile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a ſummer ſun,
And kept you up ſo oft till one;
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my ſtrain.
A weazel once made ſhift to ſlink
In at a corn-loft thro' a chink;
But, having amply ſtuff'd his ſkin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the houſe
('Twas not a man, it was a mouſe)
Obſerving, cried, "You 'ſcape not ſo;
"Lean as you came, ſir, you muſt go."
Sir, you may ſpare your application,
I 'm no ſuch beaſt, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to reſign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-ſea ſubſcriptions take who pleaſe,
Leave me but liberty and eaſe.
'Twas what I ſaid to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modeſty, and ſmil'd.
Give me, I cried (enough for me),
My bread, and independency!
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd—juſt as you ſee I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I truſt that ſinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well;
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little houſe, with trees a-row,
And, like its maſter, very low.
There died my father, no man's debtor—
And there I 'll die, nor worſe nor better.
To ſet this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his ſtory:
"Harley, the nation's great ſupport,"—
But you may read it, I ſtop ſhort.

SATIRE VI.

The firſt part imitated in the year 1714 by Dr. Swift; the latter part added afterwards.

I 've often wiſh'd that I had clear,
For life, ſix hundred pounds a-year,
A handſome houſe to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land ſet out to plant a wood.

Well,

Well, now I have all this and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore;
' But here a grievance ſeems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;
' I can't but think 't would ſound more clever
" To me, and to my heirs for ever."
' If I ne'er got or loſt a groat
' By any trick or any fault;
' And if I pray by reaſon's rules,
' And not like forty other fools,
' As thus: " Vouchſafe, O gracious Maker!
" To grant me this and t' other acre;
" Or if it be thy will and pleaſure,
" Direct my plough to find a treaſure;"
' But only what my ſtation fits,
' And to be kept in my right wits:
' Preſerve, Almighty Providence!
' Juſt what you gave me, competence:
' And let me in theſe ſhades compoſe
' Something in verſe as true as proſe;
' Remov'd from all th' ambitious ſcene,
' Nor puff'd by pride, nor ſunk by ſpleen.'
In ſhort, I 'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this ſide Trent;
Nor croſs the Channel twice a year,
To ſpend ſix months with ſtateſmen here.
I muſt by all means come to town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the crown.
" Lewis, the Dean will be of uſe;
" Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the ſeas,
Great miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money 's found:
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
" Let my Lord know you 're come to town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his Honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some wag obſerves me thus perplex'd,
And ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
" I thought the Dean had been too proud
" To joſtle here among a crowd."
Another, in a ſurly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
" So eager to expreſs your love,
" You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
" But rudely preſs before a Duke."
I own I am pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to ſhew
What I deſire the world ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never ſaw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
This humbly offers me his caſe,
That begs my int'reſt for a place:
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my appeal comes on;
" Without your help the cauſe is gone—"
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About ſome great affairs, at two—
" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
" To get my warrant quickly ſign'd:
" Conſider, 'tis my firſt requeſt."
Be ſatisfied, I 'll do my beſt:
Then preſently he falls to teaſe.
" You may for certain, if you pleaſe;
" I doubt not, if his Lordſhip knew—
" And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for a humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As, ' What's o'clock,' and ' How's the wind?'
' Whoſe chariot 's that we left behind?'
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country ſigns;
Or, ' Have you nothing new to-day
' From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?'
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains;
As once a week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to Town,
Where all that paſſes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Croſs.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
" How think you of our friend the Dean?
" I wonder what ſome people mean;
" My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
" Always together *tête-à-tête*;
" What, they admire him for his jokes—
" See but the fortune of ſome folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at Court:
I 'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
" Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
" Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah, Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
" 'Tis now no ſecret"—I proteſt
'Tis one to me—" Then tell us, pray,
" When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, tho' I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus, in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my country ſeat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book;
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town.
Oh charming noons, and nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,

My

My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row,
The beans and bacon ſet before 'em,
The grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
And even the very dogs at eaſe!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A neighbour's madneſs, or his ſpouſe's,
Or what's in either of the houſes:
But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A man of merit, or a miſer?
Whether we ought to chooſe our friends
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos*:
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a ſtory of two mice.
Once on a time, ſo runs the fable,
A country mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a town mouſe at his board,
Juſt as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouſe upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a ſoul:
Knew what was handſome, and would do 't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute*.
He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet, to his gueſt tho' no way ſparing,
He ate himſelf the rind and paring.
Our courtier ſcarce would touch a bit,
But ſhew'd his breeding and his wit:
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cried: "I vow you 're mighty neat.
"But, Lord! my friend, the ſavage ſcene!
"For God's ſake, come and live with men:
"Conſider, mice like men muſt die,
"Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
"Then ſpend your life in joy and ſport;
"This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court."

The verieſt hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn:
'Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordſhips had ſat late.

Behold the place where, if a poet
Shin'd in deſcription, he might ſhew it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with ſilver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and ſtucco floors:
But let it, in a word, be ſaid,
The moon was up, and men a bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The gueſts withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice ſat, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his friend of fowl and fiſh;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça eſt bon! Ah, goutez ça!*
"That jelly's rich, this malmſey healing;
"Pray dip your whiſkers and your tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy ſwain?
He ſtuffs and ſwills: and ſtuffs again.
"I 'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude
"To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good!
"I have a thouſand thanks to give—
"My lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the hall
Ruſh chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
"A rat! a rat! clap to the door."—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor!
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods, to ſave them in a trice!
(It was by Providence, they think,
For your damn'd ſtucco has no chink.)
"An't pleaſe your Honour," quoth the peaſant,
"This ſame deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
"Give me again my hollow tree,
"A cruſt of bread and liberty!"

ODE I. BOOK IV.

To Venus.

Again? new tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne.
Ah ſound no more thy ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober fifty with thy charms!
Mother too fierce of dear deſires!
Turn, turn, to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *number five* direct your doves, [loves;
There ſpread round Murray all your blooming
Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With ev'ry ſprightly, ev'ry decent, part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the miſtreſs, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then ſhall thy form the marble grace
(Thy Grecian form), and Chloe lend the face:
His houſe emboſom'd in the grove,
Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
Thither the ſilver ſounding lyres
Shall call the ſmiling loves and young deſires;
There ev'ry grace and muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong;
There youths and nymphs, in concert gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu, fond hope of mutual fire!
The ſtill-believing, ſtill renew'd deſire;
Adieu, the heart-expanding bowl!
And all the kind deceivers of the ſoul!

But

But why? ah tell me, ah, too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dreſt in fancy's airy beam,
Abſent I follow thro' th' extended dream;
Now, now, I ceaſe, I claſp thy charms,
And now you burſt (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
Or ſoftly glide by the Canal;
Now ſhewn by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And now on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

Part of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book.

A FRAGMENT.

Leſt you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die,
Which ſounds the ſilver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly,
Above the reach of vulgar ſong.

Tho' daring Milton ſits ſublime,
In Spenſer native muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay.

Sages and chiefs long ſince had birth,
Ere Cæſar was, or Newton nam'd;
Theſe rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And thoſe new heavens and ſyſtems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the ſage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died;
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

§ 23. *A Panegyric to my Lord Protector, of the preſent Greatneſs, and joint Intereſt of his Highneſs and this Nation.* Waller.

While with a ſtrong, and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourſelves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial ſpirits ſtill aloud complain,
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot reign;
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune ſhew'd his face
To chide the winds, and ſave the Trojan race,
So has your Highneſs, rais'd above the reſt,
Storms of ambition, toſſing us, repreſs'd.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a glorious ſtate;
The ſeat of empire, where the Iriſh come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The ſea's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending ſails, each veſſel of our fleet:
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or ſwelling ſails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this iſland to give law,
To balance Europe, and her ſtates to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain ſmile;
The greateſt Leader, and the greateſt Iſle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created; it was ſure deſign'd
To be the ſacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppreſſed ſhall henceforth reſort,
Juſtice to crave, and ſuccour, at your court;
And then your Highneſs, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector ſhall be known.

Fame, ſwifter than your wing'd navy, flies
Through ev'ry land that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine uſe.

With ſuch a Chief the meaneſt nation bleſt,
Might hope to lift her head above the reſt;
What may be thought impoſſible to do
By us, embraced by the Sea and You?

Lords of the world's great waſte, the ocean, we
Whole foreſts ſend to reign upon the ſea;
And ev'ry coaſt may trouble or relieve;
But none can viſit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy ſeats arrive;
While we deſcend at pleaſure to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidſt the boundleſs ocean ſet,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves;
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the ſky;
So what our earth, and what our heaven, denies,
Our ever-conſtant friend, the ſea, ſupplies.

The taſte of hot Arabia's ſpice we know,
Free from the ſcorching ſun that makes it grow;
Without the worm, in Perſian ſilks we ſhine;
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heavieſt metal, hither ſwims:
Ours is the harveſt where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others ſow.

Things of the nobleſt kind our own ſoil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our ſteeds:
Rome, tho' her eagle thro' the world had flown,
Could never make this iſland all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conqu'ring Henry, flouriſh'd; and now You;
For whom we ſtay'd, as did the Grecian ſtate,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cried,
He wiſt not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reſerv'd for you
To make more great than that he did ſubdue.

He ſafely might old troops to battle lead,
Againſt th' unwarlike Perſian and the Mede;
Whoſe haſty flight did, from a bloodleſs field,
More ſpoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom

Whom the old Roman wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garriſons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more ſhall make them come;
Our Engliſh iron holds them faſt at home.

They, that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of ſnow,
May blame the ſun; but muſt extol your Grace,
Which in our ſenate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conqueſt, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one:
So kind dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſh'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Iriſh, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our ſtate;
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the ſea are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendſhip, is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuſe,
Preventing poſts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour-princes trembled at their roar;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing ſword made war to ceaſe;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace,
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and reſtrain our rage.

Leſs pleaſure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear;
But man alone can whom he conquers ſpare.

To pardon willing, and to puniſh loth,
You ſtrike with one hand, but you heal with both:
Lifting up all that proſtrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate or error had our age miſled,
And o'er this nation ſuch confuſion ſpread;
The only cure which could from heaven come down,
Was ſo much pow'r and piety in one!

One, whoſe extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may ſhine:
The meaneſt, in your nature mild and good;
The noble, reſt ſecured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe;
How ſuch a ruling ſp'rit you could reſtrain,
And practiſe firſt over yourſelf to reign.

Your private life did a juſt pattern give,
How fathers, huſbands, pious ſons, ſhould live;
Born to command, your princely virtues ſlept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchleſs worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a proſp'rous end.

Still as you riſe, the ſtate, exalted too,
Finds no diſtemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great ſcene! when without noiſe
The riſing ſun night's vulgar lights deſtroys.

Had you, ſome ages paſt, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we ſhould read your ſtory;
But living virtue, all achievements paſt,
Meets envy ſtill to grapple with at laſt.

This Cæſar found; and that ungrateful age,
With loſing him, went back to blood and rage:
Miſtaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that ſtroke.

That ſun once ſet, a thouſand meaner ſtars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To ſuch a tempeſt as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great ſenate could not wield that ſword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to ſubdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high ſp'rits compoſe:
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion ſhakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that firſt took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.

As the vex'd world, to find repoſe, at laſt
Itſelf into Auguſtus' arms did caſt;
So England now does, with like toil oppreſt,
Her weary head upon your boſom reſt.

Then let the Muſes with ſuch notes as theſe
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter ſhall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns ſtorm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won:
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of duſt did choke
Contending troops, and ſeas lay hid in ſmoke.

Illuſtrious acts high raptures do infuſe,
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muſe:
Here in low ſtrains your milder deeds we ſing;
But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olives bring
To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquiſh'd nations, and the ſea beſide;
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joſeph's ſheaves, pay reverence and bow.

§ 24. *Cooper's Hill.* *Denham.*

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnaſſus, nor did taſte the ſtream
Of Helicon; we therefore may ſuppoſe
Thoſe made not poets, but the poets thoſe.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muſes and their train reſort,
Parnaſſus ſtands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnaſſus art to me.

Nor

Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight
By taking wing from thy auſpicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundleſs in my fancy than my eye:
My eye, which ſwift as thought contracts the ſpace
That lies between, and firſt ſalutes the place
Crown'd with that ſacred pile, ſo vaſt, ſo high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or ſky
Uncertain ſeems, and may be thought a proud
Aſpiring mountain, or deſcending cloud, [flight
Paul's, the late theme of ſuch a Muſe * whoſe
Has bravely reach'd and ſoar'd above thy height:
Now ſhalt thou ſtand, tho' ſword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conſpire;
Secure whilſt thee the beſt of poets ſings,
Preſerv'd from ruin by the beſt of kings.
Under his proud ſurvey the city lies,
And, like a miſt beneath a hill, doth riſe;
Whoſe ſtate and wealth, the buſineſs and the
Seem at this diſtance but a darker cloud; [crowd,
And is, to him who rightly things eſteems,
No other in effect than what it ſeems:
Where, with like haſte, tho' ſeveral ways they run
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increaſe;
As rivers loſt in ſeas ſome ſecret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be loſt again.
Oh happineſs of ſweet retir'd content!
To be at once ſecure and innocent.
Windſor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with ſtrength) above the valley ſwells
Into my eye, and doth itſelf preſent
With ſuch an eaſy and unforc'd aſcent,
That no ſtupendous precipice denies
Acceſs, no horror turns away our eyes;
But ſuch a riſe as doth at once invite
A pleaſure and a rev'rence from the ſight.
Thy mighty maſter's emblem, in whoſe face
Sat meekneſs, heighten'd with majeſtic grace;
Such ſeems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the baſis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which ſupports the ſpheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'T was guided by a wiſer Pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for ſuch an uſe, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chooſe
Folly or blindneſs only could refuſe.
A crown of ſuch majeſtic tow'rs doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her; yet ſhe cannot boaſt,
Among that num'rous and celeſtial hoſt,
More heroes than can Windſor; nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back ſo far, to whom this iſle
Owes the firſt glory of ſo brave a pile,
Whether to Cæſar, Albanact, or Brute,
The Britiſh Arthur, or the Daniſh Cnute,
(Though this of old no leſs conteſt did move,
Than when for Homer's birth ſeven cities ſtrove;)
(Like him in birth, thou ſhouldſt be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whoſoe'er it was, Nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount thoſe ſev'ral kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward, and thy greater ſon †,
(The lilies which his father wore he won),
And thy Bellona ‡, who the conſort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame.
She to thy triumph led one captive king §,
And brought that ſon which did the ſecond bring §.
Then didſt thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move,
Each was a noble cauſe, and nothing leſs
Than the deſign has been the great ſucceſs),
Which foreign kings and emperors eſteem
The ſecond honour to their diadem.
Had thy great deſtiny but given thee ſkill
To know, as well as pow'r to act, her will;
That from thoſe kings, who then thy captives
In after-times ſhould ſpring a royal pair, [were,
Who ſhould poſſeſs all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy deſires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reſerves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquiſh'd fear;
That blood which thou and thy great grandſire
And all that ſince theſe ſiſter nations bled, [ſhed,
Had been unſpilt, had happy Edward known
That all the blood he ſpilt had been his own.
When he that patron choſe, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did ſeem
But to foretel and prophecy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at firſt deſign'd;
That bound which to the world's extremeſt ends,
Endleſs itſelf, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need thoſe emblems which we paint,
But is himſelf the ſoldier and the ſaint.
Here ſhould my wonder dwell, and here my praiſe,
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whoſe top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell (may no ſuch ſtorm
Fall on our times, where ruin muſt reform!)
Tell me, my Muſe, what monſtrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Chriſtian king incenſe
To ſuch a rage? Was't luxury, or luſt?
Was he ſo temperate, ſo chaſte, ſo juſt? [more:
Were theſe their crimes? They were his own much
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor;
Who, having ſpent the treaſures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varniſh o'er the ſhame
Of ſacrilege, muſt bear Devotion's name,
No crime ſo bold but would be underſtood
A real, or at leaſt a ſeeming, good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conſcience, is a ſlave to fame:
Thus it the church at once protects and ſpoils:
But princes' ſwords are ſharper than their ſtyles.

And

* Mr. Waller. † Edward III. and the Black Prince. ‡ Queen Philippa.
§ § The Kings of France and Scotland.

And thus to th' ages paſt he makes amends,
Their charity deſtroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell;
And, like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the ſtork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be reſtleſs in a worſe extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be caſt into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but muſt advance
So far, to make us wiſh for ignorance;
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a falſe guide to err by day?
Who ſees theſe diſmal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader ſack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This deſolation, but a Chriſtian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our beſt actions and the worſt of theirs;
What does he think our ſacrilege would ſpare,
When ſuch th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, ſhame, and fear,
Thoſe for what's paſt, and this for what's to near,
My eye, deſcending from the hill, ſurveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys ſtrays.
Thames, the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's ſons
By his old ſire, to his embraces runs;
Haſting to pay his tribute to the ſea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Tho' with thoſe ſtreams he no reſemblance hold,
Whoſe foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and leſs guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but ſurvey his ſhore,
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the enſuing ſpring;
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a ſtay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay;
Nor with a ſudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuſe kings, reſumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations ſpoil
The mower's hopes, or mock the plowman's toil:
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
Firſt loves to do, then loves the good he does:
Nor are his bleſſings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common, as the ſea or wind;
When he, to boaſt or to diſperſe his ſtores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful ſhores,
Viſits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, beſtows it where it wants;
Cities in deſerts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is ſtrange,
While his fair boſom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heaven her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer current, 's loſt,
Thy nobler ſtreams ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
To ſhine among the ſtars*, and bathe the gods.
Here nature, whether more intent to pleaſe
Us for herſelf, with ſtrange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no leſs delight
To the wiſe Maker's than beholder's ſight:
Tho' theſe delights from ſev'ral cauſes move;
For ſo our children, thus our friends we love,)
Wiſely ſhe knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from diſcord ſprings.
Such was the diſcord which did firſt diſperſe
Form, order, beauty, through the univerſe;
While dryneſs moiſture, coldneſs heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are, ſubſiſts.
While the ſteep horrid roughneſs of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmneſs of the flood.
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence delight:
The ſtream is ſo tranſparent, pure and clear,
That had the ſelf-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had ſeen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his ſhoulders and his ſides
A ſhady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle ſtream, which calmly flows;
While winds and ſtorms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a ſpacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the ſtream embrac'd;
Which ſhade and ſhelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all theſe appears
Variety, which all the reſt endears.
This ſcene had ſome bold Greek or Britiſh bard
Beheld of old, what ſtories had we heard
Of fairies, ſatyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feaſts, their revels, and their am'rous flames!
'Tis ſtill the ſame, although their airy ſhape
All but a quick poetic ſight eſcape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned hoſt reſorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whoſe ſublime and ſhady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great maſter-piece; to ſhew how ſoon
Great things are made, but ſooner are undone.
Here have I ſeen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to ſlacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chace by all the flow'r
Of youth, whoſe hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleaſure with praiſe, and danger they would buy,
And wiſh a foe that would not only fly.
The ſtag, now conſcious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and ſloth,
To ſome dark covert his retreat had made,
Where no man's eyes nor heaven's ſhould invade
His ſoft repoſe; when th' unexpected ſound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound:
Rous'd with the noiſe, he ſcarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illuſions of his fear
Had given this falſe alarm, but ſtraight his view
Confirms, that more than all his fears is true.
Betray'd

* The Foreſt.

Betray'd in all his ſtrengths, the wood beſet;
All inſtruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his ſtrength, and then his ſpeed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With theſe t' avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him truſt his feet.
So faſt he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has loſt the chaſers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, 'till he finds their nobler ſenſe
Their diſproportion'd ſpeed doth recompenſe;
Then curſes his conſpiring feet, whoſe ſcent
Betrays that ſafety which their ſwiftneſs lent.
Then tries his friends; among the baſer herd,
Where he ſo lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His ſafety ſeeks; the herd, unkindly wiſe,
Or chaſes him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining ſtateſman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and purſuers' ſcorn,
With ſhame remembers, while himſelf was one
Of the ſame herd, himſelf the ſame had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conſcious groves,
The ſcene of his paſt triumphs and his loves;
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the ſoil, and all the herd his own;
And, like a bold knight errant, did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the ſtream
His dreadful challenge and his claſhing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal ſtrife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf and ev'ry moving breath
Preſents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forſaken, and purſued, at laſt
All ſafety in deſpair of ſafety plac'd,
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their aſſaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wiſhes for the fight
That ſtrength he waſted in ignoble flight:
But when he ſees the eager chace renew'd,
Himſelf by dogs, the dogs by men purſued,
He ſtraight revokes his bold reſolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unſafeſt are,
And doubt a greater miſchief than deſpair.
Then to the ſtream, when neither friends nor force,
Nor ſpeed, nor art avail, he ſhapes his courſe;
Thinks not their rage ſo deſp'rate to eſſay
An element more mercileſs than they.
But fearleſs they purſue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirſt; alas, they thirſt for blood!
So towards a ſhip the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting ſea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on thoſe that dare
Tempt the laſt fury of extreme deſpair.
So fares the ſtag among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baſer foes
In troops ſurround, now theſe aſſails, now thoſe;
Through prodigal of life, diſdains to die
By common hands; but if he can deſcry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls:
So when the king a mortal ſhaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it reſigns his blood,
And ſtains the cryſtal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chace,
Than when of old, but in the ſelf-ſame place,
Fair Liberty purſued*, and meant a prey
To lawleſs pow'r, here turn'd and ſtood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or ſhould have been at leaſt, the laſt,
Here was that charter ſeal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down:
Tyrant and ſlave, thoſe names of hate and fear,
The happier ſtyle of king and ſubject bear:
Happy, when both to the ſame centre move,
When kings give liberty, and ſubjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter ſtood;
Wanting that ſeal, it muſt be ſeal'd in blood.
The ſubjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
Till kings by giving give themſelves away,
And ev'n that pow'r that ſhould deny betray.
"Who gives conſtrain'd, but his own fear reviles;
"Not thank'd, but ſcorn'd; nor are they gifts,
but ſpoils."
Thus kings, by graſping more than they could hold,
Firſt made their ſubjects by oppreſſion bold;
And pop'lar ſway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for ſubjects to receive,
Ran to the ſame extremes: and one exceſs
Made both, by ſtriving to be greater, leſs.
When a calm river, rais'd with ſudden rains,
Or ſnows diſſolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The huſbandmen with high-rais'd banks ſecure
Their greedy hopes; and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they ſtrive to force
His channel to a new or narrow courſe,
No longer then within his banks he dwells;
Firſt to a torrent, then a deluge ſwells:
Stronger and fiercer by reſtraint he roars, [ſhores.
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his

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§ 25. *On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death, and Burial amongſt the ancient Poets.* Denham.

Old Chaucer, like the morning ſtar,
To us diſcovers day from far;
His light thoſe miſts and clouds diſſolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But, he deſcending to the ſhades,
Darkneſs again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenſer roſe,
Whoſe purple bluſh the day foreſhews;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inſpires;
By Shakeſpear's, Jonſon's, Fletcher's lines
Our ſtage's luſtre Rome outſhines;
Theſe poets near our princes ſleep,
And in one grave our manſion keep
They liv'd to ſee ſo many days,
Till time had blaſted all their bays;
But curſed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the faireſt, ſweeteſt flow'r

* Runny Mead.

That in the muſe's garden grew,
And amongſt wither'd laurels threw!
Time, which made their fame out-live,
To Cowley ſcarce did ripeneſs give.
Old mother Wit and Nature gave
Shakeſpear and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenſer, and in Jonſon, art
Of ſlower nature got the ſtart;
But both in him ſo equal are,
None knows which bears the happieſt ſhare.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonſon, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman ſtores
Of poets and of orators:
Horace's wit, and Virgil's ſtate,
He did not ſteal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jaſon, brought the golden fleece;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a ſtiff gale (as Flaccus ſings)
The Theban ſwan extends his wings:
When thro' th' ethereal clouds he flies,
To the ſame pitch our ſwan doth riſe;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are ſtretch'd:
His fancy and his judgment ſuch,
Each to the other ſeem'd too much;
His ſevere judgment (giving law)
His modeſt fancy kept in awe;
As rigid huſbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His Engliſh ſtreams ſo pure did flow,
As all that ſaw and taſted know.
But for his Latin vein, ſo clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,
That, were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear;
Of that great portraiture, ſo true
A copy pencil never drew.
My muſe her ſong had ended here,
But both their Genii ſtraight appear;
Joy and amazement her did ſtrike,
Two twins ſhe never ſaw ſo like.
'Twas taught by wiſe Pythagoras,
One ſoul might through more bodies paſs:
Seeing ſuch tranſmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here;
Such a reſemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And ſhew the world this parallel:
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over nature's books:
Their works chaſte, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verſe
Ruſtic philoſophy rehearſe.
When heroes, gods, or godlike kings
They praiſe, on their exalted wings
To the celeſtial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious ſpheres keep time:
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour ſhin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of thoſe they feign'd excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd;
Yet having each the ſame deſire,
Both from the buſy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds reſign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their offſpring hath no pow'r;
Nor fire nor fate their bays ſhall blaſt,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercaſt.

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§ 26. *An Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.*

Earl of Roſcommon.

Happy that author whoſe correct eſſay*
Repairs ſo well our old Horatian way:
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's ſacred ſtandard wait,
And with ſtrict diſcipline inſtructed right,
Have learn'd to uſe your arms before you fight.
But ſince the preſs, the pulpit, and the ſtage,
Conſpire to cenſure and expoſe our age;
Provok'd too far, we reſolutely muſt,
To the few virtues that we have, be juſt.
For who have long'd or who have labour'd more
To ſearch the treaſures of the Roman ſtore,
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
The nobleſt fruits, tranſplanted in our iſle,
With early hope and fragrant bloſſoms ſmile.
Familar Ovid tender thoughts inſpires,
And nature ſeconds all his ſoft deſires:
Theocritus does now to us belong;
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural ſong.
Who has not heard how Italy was bleſt
Above the Medes, above the wealthy Eaſt?
Or Gallus' ſong ſo tender and ſo true,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view! [hearſe,
When mourning nymphs attend their Dahphis'
Who does not weep that reads the moving verſe?
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted ſtrains
Sicilian Muſes through theſe happy plains
Proclaim Saturnian times—our own Apollo reigns!
When France had breath'd after inteſtine broils,
And peace and conqueſt crown'd her foreign toils,
There (cultivated by a royal hand)
Learning grew faſt, and ſpread, and bleſs'd the land; [known,
The choiceſt books that Rome or Greece have
Her excellent tranſlators made her own;
And Europe ſtill conſiderably gains
Both by their good example and their pains.
From hence our generous emulation came;
We undertook, and we perform'd the ſame.

But

* John Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

But nowwe ſhew the world a nobler way,
And in tranſlated verſe do more than they;
Serene and clear harmonious Horace flows,
With ſweetneſs not to be expreſs'd in proſe:
Degrading proſe explains his meaning ill,
And ſhews the ſtuff, but not the workman's ſkill:
I (who have ſerv'd him more than twenty years)
Scarce know my maſter as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours' hopes, and vain their cares;
The fault is more their language's than theirs;
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Of ſofter ſound than ours perhaps affords;
But who did ever in French authors ſee
The comprehenſive Engliſh energy?
The weighty bullion of one ſterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would thro' whole pages ſhine.
I ſpeak my private but impartial ſenſe,
With freedom, and I hope without offence;
For I 'll recant when France can ſhew me wit
As ſtrong as ours, and as ſuccinctly writ.
'Tis true, compoſing is a nobler part;
But good tranſlation is no eaſy art.
For though materials have long ſince been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours leſs, but judgment more.
The ſoil intended for Pierian ſeeds
Muſt be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.
Apollo ſtarts, and all Parnaſſus ſhakes,
At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.
For none have been with admiration read,
But who (beſide their learning) were well bred.
The firſt great work (a taſk perform'd by few)
Is, that yourſelf may to yourſelf be true:
No maſk, no tricks, no favour, no reſerve;
Diſſect your mind, examine ev'ry nerve.
Whoever vainly on his ſtrength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in ſpite of his forgotten rhymes),
Condemn'd to live to all ſucceeding times,
With pompous nonſenſe and a bellowing ſound,
Sung lofty Ilium tumbling to the ground.
And (if my Muſe can through paſt ages ſee)
That noiſy, nauſeous, gaping fool was he:
Exploded when, with univerſal ſcorn,
The mountains labour'd and a mouſe was born.
Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wreſtler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wiſe;
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber which he ſtrove to rend.
Each poet with a diff'rent talent writes;
One praiſes, one inſtructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aſpire to Epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro ſtoop to Lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling paſſion of your mind;
Then ſeek a poet who your way does bend,
And chooſe an author as you chooſe a friend;
United by this ſympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your ſtyles, your ſouls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much eaſe is a young Muſe betray'd!
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaſte inſtruction of her tender years.
The firſt impreſſion in her infant breaſt
Will be the deepeſt, and ſhould be the beſt.
Let not auſterity breed ſervile fear,
No wanton ſound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from fooliſh pride's affected ſtate,
And ſpecious flatt'ry's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
But your neglect muſt anſwer for her faults.
Immodeſt words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of ſenſe.
What mod'rate fop would rake the Park or ſtews,
Who among troops of faultleſs nymphs may chooſe?
Variety of ſuch is to be found:
Then take a ſubject proper to expound;
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of ſenſe deſpiſe a trivial choice:
And ſuch applauſe it muſt expect to meet,
As would ſome painter buſy in a ſtreet
To copy bulls and bears, and ev'ry ſign
That calls the ſtaring ſots to naſty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a ſubject good;
It muſt delight us when 'tis underſtood.
He that brings fulſome objects to my view
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauſeous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of ſquills.
Inſtruct the liſt'ning world how Maro ſings
Of uſeful ſubjects and of lofty things.
Theſe will ſuch true, ſuch bright ideas raiſe,
As merit gratitude as well as praiſe:
But foul deſcriptions are offenſive ſtill,
Either for being like, or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whoſe railing heroes, and whoſe wounded Gods,
Make ſome ſuſpect he ſnores as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;
My bluſhing Muſe with conſcious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.
On ſure foundations let your fabric riſe,
And with attractive majeſty ſurpriſe,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But ſtrict harmonious ſymmetry of parts;
Which through the whole inſenſibly muſt paſs,
With vital heat to animate the maſs:
A pure, an active, and auſpicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the bleſſing came;
But few, oh few, ſouls pre-ordain'd by fate,
The race of Gods, have reach'd that envied height.
No rebel Titan's ſacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb:
The grizly ferryman of hell denied
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide:
How juſtly then will impious mortals fall,
Whoſe pride would ſoar to heaven without a call!
Pride (of all others the moſt dang'rous fault)
Proceeds from want of ſenſe or want of thought.
The men who labour and digeſt things moſt,
Will be much apter to deſpond than boaſt:

For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill coſt you dear before he 's underſtood.
How many ages ſince has Virgil writ?
How few are they who underſtand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there:
Heaven ſhakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets ſhould before their Mantuan god.
Hail, mighty Maro! may that ſacred name
Kindle my breaſt with thy celeſtial flame;
Sublime ideas and apt words infuſe; [the Muſe!
The Muſe inſtruct my voice, and thou inſpire

What I have inſtanc'd only in the beſt,
Is, in proportion, true of all the reſt.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore;
There ſweat, there ſtrain, tug the laborious oar;
Search ev'ry comment that your care can find,
Some here, ſome there, may hit the poet's mind;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Conſult your author, with himſelf compar'd;
Who knows what bleſſing Phœbus may beſtow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such ſecrets are not eaſily found out;
But, once diſcover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth ſtamps conviction in your raviſh'd breaſt,
And peace and joy attend the glorious gueſt.

Truth ſtill is one; truth is divinely bright;
No cloudy doubts obſcure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the leaſt debate,
You may confound, but never can tranſlate.
Your ſtyle will this through all diſguiſes ſhew,
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he underſtands a text,
Whoſe expoſition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names inſiſt,
Rather create than diſſipate the miſt;
And grow unjuſt by being over nice
(For ſuperſtitious virtue turns to vice).
Let Craſſus' * ghoſt and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell:
Since Rome hath been ſo jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monæſes' name.

Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And ſome that Rome admired in Cæſar's time,
May neither ſuit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine ſenſe, intelligibly told,
Shews a tranſlator both diſcreet and bold.

Excurſions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much ſafer to leave out than add.
Abſtruſe and myſtic thoughts you muſt expreſs
With painful care, but ſeeming eaſineſs;
For truth ſhines brighteſt thro' the plaineſt dreſs.
Th' Ænean Muſe, when ſhe appears in ſtate,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verſes wait;
Yet writes ſometimes as ſoft and moving things
As Venus ſpeaks, or Philomela ſings.
Your author always will the beſt adviſe;
Fall when he falls, and when he riſes riſe.

Affected noiſe is the moſt wretched thing
That to contempt can empty ſcribblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
On even ſyllables (and ſtill the laſt),
Though groſs innumerable faults abound,
In ſpite of nonſenſe, never fail of ſound.
But this is meant of even verſe alone,
As being moſt harmonious and moſt known:
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd ſyllables muſt lie.
Whatever ſiſter of the learned Nine
Does to your ſuit a willing ear incline,
Urge your ſucceſs, deſerve a laſting name,
She'll crown a grateful and a conſtant flame.
But if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,
You loſe the fruit of all your former care
For the ſad proſpect of a juſt deſpair.

A quack (too ſcandalouſly mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame:
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his ſurer aid.
Well-ſeaſon'd bowls the goſſip's ſpirits raiſe,
Who, while ſhe guzzles, chats the doctor's praiſe;
And largely what ſhe wants in words ſupplies
With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtleſs animal is man!
How very active in his own trepan!
For greedy of phyſicians' frequent fees,
From female mellow praiſe he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then,
From ſaving women, falls to killing men.
Another ſuch had left the nation thin,
In ſpite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew;
And where they fell, as certainly they ſlew;
His name ſtruck every where as great a damp
As Archimedes' through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For ſmarting ſoundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre famine ſtar'd him in the face:
Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no huſband left to own a child.
The friends that got the brats were poiſon'd too;
In this ſad caſe what could our vermin do?
Worried with debts, and paſt all hope of bail,
Th' unpitied wretch lies rotting in a jail:
And there with baſket-alms ſcarce kept alive,
Shews how miſtaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my ſoul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to proſtitute their pen;
Who muſt, like lawyers, either ſtarve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your ſwords and cares,
Let no vain hope your eaſy mind ſeduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuſe.
'Tis very dangerous, tampering with a muſe;
The profit's ſmall, and you have much to loſe:
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.

* Hor. iii. Od. 6.

No

No poet any paſſion can excite, [write.
But what they feel tranſport them when they
Have you been led through the Cumean cave,
And heard the impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I ſee her rolling eyes:
And panting, Lo! the god! the god! ſhe cries;
Withwords not hers,and more than humanſound,
She makes th' obedient ghoſts peep trembling
thro' the ground.
But, tho' we muſt obey when Heaven commands,
And man in vain the ſacred call withſtands,
Beware what ſpirit rages in your breaſt;
For ten inſpired, ten thouſand are poſſeſt.
Thus make the proper uſe of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely paſs,
And ſparkling wine ſmiles in the tempting glaſs,
Your pulſe adviſes, and begins to beat
Through ev'ry ſwelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a muſe propitiouſly invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another ſummons wait.
Before the radiant ſun a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate metals to the ſterling ſtamp,
Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
Compar'd with thoſe whoſe inſpiration ſhines:
Theſe nervous, bold; thoſe languid and remiſs;
There, cold ſalutes; but here a lover's kiſs.
Thus have I ſeen a rapid headlong tide
With foaming waves the paſſive Soane divide;
Whoſe lazy waters without motion lay,
While he with eager force, urg'd his impetuous
way.
The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to licence by too juſt a name,
Belongs to none but an eſtabliſh'd fame,
Which ſcorns to take it——
Abſurd expreſſions, crude abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Baſe fugitives, to that aſylum fly,
And ſacred laws with inſolence defy.
Not thus our heroes of the former days
Deſerv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I miſtake, or far the greateſt part
Of what ſome call neglect, was ſtudy's art.
When Virgil ſeems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the ſign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your ſight,
To reach the noble height of ſome unuſual flight.
I loſe my patience when, with ſaucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers tried.
Reverſe of nature; ſhall ſuch copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen;
And the rude notions of pedantic ſchools
Blaſpheme the ſacred founder of our rules?
The delicacy of the niceſt ear
Finds nothing harſh or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intenſe,
The ſound is ſtill a comment to the ſenſe.
A ſkilful ear in numbers ſhould preſide,
And all diſputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before miſtaken ſtops debauch'd the ſound.
When, by impulſe from Heaven, Tyrtæus ſung,
In drooping ſoldiers a new courage ſprung;
Reviving Sparta now the flight maintain'd,
And what two generals loſt, a poet gain'd.
By ſecret influence of indulgent ſkies,
Empire and poeſy together riſe.
True poets are the guardians of the ſtate,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which Rome to conqueſt did inſpire,
Was not the veſtal, but the muſe's fire;
Heaven joins the bleſſings: no declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.
Of many faults rhyme is perhaps the cauſe;
Too ſtrict to rhyme, we ſlight more uſeful laws;
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdu'd, undone, they did at laſt obey,
And change their own for their invader's way.
I grant that, from ſome moſſy idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden ſpoke;
And by ſucceſſion of unlearned times,
As bards began, ſo monks rung on the chimes.
But now that Phœbus and the ſacred Nine
With all their beams on our bleſt iſland ſhine,
Why ſhould not we their ancient rights reſtore,
And be what Rome or Athens were before?
'* Have you forgot how Raphael's numerous proſe
'Led our exalted ſouls thro' heavenly camps,
'And mark'd the ground where proud apoſtate
'thrones
'Defied Jehovah! here, 'twixt hoſt and hoſt,
'(A narrow, but a dreadful interval)
'Portentous fight! before the cloudy van
'Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd,
'Came tow'ring arm'd in adamant and gold.
'There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
'Diſpers'd ethereal forms, and down they fell
'By thouſands, angels on archangels roll'd;
'Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
'Which (with their ponderous load, rocks,
'waters, woods),
'From their firm ſeats torn by the ſhaggy tops,
'They bore like ſhields before them through the
'air, [foes.
'Till more incens'd they hurled them at their
'All was confuſion, heaven's foundation ſhook,
'Threat'ning no leſs than univerſal wreck;
'For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
'And over-preſs'd whole legions weak with ſin.
'Yet they blaſphem'd and ſtruggled as they lay,
'Till the great enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd,
'And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious
'(Effulgence of paternal deity!) [Son
'Graſping ten thouſand thunders in his hand,
'Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
'And ſent them flaming to the vaſt abyſs.'
O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And ſing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant ſtate the Britiſh Muſe,
True to herſelf, ſhall barbarous aid refuſe,

* An Eſſay on Blank Verſe, out of Paradiſe Loſt, B. VI.

And in the Roman majesty appear, [near.
Which none know better, and none come so

§ 27. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Dryden.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confined!
When nature prompted, and no law denied
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image thro' the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care;
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To godlike David several sons before.
But since, like slaves, his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all the numerous progeny, was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether inspired by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust;
Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway,
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompanied with grace;
And paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he denied;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purg'd by boiling o'er,
And Ammon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd;
But life can never be sincerely blest:
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauched with ease,
No king could govern, nor no God could please.
Gods they had tried of every shape and size,
That god-smiths could produce, or priests devise:
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found
Of men by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but Savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a gen'ral shout proclaim'd him king:
Those very Jews, who at their very best
Their humour more than loyalty express'd,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf of state.
But these were random bolts: no form'd design,
Nor int'rest made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishoneſt to the sight:
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curs'd the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men thus qualified,
Inclined the balance to the better side:
And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots true or false are necessary things
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them;
And theirs the native right——
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And ev'ry loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government;
Impoverish'd, and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decried;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows denied;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies;
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;
Where gods were recommended by their taste.
Such savoury deities must needs be good,
As serv'd at once for worship and for food.

By force they could not introduce these gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds;
So fraud was us'd, the sacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews:
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So several factions from this first ferment,
Work up to foam, and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Oppos'd the pow'r to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great; and thrown from thence
Like fiends, were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in pow'r and public office high:
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a Son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this, the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crouds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge:
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand:
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and sculk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes:
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet, he knew full well,
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allow'd
Would keep him still depending on the crowd:
That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these:
Auspicious prince! at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky;
Thy longing country's darling and desire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shews the promis'd land;
Whose dawning day, in ev'ry distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage;
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stamm'ring babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the gen'ral joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of Virtue's fools that feed on praise;

Till thy freſh glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow ſtale, and tarniſh with our daily ſight?
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit muſt be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;
Whoſe motions if we watch and guide with ſkill,
For human good depends on human will,
Our fortune rolls as from a ſmooth deſcent,
And from the firſt impreſſion takes the bent:
But, if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her locks before you as ſhe flies.
Had thus old David, from whoſe loins you ſpring,
Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might ſtill remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsful youth your hopes engage;
But ſhun th' example of declining age:
Behold him ſetting in his weſtern ſkies,
The ſhadows length'ning as the vapours riſe.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's ſand
The joyful people throng'd to ſee him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the ſtrand;
But, like the prince of angels, from his height,
Come tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light;
Betray'd by one poor plot to public ſcorn;
Our only bleſſing ſince his curs'd return:
Thoſe heaps of people which one ſheaf did bind,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by a puff of wind,
What ſtrength can he to your deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of friends, and round beſet with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful ſuccour he ſhould uſe,
A foreign aid would more incenſe the Jews:
Proud Egypt would diſſembled friendſhip bring;
Foment the war, but not ſupport the king:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms t' aſſiſt the Jebuſite;
Or, if they ſhould, their int'reſt ſoon would break,
And with ſuch odious aid make David weak.
All ſorts of men, by my ſucceſsful arts,
Abhorring kings, eſtrange their altered hearts
From David's rule; and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Iſrael hope, and what applauſe
Might ſuch a gen'ral gain by ſuch a cauſe?
Not barren praiſe alone, that gaudy flow'r
Fair only to the ſight, but ſolid pow'r;
And nobler is a limited command,
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a ſucceſſive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
What cannot praiſe effect in mighty minds,
When flatt'ry ſooths, and when ambition blinds?
Deſire of pow'r, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet ſprung from high, is of celeſtial ſeed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aſpire,
'Tis but a ſpark too much of heavenly fire.
Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praiſe.
Half loth, and half conſenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him ſtruggled ſtill,
He thus replied:—And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unqueſtioned right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight:
Good, gracious, juſt, obſervant of the laws;
And Heaven by wonders has eſpous'd his cauſe.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who ſues for juſtice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom juſt revenge did to his wrath expoſe!
Mild, eaſy, humble, ſtudious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averſe from blood.
If mildneſs ill with ſtubborn Iſrael ſuit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary ſway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curſe with ſuch a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a ſervile train.
If David's rule Jeruſalem diſpleaſe,
The dog-ſtar heats their brains to this diſeaſe.
Why then ſhould I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he the tyrant, who by lawleſs might
Oppreſs'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebuſite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my ſpirits, and reſtrain my hands:
The people might aſſert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wiſhes, and outruns deſire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—but here he paus'd; then, ſighing, ſaid—
Is juſtly deſtin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils ſhall reſt,
And late augment the number of the bleſt,
His lawful iſſue ſhall the throne aſcend,
Or the collateral line, where that ſhall end.
His brother, though oppreſs'd with vulgar ſpite,
Yet dauntleſs, and ſecure of native right,
Of ev'ry royal virtue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the braveſt and the beſt.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy e'en th' offending crowd will find;
For ſure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why ſhould I then repine at Heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet, oh that fate, propitiouſly inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind!
To my large ſoul not all her treaſure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean deſcent!
I find, I find my mounting ſpirits bold,
And David's part diſdains my mother's mould.
Why am I ſcanted by a niggard birth?
My ſoul diſclaims the kindred of her earth;
And, made for empire, whiſpers me within,
Deſire of greatneſs is a godlike ſin.

Him

Him ſtaggering ſo when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue ſcarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours freſh forces in, and thus replies:
Th' eternal God, ſupremely good and wiſe,
Imparts not theſe prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reſerv'd, to bleſs your reign!
Againſt your will your arguments have ſhewn,
Such virtue's only giv'n to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildneſs I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true, he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps than ſubjects ought to have:
For laviſh grants ſuppoſe a monarch tame,
And more his goodneſs than his wit proclaim.
But when ſhould people ſtrive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak? [break,
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty ſanhedrim ſhall keep him poor;
And ev'ry ſhekel which he can receive
Shall coſt a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots ſhall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in ſome expenſive war;
Which when his treaſure can no more ſupply,
He muſt, with the remains of kingſhip, buy.
His faithful friends, our jealouſies and fears
Call Jebuſites, and Pharaoh's penſioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He ſhall be naked left to public ſcorn.
The next ſucceſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the ſtate;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for ſums of neceſſary gold,
Shall firſt be pawn'd, and afterwards be ſold;
Till time ſhall ever-wanting David draw
To paſs your doubtful title into law:
If not, the people have a right ſupreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than pow'r in truſt,
Which, when reſum'd, can be no longer juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind;
If alt'ring that the people can relieve,
Better one ſuffer than a nation grieve.
The Jews well know their pow'r: ere Saul they chooſe,
God was their king, and God they durſt depoſe.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that univerſal call,
To which e'en Heaven ſubmitted, anſwers all.
Nor let his love enchant your gen'rous mind;
'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themſelves in their poſterity.
Or let his kindneſs by th' effects be tried,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aſide.
God ſaid, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof than to anoint him king?
It ſurely ſhew'd, he lov'd the ſhepherd well,
Who gave ſo fair a flock as Iſrael.
Would David have you thought his darling ſon,
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of Godly he may bluſh to bear;
Is 't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives ſupreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps th' old harp on which he thumps his lays,
Or ſome dull Hebrew ballad in your praiſe.
Then the next heir, a prince ſevere and wiſe,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin diſguiſes of your arts,
And marks your progreſs in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty ſoul its grief contains:
He meditates revenge who leaſt complains:
And like a lion, ſlumb'ring in the way,
Or ſleep diſſembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearleſs foes within his diſtance draws,
Conſtrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the laſt, his time for fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden vengeance from the ground;
The proſtrate vulgar paſſes o'er and ſpares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your caſe no tame expedients will afford:
Reſolve on death, or conqueſt by the ſword,
Which for no leſs a ſtake than life you draw;
And ſelf-defence is nature's eldeſt law.
Leave the warm people no conſidering time;
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourſelf of what occaſion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whoſe ſacred life each moment would expoſe
To plots, from ſeeming friends and ſecret foes.
And, who can ſound the depth of David's ſoul?
Perhaps his fear his kindneſs may controul.
He fears his brother, though he loves his ſon,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by force he wiſhes to be gain'd:
Like women's lechery to ſeem conſtrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he moſt affects the frown,
Commit a pleaſing rape upon the crown.
Secure his perſon to ſecure your cauſe:
They who poſſeſs the prince poſſeſs the laws.
He ſaid: and this advice above the reſt,
With Abſalom's mild nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of life, ambition ſet aſide,
Not ſtain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with pride.
How happy had he been, if deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not ſo high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And bleſs'd all other countries but his own.
But charming greatneſs ſince ſo few refuſe,
'Tis juſter to lament him than accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandiſhments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly proſecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Iſraelites;
Whoſe diff'ring parties he could wiſely join,
For ſeveral ends, to ſerve the ſame deſign.
The beſt, and of the princes ſome were ſuch,
Who thought the pow'r of monarchy too much;
Miſtaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but ſeduc'd by impious arts;

By

By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the government.
The next for int'rest sought t' embroil the state,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next, a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king.
The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cow'ring and quaking at a conqu'ror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these; who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the judge's days they bore.
Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry
Pursued their old belov'd theocracy:
Where sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
And justified their spoils by inspiration:
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace?
These led the pack, though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed;
'Gainst form and order they their pow'r employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such
Who think too little, and who talk too much;
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers' God, and property;
And, by the same blind benefit of fate,
The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be sav'd, ev'n in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman! who could ev'ry hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual themes:
And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That ev'ry man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but desert;
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate:
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 't were tedious to rehearse,
Of lords, below the dignity of verse.
Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the best:
Kind husbands and mere nobles all the rest.
And therefore, in the name of dulness, be
The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free:
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.
Let friendship's holy band some names assure;
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curse;
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king,
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
His hand a vase of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold;
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time;
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them;
And, if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company;
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suff'ring saint from human laws.
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from pow'r,
Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,
His business was, by writing to persuade
That kings were useless, and a clog to trade:
And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd;
His cooks, with long disuse, their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.

With

With ſpiritual food he fed his ſervants well,
But free from fleſh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moſes' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of faſting in the mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witneſs of the plot.
Yet, Corah, thou ſhalt from oblivion paſs;
Erect thyſelf, thou monumental braſs,
High as the ſerpent of thy metal made,
While nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet comets riſe
From earthly vapours ere they ſhine in ſkies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's iſſue, as by prince's ſon.
This arch-atteſtor for the public good,
By that one deed, ennobles all his blood.
Who ever aſk'd the witneſs's high race,
Whoſe oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite; and, as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harſh and loud;
Sure ſigns he neither choleric was, nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his ſaint-like grace
A church vermilion, and a Moſes' face.
His memory, miraculouſly great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never ſuch deviſe.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witneſs fail'd, the prophet ſpoke;
Some things like viſionary flights appear;
The ſpirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
And gave him his rabinnical degree,
Unknown to foreign univerſity.
His judgment yet his memory did excel;
Which pierc'd his wond'rous evidence ſo well,
And ſuited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebuſitic crimes.
Let Iſrael's foes ſuſpect his heavenly call,
And raſhly judge his writ apochryphal;
Our laws for ſuch affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life who takes away his trade.
Were I myſelf in witneſs Corah's place,
The wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to Heaven made him his prince deſpiſe,
And load his perſon with indignities.
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarſe as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The beſt that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall;
For Witneſs is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of ev'ry ſort,
Deluded Abſalom forſakes the court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a crown,
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with ſurpriſe,
And on his goodly perſon feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd, he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their names.
Thus form'd by nature, furniſh'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts.
Then with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity ere he ſpoke,
Few words he ſaid; but eaſy thoſe and fit,
More ſlow than Hybla-drops, and far more ſweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your loſt eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a baniſh'd man, for your dear cauſe
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a ſon!
Now all your liberties a ſpoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebuſites your ſacred rites invade.
My father, whom with rev'rence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his fame;
And, brib'd with petty ſums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathſheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends deſtroys;
And all his power againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give my right away:
But why ſhould he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears (with that he wip'd his eyes),
'Tis all the aid my preſent pow'r ſupplies:
No court-informer can theſe arms accuſe;
Theſe arms may ſons againſt their fathers uſe:
And 'tis my wiſh the next ſucceſſor's reign
May make no other Iſraelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action, ſeldom fail;
But common int'reſt always will prevail:
And pity never ceaſes to be ſhown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that ſtill believe their kings oppreſs,
With lifted hands their young Meſſiah bleſs:
Who now begins his progreſs to ordain
With chariots, horſemen, and a numerous train;
From eaſt to weſt his glories he diſplays,
And, like the ſun, the promis'd land ſurveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning ſtar,
And ſhouts of joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a guardian god,
And conſecrates the place of his abode.
But hoſpitable treats did moſt commend
Wiſe Iſſachar, his wealthy weſtern friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And ſeem'd but pomp, did other ends diſguiſe;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom where it went
The people's hearts, diſtinguiſh friends from foes,
And try their ſtrength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious love and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redreſs of grievances,
Two names that always cheat and always pleaſe,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant ſhow a plot is made;
And peace itſelf is war in maſquerade.

Oh

Oh fooliſh Iſrael! never warn'd by ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe;
In midſt of health imagine a diſeaſe;
Take pains contingent miſchiefs to foreſee;
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themſelves and ſons, their native ſway?
Then they are left defenceleſs to the ſword
Of each unbounded arbitrary lord:
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe laws deſtroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and juſt,
And kings are only officers in truſt,
Then this reſuming cov'nant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If thoſe who gave the ſceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own poſterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our father's fall?
Then kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they command,
And tenants to their people's pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the pow'r for property allow'd
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the crowd:
For who can be ſecure of private right,
If ſovereign ſway may be diſſolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The moſt may err as groſsly as the few;
And faultleſs kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppreſſion, and for tyranny,
What ſtandard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faſter out?
Nor only crowds, but ſanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And ſhare the madneſs of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they pleaſe,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
But government itſelf, at length muſt fall
To nature's ſtate, where all have right to all.
Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make,
What prudent men a ſettled throne would ſhake?
For whatſoe'er their ſufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them ſuffer more.
All other errors but diſturb a ſtate;
But innovation is the blow of fate.
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttreſs up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it, is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, caſt the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who baſe ends purſue,
At once divine and human laws controul,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tamp'ring world is ſubject to this curſe,
To phyſic their diſeaſe into a worſe.
Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, ſo high the madneſs grows;
Who dare be ſuch muſt be the people's foes.

Yet ſome there were, ev'n in the worſt of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praiſe.
In this ſhort file Barzillai firſt appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
Long ſince, the riſing rebels he withſtood
In regions waſte beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the ſtate;
But ſinking underneath his maſter's fate:
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he ſuffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
Which well the nobleſt objects knew to chooſe,
The fighting warrior, and recording Muſe.
His bed could once a fruitful iſſue boaſt;
Now more than half a father's name is loſt.
His eldeſt hope, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
By me (ſo Heaven will have it) always mourn'd
And always honour'd, ſnatch'd in manhood's prime
B' unequal fates, and providence's crime:
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of ſubject and of ſon:
Swift was the race, but ſhort the time to run.
Oh narrow circle, but of pow'r divine,
Scanted in ſpace, but perfect in thy line!
By ſea, by land, thy matchleſs worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians propp'd;
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune ſtopp'd.
Oh ancient honour! oh unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpuniſh'd never could withſtand!
But Iſrael was unworthy of his name:
Short is the date of all immod'rate fame.
It looks as Heaven our ruin had deſign'd,
And durſt not truſt thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy diſencumber'd ſoul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and ſtarry pole:
From thence thy kindred legions may'ſt thou bring,
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here ſtop, my Muſe, here ceaſe thy painful flight:
No pinions can purſue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canſt ſing no more,
And tell thy ſoul ſhe ſhould have fled before:
Or fled ſhe with his life, and left this verſe
To hang on her departed patron's hearſe?
Now take thy ſteepy flight from heaven, and ſee
If thou canſt find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canſt ſee not far behind.
Zadoc the prieſt, whom, ſhunning pow'r and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
With him the Sagan of Jeruſalem,
Of hoſpitable ſoul, and noble ſtem;
Him of the weſtern dome, whoſe weighty ſenſe
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophet's ſons, by ſuch example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend;
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To theſe ſucceed the pillars of the laws;
Who beſt can plead, and beſt can judge, a cauſe.

Next them a train of loyal peers aſcend;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muſes' friend,
Himſelf a Muſe: in ſanhedrims debate
True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his diſobedient ſon were torn.
Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought,
Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
To move aſſemblies, who but only tried
The worſe awhile, then choſe the better ſide:
Nor choſe alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Huſhai, the friend of David in diſtreſs;
In public ſtorms of manly ſtedfaſtneſs:
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care ſupplied the wanting throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis eaſy conduct when exchequers flow;
But hard the taſk to manage well the low:
For ſov'reign pow'r is too depreſs'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to ſell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muſe,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praiſe refuſe?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great:
The ſanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reaſon guided, and their paſſion cool'd:
So dext'rous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a loyal nation's ſenſe,
That, as their band was Iſrael's tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now raſher charioteers the ſeat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe careers his ſteady ſkill commend:
They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
Miſguide the ſeaſons, and miſtake the way;
While he withdrawn at their mad labours ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the ſabbath of his toils.
These were the chief, a ſmall but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to ſtand,
And tempt th' united fury of the land.
With grief they view'd ſuch pow'rful engines bent
To batter down the lawful government:
A num'rous faction, with pretended frights,
In ſanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
The true ſucceſſor from the court remov'd;
The plot by hireling witneſſes improv'd.
Theſe ills they ſaw, and, as their duty bound,
They ſhew'd the king the danger of the wound:
That no conceſſions from the throne would pleaſe,
But lenitives fomented the diſeaſe:
That Abſalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That falſe Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and ſtate;
The council violent, the rabble worſe:
That Shimei taught Jeruſalem to curſe.
With all theſe loads of injuries oppreſt,
And long revolving in his careful breaſt
Th' event of things, at laſt his patience tir'd,
Thus from his royal throne, by heaven inſpir'd,
The godlike David ſpoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their maſter hear:

Thus long have I, by native mercy ſway'd,
My wrongs diſſembled, my revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' offending age;
So much the father did the king aſſuage.
But now ſo far my clemency they ſlight,
Th' offenders queſtion my forgiving right:
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderneſs of blood my fear;
Though manly tempers can the longeſt bear.
Yet, ſince they will divert my native courſe,
'Tis time to ſhew I am not good by force.
Thoſe heap'd affronts that haughty ſubjects bring
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the ſtate,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the nation's weight:
If my young Samſon will pretend a call
To ſhake the column, let him ſhare the fall:
But, oh! that yet he would repent and live!
How eaſy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling ſon!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care
Rais'd up to all the height his fame could bear:
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his ſoul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whoſe modern ſenſe
Is one that would by law ſupplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet but was a fool.
Whence comes it that religion and the laws
Should more be Abſalom's than David's cauſe?
His old inſtructor, ere he loſt his place,
Was never thought endued with ſo much grace.
Good heavens! how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's ſaint.
Would they impoſe an heir upon the throne,
Let ſanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king's at leaſt a part of government;
And mine as requiſite as their conſent:
Without my leave a future king to chooſe,
Infers a right the preſent to depoſe.
True, they petition me t' approve their choice:
But Eſau's hands ſuit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious ſubjects for my ſafety pray;
Which to ſecure, they take my pow'r away.
From plots and treaſons heaven preſerve my years,
But ſave me moſt from my petitioners!
Unſatiate as the barren womb or grave,
God cannot grant ſo much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the ſmall remains of royalty?
The law ſhall ſtill direct my peaceful ſway,
And the ſame law teach rebels to obey:
Votes ſhall no more eſtabliſh'd power controul,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundleſs clamours ſhall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have pow'r to puniſh ere they prove;
For Gods and godlike kings their care expreſs,
Still to defend their ſervants in diſtreſs.
Oh, that my pow'r to ſaving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like heaven, againſt my mind,
To make examples of another kind?

Muſt

Muſt I at length the ſword of juſtice draw?
Oh curſt effects of neceſſary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy ſcan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then ſhew her face;
They could not be content to look on grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front, and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteouſly decreed,
Thoſe dire artificers of death ſhall bleed;
Againſt themſelves their witneſſes will ſwear,
Till, viper-like, their mother plot they tear;
And ſuck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:
Thus on my foes my foes ſhall do me right.
Nor doubt th' event: for factious crowds engage,
In their firſt onſet, all their brutal rage.
Then let them take an unreſiſted courſe:
Retire, and traverſe, and delude their force:
But when they ſtand all breathleſs, urge the fight,
And riſe upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful pow'r is ſtill ſuperior found;
When long driv'n back, at length it ſtands the ground.
He ſaid: th' Almighty nodding gave conſent;
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament.
Henceforth a ſeries of new time began,
The mighty years in long proceſſion ran:
Once more the godlike David was reſtor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

PART II.

"—Si quis tamen hæc quoque, ſi quis
"Captus amore leget—"

In the year 1680, *Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of Abſalom and Achitophel, upon the deſire of king Charles II. The performance was applauded by every one; and ſeveral perſons preſſing him to write a Second Part, he, upon declining it himſelf, ſpoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it: and that part beginning with*

"Next theſe, a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,"

and ending with

"To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee,"

containing near two hundred verſes, was entirely Mr. Dryden's compoſition, beſides ſome touches in other places.—The preceding lines, upwards of three hundred in number, were written by Mr. Tate. The poem is here printed complete.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Since men, like beaſts, each other's prey were made;
Since trade began, and prieſthood grew a trade;
Since realms were form'd, none ſure ſo curſt as thoſe
That madly their own happineſs oppoſe;
There Heaven itſelf, and godlike kings in vain
Show'r down the manna of a gentle reign;
While pamper'd crowds to mad ſedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne;
For now their ſovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jeruſalem;
His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuſe,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this licence fell,
And Jacob's ſeed were choſen to rebel!
Achitophel with triumph ſees his crimes
Thus ſuited to the madneſs of the times;
And Abſalom, to make his hopes ſucceed,
Of flatt'ring charms no longer ſtands in need;
While, fond of change, tho' ne'er ſo dearly bought,
Our tribe out ſtrip the youth's ambitious thought,
His ſwifteſt hopes with ſwifter homage meet,
And crowd their ſervile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while preſſing tides repair,
He mounts, and ſpreads his ſtreamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth miſlead,
But what can our beſotted Iſrael plead?
Sway'd by a monarch whoſe ſerene command
Seems half the bleſſing of our promis'd land,
Whoſe only grievance is exceſs of eaſe;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our diſeaſe!
Yet, as all folly would lay claim to ſenſe,
And wickedneſs ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treaſon good,
And righteous David's ſelf with ſlanders load:
That arts of foreign ſway he did affect,
And guilty Jebuſites from law protect,
Whoſe very chiefs, convict, were never freed;
Nay, we have ſeen their ſacrifices bleed!
Accuſers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of ſenſe they did contain;
But ſoon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew diſdain'd to ride.
For probable diſcoveries to diſpenſe
Was thought below a penſion'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor ſuited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No leſs than wonders now they will impoſe,
And projects void of grace or ſenſe diſcloſe.
Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel even in thought,
The beſt of queens, and moſt obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curſt deſigns on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal pray'r,
'Tis ſcarce ſo much his guardian angel's care.
Not ſummer morns ſuch mildneſs can diſcloſe,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon roſe.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majeſty,
Tranſported Michal feeds her thoughts on high:
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven ſometimes to bleſs the world below:
Where, cheriſh'd by her bounty's ſplenteous ſpring,
Reviving widows ſmile, and orphans ſing.
Oh! when rebellious Iſrael's crimes at height
Are threaten'd with her lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain
In Heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!
Leſs deſolation did the peſt purſue
That from Dan's limits to Beerſheba flew,

Leſs

Leſs fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And leſs Jeruſalem's avenging fire;
With gentler terror theſe our ſtate o'er-ran,
Than ſince our evidencing days began!
On ev'ry cheek a pale confuſion ſat,
Continued fear beyond the worſt of fate!
Truſt was no more; art, ſcience, uſeleſs made;
All occupations loſt but Corah's trade.
Meanwhile a guard on modeſt Corah wait,
If not for ſafety, needful yet for ſtate.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his ſlave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could ſave:
Ev'n vice in him was virtue—what ſad fate
But for his honeſty had ſeiz'd our ſtate!
And with what tyranny had we been curſt,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain firſt!
T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in
Had been, alas! to our deponent's loſs: [groſs,
The travell'd Levite had th' experience got,
To huſband well, and make the beſt of 's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of ſkill,
With wiſe reſerves ſecur'd his penſion ſtill;
Not quite of future pow'r himſelf bereft,
But limbos large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ ſuch reverence had got,
'Twas worſe than plotting to ſuſpect his plot.
Some were ſo well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themſelves to help the founder'd ſwearers out.
Some had their ſenſe impos'd on by their fear,
But more for intereſt ſake believe and ſwear:
Even to that height with ſome the phrenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.
Yet, than all theſe a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor thro' miſguided ſenſe—
Blind zeal and ſtarving need had ſome pretence—
But for the good old cauſe that did excite
Th' original rebel's wiles—revenge and ſpite.
Theſe raiſe the plot to have the ſcandal thrown
Upon the bright ſucceſſor of the crown,
Whoſe virtue with ſuch wrongs they had purſued,
As ſeem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and ſhare their guilt.
Such practices as theſe, too groſs to lie
Long unobſerv'd by each diſcerning eye,
The more judicious Iſraelites unſpell'd,
Though ſtill the charm the giddy rabble held.
Even Abſalom, amidſt the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flatt'ring dreams,
Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
To aid deſigns, no leſs pernicious, us'd:
And, filial ſenſe yet ſtriving in his breaſt,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts expreſs'd:
"Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
Not ſo when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew entire.
My regal pow'r how will my foes reſent,
When I myſelf have ſcarce my own conſent!
Give me a ſon's unblemiſh'd truth again,
Or quench the ſparks of duty that remain.
How ſlight to force a throne that legions guard
The taſk to me; to prove unjuſt, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic ſcene is wrought?
Dire war muſt firſt be conjur'd from below,
The realm we'd rule we firſt muſt overthrow;
And when the civil furies are on wing,
That blind and undiſtinguiſh'd ſlaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the king?
Oh! rather let me periſh in the ſtrife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or, if the tempeſt of the war he ſtand,
In peace, ſome vile officious villain's hand
His ſoul's anointed temple may invade;
Or, preſs'd by clam'rous crowds, myſelf be made
His murderer—rebellious crowds, whoſe guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be ſpilt,
Which if my filial tenderneſs oppoſe,
Since to the empire by their arms I roſe,
Thoſe very arms on me ſhall be employ'd,
A new uſurper crown'd, and I deſtroy'd.
The ſame pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old."
He ſaid: the ſtateſman with a ſmile replies,
A ſmile that did his riſing ſpleen diſguiſe:
"My thoughts preſum'd our labours at an end,
And are we ſtill with conſcience to contend,
Whoſe want in kings as needful is allow'd
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd?
Far in the doubtful paſſage you are gone,
And only can be ſafe by preſſing on.
The crown's true heir, a prince ſevere and wiſe,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes;
Your perſon's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progreſs in the people's hearts,
Whoſe patience is th' effect of ſtinted pow'r,
But treaſures vengeance for the fatal hour;
And, if remote the peril he can bring,
Your preſent danger's greater from the king.
Let not a parent's name deceive your ſenſe,
Nor truſt the father in a jealous prince!
Your trivial faults if he could ſo reſent,
To doom you little leſs than baniſhment,
What rage muſt your preſumption ſince inſpire!
Againſt his orders you return from Tyre.
Nor only ſo, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity,
The factious tribes—And this reproof from thee?
The prince replies, O ſtateſman's winding ſkill!
They firſt condemn that firſt advis'd the ill!
Illuſtrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
Miſconſtrue not the words that mean you well.
The courſe you ſteer I worthy blame conclude,
But 'tis becauſe you leave it unpurſued.
A monarch's crown with fate ſurrounded lies;
Who reach, lay hold on death that miſs the prize.
Did you for this expoſe yourſelf to ſhow,
And to the crowd bow popularly low?
For this your glorious progreſs next ordain,
With chariots, horſemen, and a numerous train;
With fame before you like the morning ſtar,
And ſhouts of joy ſaluting from afar?
Oh, from the heights you've reach'd but take a view,
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!

And

And muſt I here my ſhipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this ſo oft made Iſrael groan?
Your ſingle int'reſt with the nation weigh'd;
And turn'd the ſcale where your deſires were laid?
Even when at helm a courſe ſo dang'rous mov'd
To land your hopes as my removal prov'd?
I not diſpute, the royal youth replies,
The known perfection of your policies;
Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame
The privilege that ſtatemen ever claim;
Who private int'reſt never yet purſued,
But ſtill pretended 'twas for others' good:
What politician yet e'er ſcap'd his fate,
Who ſaving his own neck not ſav'd the ſtate?
From hence on ev'ry humorous wind that veer'd,
With ſhifted ſails a ſeveral courſe you ſteer'd.
What from a ſway did David e'er purſue,
That ſeem'd like abſolute, but ſprung from you?
Who at your inſtance quaſh'd each penal law,
That kept diſſenting factious Jews in awe;
And who ſuſpends fix'd laws, may abrogate;
That done, form new, and ſo enſlave the ſtate.
Even property, whoſe champion now you ſtand,
And ſeem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er ſuſtain ſuch violence before,
As when your counſel ſhut the royal ſtore;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But ſecret kept till your own banks ſecur'd.
Recount with this the triple cov'nant broke,
And Iſrael fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counſel's fatal progreſs ſtaid,
But ſent our levied pow'rs to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Iſrael low in ruins laid,
And Egypt, once their ſcorn, their common terror made,
Even yet of ſuch a ſeaſon can we dream,
When royal rights you made your darling theme,
For pow'r unlimited could reaſons draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which on your fall from office grew unjuſt,
The laws made king, the king a ſlave in truſt:
Whom with ſtate-craft, to int'reſt only true,
You now accuſe of ills contriv'd by you.
To this hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here,
Let int'reſt be the ſtar by which you ſteer;
Hence to repoſe your truſt in me was wiſe,
Whoſe int'reſt moſt in your advancement lies:
A tie ſo firm as always will avail,
When friendſhip, nature, and religion, fail.
On ours the ſafety of the crowd depends;
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends;
Whom I will cauſe ſo far our guilt to ſhare,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What oppoſition can your rival bring,
While ſanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His ſtrength as yet in David's friendſhip lies,
And what can David's ſelf without ſupplies?
Who with excluſive bills muſt now diſpenſe,
Debar the heir, or ſtarve in his defence;
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's juſtice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if ſucceſſion once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the preſent king:
Perſiſting elſe his ſenates to diſſolve,
In equal hazard ſhall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's pow'r ſo much alarms,
Shall riſe without their prince t'oppoſe his arms,
Nor boots it on what cauſe at firſt they join,
Their troops once up are tools for our deſign.
At leaſt ſuch ſubtile cov'nants ſhall be made,
Till peace itſelf is war in maſquerade.
Aſſociations of myſterious ſenſe,
Againſt, but ſeeming for, the king's defence—
E'en on their courts of juſtice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law:
By which a conqueſt if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn game at worſt, and we ſecure our ſtake.
He ſaid; and for the dire ſucceſs depends
On various ſects, by common guilt made friends;
Whoſe heads, tho' ne'er ſo diff'ring in their creed,
I' th' point of treaſon yet were well agreed.
'Mongſt theſe, extorting Iſhban firſt appears,
Purſued by meagre troops of bankrupt heirs.
Bleſt times, when Iſhban, he whoſe occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Iſhban of conſcience ſuited to his trade,
As good a ſaint as uſurer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not ſo engroſs'd him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of ſpite;
Who, for thoſe pardons from his prince he draws,
Return reproaches, and cries up the cauſe.
That year in which the city he did ſway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was found ſo bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have ſo been brib'd, to ſhame
And ſcandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear ſedition he'd forſwear,
And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.
Next him, let railing Rabſheka have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A ſaint that can both fleſh and ſpirit uſe,
Alike haunt conventicles and the ſtews:
Of whom the queſtion difficult appears,
If moſt i' th' preacher's or the bawd's arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treaſure of Jeruſalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone!
Proteſting that he dares not ſleep in 's bed,
Leſt he ſhould riſe next morn without his head.
"Next theſe, a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,
Of little fortunes, and of conſcience leſs;
With them the tribe, whoſe luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former ſequeſtrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by paſt rebellions grew,
And long to fiſh the troubled ſtreams anew.
Some future hopes, ſome preſent payment draws,
To ſell their conſcience and eſpouſe the cauſe.
Such ſtipends thoſe vile hirelings beſt befit,
Prieſts without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that falſe Hebronite eſcape our curſe,
Judas that keeps the rebels' penſive purſe;

Judas

Judas that pays the treaſon-writer's fee,
Judas that well deſerves his nameſake's tree;
Who at Jeruſalem's own gates erects
His college for a nurſery of ſects;
Young prophets with an early care ſecures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures?
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Iſrael's promis'd land have you?
Here Phaleg the lay-Hebronite is come,
'Cauſe like the reſt he could not live at home;
Who from his own poſſeſſions could not drain
An omer even of Hebronitiſh grain,
Here ſtruts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd ſubjects, alter d property:
An emblem of that buzzing inſect juſt,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks ſhe raiſes duſt.
Can dry bones live? or ſkeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting man to travelling nobles choſe,
He his own laws would ſaucily impoſe;
Till baſtinadoed back again he went,
To learn thoſe manners he to teach was ſent.
Chaſtis'd he ought to have retreated home;
But he reads politics to Abſalom.
For never Hebronite, tho' kick'd and ſcorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
But, leaving famiſh'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treaſon for his daily bread.
Let Hebron, nay let hell, produce a man
So made for miſchief as Ben-Jochanan;
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree:
His pride no higher than the deſk aſpir'd;
But for the drudgery of prieſts was hir'd,
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up ſingle ſhekels from the grave.
Married at laſt, but finding charge come faſter,
He could not live by God, ſo chang'd his maſter:
Inſpir'd by want, was made a factious tool;
They got a villain, and we loſt a fool.
Still violent, whatever cauſe he took,
But moſt againſt the party he forſook.
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conſcience to be double knaves.
So this proſe-prophet took moſt monſtrous pains,
To let his maſters ſee he earn'd his gains.
But, as the devil owes all his imps a ſhame,
He choſe th' apoſtate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflection took the rogue he drew.
A wond'rous work, to prove the Jewiſh nation
In every age a murmuring generation;
To trace them from their infancy of ſinning,
And ſhew them factious from their firſt beginning,
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the choſen flock:
A ſtrong authority, which muſt convince,
That ſaints owe no allegiance to their prince.
As 'tis a leading card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bleſs
The ſon that ſhew'd his father's nakedneſs:
Such thanks the preſent church thy pen will give
Which proves rebellion was ſo primitive.
Muſt ancient failings be examples made?
Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the ſaint haſt drawn,
Methinks th' apoſtate was the better man;
And thy hot father, waving my reſpect,
Not of a mother-church, but of a ſect:
And ſuch he needs muſt be of thy inditing;
This comes of drinking aſſes milk, and writing.
If Balak ſhould be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudeſt call of grace,
His temple, diſpoſſeſs'd of one, would be
Repleniſh'd with ſeven devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And ſhew rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor ſlaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below ev'n David's Pſalms tranſlated.
Some in my ſpeedy pace I muſt out-run,
As lame Mephibоſheth, the wizard's ſon;
To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;
And haſten Og and Doeg to rehearſe,
Two fools that crutch their feeble ſenſe on verſe;
Who by my muſe to all ſucceeding times
Shall live, in ſpite of their own doggrel rhymes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made ſtill a blundering kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and daſh'd thro' thick and thin,
Thro' ſenſe and nonſenſe, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But fagotted his notions as they fell,
And, if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well;
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a ſatire,
For ſtill there goes ſome thinking to ill-nature;
He needs no more than birds and beaſts to think,
All his occaſions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and raſcal from a garret,
He means you no more miſchief than a parrot;
The words for friend and foe alike were made;
To fetter them in verſe, is all his trade.
For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother;
And call young Abſalom king David's brother.
Let him be gallows-free by my conſent,
And nothing ſuffer ſince he nothing meant;
Hanging ſuppoſes human ſoul and reaſon;
This animal's below committing treaſon;
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That's a preferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed buggery
Was rightly ſentenc'd by the law to die;
But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
The dog that never heard the ſtatute read.
Railing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to paſs for mere inſtinct in him:
Inſtinct he follows, and no farther knows;
For to write verſe with him is to tranſpoſe.
'Twere pity treaſon at his door to lay,
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key:
Let him rail on, let his invective Muſe
Have four-and-twenty letters to abuſe;

Which, if he jumbles to one line of ſenſe,
Indict him of a capital offence.
In fire-works give him leave to vent his ſpite,
Thoſe are the only ſerpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be maſter of a puppet-ſhow;
On that one ſtage his works may yet appear:
And a month's harveſt keeps him all the year.
Now ſtop your noſes, readers, all and ſome,
For here's a tun of midnight-work to come,
Og from a treaſon-tavern rolling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd ev'ry chink,
Goodly and great he ſails behind his link;
With all this bulk there's nothing loſt in Og;
For every inch that is not fool, is rogue:
A monſtrous maſs of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had ſpew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaſpheme,
He curſes God, but God before curs'd him;
And, if man could have reaſon, none has more,
That made his paunch ſo rich, and him ſo poor.
With wealth he was not truſted, for Heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheaſant ſwell,
That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But tho' Heaven made him poor, with rev'rence ſpeaking,
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick ſkull,
With this prophetic bleſſing—"Be thou dull;
Drink, ſwear, and roar; forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk; do any thing but write:
Thou art of laſting make, like thoughtleſs men;
A ſtrong nativity—but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle arſenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayſt live, avoiding pen and ink:
I ſee, I ſee, 'tis counſel given in vain,
For treaſon botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane:
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why ſhould thy metre good king David blaſt?
A pſalm of his will ſurely be thy laſt.
Dar'ſt thou preſume in verſe to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in proſe?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade:
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are ſo coarſe,
A poet is, tho' he 's the poet's horſe.
A double nooſe thou on thy neck doſt pull
For writing treaſon, and for writing dull:
To die for faction is a common evil;
But to be hang'd for nonſenſe is the devil.
Hadſt thou the glories of thy king expreſs'd,
Thy praiſes had been ſatire at the beſt;
But thou in clumſy verſe, unlick'd, unpointed,
Haſt ſhamefully defied the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Abſalom!
And for my foes, may this their bleſſing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!"
Achitophel each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage
The wiſe and rich for purſe and council brought,
The fools and beggars for their numbers ſought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
Theſe thought the places they poſſeſs'd too ſmall,
And in their hearts wiſh'd court and king to fall;
Whoſe name the Muſe diſdaining, holds i'th'dark,
Thruſt in the villain herd without a mark;
With paraſites and libel-ſpawning imps,
Intriguing ſops, dull jeſters, and worſe pimps.
Diſdain the raſcal rabble to purſue;
Their ſet cabals are yet a viler crew:
See where involv'd in common ſmoke they ſit;
Some for our mirth, ſome for our ſatire fit:
Theſe gloomy, thoughtful, and on miſchief bent,
While thoſe for mere good fellowſhip frequent
The' appointed club, can let ſedition paſs,
Senſe, no ſenſe, any thing, t' employ the glaſs;
And who believe in their dull honeſt hearts,
The reſt talk treaſon but to ſhew their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for miſchief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a ſet.
But, in the ſacred annals of our plot,
Induſtrious Arod never be forgot:
The labours of this midnight magiſtrate
May vie with Corah's to preſerve the ſtate,
In ſearch of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's moſt pow'rful, dangerous weapon, gold.
And laſt, to take from Jebuſites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, ſtole their very gods.
Oft would he cry, when treaſure he ſurpris'd,
'Tis Baaliſh gold in David's coin diſguis'd:
Which to his houſe with richer relics came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wiſe rabble ne'er took pains to enquire
What 'twas he burnt, ſo 't made a rouſing fire.
With which our elder was enrich'd no more
Than falſe Gehazi with the Syrian's ſtore;
So poor, that when our chooſing tribes were met,
Ev'n for his ſtinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and, as authors think,
The ſaints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus ev'ry ſhift and ſubtle method paſt,
And all to be no Zaken at the laſt.
Now, rais'd on Tyre's ſad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threat'ning far and wide.
As when a battering ſtorm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the ſky,
Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling ſwain;
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flow'rs new opening, theſe,
For lambs yean'd lately, and far-labouring bees:
To guard his ſtock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall.
Ev'n ſo the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now the lion's roar,
Thou only couldſt the captive lands reſtore:
But thou, with inbred broils and faction preſt,
From Egypt need'ſt a guardian with the reſt.
Thy prince from ſanhedrims no truſt allow'd,
Too much the repreſenters of the crowd,
Who

Who for their own defence give no ſupply,
But what the crown's prerogative muſt buy:
As if their monarch's right to violate
More needful were, than to preſerve the ſtate!
From preſent dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes,
Unjudg'd would ſentence, and ere crown'd depoſe;
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith ſhall be!
By ſanhedrims and clam'rous crowds thus preſt,
What paſſions rent the righteous David's breaſt!
Who knows not how t' oppoſe or to comply,
Unjuſt to grant, and dang'rous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Iſrael's fate,
Whoſe peace one ſole expedient could create,
Which yet th' extremeſt virtue did require,
Ev'n of that prince whoſe downfall they conſpire!
His abſence David does with tears adviſe
T' appeaſe their rage: undaunted he complies.
Thus he who, prodigal of blood and eaſe,
A royal life expos'd to winds and ſeas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forſakes his native ſand,
Aud, like an exile, quits the promis'd land!
Our monarch ſcarce from preſſing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal ſtate maintains;
Who now embracing on th' extremeſt ſhore
Almoſt revokes what he enjoin'd before:
Concludes at laſt more truſt to be allow'd
To ſtorms and ſeas than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, raſh Muſe, the parting ſcene to draw,
With ſilence charm'd as deep as theirs that ſaw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy ſailors ſwell with tears the deep!
The tide reſtrain'd her courſe, and more amaz'd
The twin-ſtars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this ſole fear——
Does trouble to our ſuffering hero bring,
Leſt next the popular rage oppreſs the king!
Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd,
The ſhore the king, and ſeas the prince receiv'd.
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy conſort's breath, inſpire thy ſails;
Well may ſhe truſt her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets ſo oft have rode!
Safe on thy breaſt reclin'd her reſt be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by waves aſleep;
While happieſt dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elyſian fields convert the main!
Go, injur'd hero, while the ſhores of Tyre
At thy approach ſo ſilent ſhall admire,
Who on thy thunder ſtill their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by ev'ry nation but their own;
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
Their aching conſcience gives their tongue the lie.
Ev'n in the worſt of men the nobleſt parts
Confeſs him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his king the beſt reſpects commend
Of ſubject, ſoldier, kinſman, prince, and friend.
All ſacred names of moſt divine eſteem,
And to perfection all ſuſtain'd by him;
Wiſe, juſt, and conſtant, courtly without art,
Swift to diſcern and to reward deſert;
No hour of his in fruitleſs eaſe deſtroy'd,
But on the nobleſt ſubjects ſtill employ'd:
Whoſe ſteady ſoul ne'er learnt to ſeparate
Between his monarch's int'reſt and the ſtate;
But heaps thoſe bleſſings on the royal head,
Which he well knows muſt be on ſubjects ſhed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Againſt his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his ſacred rights invade!
Of future ſuperſtition they complain,
And Jebuſitic worſhip in his reign:
With ſuch alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright which not themſelves believe.

Since nothing can our ſacred rights remove,
Whate'er the faith of the ſucceſſor prove:
Our Jews their ark ſhall undiſturb'd retain,
At leaſt while their religion is their gain;
Who know, by old experience, Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conſcience but their lands;
They grudge God's tithes, how therefore ſhall they yield
An idol full poſſeſſion of the field?
Grant ſuch a prince enthron'd, we muſt confeſs
The people's ſufferings than that monarch's leſs,
Who muſt to hard conditions ſtill be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or, ſhould his thoughts to tyranny incline.
Where are the means to compaſs the deſign?
Our crown's revenues are too ſhort a ſtore,
And jealous ſanhedrims would give no more.

As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
Not ſo has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade;
Nor ever with ſuch meaſures can comply,
As ſhock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Iſrael's king,
And he alone ſufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law;
That on our ſtubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
At ſuch profound expence he has not ſtood,
Nor dyed for this his hands ſo deep in blood; take,
Would ne'er thro' wrong and right his progreſs
Grudge his own reſt, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawleſs prince on Juda's throne,
Firſt to invade our rights, and then his own:
His dear-gain'd conqueſts cheaply to deſpoil,
And reap the harveſts of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vaſt as our ocean's ſand,
And curſe its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews ſo num'rouſly partake,
That ev'n an hoſt his penſioners would make;
From theſe deceivers our diviſions ſpring,
Our weakneſs, and the growth of Egypt's king;
Theſe, with pretended friendſhip to the ſtate,
Our crowd's ſuſpicion of their prince create;
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the ſpecious cry,
To guard their ſacred rights and property;
To ruin thus the choſen flock are ſold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by theſe we groundleſsly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign:

Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod;
We truſt our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reas'ning prophets preach
To thoſe whom ſad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding ſcars,
And freſh remembrance of inteſtine wars;
When the ſame houſehold mortal foes did yield,
And brothers ſtain'd with brothers' blood the field,
When ſons' curſt ſteel the fathers' gore did ſtain,
And mothers mourn'd for ſons by fathers ſlain!
When thick as Egypt's locuſts on the ſand
Our tribes lay ſlaughter'd thro' the promis'd land,
Whoſe few ſurvivors with worſe fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
Which ſcene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
And madly, ev'n thoſe ills we fear, purſue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domeſtic broils,
And ſafely crowds his tents with nations' ſpoils.
Yet our fierce ſanhedrim in reſtleſs rage
Againſt our abſent hero ſtill engage;
And chiefly urge, ſuch did their phrenſy prove,
The only ſuit their prince forbids to move;
Which till obtain'd they ceaſe affairs of ſtate,
And real dangers wave for groundleſs hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting till the troubled waves would ceaſe,
But found the raging billows ſtill increaſe.
The crowd, whoſe inſolence forbearance ſwells,
While he forgives too far, almoſt rebels.
At laſt his deep reſentment ſilence broke,
Th' imperial palace ſhook while thus he ſpoke:

Then Juſtice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For, lo! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Puniſhment her ſtroke delays,
Our ſov'reign right, heaven's ſacred truſt, decays!
For whoſe ſupport ev'n ſubjects' intereſt calls,
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the leaſt of regal ſway,
So far his people's freedom does betray.
Right lives by law, and law ſubſiſts by pow'r;
Diſarm the ſhepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a ſtubborn race,
Which Heaven itſelf in vain has tried with grace!
When will our reaſon's long-charm'd eyes uncloſe,
And Iſrael judge between her friends and foes?
When ſhall we ſee expired deceivers ſway,
And credit what our God and monarchs ſay?
Diſſembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
Ev'n ſanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
Thoſe patriots falſehood in their actions ſee,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
If aught for which ſo loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
Our ſenates in due methods they had led,
T' avoid thoſe miſchiefs which they ſeem'd to dread,
But firſt ere yet they propp'd the ſinking ſtate,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate;
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they preſs'd,
But barb'rouſly deſtroy'd the nation's reſt!
O! whither will ungovern'd ſenates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
When their injuſtice we are preſs'd to ſhare,
The monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful heir;
Are princes thus diſtinguiſh'd from the crowd,
And this the privilege of royal blood?
But grant we ſhould confirm the wrongs they preſs,
His ſufferings yet were than the people's leſs;
Condemn'd for life the murdering ſword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for th' oppreſſion which they fear make way;
Succeſſion fix'd by Heaven, the kingdom's bar,
Which once diſſolv'd admits the flood of war:
Waſte, rapine, ſpoil, without, th' aſſault begin;
And our mad tribes ſupplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not underſtand,
'Tis time to take the monarch's pow'r in hand;
Authority and force to join with ſkill,
And ſave the lunatics againſt their will.
The ſame rough means that 'ſuage the crowd, appeaſe
Our ſenates raging with the crowd's diſeaſe.
Henceforth unbiaſs'd meaſures let them draw
From no falſe gloſs, but genuine text of law;
Nor urge thoſe crimes upon religion's ſcore,
Themſelves ſo much in Jebuſites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, ſhall bleed;
Nor Phariſees by Phariſees be freed.
Impartial juſtice from our throne ſhall ſhow'r;
All ſhall have right, and we our ſov'reign pow'r.

He ſaid: th' attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad preſages their fix'd thoughts employ;
From Hebron now the ſuffering heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil diſcord mourn'd;
Till his approach, like ſome arriving God,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
The deluge check'd that to Jucea ſpread,
And ſtopp'd ſedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And, chas'd from Iſrael, Iſrael's peace contrives.
The field confeſs'd his pow'r in arms before,
And ſeas proclaim'd his triumphs to the ſhore;
As nobly has his ſway in Hebron ſhewn,
How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.
Through Sion's ſtreets his glad arrival's ſpread,
And conſcious faction ſhrinks her ſnaky head;
His train their ſufferings think o'erpaid, to ſee
The crowd's applauſe with virtue once agree.
Succeſs charms all, but zeal for worth diſtreſt
A virtue proper to the brave and beſt;
'Mongſt whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To ſerve the crown, and loyal by deſcent;
Whoſe conſtancy ſo firm, and conduct juſt,
Deſerv'd at once two royal maſter's truſt;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withſtood
On ſeas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet no portion was denied,
Friend to the Muſes, and the Muſes' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
Of ſteady ſoul when public ſtorms were high;
Whoſe conduct, while the Moor fierce onſets made,
Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who moſt his ſufferings mourn'd,
And view'd with ſilent joy the prince return'd;
While thoſe that ſought his abſence to betray,
Preſs firſt their nauſeous falſe reſpects to pay;

Hint

Him ſtill th' officious hypocrites moleſt,
And with malicious duty break his reſt.
While real tranſports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their diſſembled joy,
His triumphs, ſo reſounded far and near,
Miſs'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunter's clamorous train
Some ſlumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold aſſailants yield,
And ſcatter'd his purſuers through the field,
Diſdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground.
His eyes inflaming all the deſert round,
With roar of ſeas directs his chaſers' way.
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
Such rage ſtorm'd now in Abſalom's fierce breaſt,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confeſs'd;
Where now was the inſtructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in ſo rough a tide?
Whoſe wiles had from the happy ſhore betray'd,
And thus on ſhelves the credulous youth convey'd
In deep revolving thought he weighs his ſtate,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate;
At leaſt, if his ſtorm'd bark muſt go adrift,
To baulk his charge, and for himſelf to ſhift,
In which his dext'rous wit had oft been ſhewn,
And in the wreck of kingdoms ſav'd his own.
But now, with more than common danger preſt,
Of various reſolutions ſtands poſſeſt,
Perceives the crowd's unſtable zeal decay,
Leſt their recanting chief the cauſe betray;
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him therefore, ere his fortune ſlip her time,
The ſtateſman plots t' engage in ſome bold crime,
Paſt pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjuſt,
That may confirm him in the people's truſt.
But failing thus t' enſnare him, nor ſecure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as paſt his date,
And try ſome new pretender's luckier fate;
Whoſe hopes with equal toil he would purſue,
Nor cares what claimer's crown'd except the true.
Wake, Abſalom, approaching ruin ſhun,
And ſee, oh ſee, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of deſperate villains made!
Loſt pow'r and conſcious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little leſs than fate:
But why ſhouldſt thou, from ev'ry grievance free,
Forſake thy vineyards for their ſtormy ſea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow;
Love dreſs'd thy bow'rs, and laurels fought thy brow;
Preferment, wealth, and pow'r, thy vaſſals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.
Oh ſhould our crimes again that curſe draw down,
And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Abſalom,
Alike by conqueſt or defeat undone;
Who could relentleſs ſee ſuch youth and charms
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?
A prince ſo form'd with earth's and heaven's applauſe
To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cauſe:
Or, grant him victor, ſtill his hopes muſt fail,
Who conquering would not for himſelf prevail;
The faction whom he truſts for future ſway,
Him and the public would alike betray;
Amongſt themſelves divide the captive ſtate,
And found their hydra-empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pitied youth, with ſceptres in his ſight,
So have their cruel politics decreed,
Muſt, by that crew that made him guilty bleed!
For could their pride brook any prince's ſway,
Whom but mild David would they chooſe t' obey?
Who once at ſuch a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itſelf deſign;
From hate to that their reformations ſpring,
And David not their grievance, but the king.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Leſt this clear truth ſtrike Abſalom's charm'd eyes,
Leſt he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beſide the flatter'd youth muſt ſee.
But whate'er doubts his troubled boſom ſwell,
Fair carriage ſtill became Achitophel;
Who now an envious feſtival enſtals,
And to ſurvey their ſtrength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worſhip too muſt gild;
But oh how weakly does ſedition build!
For, lo! the royal mandate iſſues forth,
Daſhing at once their treaſon, zeal, and mirth!
So have I ſeen diſaſtrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had ſeiz'd, engender'd by ſome careleſs ſwain;
Or ſwelling Neptune lawleſs inroads made,
And to their cell of ſtore his flood convey'd;
The commonwealth broke up, diſtracted go,
And in wild haſte their loaded mates o'erthrow:
Ev'n ſo our ſcatter'd gueſts confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bake, roaſt, all juſtling in the ſtreet;
Dejecting all, and ruefully diſmay'd,
For ſhekel without treat or treaſon paid.
Sedition's dark eclipſe now fainter ſhews,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to diſperſe,
In kind conjunction of aſſiſting ſtars.
Here, lab'ring Muſe, thoſe glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful ſcale of David's fate;
The reſt of that illuſtrious band rehearſe,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Aſaph's verſe:
Hard taſk! yet will not I thy flight recall;
View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.
Firſt write Bezaliel, whoſe illuſtrious name
Foreſtals our praiſe, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy ſuch a preſident as he!
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught.
Serene his looks, ſerene his life and thought;
On whom ſo largely nature heap'd her ſtore,
There ſcarce remain'd for arts to give him more!

To aid the crown and ſtate his greateſt zeal,
His ſecond care that ſervice to conceal:
Of dues obſervant, firm to ev'ry truſt,
And to the needy always more than juſt:
Who truth from ſpecious falſehood can divide,
Has all the gownſmen's ſkill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
See all his glories copied in his ſon,
Whoſe forward fame ſhould ev'ry Muſe engage,
Whoſe youth boaſts ſkill denied to others age.
Men, manners, language, books of nobleſt kind,
Already are the conqueſt of his mind;
Whoſe loyalty before its date was prime,
Nor waited the dull courſe of rolling time:
The monſter Faction early he diſmay'd,
And David's cauſe long ſince confeſs'd his aid.
Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's ſchool was plac'd;
Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero, who, while ſtars look'd wond'ring down,
Without one Hebrew's blood reſtor'd the crown.
That praiſe was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown reſtor'd? and in this rank of fame,
Brave Abdael with the firſt a place muſt claim.
Proceed, illuſtrious, happy chief! proceed,
Foreſeize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th' inſpir'd tribe attend with nobleſt ſtrain
To regiſter the glories thou ſhalt gain:
For ſure the dew ſhall Gilboah's hills forſake,
And Jordan mix his ſtream with Sodom's lake;
Or ſeas retir'd their ſecret ſtores diſcloſe,
And to the ſun their ſcaly brood expoſe;
Or ſwell'd above the clifts their billows raiſe,
Before the Muſes leave their patron's praiſe.
Eliab our next labour does invite,
And hard the taſk to do Eliab right:
Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient ſervice, and deſert ſo large,
Well claim'd the royal houſehold for his charge;
His age with only one mild heireſs bleſt,
In all the bloom of ſmiling nature dreſt,
And bleſt again to ſee his flow'r allied
To David's ſtock, and made young Othniel's bride!
The bright reſtorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a ſon's and ſubject's truth:
Reſolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely fought, while fought by Abſalom.
Ah prince! th' illuſtrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more pow'rful virtue, guard thy worth!
That no Achitophel thy ruin boaſt!
Iſrael too much in one ſuch wreck has loſt.
E'en envy muſt conſent to Helon's worth,
Whoſe ſoul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp diſdain:
To ſlight his gods was ſmall; with nobler pride,
He all th' allurements of his court defied.
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Iſrael's friend, and true to David's ſway.
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our liſt of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whoſe merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;
Who, with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Iſrael's ſanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundleſs ocean ſeem,
Were coaſted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin ſpeaks like him their myſtic ſenſe,
So juſt, and with ſuch charms of eloquence:
To whom the double bleſſing does belong,
With Moſes' inſpiration, Aaron's tongue.
Then Sheva none more loyal zeal have ſhewn,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
Who for that cauſe ſtill combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious prieſts the cant revive;
In vain ſeditious ſcribes with libel ſtrive
T' inflame the crowd; while he with watchful eye
Obſerves, and ſhoots their treaſons as they fly;
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more faſt than they infect.
So Moſes, when the peſt on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his ſignal, and the plague was ſtay'd.
Once more, my fainting Muſe, thy pinions try,
And ſtrength's exhauſted ſtore let love ſupply.
What tribute, Aſaph, ſhall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flaſh can blaſt:
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.
With wonder late poſterity ſhall dwell
On Abſalom and falſe Achitophel:
Thy ſtrain ſhall be our ſlumb'ring prophet's dream,
And when our Sion virgins ſing their theme,
Our jubilees ſhall with thy verſe be grac'd;
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.
How fierce his ſatire loos'd! reſtrain'd, how tame!
How tender of th' offending young man's fame!
How well his worth and brave adventures ſtyl'd!
Juſt to his virtues, to his error mild.
No page of thine, that fears the ſtricteſt view,
But teems with juſt reproof, or praiſe as true.
Not Eden could a fairer proſpect yield;
All paradiſe without one barren field:
Whoſe wit the cenſure of his foes has paſt,
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.
What praiſe for ſuch rich ſtrains ſhall we allow?
What juſt rewards the grateful crown beſtow?
While bees in flow'rs rejoice, and flow'rs in dew,
While ſtars and fountains to their courſe are true;
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock ſtand faſt,
The ſong of Aſaph and the fame ſhall laſt.
Still Hebron's honour'd happy ſoil retains
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now ſails off with winds nor wiſhes ſlack,
To bring his ſuff'rings' bright companion back,
But ere ſuch tranſport can our ſenſe employ,
A bitter grief muſt poiſon half our joy;
Nor can our coaſts reſtor'd thoſe bleſſings ſee
Without a bribe to envious deſtiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where, by inglorious chance, the valiant died!
Give not inſulting Aſkalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!

No

No ſailor with the news ſwell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant died!
Weep Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock diſſolves for a ſupply.
Calm were the elements, night's ſilence deep,
The waves ſcarce murmuring, and the winds aſleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes ſo ſtill an hour,
And treach'rous ſands the princely bark devour;
Then death unworthy ſeiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's ſcandal, and the ſtars diſgrace!
Oh! had the indulgent pow'rs vouchſaf'd to yield,
Inſtead of faithleſs ſhelves, a liſted field;
A liſted field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppoſe;
Each life had on his ſlaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely and unconquering thus expir'd:
But deſtiny is now their only foe,
And dying e'en o'er that they triumph too; [plaud,
With loud laſt breaths their maſter's 'ſcape ap-
Of whom kind force could ſcarce the fates defraud;
Who for ſuch followers loſt, O matchleſs mind!
At his own ſafety now almoſt repin'd!
Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praiſe in peace, and by Urania's charms,
If all your ſuff'rings paſt ſo nearly preſs'd,
Or pierc'd with half ſo painful grief, your breaſt?
Thus ſome diviner Muſe her hero forms,
Not ſooth'd with ſoft delights, but toſs'd in ſtorms;
Nor ſtretch'd on roſes in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love;
But far remov'd in thund'ring camps is found,
His ſlumbers ſhort, his bed the herbleſs ground:
In taſks of danger always ſeen the firſt,
Feeds from the hedge, and ſlakes with ice his thirſt.
Long muſt his patience ſtrive with fortune's rage,
And long oppoſing gods themſelves engage:
Muſt ſee his country flame, his friends deſtroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoyed:
Such toils of fate muſt build a man of fame,
And ſuch to Iſrael's crown, the godlike David came.
What ſudden beams diſpel the clouds ſo faſt,
Whoſe drenching rains laid all our vineyards waſte!
The ſpring ſo far behind her courſe delay'd,
On th' inſtant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the element ſerene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is ſeen!
Thronging and buſy as Hyblaen ſwarms,
Or ſtruggled ſoldiers ſummon'd to their arms.
See where the princely bark in looſeſt pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers ſtand,
Our crimes to pardon ere he touch'd our land.
Welcome to Iſrael and to David's breaſt!
Here all your toils, here all your ſuff'rings reſt.
This year did Ziloah rule Jeruſalem,
And boldly all Sedition's ſyrtes ſtem.
Howe'er encumbered with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei to aſſiſt the chair;
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours ſo prevail'd,
That faction at the next election fail'd;
When ev'n the common cry did juſtice ſound,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Iſrael's peace reſtor'd;
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

Key to Abſalom and Achitophel.

Abdael,	—	General Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
Abethdin,	—	The name given thro' this poem to a Lord Chancellor in general.
Abſalom,	—	Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel,	—	The Earl of Shafteſbury.
Adriel,	—	Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag,	—	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel,	—	Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons.
Amri,	—	Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelſea, and Lord Chancellor.
Annabel,	—	Ducheſs of Monmouth.
Arod,	—	Sir William Waller.
Aſaph,	—	A Character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the ſecond part of his poem.
Balaam,	—	Earl of Huntingdon.
Balaak,	—	Barnet.
Barzillai,	—	Duke of Ormond.
Bathſheba,	—	Ducheſs of Portſmouth.
Benaiah,	—	General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan,		Rev. Mr. Sam. Johnſon.
Bezaliel,	—	Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb,	—	Lord Grey.
Corah,	—	Dr. Oates.
David,	—	Charles II.
Doeg,	—	Elkanah Settle.
Egypt,	—	France.
Eliab,	—	Sir Hen. Bennet, Earl of Arlington.
Ethnic Plot,	—	The Popiſh-Plot.
Gath,	—	The Land of Exile, more particularly Bruſſels, where King Charles II. long reſided.
Hebron,	—	Scotland.
Hebrew Prieſts,		The Ch. of Engl. Clergy.
Helon,	—	Earl of Feverſham.
Huſhai,	—	Hyde, Earl of Rocheſter.
Jebuſites,	—	Papiſts.
Jeruſalem,	—	London.
Jews,	—	Engliſh.
Jonas,	—	Sir William Jones.
Jordan,	—	Dover.
Jotham,	—	Marquis of Hallifax.
Jothran,	—	Lord Darmouth.
Iſhboſheth,	—	Richard Cromwell.
Iſrael,	—	England.
Iſſachar.	—	Thomas Thynne, Eſq.
Judas,	—	Mr. Ferguſon, a canting Teacher.
Iſhban,	—	Sir Robert Clayton.
Mephiboſheth,		Pordage.
Michal,	—	Queen Catharine.
Nadab,	—	Lord Howard of Eſcrick.
Og,	—	Shadwell.
Phaleg,	—	Forbes.

Pharaoh, — King of France.
Rabſheka, — Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jeruſalem, Dr. Compton, Bp. of Lon.
Sanhedrim, — Parliament.
Saul, — Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei, — Sheriff Bethel.
Sheva, — Sir Roger Leſtrange.
Solymean Rout, London Rebels.
Tyre, — Holland.
Uzza, — Jack Hall.
Zadoc, — Sancroft, Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Zaken, — A Member of the Houſe of Commons.
Zimri, — Villiers, D. of Buckingham.
Ziloah, — Sir John Moor.

§ 28. *Palamon and Arcite: or the Knight's Tale.* Dryden.

Book I.

In days of old, there liv'd of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theſeus was his name:
A chief who more in feats of arms excell'd
The riſing nor the ſetting ſun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he ſtrove,
Whom firſt by force he conquer'd, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her ſiſter, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theſeus ride,
With love to friend, and fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his ſide.
I paſs their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their ſhouts, their ſongs, their welcome on the way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The fear of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
The town beſieg'd, and how much blood it coſt
The female army and th' Athenian hoſt;
The ſpouſals of Hippolita the queen;
What tilts and tourneys at the feaſt were ſeen;
The ſtorm at their return, the ladies' fear:
But theſe and other things, I muſt forbear.
The field is ſpacious I deſign to ſow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plough;
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waſte my ſtrength;
And trivial accidents ſhall be forborne,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at firſt enjoin'd us by mine hoſt,
That he whoſe tale is beſt, and pleaſes moſt,
Should win his ſupper at our common coſt.
And therefore where I left I will purſue
This ancient ſtory, whether falſe or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,
In this array drew near the Athenian town;
When in his pomp and utmoſt of his pride,
Marching he chanc'd to caſt his eye aſide,
And ſaw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two acroſs the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
And beat their breaſts, and held their hands on high,
Creeping and crying, till they ſeiz'd at laſt
His courſer's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.
Tell me, ſaid Theſeus, what and whence you are,
And why this fun'ral pageant you prepare:
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?
Or envy you my praiſe, and would deſtroy
With grief my pleaſures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your requeſt, and I will eaſe your grief.
The moſt in years of all the mourning train
Began (but ſwooned firſt away for pain);
Then ſcarce recover'd ſpoke: Nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory:
'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redreſs,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy ſucceſs;
We wretched women ſue for that alone,
Which of thy goodneſs is refus'd to none;
Let fall ſome drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be juſt, and we deſerve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of ſov'reign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy chance, which never bears
That mortal bliſs ſhould laſt for length of years,
She caſt us headlong from our high eſtate;
And here in hope of thy return we wait:
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddeſs Clemency.
But rev'rence thou the pow'r whoſe name it bears
Relieve th' oppreſt, and wipe the widow's tears.
I, wretched I, have other fortune ſeen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell; curſt be the fatal day!
And all the reſt thou ſeeſt in this array,
To make their moan, their lords in battle loſt
Before that town beſieg'd by our confederate hoſt:
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and uſurps the lands,
Denies the rites of fun'ral fires to thoſe
Whoſe breathleſs bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unburied, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and ſuch his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeleſs limbs his hounds are fed.
At this ſhe ſhriek'd aloud; the mournful train
Echoed her grief, and grov'ling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Beſought his pity to their helpleſs kind!
The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He ſigh'd: and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, ſo fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty ſteed he flew,
And raiſing one by one the ſuppliant crew,
To comfort each, full ſolemnly he ſwore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore.
And whate'er elſe to chivalry belongs,
He would not ceaſe, till he reveng'd their wrongs:
That Greece ſhould ſee perform'd what he declar'd;
And cruel Creon find his juſt reward.

He

He said no more, but, shunning all delay,
Rode on, nor enter'd Athens on his way:
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car:
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire;
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire:
E'en the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,
And the green grass was dy'd to sanguine hue.
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur;
The soldiers shout around with gen'rous rage,
And in that victory their own presage.
He prais'd their ardour, inly pleas'd to see
His host the flow'r of Grecian chivalry.
All day he march'd, and all th' ensuing night;
And saw the city with returning light.
The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell;
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town;
How to the ladies he restored again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain;
And with what ancient rites they were interr'd:
All these to fitter times shall be deferr'd.
I spare the widows' tears, their woeful cries,
And howling at their husbands' obsequies;
How Theseus at these fun'rals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismiss'd.
Thus, when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country waited, and the hamlets burn'd;
And left the pillagers to rapine bred,
Without controul to strip and spoil the dead.
There, in a heap of slain, among the rest,
Two youthful knights they found, beneath a load oppress
Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they sent,
The trophies of the strength, a bloody monument,
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd:
That day in equal arms they fought for fame:
Their swords, their shields, their surcouts, were the same.
Close by each other laid, they press'd the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a grizzly wound;
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead, they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:
The wand'ring breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart,
These two were sister's sons; and Arcite one,
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent;
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent:
Whom known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent as pris'ners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a ling'ring death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd and more renown'd.

But in the tow'r, and never to be loos'd,
The woeful captive kinsmen are inclos'd.
Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
Till once, 'twas on the morn of cheerful May,
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
For with the rosy colour strove her hue,
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day
To do th' observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep;
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.
In this remembrance Emily ere day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair,
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
A ribband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind:
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.
At ev'ry turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose; and ev'ry rose she drew,
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew.
Then party-colour'd flow'rs of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung and carol'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear.
Ev'n wond'ring Philomel forgot to sing;
And learn'd from her to welcome-in the spring.
The tow'r, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall:
The garden was inclos'd within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning air.
It happen'd Palamon, the pris'ner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,
And, with his jailor's leave, desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath.
This granted, to the tow'r he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day:
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw with hateful eyes the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger gaol he had in view:
Then look'd below, and from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight:
The garden, which before he had not seen,
In spring's new liv'ry clad of white and green,
Fresh flow'rs in wide parterres, and shady walks between.
This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.

At

At laſt, for ſo his deſtiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He through a little window caſt his ſight,
Though thick of bars, that gave a ſcanty light:
But ev'n that glimm'ring ſerv'd him to deſcry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily. [ſmart,
Scarce had he ſeen, but ſeiz'd with ſudden
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with overpow'ring light he ſtood,
Then ſtarted back amaz'd, and cried aloud.
Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haſte,
To help his friend, aud in his arms embrac'd;
And aſk'd him why he look'd ſo deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer began?
Or who had done th' offence? But if, ſaid he,
Your grief alone is hard captivity,
For love of heaven, with patience undergo
A cureleſs ill, ſince fate will have it ſo:
So ſtood our horoſcope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the ſky,
Or other baleful aſpect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly ſtars were under earth;
Whate'er betides, by deſtiny 'tis done;
And better bear, like men, than vainly ſeek to
Nor of my bonds, ſaid Palamon again, [ſhun.
Nor of unhappy planets, I complain:
But when my mortal anguiſh caus'd my cry,
That moment I was hurt through either eye;
Pierc'd wieh a random ſhaft, I faint away,
And periſh with inſenſible decay:
A glance of ſome new goddeſs gave the wound,
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
Look how ſhe walks along yon ſhady ſpace,
Not Juno moves with more majeſtic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus (for thy charms confeſs
That face was form'd in heaven, or art thou leſs;
Diſguis'd in habit, undiſguis'd in ſhape)
O help us captives from our chains to 'ſcape;
But if our doom be paſs'd in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathſome dungeon die.
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our diſgrace,
And ſhew compaſſion to the Theban race,
Oppreſs'd by tyrant pow'r! While yet he ſpoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready paſſage found,
And deep within his heart inſix'd the wound:
So that if Palamon were wounded ſore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more;
Then from his inmoſt ſoul he ſigh'd, and ſaid,
The beauty I beheld has ſtruck me dead:
Unknowingly ſhe ſtrikes, and kills by chance;
Poiſon is in her eyes, and death in ev'ry glance.
O, I muſt aſk; nor aſk alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or muſt die for love.
Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes):
Speak'ſt thou in earneſt, or in jeſting vain?
Jeſting, ſaid Arcite, ſuits but ill with pain.
It ſuits far worſe (ſaid Palamon again,
And bent his brows), with men who honour weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendſhip to betray;
But worſt with thee of noble lineage born,
My kinſman, and in arms my brother ſworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one ſhould be the common good of both:
One ſoul ſhould both inſpire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in purſuit of love?
To this before the gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my deſign,
As I am bound by vow to further thine:
Nor canſt, nor dar'ſt thou, traitor, on the plain
Approach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whoſe faith I truſt, and on whoſe care depend:
And would'ſt thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than releaſe would chooſe to die?
But thou, falſe Arcite, never ſhalt obtain
Thy bad pretence: I told thee firſt my pain:
For firſt my love began ere thine was born:
Thou, as my counſel and my brother ſworn,
Art bound t' aſſiſt my elderſhip of right,
Or juſtly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight.
Thus Palamon; but Arcite with diſdain,
In haughty language, thus replied again:
Forſworn thyſelf; the traitor's odious name
I firſt return, and then diſprove thy claim.
If love be paſſion, and that paſſion nurs'd
With ſtrong deſires, I lov'd the lady firſt,
Canſt thou pretend deſire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worſhip, and a pow'r celeſtial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the bleſt above;
I ſaw the woman, and deſir'd her love;
Firſt own'd my paſſion, and to thee commend
Th' important ſecret, as my choſen friend.
Suppoſe (which yet I grant not) thy deſire
A moment elder than my rival fire:
Can chance of ſeeing firſt thy title prove?
And know'ſt thou not, no law is made for love?
Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
Laws are but poſitive; love's pow'r we ſee
Is nature's ſanction, and her firſt decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cauſe.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd;
Love throws the fences down, and makes a
gen'ral waſte:
Maids, widows, wives, without diſtinction fall; [all.
The ſweeping deluge, Love, comes on, and covers
If then the laws of friendſhip I tranſgreſs,
I keep the greater, while I break the leſs;
And both are mad alike, ſince neither can poſſeſs.
Both hopeleſs to be ranſom'd, never more
To ſee the ſun, but as he paſſes o'er.
Like Æſop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone;
The fruitleſs fight continued all the day;
A cur came by, and ſnatch'd the prize away.
As courtiers therefore juſtle for a grant, [want,
And when they break their friendſhip plead their
So thou, if fortune will thy ſuit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance:
For I muſt love, and am reſolv'd to try
My fate, or, failing in th' adventure, die.
Great was their ſtrife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:

Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand,
But when they met they made a ſurly ſtand;
And glar'd like angry lions as they paſs'd,
And wiſh'd that ev'ry look might be their laſt.
It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' attend
This worthy Theſeus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And roſe as childhood ripen'd into man.
Companions of the war; and lov'd ſo well,
That when one died, as ancient ſtories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.
But to purſue my tale; to welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long ſince,
And honour'd by this young Theſſalian prince.
Theſeus, to gratify his friend and gueſt,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his requeſt,
Reſtor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on theſe hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite ſhould be found
Within the compaſs of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head ſhould pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promiſe was the priſ'ner freed.
Unpleas'd and penſive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life muſt pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchaſe, and repents too late?
What have I gain'd, he ſaid, in priſon pent,
If I but change my bonds for baniſhment?
And, baniſh'd from her ſight, I ſuffer more
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before;
Forc'd from her preſence, and condemn'd to love;
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve!
Heaven is not but where Emily abides;
And where ſhe's abſent all is hell beſides.
Next to my day of birth was that accurs'd,
Which bound my friendſhip to Pirithous firſt;
Had I not known that Prince, I ſtill had been
In bondage, and had ſtill Emilia ſeen:
For though I never can her grace deſerve,
'Tis recompence enough to ſee and ſerve.
O Palamon, my kinſman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th' adventure, thine the victory;
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
Thou on that angel's face mayſt feed thine eyes,
In priſon—no—but bliſsful paradiſe!
Thou daily ſeeſt that ſun of beauty ſhine,
And lov'ſt at leaſt in love's extremeſt line.
I mourn in abſence, love's eternal night,
And who can tell but, ſince thou haſt her ſight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various pow'r) may ceaſe to frown,
And by ſome ways unknown thy wiſhes crown?
But I, the moſt forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But doom'd to drag my loathſome life in care,
For my reward, muſt end it in deſpair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor nature's hand, can eaſe my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's laſt relief:
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell
With youth and life, and life itſelf farewell.
But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of fortune, fate, or providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than thoſe which we deſire.
Some pray for riches, riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are ſlain:
Some pray from priſon to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by thoſe they truſted with their life,
A favour'd ſervant, or a boſom wife.
Such dear-bought bleſſings happen ev'ry day,
Becauſe we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken ſots about the ſtreet we roam:
Well knows the ſot he has a certain home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
And blunders on, and ſtaggers ev'ry pace.
Thus all ſeek happineſs, but few can find:
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my caſe, who thought our utmoſt good
Was in one word of freedom underſtood:
The fatal bleſſing came: from priſon free,
I ſtarve abroad, and loſe the ſight of Emily.
Thus Arcite: but if Arcite thus deplore
His ſuff'rings, Palamon yet ſuffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He ſwells with wrath, he makes outrageous moan:
He frets, he fumes, he ſtares, he ſtamps the ground;
The hollow tow'r with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropp'd all o'er with agony of ſweat.
Alas! he cried, I wretch in priſon pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou liv'ſt at large, thou draw'ſt thy native air,
Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my deſpair:
Thou may'ſt, ſince thou haſt youth and courage
A ſweet behaviour, and a ſolid mind, [join'd,
Aſſemble ours and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy diſgrace;
And after, by ſome treaty made, poſſeſs
Fair Emily, the pledge of laſting peace.
So thine ſhall be the beauteous prize, while I
Muſt languiſh in deſpair, in priſon die.
Thus all th' advantage of the ſtrife is thine;
Thy portion double joys, and double ſorrows mine.
The rage of jealouſy then fir'd his ſoul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold Deſpair, ſucceeding in her ſtead,
To livid paleneſs turns the glowing red.
His blood, ſcarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind conſtrains.
Then thus he ſaid: Eternal Deities,
Who rule the world with abſolute decrees,
And write whatever time ſhall bring to paſs,
With pens of adamant, on plates of braſs;
What, is the race of human kind your care
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?
He with the reſt is liable to pain;
And like the ſheep, his brother-beaſt, is ſlain.
Cold, hunger, priſons, ills without a cure,
All theſe he muſt, and guiltleſs oft, endure;
Or does your juſtice, pow'r, or preſcience fail
When the good ſuffer, and the bad prevail?

What

What worſe to wretched virtue could befal,
If fate, or giddy fortune, govern'd all?
Nay, worſe than other beaſts is our eſtate:
Them to purſue their pleaſures you create;
We, bound by harder laws, muſt curb our will,
And your commands, not our deſires fulfil;
Then when the creature is unjuſtly ſlain,
Yet after death at leaſt he feels no pain:
But man, in life ſurcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to ſuffer more.
A ſerpent ſhoots his ſting at unaware;
An ambuſh'd thief forelays a traveller:
The man lies murder'd; while the thief and ſnake,
One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.
This let divines decide; but well I know,
Juſt or unjuſt, I have my ſhare of woe;
Through Saturn ſeated in a luckleſs place,
And Juno's wrath, that perſecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartil, move
My pangs of jealouſy for Arcite's love.
Let Palamon oppreſs'd in bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this, the ſun, declining from his height,
The day had ſhorten'd, to prolong the night:
The lengthen'd night gave length of miſery
Both to the captive lover and the free;
For Palamon in endleſs priſon mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
The baniſh'd never hopes his love to ſee,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty.
'Tis hard to ſay who ſuffers greater pains:
One ſees his love, but cannot break his chains;
One free, and all his motions uncontroul'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would behold.
Judge as you pleaſe, for I will haſte to tell
What fortune to the baniſh'd knight befel.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loſs of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worſe, than never more to ſee
His life, his ſoul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madneſs of deſpair,
He roar'd, he beat his breaſt, he tore his hair.
Dry ſorrow in his ſtupid eyes appears;
For, wanting nouriſhment, he wanted tears:
His eye-balls in their hollow ſockets ſink;
Bereſt of ſleep, he loaths his meat and drink.
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale ſpectre of a murder'd man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of ſapleſs boxen leaves:
In ſolitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone:
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleaſures ſhares,
But ſighs when ſongs and inſtruments he hears.
His ſpirits are ſo low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a ſwoon,
Like the deaf murmurs of a diſtant ſound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and ſqualid his attire,
Unlike the trim of love and gay deſire:
But full of muſeful mopings, which preſage
The loſs of reaſon, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,
It happen'd once, that, ſlumb'ring as he lay,
He dream'd (his dream began at break of day)
That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with ſoft words his drooping ſpirits cheer'd:
His hat, adorn'd with wings, diſclos'd the God,
And in his hand he bore the ſleep-compelling rod:
Such as he ſeem'd, when, at his ſire's command,
On Argus' head he laid the ſnaky wand.
Ariſe, he ſaid, to conqu'ring Athens go;
There fate appoints an end to all thy woe.
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a ſtart;
Againſt his boſom bounc'd his heaving heart;
But ſoon he ſaid, with ſcarce-recover'd breath,
And thither will I go to meet my death,
Sure to be ſlain; but death is my deſire,
Since in Emilia's ſight I ſhall expire.
By chance he ſpied a mirror while he ſpoke,
And gazing there, beheld his alter'd look;
Wond'ring he ſaw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd, that ſcarce himſelf he knew.
A ſudden thought then ſtarting in his mind,
Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may ſearch in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this diſguiſe
Thanks to the change which grief and ſickneſs
In low eſtate I may ſecurely live, [give,
And ſee, unknown, my miſtreſs day by day.
He ſaid; and cloath'd himſelf in coarſe array,
A lab'ring hind in ſhew; then forth he went,
And to th' Athenian tow'rs his journey bent:
One 'ſquire attended in the ſame diſguiſe.
Made conſcious of his maſter's enterpriſe.
Arriv'd at Athens, ſoon he came to court,
Unknown, unqueſtion'd, in that thick reſort:
Proff'ring for hire his ſervice at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
So far befel him, that for little gain
He ſerv'd at firſt Emilia's chamberlain;
And, watchful all advantages to ſpy,
Was ſtill at hand, and in his maſter's eye;
And as his bones were big, and ſinews ſtrong,
Refus'd no toil that could to ſlaves belong!
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He paſs'd a year at leaſt attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philoſtratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much eſteem'd, ſo well-belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That thro' the court his courteſy was blown:
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace;
That, exercis'd within a higher ſphere,
His virtues more conſpicuous might appear.
Thus by the gen'ral voice was Arcite prais'd,
And by great Theſeus to high favour rais'd:
Among his menial ſervants firſt enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with ſums of gold:
Beſides what ſecretly from Thebes was ſent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent:
This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame,
But cautiouſly conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he liv'd with large increaſe,
In arms of honour, and eſteem in peace;

To

To Theſeus' perſon he was ever near;
And Theſeus, for his virtues, held him dear.

BOOK II.

WHILE Arcite lives in bliſs, the ſtory turns
Where hopeleſs Palamon in priſon mourns.
For ſix long years immur'd, the captive knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and ſcarcely ſeen the light:
Loſt liberty and love at once he bore:
His priſon pain'd him much, his paſſion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wiſhes to be free from love.
But when the ſixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the ſun,
Were it by chance, or forceful deſtiny,
Which forms in cauſes firſt whate'er ſhall be,
Aſſiſted by a friend, one moonleſs night,
This Palamon from priſon took his flight:
A pleaſant bev'rage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey, mix'd with added ſtore
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who ſwallow'd unaware the ſleepy draught,
And ſnor'd ſecure till morn, his ſenſes bound
In ſlumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the riſing ſun.
A thick-ſpread foreſt near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd ſtrides he took his way
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).
Safe from purſuit, he meant to ſhun the light,
Till the brown ſhadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next deſign
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theſeus, till he loſt his life,
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the ling'ring day beguile,
To gentle Arcite let us turn our ſtyle;
Who little dream'd how nigh he was to care,
Till treach'rous fortune caught him in the ſnare.
The morning-lark, the meſſenger of day,
Saluted in her ſong the morning grey;
And ſoon the ſun aroſe with beams ſo bright,
That all the horizon laugh'd to ſee the joyous ſight;
He with his tepid rays the roſe renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, reſolv'd to pay
Obſervance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery ſteed betimes he rode,
That ſcarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At eaſe he ſeem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horſe's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland ſought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face againſt the riſing day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.
For thee, ſweet month, the groves green liveries wear;
If not the firſt, the faireſt of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs:
When thy ſhort reign is paſt, the feveriſh ſun
The ſultry tropic fears, and moves more ſlowly on:
So may thy tender bloſſoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou ſhalt guide my wand'ring feet to find
The fragrant greens I ſeek, my brows to bind.
His vows addreſs'd, within the grove he ſtray'd,
Till fate, or fortune, near the place convey'd
His ſteps where ſecret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who flying death had there conceal'd his flight,
In brakes and brambles hid, and ſhunning mortal ſight;
And leſs he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been ſaid of ancient years,
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
For this the wiſe are ever on their guard;
For unforeſeen, they ſay, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himſelf alone,
And leſs than all ſuſpected Palamon,
Who liſt'ning heard him, while he ſearch'd the grove,
And loudly ſung his roundelay of love; (grove,
But on the ſudden ſtopp'd, and ſilent ſtood,
As lovers often muſe, and change their mood;
Now high as heaven, and then as low as hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well;
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And ſeldom ſhall we ſee a Friday clear.
Thus, Arcite, having ſung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his boſom drew
A deſp'rate ſigh, accuſing Heaven and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
Curs'd be the day when firſt I did appear!
Let it be blotted from the calendar, [year,
Leſt it pollute the month, and poiſon all the
Still will the jealous Queen purſue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:
Yet ceaſes not her hate; for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I ſuffer for my blood: unjuſt decree!
That puniſhes another's crime on me.
In mean eſtate I ſerve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
This is not all; for Juno, to my ſhame,
Has forc'd me to forſake my former name;
Arcite I was, Philoſtratus I am.
That ſide of heaven is all my enemy;
Mars ruin'd Thebes, his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Beſides myſelf, th' unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theſeus holds in bonds, and will not free;
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet theſe, and all the reſt, I could endure;
But Love's a malady without a cure;
Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart;
He fires within, and hiſſes at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate purſue;
I ſuffer for the reſt, I die for you.
Of ſuch a Goddeſs no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where ſhe was ador'd:
And let it burn, I never will complain;
Pleas'd with my ſuff'rings, if you knew my pain.
At this a ſickly qualm his heart aſſail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his ſenſes fail'd.
No word miſs'd Palamon of all he ſpoke,
But ſoon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:

He

He trembled every limb, and felt a ſmart,
As if cold ſteel had glided through his heart;
No longer ſtaid; but, ſtarting from his place,
Diſcover'd ſtood, and ſhew'd his hoſtile face.
Falſe traitor, Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy ſacred oath to ſeek my good,
Now art thou found forſworn for Emily,
And dar'ſt attempt her love for whom I die.
So haſt thou cheated Theſeus with a wile,
Againſt thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name; as falſe to me,
So falſe thou art to him who ſet thee free:
But reſt aſſur'd that either thou ſhalt die,
Or elſe renounce thy claim in Emily:
For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by chance)
Am here without my ſword or pointed lance,
Hope not, baſe man, unqueſtion'd hence to go;
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe.
Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His ſword unſheath'd, and fiercely thus began:
Now by the Gods who govern heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy laſt, or in this grove
This hand ſhould force thee to renounce thylove,
The ſurety which I gave thee, I defy:
Fool, not to know that love endures no tie;
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
Know, I will ſerve the fair in thy deſpite;
But ſince thou art my kinſman and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms ſhall plead the titles of our love:
And Heaven ſo help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cauſe and quarrel both unknown,
With arms of proof both for myſelf and thee;
Chooſe thou the beſt, and leave the worſt to me.
And, that a better caſe thou mayſt abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful ſuſtenance, that thou mayſt be
A conqueſt better won, and worthy me.
His promiſe Palamon accepts; but pray'd
To keep it better than the firſt he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn;
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
Oh Love! thou ſternly doſt thy pow'r maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign;
Tyrants and thou all fellowſhip diſdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon;
Both in deſpair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honour tied,
His foe with bedding and with food ſupplied;
Then, ere the day, two ſuits of armour ſought,
Which borne before him on his ſteed he brought:
Both were of ſhining ſteel, and wrought ſo pure,
As might the ſtrokes of two ſuch arms endure.
Now at the time, and in th' appointed place,
The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So ſtands the Thracian herdſman with his ſpear
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear;
And hears him ruſtling in the wood, and ſees
His courſe at diſtance by the bending trees;
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he muſt fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A gen'rous chilneſs ſeizes ev'ry part;
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the heart.
Thus pale they meet, their eyes with fury burn;
None greets, for none the greeting will return;
But in dumb ſurlineſs each arm'd with care
His foe profeſt, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment loſt, at once advance
Againſt each other, arm'd with ſword and lance:
They laſh, they foin, they paſs, they ſtrive to bore
Their corſlets, and the thinneſt parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they ſtood,
And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in blood;
And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the ſpot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With riſing briſtles, and with frothy jaws,
Their adverſe breaſts with tuſks oblique they wound,
With grunts and groans the foreſt rings around.
So fought the knights, and fighting muſt abide,
Till fate an umpire ſends their diff'rence to decide.
The pow'r that miniſters to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what Heaven foreſees,
Call'd providence, or chance, or fatal ſway,
Comes with reſiſtleſs force, and finds or makes her way.
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united pow'r,
One moment can retard th' appointed hour.
And ſome one day ſome wond'rous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For ſure whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on pow'rs above:
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foreſight neceſſitate the will.
In Theſeus this appears, whoſe youthful joy
Was beaſts of chace in foreſts to deſtroy;
This gentle knight, inſpir'd by jolly May,
Forſook his eaſy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds purſued his way.
Beſide him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And as he follow'd Mars before, ſo now
He ſerves the goddeſs of the ſilver bow.
The way that Theſeus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle ſtood:
The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed place
In which the uncoupled hounds began the chace.
Thither forth-right he rode to rouſe the prey,
That ſhaded by the fern in harbour lay;
And, thence diſlodg'd, was wont to leave the wood
For open fields, and croſs the cryſtal flood,
Approach'd, and looking underneath the ſun,
He ſaw proud Arcite and fierce Palamon
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like lightning flam'd their faulchions to and fro,

And ſhot a dreadful gleam; ſo ſtrong they ſtruck,
There ſeem'd leſs force requir'd to fell an oak:
He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
Reſolv'd to learn, he ſpurr'd his fiery ſteed
With goring rowels to provoke his ſpeed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So ſoon he was betwixt them on the place;
And with his ſword unſheath'd, on pain of life,
Commands both combatants to ceaſe their ſtrife:
Then with imperious tone purſues his threat—
What are you? why in arms together met?
How dares your pride preſume againſt my laws,
As in a liſted field, to fight your cauſe?
Unaſk'd the royal grant; no marſhal by,
As knightly rites require, nor judge to try!
Then Palamon, with ſcarce recover'd breath,
Thus haſty ſpoke: We both deſerve the death,
And both would die; for look the world around,
A pair ſo wretched is not to be found:
Our life 's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to ſet th' impriſon'd ſoul at large.
Now as thou art a ſov'reign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me;
Let neieher find thy grace, for grace is cruelty.
Me firſt, oh kill me firſt, and cure my woe;
Then ſheath the ſword of juſtice on my foe:
Or kill him firſt; for when his name is heard,
He foremoſt will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he, thy mortal foe,
On whom thy grace did liberty beſtow;
But firſt contracted, that if ever found
By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
His head ſhould pay the forfeit; ſee return'd
The perjur'd knight, his oath and honour ſcorn'd.
For this is he who, with a borrow'd name
And proffer'd ſervice, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philoſtratus; retain'd by thee,
A traitor truſted, and in high degree,
Aſpiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains; from Thebes my birth I own,
And call myſelf th' unhappy Palamon.
Think me not like that man; ſince no diſgrace
Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.
Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
Nor promis'd I thy priſ'ner to remain:
The love of liberty with life is given;
And life itſelf th' inferior gift of Heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death, ſince I thy life purſue;
For ſafeguard of tnyſelf, death is my due.
More wouldſt thou know? I love bright Emily,
And for her ſake and in her ſight will die:
But kill my rival too; for he no leſs
Deſerves; and I thy righteous doom will bleſs,
Aſſur'd that what I loſe he never ſhall poſſeſs.
To this replied the ſtern Athenian prince,
And ſourly ſmil'd—In owning your offence,
You judge yourſelf; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
Take your deſert, the death you have decreed;
I ſeal your doom, and ratify the deed:
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
He ſaid; dumb ſorrow ſeiz'd the ſtanders-by.
The queen above the reſt, by nature good
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood),
For tender pity wept: when ſhe began,
Thro' the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.
All dropp'd their tears, ev'n the contended maid;
And thus among themſelves they ſoftly ſaid:
What eyes can ſuffer this unworthy ſight:
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The maſterſhip of heaven in face and mind,
And lovers far beyond their faithleſs kind:
See their wide ſtreaming wounds; they neither came
For pride of empire, nor deſire of fame.
Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applauſe:
But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's cauſe.
This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous
Such pity wrought in ev'ry lady's mind, [kind,
They left their ſteeds, and, proſtrate on the place,
From the fierce king implor'd the offenders' grace.
He paus'd awhile, ſtood ſilent in his mood
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood);
But ſoon his tender mind th' impreſſion felt,
(As ſofteſt metals are not ſlow to melt,
And pity ſooneſt runs in ſofteſt minds):
Then reaſons with himſelf; and firſt he finds
His paſſion caſt a miſt before his ſenſe,
And either made or magnified th' offence.
Offence? of what? to whom? who judg'd the cauſe?
The priſ'ner freed himſelf by nature's laws:
Born free, he ſought his right: the man he freed
Was perjur'd; but his love excus'd the deed:
Thus pond'ring, he look'd under with his eyes,
And ſaw the women's tears, and heard their cries,
Which mov'd compaſſion more: he ſhook his head,
And, ſoftly ſighing, to himſelf he ſaid:
Curſe on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears can draw
To no remorſe, who rules by lions' law;
And deaf to prayers, by no ſubmiſſion bow'd,
Rends all alike, the penitent and proud!
At this with look ſerene, he rais'd his head:
Reaſon reſum'd her place, and paſſion fled:
Then thus aloud he ſpoke: The pow'r of love,
In earths, and ſeas, and air, and heaven above,
Rules, unreſiſted, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a God:
He blinds the wiſe, gives eye-ſight to the blind;
And moulds and ſtamps anew the lover's mind.
Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in ſafety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native ſoil
At eaſe to reap the harveſt of their toil;
But Love, their lord, did otherwiſe ordain,
And brought them in their own deſpite again,
To ſuffer death deſerv'd; for well they know
'Tis in my pow'r, and I their deadly foe;
The proverb holds, that to be wiſe and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above

See how the madmen bleed: behold the gains
With which their master, Love, rewards their pains;
For seven long years, on duty ev'ry day,
Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay:
Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on;
And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done;
Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
For 'tis their maxim, love is love's reward.
This is not all; the fair for whom they strove
Nor knew before, nor could suspect, their love;
Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from far,
Her beauty was the occasion of the war.
But sure a gen'ral doom on man is past,
And all are fools and lovers first or last:
This both by others and myself I know,
For I have serv'd their sov'reign long ago;
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the God can human hearts constrain.
To this remembrance, and the pray'rs of those
Who for th' offending warriors interpose,
I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,
To do me homage as their sov'reign lord;
And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
Assist my person, and assert my right.
This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd,
Then thus the king his secret thoughts explain'd:
If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deserve
A princess born; and such is she you serve:
For Emily is sister to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known:
But should you combat till you both were dead,
Two lovers cannot share a single bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to destiny.
Now hear the award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her love!
Depart from hence in peace, and free as air
Search the wide world, and where you please repair;
But on the day when this returning sun
To the same point through ev'ry sign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall bring,
In royal lists, to fight before the king;
And then the knight whom fate or happy chance
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far in equal fight
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valour and of love shall gain;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.
The charge be mine t' adorn the chosen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd,
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight:
And heaven of me so judge as I shall judge aright!
If both are satisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword.
Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky;
The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as well;
Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell
To bless the gracious king. The knights with leave
Departing from the place, his last commands receive;
On Emily with equal ardour look,
And from her eyes their inspiration took:
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.

It might be deem'd, on our historian's part,
Or too much negligence, or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Theseus, and his large expence.
He first inclos'd for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around;
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
Within an amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in degrees, to sixty paces rear'd:
That, when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.

Eastward was built a gate of marble white;
The like adorn'd the western opposite.
A nobler object than this fabric was
Rome never saw, nor of so vast a space:
For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artists Theseus could command:
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame,
The master-painters and the carvers came.
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd above
A temple, sacred to the queen of love;
An altar stood below: on either hand
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.

The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was inclos'd,
Within the wall of alabaster white,
And crimson coral for the queen of night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.

Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:
Where e'ery figure to the life express'd
The godhead's pow'r to whom it was address'd.
In Venus' temple, on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
Pray'rs that e'en spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
And issuing sighs that smok'd along the wall.
Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's hell,
And scalding tears that wore a channel where they fell:
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury,
And sprightly hope, and short-enduring joy;
And sorceries to raise th' infernal pow'rs,
And sigils fram'd in planetary hours:
Expence, and after-thought, and idle care,
And doubts of motley hue, and dark despair;
Suspicions, and fantastical surmise,
And jealousy suffus'd with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dress;
Down-look'd, and with a cuckow on her fist.

Oppos'd

Oppos'd to her, on t' other ſide advance
The coſtly feaſt, the carol, and the dance,
Minſtrels and muſic, poetry and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
All theſe were painted on the wall, and more;
With acts and monuments of times before:
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:
For there th' Idalian mount and Citheron,
The court of Venus was in colours drawn:
Before the palace gate, in careleſs dreſs,
And looſe array, ſat portreſs Idleneſs:
There, by the fount, Narciſſus pin'd alone;
There Sampſon was, with wiſer Solomon,
And all the mighty names by Love undone.
Medea's charms were there, Circean feaſts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to beaſts.
Here might be ſeen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And proweſs, to the pow'r of love ſubmit:
The ſpreading ſnare for all mankind is laid:
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The Goddeſs' ſelf ſome noble hand had wrought;
Smiling ſhe ſeem'd, and full of pleaſing thought:
From Ocean as ſhe firſt began to riſe,
And ſmooth'd the ruffled ſeas and clear'd the ſkies;
She trod the brine all bare above the breaſt,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the reſt;
A lute ſhe held; and on her head was ſeen
A wreath of roſes red, and myrtles green;
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above,
And, by his mother, ſtood an infant Love.
With wings unfledg'd, his eyes were banded o'er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly ſtore.
But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With diff'rent figures all the ſides were ſpread;
This temple, leſs in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the firſt in Thrace:
For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And ſov'reign manſion, of the warrior god.
The landſcape was a foreſt wide and bare,
Where neither beaſt nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that ſcent afar, the borders fly,
And ſhun the bitter blaſt, and wheel about the ſky.
A cake of ſcurf lies baking on the ground;
And prickly ſtubs inſtead of trees are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and old,
Headleſs the moſt, and hideous to behold:
A rattling tempeſt through the branches went,
That ſtripp'd them bare, and one ſole way they bent,
Heaven froze above ſevere, the clouds congeal,
And through the cryſtal vault appear'd the ſtanding hail;
Such was the face without: a mountain ſtood
Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the wood.
Beneath the low'ring brow, and on a bent,
The temple ſtood of Mars armipotent:
The frame of burniſh'd ſteel, that caſt a glare
From far, and ſeem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A ſtraight long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and horror over head:
Thence iſſued ſuch a blaſt and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door.
In through that door a northern light there ſhone;
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none.
The gate was adamant; eternal frame!
Which, hew'd by Mars himſelf, from Indian quarries came,
The labour of a God; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it ſtrong.
A tun about was ev'ry pillar there:
A poliſh'd mirror ſhone not half ſo clear.
There ſaw I how the ſecret felon wrought,
And treaſon lab'ring in the traitor's thought;
And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder brought.
There the red anger dar'd the pallid fear;
Next ſtood hypocriſy with holy leer,
Soft ſmiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th' aſſaſſinating wife, the houſehold fiend;
And, far the blackeſt there, the traitor friend.
On t' other ſide, there ſtood deſtruction bare,
Unpuniſh'd rapine, and a waſte of war;
Conteſt, with ſharpen'd knives, in cloiſters drawn,
And all with blood beſpread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul diſgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language baſe;
Till ſenſe was loſt in ſound, and ſilence fled the place.
The ſlayer of himſelf yet ſaw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half cloſ'd and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his ſullen ſoul
In midſt of all the dome misfortune ſat,
And gloomy diſcontent, and fell debate,
And madneſs laughing in his ireful mood;
And arm'd complaint on theft, and cries of blood.
There was the murder'd corpſe, in covert laid,
And violent death in thouſand ſhapes diſplay'd:
The city to the ſoldier's rage reſign'd;
Succeſsleſs wars, and poverty behind:
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky ſhores,
And the raſh hunter ſtrangled by the boars:
The new-born babe, by nurſes overlaid;
And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.
All ills of Mars's nature, flame and ſteel;
The gaſping charioteer beneath the wheel
Of his own car: the ruin'd houſe that falls,
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls;
The whole diviſion that to Mars pertains;
All trades of death that deal in ſteel for gains
Were there: the butcher, armourer, and ſmith,
Who forges ſharpen'd faulchions, or the ſcythe.
The ſcarlet conqueſt on a tow'r was plac'd,
With ſhouts and ſoldiers' acclamations grac'd:
A pointed ſword hung threat'ning o'er his head
Suſtain'd but by a ſlender twine of thread.
There ſaw I Mars's ides, the capitol,
The ſeer in vain foretelling Cæſar's fall;
The laſt triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Anthony, who loſt the world for love.
Theſe, and a thouſand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted ere the men were born,

All copied from the heavens, and ruling force
Of the red ſtar, in his revolving courſe.
The form of Mars high on a chariot ſtood,
All ſheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the God:
Two geomantic figures were diſplay'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid;
One when direct, and one when retrograde.
Tir'd with deformities of death, I haſte
To the third temple of Diana chaſte.
A ſylvan ſcene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the ſides and on the midſt a lawn:
The ſilver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Purſued the flying deer, the woods with horns reſound:
Caliſto there ſtood manifeſt of ſhame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern ſtar became:
Her ſon was next, and by peculiar grace
In the cold circle held the ſecond place:
The ſtag Acteon in the ſtream had ſpied
The naked huntreſs, and, for ſeeing, died:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, purſue
The chace, and their miſtaken maſter ſlew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to ſee,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
Th'adjoining faneth'aſſembled Greeks expreſs'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian beaſt.
Oenides' valour, and his envied prize;
The fatal pow'r of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor ſhewn,
The murd'reſs mother, and conſuming ſon;
The Volſcian queen extended on the plain;
The treaſon puniſh'd, and the traitor ſlain.
The reſt were various huntings, well deſign'd,
And ſavage beaſts deſtroy'd, of ev'ry kind.
The graceful goddeſs was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles ſeen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their queen.
Her legs were buſkin'd, and the left before,
In act to ſhoot; a ſilver bow ſhe bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a waxing moon, that ſoon would wane,
And, drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again;
With downcaſt eyes, as ſeeming to ſurvey
The dark dominions, her alternate ſway.
Before her ſtood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to diſcloſe.
All theſe the painter drew with ſuch command,
That Nature ſnatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Aſham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theſeus beheld the fanes of ev'ry God,
And thought his mighty coſt was well beſtow'd.
So princes now their poets ſhould regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais'd, the liſts incloſ'd,
And all with vaſt magnificence diſpos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haſte to bring
The knights to combat, and their arms to ſing.

Book III.

The day approach'd when Fortune ſhould decide
Th' important enterpriſe, and give the bride;
For now the rivals round the world had ſought,
And each his number, well appointed, brought.
The nations far and near contend in choice,
And ſend the flow'r of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army ſeem'd alone:
Beſide the champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the liſts, and envied to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor ſeems it ſtrange; for ev'ry noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endued with might,
In ſuch a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not ſcarce a man on Britiſh ground
(An iſle for love and arms of old renown'd)
But would have ſold his life to purchaſe fame,
To Palamon or Arcite ſent his name:
And had the land ſelected of the beſt,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the reſt.
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were ſev'ral, as their nations were,
But furniſh'd all alike with ſword and ſpear.
Some wore coat-armour imitating ſcale;
And next their ſkins were ſtubborn ſhirts of mail;
Some wore a breaſt-plate and a light juppon,
Their horſes cloth'd with rich capariſon;
Some for defence would leathern bucklers uſe
Of folded hides, and others ſhields of pruce;
One hung a pole-ax at his ſaddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to ſtun the foe;
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeaux arm'd, and double plates of ſteel:
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a ſleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon, above the reſt in place,
Lycurgus came, the ſurly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy ſtare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with ſinews ſtrong,
Broad-ſhoulder'd, and his arms were round and long.
Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian uſe of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burniſh'd gold.
Upright he ſtood, and bore aloft his ſhield,
Conſpicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His ſurcoat was a bear-ſkin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and gloſſy raven black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet
With ſparkling diamonds and with rubies ſet:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, ſnowy fair
And tall as ſtags, ran looſe, and cours'd around his chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the bear:
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the ſame their necks ſurround.
Thus thro' the field Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.
To match this monarch, with ſtrong Arcite came
Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,

On

On a bay courſer, goodly to behold, [gold.
The trappings of his horſe adorn'd with barb'rous
Not Mars beſtrode a ſteed with greater grace;
His ſurcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His ſaddle was of gold, with emeralds ſet.
His ſhoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and ſparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run, [ſun.
With graceful negligence, and ſhone againſt the
His noſe was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and freſh and fair his hue:
Some ſprinkled freckles on his face were ſeen,
Whoſe duſk ſet off the whiteneſs of the ſkin;
His awful preſence did the crowd ſurpriſe,
Nor durſt the raſh ſpectator meet his eyes;
Eyes that confeſs'd him born for kingly ſway,
So fierce, they flaſh'd intolerable day.
His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And juſt began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he ſpoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a ſilver ſound.
A laurel wreath'd his temples, freſh and green;
And myrtle ſprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd
Upon his fiſt he bore, for his delight, [between.
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.

His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle, ſave their heads were bare.
Words and devices blaz'd on ev'ry ſhield,
And pleaſing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might ſee,
Like ſparkling ſtars, though diff'rent in degree,
All for th' increaſe of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus thro' the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beaſts in gambols friſk'd before the honeſt god.

In this array the war of either ſide
Through Athens paſs'd with military pride.
At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
Rich tap'ſtry ſpread the ſtreets, and flow'rs the poſts adorn.
The town was all a jubilee of feaſts; [adorn.
So Theſeus will'd in honour of his gueſts;
Himſelf with open arms the king embrac'd,
Then all the reſt in their degrees were grac'd.
No harbinger was needful for a night,
For ev'ry houſe was proud to lodge a knight.

I paſs the royal treat, nor muſt relate
The gifts beſtow'd, nor how the champions ſat:
Who firſt or laſt, or how the knights addreſs'd
Their vows, or who was faireſt at the feaſt:
Whoſe voice, whoſe graceful dance did moſt ſurpriſe;
Soft am'rous ſighs, and ſilent love of eyes.
The rivals call my Muſe another way,
To ſing their vigils for th' enſuing day.
'Twas ebbing darkneſs, paſt the noon of night;
And Phoſpher on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the ſun, ere day began to ſpring;
The tuneful lark already ſtretch'd her wing,
And, flick'ring on her neſt, made ſhort eſſays to ſing;
When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took to the royal liſts his early way, [pray.
To Venus at her fane, in her own houſe to

There, falling on his knees before her ſhrine,
He thus implor'd with pray'rs her pow'r divine.
Creator Venus, genial pow'r of love,
The bliſs of men below, and gods above!
Beneath the ſliding ſun, thou runn'ſt thy race,
Doſt faireſt ſhine, and beſt become thy place.
For thee the winds their eaſtern blaſts forbear,
Thy month reveals the ſpring, and opens all the year.
Thee, Goddeſs, thee the ſtorms of winter fly,
Earth ſmiles with flow'rs renewing, laughs the ſky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.
For thee the lion loaths the taſte of blood,
And roaring hunts his female thro' the wood:
For thee the bulls re-bellow thro' the groves,
And tempt the ſtream, and ſnuff their abſent loves.
'Tis thine, whate'er is pleaſant, good or fair:
All nature is thy province, life thy care:
Thou mad'ſt the world, and doſt the world repair.
Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increaſe of Jove, companion of the ſun;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, Goddeſs, for thou know'ſt the ſmart.
Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my ſorrow would be ſome relief;
Light ſuff'rings give us leiſure to complain;
We groan, but cannot ſpeak, in greater pain.
O Goddeſs, tell thyſelf what I would ſay,
Thou know'ſt it, and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my ſuit, as I enforce my might,
In love to be thy champion and thy knight;
A ſervant to thy ſex, a ſlave to thee,
A foe profeſt to barren chaſtity.
Nor aſk I fame or honour of the field,
Nor chooſe I more to vanquiſh than to yield:
In my divine Emilia make me bleſt,
Let fate, or partial chance, diſpoſe the reſt:
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare;
Poſſeſſion, more than conqueſt, is my care.
Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favours to confer the prize;
With ſmiling aſpect you ſerenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The fates but only ſpin the coarſer clue,
The fineſt of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one ſmall portion of the twine,
And let the ſiſters cut below your line:
The reſt among the rubbiſh may they ſweep,
Or add it to the yarn of ſome old miſer's heap.
But if you this ambitious pray'r deny
(A wiſh, I grant, beyond mortality),
Then let me ſink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And I, once dead, let him poſſeſs her charms.

Thus ended he; then with obſervance due
The ſacred incenſe on her altar threw:
The curling ſmoke mounts heavy from the fires;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
At once the gracious Goddeſs gave the ſign,
Her ſtatue ſhook, and trembled all the ſhrine:
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took;
For, ſince the flames purſued the trailing ſmoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day [delay.
To diſtance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long

Now morn with roſy light had ſtreak'd the ſky;
Up roſe the ſun, and up roſe Emily;
Addreſs'd her early ſteps to Cynthia's fane,
In ſtate attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the veſts that holy rites require,
Incenſe, and od'rous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleaſant mead they crown,
Nor wanted aught beſides in honour of the moon.
Nowwhile the temple ſmok'd with hallow'd ſteam
They waſh the virgin in a living ſtream;
The ſecret ceremonies I conceal,
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal,
But ſuch they were as Pagan uſe requir'd,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
Whoſe eyes profane their chaſte myſterious rites
Might turn to ſcandal, or obſcene delights.
Well-meaners think no harm; but for the reſt,
Things ſacred theypervert,and ſilence is the beſt.
Her ſhining hair, uncomb'd, was looſely ſpread.
A crown of maſtleſs oak adorn'd her head:
When to the ſhrine approach'd, the ſpotleſs maid
Had kindling fires on either altar laid
(The rites were ſuch as were obſerv'd of old,
By Statius in his Theban ſtory told);
Then kneeling with her hands acroſs her breaſt,
Thus lowly ſhe preferr'd her chaſte requeſt:
O Goddeſs, hunter of the woodland green,
To whom both heaven, and earth, and ſeas, are ſeen;
Queen of the nether ſkies, where half the year
Thy ſilver beams deſcend, and light the gloomy ſphere;
Goddeſs of maids, and conſcious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
Which Niobe's devoted iſſue felt,
Whenhiſſingthroughtheſkiesthefeather'd deaths
As I deſire to live a virgin life, [were dealt;
Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
Thy votreſs from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and ſylvan game.
Like death, thou know'ſt, I loath the nuptial ſtate,
And man, the tyrant of our ſex, I hate,
A lowly ſervant, but a lofty mate;
Where love is duty on the female ſide;
On theirs mere ſenſual guſt, and ſoughtwith ſurly pride.
Now by thy triple ſhape, as thou art ſeen
In heaven, earth, hell, and ev'ry where a queen,
Grant this my firſt deſire; let diſcord ceaſe,
And make betwixt the rivals laſting peace:
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on ſome other love:
Or, if my frowning ſtars have ſo decreed,
That one muſt be rejected, one ſucceed,
Make him my lord, within whoſe faithful breaſt
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me beſt.
But, oh! even that avert! I chooſe it not,
But take it as the leaſt unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
Oh let me ſtill that ſpotleſs name retain!
Frequent the foreſts, thy chaſte will obey,
And only make the beaſts of chaſe my prey!
The flames aſcend on either altar clear, [pray'r.
While thus the blameleſs maid addreſs'd her
When, lo! the burning fire that ſhone ſo bright,
Flew off, all ſudden, with extinguiſh'd light,
And left one altar dark, a little ſpace; [blaze:
Which turn'd ſelf-kindled, and renew'd the
The other victor flame a moment ſtood,
Then fell, and lifeleſs left the extinguiſh'd wood;
For ever loſt, th' irrevocable light
Forſook the black'ning coals, and ſunk to night:
At either end it whiſtled as it flew, [dew;
And as the brands were green, ſo dropp'd the
Infected as it fell with ſweat of ſanguine hue.
The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
Andwith loudſhrieks and clamours rent theſkies,
Nor knew what ſignified the boding ſign,
But found the pow'rs diſpleas'd, and fear'd the wrath divine.
Then ſhook the ſacred ſhrine, and ſudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.
The pow'r, behold! the pow'r in glory ſhone,
By her bent bow and her keen arrows known;
The reſt, a huntreſs iſſuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel ſpear ſhe ſtood.
Then gracious thus began: Diſmiſs thy fear,
And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
More pow'rful Gods have torn thee from my ſide,
Unwilling to reſign, and doom'd a bride:
The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love:
But which the man, is in the Thund'rer's breaſt;
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee beſt.
The fire that once extinct reviv'd again,
Foreſhews the love allotted to remain:
Farewell! ſhe ſaid, and vaniſh'd from the place;
The ſheaf of arrows ſhook, and rattled in the caſe.
Aghaſt at this the royal virgin ſtood,
Diſclaim'd, and now no more a ſiſter of thewood:
But to the parting Goddeſs thus ſhe pray'd:
Propitious ſtill be preſent to my aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid.
Then ſighing ſhe return'd; but ſmil'd betwixt,
With hopes and fears, and joyswith ſorrows mixt.
The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who ſhar'd the heptarchy of pow'r,
His ſteps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
T' adore with Pagan rites the pow'rarmipotent:
Then proſtrate low before his altar lay, [pray:
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to
Strong God of arms, whoſe iron ſceptre ſways
The freezing North, and Hyperborean ſeas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coaſt,
Where ſtand thy ſteeds, and thou art honour'd moſt: [known,
There moſt; but ev'ry where thy pow'r is
The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
From out thy chariot, withers even the ſtrong:
And diſarray and ſhameful rout enſue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my pray'r,
If aught I have achiev'd deſerve thy care:
If to my utmoſt pow'r with ſword and ſhield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And, falling in my rank, ſtill kept the field:

Then

Then let my arms prevail, by thee ſuſtain'd,
That Emily by conqueſt may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor thoſe unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy ſtubborn heart has ſoften'd into love:
Now by her blandiſhments and pow'rful charms,
When yielded ſhe lay curling in thy arms,
Ev'n by thy ſhame, if ſhame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd;
O envied ignominy, ſweet diſgrace,
When ev'ry God that ſaw thee wiſh'd thy place!
By thoſe dear pleaſures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to perſuade,
And want the ſoothing arts that catch the fair;
But, caught myſelf, lie ſtruggling in the ſnare:
And ſhe I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well, and pays me with diſdain.
For ſure I am, unleſs I win in arms,
To ſtand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my ſtrength avail, unleſs by thee
Endued by force, I gain the victory;
Then for the fire which warm'd thy gen'rous heart,
Pity thy ſubject's pains and equal ſmart.
So be the morrow's ſweat and labour mine,
The palm and honour of the conqueſt thine:
Then ſhall the war, and ſtern debate, and ſtrife
Immortal, be the buſineſs of my life;
And in thy fane, the duſty ſpoils among, hung;
High on the burniſh'd roof my banner ſhall be
Rank'd with my champion's buckler, and below,
With arms revers'd, th' achievements of my foe:
And while theſe limbs the vital ſpirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day ſucceeds,
Thy ſmoking altar ſhall be fat with food
Of incenſe, and the grateful ſteam of blood;
Burnt off'rings morn and evening ſhall be thine,
And fires eternal in thy temple ſhine.
The buſh of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltleſs of ſteel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reſerv'd for thee;
So may my arms with victory be bleſt:
I aſk no more: let fate diſpoſe the reſt.
The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the cloſe
A hollow groan: a murmuring wind aroſe;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring ſound, and harſhly rung:
The bolted gates flew open at the blaſt;
The ſtorm ruſh'd in, and Arcite ſtood aghaſt:
The flames were blown aſide, yet ſhone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a ſcent began to riſe,
Sweet-ſmelling as accepted ſacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aſpire
With odorous incenſe Arcite heaps the fire:
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
At length the nodding ſtatue claſh'd his arms,
And with a ſullen ſound and feeble cry victory.
Half ſunk, and half pronounc'd, the word of
For this, with ſoul devout, he thank'd the God;
And, of ſucceſs ſecure, return'd to his abode.
Theſe vows thus granted rais'd a ſtrife above
Betwixt the God of War and Queen of Love.
She granting firſt had right of time to plead;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife;
And ſeem'd unwilling to decide the ſtrife;
Till Saturn from his leaden throne aroſe,
And found a way the diff'rence to compoſe:
Though ſparing of his grace, to miſchief bent,
He ſeldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wiſe; by long experience taught,
To pleaſe both parties, for ill ends, he ſought:
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun:
By fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
And with ſtern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him diſpoſing in his own abode,
He ſooth'd the Goddeſs, while he gull'd the God:
Ceaſe, daughter, to complain, and ſtint the ſtrife;
Thy Palamon ſhall have his promis'd wife:
And Mars, the lord of conqueſt, in the fight
With palm and laurel ſhall adorn his knight.
Wide is my courſe, nor turn I to my place,
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I preſs th' ethereal plains;
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.
Mine is the ſhipwreck, in a wat'ry ſign;
And, in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold ſhivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blaſting winds, and poiſon'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, reſulting from deſpair.
The throtling quinſey 'tis my ſtar appoints,
And rheumatiſms aſcend to rack the joints:
When churls rebel againſt their native prince,
I arm their hands and furniſh the pretence;
And, houſing in the lion's hateful ſign,
Bought ſenates, and deſerting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy pois'ning; I command
Unkindly ſeaſons, and ungrateful land.
By me kings' palaces are puſh'd to ground,
And miners cruſh'd beneath their mines are found.
'Twas I ſlew Sampſon, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and cruſh'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the fire of peſtilence,
That ſweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but truſt thy grandſire's art,
Mars ſhall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
'Tis ill, though diff'rent your complexions are,
The family of Heaven for men ſhould war.
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither loſt his right;
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to th' effect, and ſing the war.
In Athens all was pleaſure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the ſpring, and ſprightly May:
Which ev'ry ſoul inſpir'd with ſuch delight,
'Twas jeſting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven ſmil'd, and gladded was the heart of man;
And Venus had the world as when it firſt began.

At length in ſleep their bodies they compoſe,
And dreamt the future fight, and early roſe.
Now ſcarce the dawning day began to ſpring,
As at a ſignal given the ſtreets with clamours ring.
At once the crowd aroſe; confus'd and high
Even from the Heaven was heard a ſhouting cry;
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the ſky.
The Gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharp'ning their ſights, and leaning from their ſtars.
The neighing of the gen'rous horſe was heard,
For battle by the buſy groom prepar'd.
Ruſtling of harneſs, rattling of the ſhield,
Clattering of armour furbiſh'd for the field.
Crowds to the caſtle mounted up the ſtreet,
Batt'ring the pavement with their courſers' feet:
The greedy ſight might there devour the gold
Of glitt'ring arms, too dazzling to behold:
And poliſh'd ſteel that caſt the view aſide,
And creſted morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their 'ſquires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance:
A third the ſhining buckler did advance.
The courſer paw'd the ground with reſtleſs feet,
And ſnorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The ſmiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their ſide,
And nails for looſen'd ſpears, and thongs for ſhields provide.
The yeomen guard the ſtreets in ſeemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.
The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
Attend the ſign to ſound the martial blaſt;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the laſt comers bear the former to the ſides.
The throng is in the midſt: the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they ſtand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aſpect, earneſt in their talk:
Factious, and favouring this or t' other ſide,
As their ſtrong fancy or weak reaſon guide:
Their wagers back their wiſhes: numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:
So vigorous are his eyes, ſuch rays they caſt,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
But moſt their looks on the black monarch bend,
His riſing muſcles and his brawn commend;
His double-biting axe and beamy ſpear,
Each aſking a gigantic force to rear.
All ſpoke as partial favour mov'd the mind;
And, ſafe themſelves, at others coſt divin'd.
Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief aroſe,
The knightly forms of combat to diſpoſe;
And paſſing thro' th' obſequious guards, he ſat
Conſpicuous on a throne, ſublime in ſtate;
There for the two contending knights he ſent:
Arm'd cap-a-pee, with rev'rence low they bent.
He ſmil'd on both, and with ſuperior look
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people preſs on ev'ry ſide, to ſee
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then ſigning to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty ſtand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king at arms beſpeaks the knights and liſt'ning crowd.
Our ſov'reign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to ſpare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace, and inborn clemency,
He modifies his firſt ſevere decree;
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills not death ſhould terminate their ſtrife;
And wounds, if wounds enſue, be ſhort of life:
But iſſues, ere the fight, his dread command,
That ſlings afar, and poniards hand to hand,
Be baniſh'd from the field; that none ſhall dare
With ſhorten'd ſword to ſtab in cloſer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly ſtrength,
Nor puſh with biting point, but ſtrike at length.
The tourney is allow'd but one career
Of the tough aſh, with the ſharp grinded ſpear:
But knights unhors'd may riſe from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honour to regain;
Nor, if at miſchief taken, on the ground
Be ſlain, but priſoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd; nor, captives made,
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either ſide, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the ſtrife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and young,
Fight each his fill with ſwords and maces long.
The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vaſt applauſe is rent:
Heaven guard a prince ſo gracious and ſo good,
So juſt, and yet ſo provident of blood!
This was the gen'ral cry. The trumpets ſound,
And warlike ſymphony is heard around.
The marching troops thro' Athens take their way,
The great earl-marſhal orders their array.
The fair from high the paſſing pomp behold;
A rain of flow'rs is from the windows roll'd,
The caſements are with golden tiſſue ſpread,
And horſes hoofs, for earth, on ſilken tapeſtry tread:
The king goes midmoſt, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and cloſe his either ſide.
Next after them there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cauſe and the reward of ſtrife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marſhall'd in degree.
Thus thro' the ſouthern gate they take their way,
And at the liſt arrive ere prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And, wheeling eaſt and weſt, before their many ride.
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen and Emily:
Next theſe the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer ſeats, and lords by ladies plac'd.
Scarce were they ſeated, when with clamours loud
In ruſh'd at once a rude promiſcuous crowd:
The guards, and then each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the ſpacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noiſe to whiſpers low,
As winds forſaking ſeas more ſoftly blow;

When

When at the weſtern gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of war,
Proud Arcite ent'ring arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and diſplay'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron God.
At that ſelf moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the riſing ſun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and ſhares the people's eyes.
From eaſt to weſt, look all the world around.
Two troops ſo match'd were never to be found:
Such bodies built for ſtrength, of equal age,
In ſtature ſiz'd; ſo proud an equipage:
The niceſt eye could no diſtinction make
Where lay th' advantage, or what ſide to take.
Thus rang'd, the herald for the laſt proclaims
A ſilence, while they anſwer'd to their names:
For ſo the king decreed, to ſhun the care, [war.
The fraud of muſters falſe, the common bane of
The tale was juſt, and then the gates were clos'd,
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds laſt retir'd, and loudly cried,
The fortune of the field be fairly tried.
At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet ſounds, the challeng'd makes reply:
With clangour rings the field, reſounds the vaulted ſky.
Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the reſt,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the creſt;
They vaniſh from the barrier, ſpeed the race,
And ſpurring ſee decreaſe the middle ſpace.
A cloud of ſmoke envelops either hoſt,
And all at once the combatants are loſt:
Darkling they join adverſe, and ſhock unſeen,
Courſers with courſers juſtling, men with men:
As lab'ring in eclipſe, awhile they ſtay,
Till the next blaſt of wind reſtores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grizly ſight.
Two troops in fair array one moment ſhew'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies ſtrew'd:
Not half the number in their ſeats are found;
But men and ſteeds lie grov'ling on the ground.
The points of ſpears are ſtruck within the ſhield,
The ſteeds without their riders ſcour the field.
The knights unhors'd on foot renew the fight;
The glitt'ring faulchions caſt a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound:
Out ſpins the ſtreaming blood, and dyes the ground.
The mighty maces with ſuch haſte deſcend,
They break the bones, and make the ſolid armour bend.
This thruſts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes at once, the horſeman and the horſe:
That courſer ſtumbles on the fallen ſteed,
And flound'ring throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this diſabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound;
Where by the king's award he muſt abide:
There goes a captive led on t' other ſide.
By fits they ceaſe; and, leaning on the lance,
Take breath awhile, and to new fight advance.
Full oft the rivals met, and neither ſpar'd
His utmoſt force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the ſaddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper ſent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they cloſe.
So deep their faulchions bite, that ev'ry ſtroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.
Borne far aſunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and ſteel they meet again.
So when a tiger ſucks the bullock's blood,
A famiſh'd lion iſſuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.
Each claims poſſeſſion, neither will obey,
But both their paws are faſten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear, and while in vain they ſtrive,
The ſwains come arm'd between, and both to diſtance drive.
At length, as fate foredoom'd, and all things tend
By courſe of time to their appointed end,
So when the ſun to weſt was far declin'd,
And both afreſh in mortal battle join'd,
The ſtrong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For, turning ſhort, he ſtruck with all his might
Full on the helmet of the unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he ſtagger'd with the blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe:
Whom with ſuch force he ſtruck, he fell'd him down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once ſurround the ſingle knight:
O'erpower'd at length, they force him to the ground
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.
Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worſe than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conqueſt, and renounce the prize!
The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from firſt to laſt,
Bade ceaſe the wars: pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily,
The ſound of trumpets to the voice replied,
And round the royal liſts the heralds cried,
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride.
The people rend the ſkies with vaſt applauſe;
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cauſe.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
And conqu'ring Mars inſults the Queen of Love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's uſurping arms in heaven prevail'd.
Laugh'd all the pow'rs who favour tyranny;
And all the ſtanding army of the ſky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping on the liſts diſtills her tears;

Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman moſt,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cauſe of Love is
Till, Saturn ſaid, Fair daughter, now be ſtill, [loſt.
The bluſt'ring fool has ſatisfied his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,
But loſt the prize; th' arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care ſhall be
To pleaſe thy knight, and ſet thy promiſe free.
Now while the heralds run the liſts around,
And Arcite, Arcite, heaven and earth reſound;
A miracle (nor leſs it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected ſorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aſide,
Part for his eaſe, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the ſalutations to the crowd.
Then ſpurring at full ſpeed, ran headlong on
Where Theſeus ſat on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward caſt his eye,
Where, next the queen, was plac'd his Emily;
Then paſſing to the ſaddle-bow he bent:
A ſweet regard the gracious virgin lent.
(For woman, to the brave an eaſy prey,
Still follow fortune where ſhe leads the way.)
Juſt then from earth ſprung out a flaſhing fire,
By Pluto ſent, at Saturn's bad deſire:
The ſtartling ſteed was ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pommel caſt the knight:
Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his count'nance in a little ſpace;
For all the blood was gather'd in his face. [ground,
Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the
And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound:
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with ſymptoms of his death.
The ſaddle-bow the noble parts had preſt,
All bruis'd and mortified his manly breaſt.
Him ſtill entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,
The word he firſt pronounc'd was Emily.
Meantime the king, though inwardly he mourn'd,
In pomp triumphant to the town return'd,
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd),
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladded all the warrior-train,
Though moſt were ſorely wounded none were ſlain.
The ſurgeons ſoon deſpoil'd them of their arms,
And ſome with ſalves they cure, and ſome with charms;
Foment the bruiſes, and the pains aſſuage,
And heal their inward hurts with ſov'reign draughts of ſage.
The king in perſon viſits all around;
Comforts the ſick, congratulates the ſound;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the reſt,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feaſt.
None was diſgrac'd; for failing is no ſhame,
And cowardice alone is loſs of fame.

The vent'rous knight is from the ſaddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own.
If crowns and palms the conqu'ring ſide adorn,
The victor under better ſtars was born:
The brave man ſeeks not popular applauſe,
Nor overpower'd with arms deſerts his cauſe;
Unſham'd, tho' foil'd, he does the beſt he can;
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.
Thus Theſeus ſmil'd on all with equal grace,
And each was ſet according to his place.
With eaſe were reconcil'd the diff'ring parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time expir'd,
Well pleas'd, and to their ſeveral homes retir'd.
Meanwhile the health of Arcite ſtill impairs;
From bad proceeds to worſe, and mocks the leeches cares;
Swoln is his breaſt, his inward pains increaſe;
All means are us'd, and all without ſucceſs.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in ſpite of art:
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping, will prevail;
All outward remedies and inward fail:
The mould of nature's fabric is deſtroy'd;
Her veſſels diſcompos'd, her virtue void:
The bellows of his lungs begin to ſwell:
All out of frame is ev'ry ſecret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Thoſe breathing organs thus within oppreſs'd,
With venom ſoon diſtend the ſinews of his breaſt.
Nought profits him to ſave abandon'd life,
Nor vomits upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The midmoſt region batter'd and deſtroy'd,
When nature cannot work, th' effect of art is void.
For phyſic can but mend our crazy ſtate,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Muſt leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride,
Gain'd hardly, againſt right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was paſt
Conſcience (that of all phyſic works the laſt)
Caus'd him to ſend for Emily in haſte.
With her, at his deſire, came Palamon;
Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun:
No language can expreſs the ſmalleſt part
Of what I feel, and ſuffer in my heart,
For you, whom beſt I love and value moſt;
But to your ſervice I bequeath my ghoſt;
Which from this mortal body when untied,
Unſeen, unheard, ſhall hover at your ſide;
Nor fright you waking, nor your ſleep offend,
But wait officious, and your ſteps attend.
How I have lov'd, excuſe my falt'ring tongue,
My ſpirits feeble, and my pains are ſtrong:
This I may ſay, I only grieve to die,
Becauſe I loſe my charming Emily:
To die, when Heaven had put you in my pow'r,
Fate could not chooſe a more malicious hour!
What greater curſe could envious fortune give,
Than juſt to die when I began to live!
Vain men, how vaniſhing a bliſs we crave,
Now warm in love, now with'ring in the grave!
Never

Never, O never more to see the sun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath,
Near bliss, and yet not bless'd before my death.
Farewell; but take me dying in your arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death resign;
Ah! could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my end approach, and thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last:
Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds:
And much I doubt, should Heaven my life prolong,
I should return to justify my wrong.
For, while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of pow'r to sin.
With mortal hatred I pursued his life;
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife:
Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind,
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
For still our kindred souls had one desire.
He had a moment's right in point of time;
Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and justified his right;
Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Truth, honour, all that is compris'd in good;
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too with such an holy fire
As will not, cannot, but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often tried,
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then, by my love's inviolable band,
By my long suff'ring, and my short command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon.

This was his last; for death came on amain,
And exercis'd below his iron reign;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze.
Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of Emily he saw;
So, speechless, for a little space he lay;
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away.

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best;
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears;
Silent he wept, asham'd to shew his tears:
Emilia shriek'd but once, and then oppress'd
With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:
Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair.
'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate;
Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state;
But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe:
Matrons and maids, both sexes, ev'ry state,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair;
The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tear.
Why wouldst thou go, with one consent they cry,
When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily?
Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the grief
Of others, wanted now the same relief.
Old Egeus only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known;
And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still alt'ring, never in a steady state;
Good after ill, and after pain delight;
Alternate like the scenes of day and night:
Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Even kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.
With words like these the crowd was satisfied:
And so they would have been had Theseus died.
But he, their king, was lab'ring in his mind
A fitting place for fun'ral pomps to find,
Which were in honour of the dead design'd:
And, after long debate, at last he found
(As love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)
That grove for ever green, that conscious land,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he fed his amorous desires
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires.
There other flames might waste his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart.

This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle, spread.
A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly visage on the bier:
Menac'd his count'nance; even in death severe.

Then

Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in ſolemn ſtate, a public ſight.
Groans, cries and howlings, fill the crowded place,
And unaffected ſorrow ſat on ev'ry face.
Sad Palamon above the reſt appears,
In ſable garments, dew'd with guſhing tears:
His auburn locks on either ſhoulder flow'd,
Which to the fun'ral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his ſide,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And, that the princely obſequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The ſteed that bore him living to the fight
Was trapp'd with poliſh'd ſteel, all ſhining bright,
And cover'd with th' achievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreaſt, and one his ſhield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The coſtly quiver, all of burniſh'd gold.
The nobleſt of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their ſhoulders bore the bier;
With ſober pace they march'd, and often ſtaid,
And thro' the maſter-ſtreet the corpſe convey'd.
The houſes to their tops with black were ſpread,
And even the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right ſide of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theſeus wept;
Each bore a golden bowl of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy wine.
Then Palamon, the kinſman of the ſlain,
And after him appear'd th' illuſtrious train,
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright,
With cover'd fire, the fun'ral pile to light.
With high devotion was the ſervice made,
And all the rites of Pagan honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, muſt ſend the ſhaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling ſtraw beneath in due proportion ſtrew'd.
The fabric ſeem'd a wood of riſing green,
With ſulphur and bitumen caſt between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain aſh, the mother of the ſpear:
The mourner-yew and builder-oak were there:
The beech, the ſwimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a ſofter grain,
And laurels, which the Gods for conqu'ring chiefs ordain.
How they were rank'd ſhall reſt untold by me,
With nameleſs nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry tree:
Nor how the dryads, or the woodland train,
Diſherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign ſeats repair'd,
Or beaſts, that bolted out, and ſaw the foreſt bar'd:
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghaſtly fright,
Beheld the ſudden ſun, a ſtranger to the light.
The ſtraw, as firſt I ſaid, was laid below:
Of chips and ſere-wood was the ſecond row;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high ſtage the fragrant odours held.
And pearls, and precious ſtones, and rich array;
In midſt of which, embalmed, the body lay.
The ſervice ſung, the maid with mourning eyes
The ſtubble fir'd; the ſmould'ring flames ariſe:
This office done, ſhe ſunk upon the ground;
But what ſhe ſpoke, recover'd from her ſwoon,
I want the wit in moving words to dreſs;
But by themſelves the tender ſex may gueſs.
While the devouring fire was burning faſt,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy caſt;
And ſome their ſhields, and ſome their lances threw,
And gave their warrior's ghoſt a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hiſſing flames receive, and, hungry, lick the food.
Then thrice the mounted ſquadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice reſound;
Hail, and farewell, they ſhouted thrice amain;
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again:
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring ſhields;
The women mix their cries; and clamour fills the fields.
The warlike wakes continu'd all the night,
And fun'ral games were play'd at new returning light.
Who naked wreſtled beſt, beſmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haſte to my long ſtory's end.
I paſs the reſt; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long ſince to Thebes return'd:
When, by the Grecians general conſent,
At Athens Theſeus held his parliament:
Among the laws that paſs'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage ſhould be freed;
Reſerving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the ſovereign ſummon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cauſe, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and ſtill in black array.
The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd on high,
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, ſhe came; the ſenate roſe, and paid
Becoming rev'rence to the royal maid.
And firſt ſoft whiſpers through th' aſſembly went:
With ſilent wonder then they watch'd the event:
All huſh'd, the king aroſe with awful grace:
Deep thought was in his breaſt, and counſel in his face.
At length he ſighed; and, having firſt prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd:
The cauſe and ſpring of motion, from above,
Hung down on earth the golden chain of love:
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring ſeeds he ſent.
Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound,
And Love, the common link, the new creation crown'd.
The chain ſtill holds, for, though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:

The

The ſame firſt Mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long thoſe periſhable forms ſhall laſt:
Nor can they laſt beyond the time aſſign'd
By that all-ſeeing and all-making mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never paſs th' appointed deſtiny.
So men oppreſs'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and ſuborn their death.
Then, ſince thoſe forms begin, and have their end,
On ſome unalter'd cauſe they ſure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole,
Who gives us life and animating ſoul:
For nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give:
He perfect, ſtable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and diff'rent in degree;
Plants, beaſts, and man; and, as our organs are,
We more or leſs of his perfection ſhare.
But by a long deſcent th' ethereal fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire:
As he withdraws his virtue, ſo they paſs;
And the ſame matter makes another maſs.
This lawth'Omniſcient Pow'rwas pleas'd togive,
That ev'ry kind ſhould by ſucceſſion live:
That individuals die his will ordains;
The propagated ſpecies ſtill remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots riſing up, and ſpreads by ſlow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he ſtays,
Supreme in ſtate, and in three more decays;
So wears the paving pebble in the ſtreet,
And towns and tow'rs their fatal periods meet:
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forſaken of their ſprings, and leave their channels dry.
So man, at firſt a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the ſhell,
And ſtruggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpleſs, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and, iſſuing into man,
Grudges their life from whence his own began:
Reckleſs of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and reſtleſs on the throne:
Firſt vegetive, then feels, and reaſons laſt;
Rich of three ſouls, and lives all three to waſte.
Some thus: but thouſands more in flow'r of age:
For few arrive to run the latter ſtage.
Sunk in the firſt, in battle ſome are ſlain,
And others whelm'd beneath the ſtormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whoſe command we periſh and we ſpring?
Then 'tis our beſt, ſince thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of neceſſity.
Take what he gives, ſince to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well ſuſtain;
And could we chooſe the time, and chooſe aright,
'Tis beſt to die, our honour at the height.
When we have done our anceſtors no ſhame,
But ſerv'd our friends, and well ſecur'd our fame:
Then ſhould we wiſh our happy life to cloſe,
And leave no more for fortune to diſpoſe:
So ſhould we make our death a glad relief
From future ſhame, from ſickneſs, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the preſent hour,
And dying in our excellence and flow'r. [run,
Then round our death-bed ev'ry friend ſhould
And joyous of our conqueſt early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and wiſh it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why ſhould we mourn, that he ſo ſoon is freed,
Or call untimely what the Gods decreed?
With grief as juſt a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul priſon to free air reſtor'd.
Ought he to thank his kinſmen or his wife,
Could tears recal him into wretched life?
Their ſorrow hurts themſelves; on him is loſt;
And, worſe than both, offends his happy ghoſt.
What then remains, but, after paſt annoy,
To take the good viciſſitude of joy?
To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
Poſſeſs our ſouls, and, while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two ſorrows to combine,
And in one point th' extremes of grief to join;
That thence reſulting joy may be renew'd;
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
Then I propoſe that Palamon ſhall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd th' aſſent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deſerv'd, had fortune done him right:
'Tis time to mend her fault; ſince Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free:
If you, fair ſiſter, ratify th' accord,
And take him for your huſband and your lord,
'Tis no diſhonour to confer your grace
On one deſcended from a royal race:
And were he leſs, yet years of ſervice paſt
From grateful ſouls exact reward at laſt.
Pity is Heaven's and yours: nor can ſhe find
A throne ſo ſoft as in a woman's mind.
He ſaid; ſhe bluſh'd; and, as o'eraw'd by might,
Seem'd to give Theſeus what ſhe gave the knight.
Then, turning to the Theban, thus he ſaid;
Small arguments are needful to perſuade
Your temper to comply with my command;
And, ſpeaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conqueſt, tho' he loſt the fight;
And bleſs'd with nuptial bliſs the ſweet laborious night.
Eros and Anteros on either ſide,
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the bride;
And long-attending Hymen from above
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day diſcolour'd with domeſtic ſtrife;
No jealouſy, but mutual truth believ'd,
Secure repoſe, and kindneſs undeceiv'd.
Thus Heaven, beyond the compaſs of his thought,
Sent him the bleſſing he ſo dearly bought.
So may the Queen of Love long duty bleſs,
And all true lovers find the ſame ſucceſs.

§ 29.

§ 29. *Religio Laici.* Dryden.

AN EPISTLE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and ſtars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
Is reaſon to the ſoul: and as on high
Thoſe rolling fires diſcover but the ſky,
Nor light us here; ſo reaſon's glimm'ring ray
Was lent not to aſſure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as thoſe nightly tapers diſappear
When day's bright lord aſcends our hemiſphere;
So pale grows reaſon at religion's ſight;
So dies, and ſo diſſolves in ſupernat'ral light.
Some few, whoſe lamp ſhone brighter, have been led
From cauſe to cauſe, to nature's ſecret head;
And found that one firſt principle muſt be:
But what, or who, that univerſal He;
Whether ſome ſoul encompaſſing this ball,
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms, interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not e'en the Stagirite himſelf could ſee,
And Epicurus gueſs'd as well as he;
As blindly grop'd they for a future ſtate;
As raſhly judg'd of providence and fate:
But leaſt of all could their endeavours find
What moſt concern'd the good of human kind:
For happineſs was never to be found,
But vaniſh'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd:
This every little accident deſtroy'd:
The wiſer madmen did for virtue toil;
A thorny, or at beſt a barren ſoil:
In pleaſure ſome their glutton ſouls would ſteep:
But found their line too ſhort, the well too deep;
And leaky veſſels which no bliſs could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the ſoul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the leſs the greater comprehend?
Or finite reaſon reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The Deiſt thinks he ſtands on firmer ground;
Cries εὕρηκα, the mighty ſecret's found:
God is that ſpring of good; ſupreme, and beſt;
We made to ſerve, and in that ſervice bleſt.
If ſo, ſome rules of worſhip muſt be given,
Diſtributed alike to all by Heaven:
Elſe God were partial, and to ſome denied
The means his juſtice ſhould for all provide.
This gen'ral worſhip is to praiſe and pray;
One part to borrow bleſſings, one to pay:
And when frail nature ſlides into offence,
The ſacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet, ſince th' effects of Providence, we find,
Are variouſly diſpens'd to human kind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue ſuffers here,
A brand that ſov'reign juſtice cannot bear;
Our reaſon prompts us to a future ſtate,
The laſt appeal from fortune and from fate;
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The bad meet puniſhment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own ſtrength to Heaven would ſoar;
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature! how art thou miſled,
To think thy wit theſe godlike notions bred!
Theſe truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion firſt inform'd thy ſight,
And reaſon ſaw not till faith ſprung the light.
Hence all thy nat'ral worſhip takes the ſource;
'Tis revelation, what thou think'ſt diſcourſe.
Elſe how comeſt thou to ſee theſe truths ſo clear,
Which ſo obſcure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato theſe, nor Ariſtotle found;
Nor he whoſe wiſdom oracles renown'd.
Haſt thou a wit ſo deep, or ſo ſublime,
Or canſt thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canſt thou by reaſon more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Thoſe giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no ſuch ſyſtem; no ſuch piles could raiſe
Of nat'ral worſhip built on prayer and praiſe
To one ſole God.
Nor did remorſe to expiate ſin preſcribe;
But ſlew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltleſs victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood were penitence.
If ſheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might ſin!
And great oppreſſors might Heaven's wrath be-guile,
By off'ring his own creatures for a ſpoil!
Dar'ſt thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And muſt the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Juſtice in the laſt appeal;
Thy eaſy God inſtructs thee to rebel;
And like a king, remote and weak, muſt take
What ſatisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a pow'r too juſt and ſtrong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpuniſh'd wrong,
Look humbly upward, ſee his will diſcloſe
The forfeit firſt, and then the fine impoſe;
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wiſdom found the way,
And with celeſtial wealth ſupplied thy ſtore;
His juſtice makes the fine, his mercy quits the ſcore.
See God deſcending in thy human frame;
Th' offended ſuffering in th' offender's name;
All thy miſdeeds to him imputed ſee,
And all his righteouſneſs devolv'd on thee.
For, granting we have ſinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made againſt Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion muſt be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deiſt loſt; remorſe for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reaſon now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That ſhews us ſick; and ſadly are we ſure
Still to be ſick, till Heaven reveal the cure:
If then Heaven's will muſt needs be underſtood,
Which muſt, if we want cure, and Heaven be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be ſhewn;
With ſcripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one ſacred book will be that one.

Proof

Proof needs not here: for whether we compare
That impious idle ſuperſtitious ware
Of rites, luſtrations, off'rings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With chriſtian faith and virtues; we ſhall find
None anſw'ring the great ends of human kind,
But this one rule of life, that ſhews us beſt
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals bleſt.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is ſcarce more antient than the law;
Heaven's early care preſcrib'd for ev'ry age;
Firſt in the ſoul, and after in the page.
Or whether more abſtractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from Heaven, could men unſkill'd in arts,
In ſev'ral ages born, in ſev'ral parts,
Weave ſuch agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conſpire to cheat us with a lye?
Unaſk'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itſelf we caſt our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the ſtory true;
The doctrine, miracles; which muſt convince,
For heaven in them appeals to human ſenſe;
And tho' they prove not, they confirm the cauſe,
When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.

Then for the ſtyle, majeſtic and divine,
It ſpeaks no leſs than God in ev'ry line;
Commanding words; whoſe force is ſtill the ſame
As the firſt fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beſide or did by arms aſcend,
Or ſince indulg'd has made mankind their friend,
This only doctrine does our luſts oppoſe,
Unfed by nature's ſoil, in which it grows;
Croſs to our int'reſts, curbing ſenſe and ſin:
Oppreſs'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives thro' pain; its own tormentors tires;
And with a ſtubborn patience ſtill aſpires.
To what can reaſon ſuch effects aſſign
Tranſcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that ſacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that uſe ordain'd?

But ſtay: the Deiſt here will urge anew.
No ſupernat'ral worſhip can be true;
Becauſe a gen'ral law is that alone
Which muſt to all, and ev'ry where, be known:
A ſtyle ſo large as not this book can claim,
Nor aught that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis ſaid, the ſouud of a Meſſiah's birth
Is gone thro' all the the habitable earth;
But ſtill that text muſt be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what proviſions could from thence accrue
To Indian ſouls, and worlds diſcover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages paſt,
The ſcriptures there were known, and were embrac'd
Till ſin ſpread once again the ſhades of night:
What's that to theſe, who never ſaw the light?

Of all objections this indeed is chief
To ſtartle reaſon, ſtagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human ſenſe
Has hid the ſecret paths of Providence:
But boundleſs wiſdom, boundleſs mercy, may
Find, ev'n for thoſe bewilder'd ſouls, a way;
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may ſtrangers who ne'er heard his name.
And though no name be for ſalvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far tranſcending goodneſs can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reaſons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the beſt,
But more the great apoſtle has expreſs'd:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inſpir'd,
By nature did what was by law requir'd,
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themſelves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they ſhall plead;
And by their conſcience be condemn'd or freed."
Moſt righteous doom! becauſe a rule reveal'd
Is none to thoſe from whom it was conceal'd.
Then thoſe who follow'd reaſon's dictates right
Liv'd up, and lifted high their nat'ral light;
With Socrates may ſee their Maker's face,
While thouſand rubric-martyrs want a place.

Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
Th' Egyptian biſhop of another mind;
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endleſs pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;
Unleſs he firſt could prove he was inſpir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to ſay,
This faith, where publiſh'd, was the only way;
Or elſe conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in diſpute,
Flew high; and as his chriſtian fury roſe
Damn'd all for heretics who durſt oppoſe.

Thus far my charity this path has tried;
A much unſkilful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, e'en theſe crude thoughts were bred,
By reading that which better thou had read.
Thy matchleſs author's work; which thou my friend,
By well tranſlating better doſt commend;
Thoſe youthful hours which of thy equals moſt
In toys have ſquander'd, or in vice have loſt;
Thoſe hours haſt thou to nobler uſe employ'd,
And the ſevere delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witneſs this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the ſifting care
Of rabbins old ſophiſticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can ſort
May afterwards make algebra a ſport.
A treaſure, which if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy;
Save pains in various readings and tranſlations;
And without Hebrew make moſt learn'd quotations.
A work ſo full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet ſo ſtrongly wrought,
As nature's height and art's laſt hand requir'd,
As much as man could compaſs, uninſpir'd:

Where

Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copyer's and translator's trade;
How Jewish, Popish, int'rests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.
For some, who have his secret meaning gues's'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest:
For fashion's sake he seems to have recourse
To pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new:
If scripture, tho' deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more
In fuller terms of heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare,
To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopt the gaping fence,
Which ev'ry common hand pull'd up with ease,
What safety from such brush-wood-helps as these?
If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lyes on ages are entail'd:
And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain,
If we consider int'rest, church, and gain.
O but, says one, tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For since th' original scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition must be found.
Such an omniscient church we wish indeed;
'Twere worth both Testaments; cast in the creed:
But if this mother be a guide so sure
As can all doubts resolve, and truth secure,
Then her infallibility, as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
Restore lost canons with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains:
Which yet no council dare pretend to do;
Unless, like Esdras, they could write it new:
Strange confidence still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest original contain'd.
More safe, and much more modest, 'tis to say,
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the scriptures, tho' not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me:
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.
Must all tradition then be set aside?
This to affirm, were ignorance and pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that scripture leaves obscure?
Which ev'ry sect will wrest a sev'ral way;
For what one sect interprets, all sects may:
We hold, and say we prove from scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same scripture urges he's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still,
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heaven, and ne'er is at a loss:
For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page; and see
Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine,
And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd design?
Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here;
When gen'ral, old, disint'rested, and clear;
That ancient fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age;
Confirms its force by 'biding ev'ry test;
For best authorities next rules are best.
And still the nearer to the spring we go,
More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
Thus first traditions were a proof alone;
Could we be certain, such they were, so known;
But since some flaws in long descent may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
E'en Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceeding spoke.
Such diff'rence is there in an oft-told tale:
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice descends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history:
Which, from the universal church receiv'd,
Is tried, and after for itself believ'd.
The partial Papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
But first they would assume with wondrous art
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame the church; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret? or would they alone,
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?
The book's a common largess to mankind;
Not more for them than ev'ry man design'd:
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain
In all things needful to be known is plain.
In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know:

When

When what ſmall knowledge was in them did dwell;
And he a god who could but read and ſpell;
The mother-church did mightily prevail;
She parcel'd out the bible by retail:
But ſtill expounded what ſhe ſold or gave,
To keep it in her power to damn or ſave.
Scripture was ſcarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took ſalvation on content;
As needy men take money good or bad: [had.
God's word they had not, but the prieſt's they
Yet whate'er falſe conveyances they made,
The lawyer ſtill was certain to be paid.
In thoſe dark times they learn'd their knack ſo well,
That by long uſe they grew infallible.
At laſt a knowing age began t' enquire [late,
If they the book, or that did them inſpire:
And making narrower ſearch they found, tho'
That what they thought the prieſt's was their eſtate:
Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then ev'ry man who ſaw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a ſhare:
Conſulted ſoberly his private good,
And ſav'd himſelf as cheap as e'er he could.
'Tis true, my friend, and far be flatt'ry hence,
This good had full as bad a conſequence:
The book thus put in ev'ry vulgar hand,
Which each preſum'd he beſt could underſtand,
The common rule was made the common prey,
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fiſts was gall'd:
And he was gifted moſt that loudeſt bawl'd;
The ſpirit gave the doctoral degree:
And ev'ry member of a company
Was of his trade and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful uſe they found;
But men would ſtill be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of th' obſcureſt place,
No meaſure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by faſting and by pray'r:
This was the fruit the private ſpirit brought;
Occaſion'd by great zeal and little thought;
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the ſacred viands buz and ſwarm.
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thouſand daily ſects riſe up and die;
A thouſand more the periſh'd race ſupply:
So all we make of Heaven's diſcover'd will,
Is not to have it, or to uſe it ill.
The danger's much the ſame; on ſev'ral ſhelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourſelves.
What then remains, but waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to ſtem?
Neither ſo rich a treaſure to forego;
Nor proudly ſeek beyond our pow'r to know:
Faith is not built on diſquiſitions vain;
The things we muſt believe are few and plain.
But ſince men will believe more than they need,
And ev'ry man will make himſelf a creed,
In doubtful queſtions 'tis the ſafeſt way
To learn what unſuſpected ancients ſay:
For 'tis not likely we ſhould higher ſoar
In ſearch of heaven than all the church before;
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unleſs we ſee
The ſcripture and the fathers diſagree.
If after all they ſtand ſuſpected ſtill,
For no man's faith depends upon his will;
'Tis ſome relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And, after hearing what our church can ſay,
If ſtill our reaſon runs another way,
That private reaſon 'tis more juſt to curb,
Than by diſputes the public peace diſturb;
For points obſcure are of ſmall uſe to learn;
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
Thus have I made my own opinions clear;
Yet neither praiſe expect, nor cenſure fear:
And this unpoliſh'd rugged verſe I choſe,
As fitteſt for diſcourſe, and neareſt proſe:
For while from ſacred truth I do not ſwerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will ſerve.

§ 30. *Mac Flecknoe.* Dryden.

All human things are ſubject to decay,
And when Fate ſummons, monarchs muſt obey.
This Flecknoe found, who like Auguſtus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long:
In proſe and verſe was own'd without diſpute,
Thro' all the realms of Nonſenſe abſolute.
This aged prince, now flouriſhing in peace,
And bleſs'd with iſſue of a large increaſe;
Worn out with buſineſs, did at length debate
To ſettle the ſucceſſion of the ſtate:
And pond'ring which, of all his ſons, was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit;
Cried, 'Tis reſolv'd; for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who moſt reſembles me.
Sh——, alone, my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullneſs from his tender years:
Sh——, alone, of all my ſons, is he,
Who ſtands confirm'd in full ſtupidity.
The reſt to ſome faint meaning make pretence;
But Sh—— never deviates into ſenſe.
Some beams of wit on other ſouls may fall,
Strike thro', and make a lucid interval;
But Sh——'s genuine night admits no ray;
His riſing fogs prevail upon the day.
Beſides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And ſeems deſign'd for thoughtleſs majeſty:
Thoughtleſs as monarch oaks that ſhade the plain,
And ſpread in ſolemn ſtate, ſupinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou laſt great prophet of Tautology.
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was ſent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarſely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom ſtrung,
When to king John of Portugal I ſung,
Was but the prelude of that glorious day,
When thou on ſilver Thames didſt cut thy way.

With

With well-tim'd oars, before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celeſtial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an hoſt,
The like was ne'er in Epſom blankets toſs'd.
Methinks I ſee the new Arion ſail,
The lute ſtill trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well ſhapen'd thumb, from ſhore to ſhore
The trebles ſqueak for fear, the baſſes roar:
Echoes from Piſſing-Alley Sh—— call,
And Sh—— they reſound from Aſton-Hall.
About thy boat the little fiſhes throng,
As at the morning toaſt that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'ſt thy papers in thy threſhing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not e'en the feet of thy own Pſyche's rhyme:
Though they in number as in ſenſe excel;
So juſt, ſo like Tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forſwore
The lute and ſword which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.

Here ſtopt the good old ſire, and wept for joy,
In ſilent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but moſt his plays, perſuade,
That for anointed dulneſs he was made.
Cloſe to the walls which fair Auguſta bind
(The fair Auguſta, much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, rais'd t' inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tow'r once: but now, ſo fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vaſt courts the mother-ſtrumpets keep,
And undiſturb'd by watch, in ſilence ſleep,
Near theſe a nurſery erects its head, [bred:
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads the buſkins here,
Nor greater Johnſon dares in ſocks appear;
But gentle Simpkin juſt reception finds
Amidſt this monument of vaniſh'd minds:
Pure clinches the ſuburbian muſe affords,
And Panton waging harmleſs war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his Sh——'s throne:
For ancient Decker propheſied, long ſince,
That in this pile ſhould reign a mighty prince,
Born for a ſcourge of wit, and flail of ſenſe:
To whom true dulneſs ſhould ſome Pſyche's owe,
But worlds of Miſers from his pen ſhould flow;
Humoriſts and Hypocrites it ſhould produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empreſs Fame had publiſh'd the renown
Of Sh——'s coronation thro' the town.
Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bun-hill, and diſtant Watling-ſtreet;
No Perſian carpets ſpread th' imperial way,
But ſcatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From duſty ſhops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pyes, and relics of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay;
But loads of Sh—— almoſt choak'd the way.
Bilk'd ſtationers for yeomen ſtood prepar'd,
And H—n was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majeſty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd,
At his right hand our young Aſcanius ſat,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the ſtate.
His brows, thick fogs, inſtead of glories, grace,
And lambent Dulneſs play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his ſire a mortal foe to Rome;
So Sh—— ſwore, nor ſhould his vow be vain,
That he, till death, true dulneſs would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with ſenſe.
The king himſelf the ſacred unction made,
As king by office, and as prieſt by trade.
In his ſiniſter hand, inſtead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his ſceptre, and his rule of ſway;
Whoſe righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whoſe loins recorded Pſyche ſprung;
His temples laſt with poppies were o'erſpread,
That, nodding, ſeem'd to conſecrate his head.
Juſt at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his right hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis ſung, by Tiber's brook,
Preſage of ſway from twice ſix vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The ſire then ſhook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion ſhed
Full on the filial dulneſs: long he ſtood,
Repelling from his breaſt the raging god;
At length burſt out in this prophetic mood.

'Heavens bleſs my ſon, from Ireland let him
To far Barbadoes on the weſtern main; [reign
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him ſtretch his pen.'
He paus'd, and all the people cried, Amen.
Then thus continued he: 'My ſon, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach; learn thou, from me,
Pangs without birth, and fruitleſs induſtry.
Let Virtuoſos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuſe thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the ſtage;
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And, in their folly, ſhew the writer's wit.
Yet ſtill thy fools ſhall ſtand in thy defence,
And juſtify their author's want of ſenſe.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulneſs, and deſire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but iſſue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name.
But let no alien S—dl—y interpoſe,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epſom proſe.

And

And, when falſe flow'rs of Rhetoric thou wouldſt cull,
Truſt Nature, do not labour to be dull:
But write thy beſt, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, tho' unſought, attends thy quill,
And does thy Northern Dedications fill.
Nor let falſe friends ſeduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonſon's hoſtile name.
Let father Frecknoe fire thy mind with praiſe,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raiſe.
Thou art my blood, where Jonſon has no part;
What ſhare have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on Learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in Pſcyhe's humble ſtrain?
Where ſold he bargains, whip-ſtitch, kiſs my arſe;
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muſe from Fletcher ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole Eth'ridge doſt transfuſe to thine?
But ſo transfus'd, as oil and water flow;
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wond'rous way,
New humours to invent for each new play;
This is that boaſted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulneſs 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ;
But ſure thou 'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muſe gives ſmiles; thy comic, ſleep.
With whate'er gall thou ſett'ſt thyſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive ſatires never bite.
In thy felonious heart though venom lies
It does but touch thy Iriſh pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and chooſe for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acroſtic land.
There thou may'ſt wings diſplay, and altars raiſe,
And torture one poor word ten thouſand ways.
Or, if thou wouldſt thy diff'rent talents ſuit,
Set thy own ſongs, and ſing them to thy lute.
He ſaid; but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard;
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
And down they ſent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a ſubterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

§ 31. *An Eſſay upon Satire.*

Dryden *and* Buckingham.

How dull and how inſenſible a beaſt
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the reſt!
Philoſophers and poets vainly ſtrove
In ev'ry age the lumpiſh maſs to move: [theſe,
But thoſe were pedants, when compar'd with
Who know not only to inſtruct but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Myſterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; ſo that, as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satire has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,
To tell men freely of their foulſt faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In ſatire too the wiſe took diff'rent ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar praiſe.
Some did all folly with juſt ſharpneſs blame,
Whilſt others laugh'd, and ſcorn'd them into ſhame.
But of theſe two, the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
As men aim righteſt when they ſhoot in jeſt.
Yet if we may preſume to blame our guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides,
In other things they juſtly are preferr'd;
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd:
Againſt the groſſeſt follies they declaim;
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble game,
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Beſides, 'tis labour loſt; for who would preach
Morals to Armſtrong, or dull Aſton teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wiſe at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendſhip to Whitehall.
But with ſharp eyes thoſe nicer faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt mind;
That little ſpeck which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that, would be a noble toil;
Beyond the looſe-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd ſcenes of our declining ſtage;
Above all cenſure too, each little wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the moſt,
Of ſuch correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a ſatire all would ſeek a ſhare,
And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there.
Old ſtory-tellers too muſt pine and die,
To ſee their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her, who miſs'd her name in a lampoon
And griev'd to find herſelf decay'd ſo ſoon.
No common coxcomb muſt be mention'd here;
Not the dull train of dancing ſparks appear;
Nor flutt'ring officers who never fight:
Of ſuch a wretched rabble who would write?
Much leſs half wits: that's more againſt our rules,
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as ſilly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
The cunning courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull knav'ry makes ſo much ado;
Till the ſhrewd fool, by thriving too, too faſt,
Like Æſop's fox, becomes a prey at laſt.
Nor ſhall the royal miſtreſſes be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too eaſy, to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps ſuch a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet ſaunt'ring Charles, between his beaſtly brace,
Meets with diſſembling ſtill in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.

In loyal libels we have often told him
How one has jilted him, the other ſold him;
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep:
But who can rail ſo long as he can ſleep?
Was ever prince by two at once miſled,
Falſe, fooliſh, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnely and Ayleſbury, with all that race
Of buſy blockheads, ſhall have here no place;
At council ſat as foils on Dorſet's ſcore,
To make that great falſe jewel ſhine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wiſe,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no meddling with ſuch nauſeous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'Tis time to quit their company, and chooſe
Some fitter ſubject for a ſharper Muſe.

Firſt let's behold the merrieſt man alive
Againſt his careleſs genius vainly ſtrive;
Quit his dear eaſe, ſome deep deſign to lay,
'Gainſt a ſet time; and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his beſt friends; and be
Juſt as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reaſon or at rule,
He turns himſelf the beſt to ridicule.
Let him at buſ'neſs ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That ſhadow of a jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be deſtroy'd.
So cat transform'd ſat gravely and demure,
Till mouſe appear'd, and thought himſelf ſecure;
But ſoon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did juſt as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We muſt fall back to our old fleſh and blood:
As, by our little Machiavel, we find
That nimbleſt creature of the buſy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body ſhakes;
Yet his hard mind, which all this buſtle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To ſee him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him ſtill
Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that's ill.
'Twere crime in any man but him alone,
To uſe a body ſo, tho' 'tis one's own:
Yet this falſe comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilſt the creep's his vig'rous thoughts can ſoar:
Alas! that ſoaring, to thoſe few that know,
Is but a buſy grov'ling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the ſky,
Whilſt on the ground th'entranced wretches lie:
So modern fops have fancied they could fly.
As the new earl with parts deſerving praiſe,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loſes all ſoft days and ſenſual nights,
Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune ſlights;
Striving againſt his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a buſy man.
And what is that, at beſt, but one whoſe mind
Is made to tire himſelf and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; 'faith, let him reign;
For if ſome odd fantaſtic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudg'ry do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.

But is there any other beaſt that lives,
Who his own harm ſo wittingly contrives?
Will any dog, that has his teeth and ſtones,
Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones
To turn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a ſtateſman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
Though ſatire nicely writ no humour ſtings
But thoſe who merit praiſe in other things:
Yet we muſt needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly Tropos ſake,
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing ſmoothly, and for reas'ning wrong.
As boys on holidays let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh traps for girls that paſs that way,
Then ſhout to ſee in dirt and deep diſtreſs
Some ſilly cit in her flower'd fooliſh dreſs;
So have I mighty ſatisfaction found,
To ſee his tinſel reaſon on the ground:
To ſee the florid fool deſpis'd, and know it, [it:
By ſome who ſcarce have words enough to ſhew
For ſenſe ſits ſilent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay ſometimes the wittieſt ſpeaker:
But 'tis prodigious ſo much eloquence
Should be acquir'd by ſuch little ſenſe;
For words and wit did anciently agree;
And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
At bar abuſive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolſack, fop at council-table.
Theſe are the grievances of ſuch fools as would
Be rather wiſe than honeſt, great than good.

Some other kind of wits muſt be made known,
Whoſe harmleſs errors hurt themſelves alone;
Exceſs of luxury they think can pleaſe,
And lazineſs call loving of their eaſe;
To live diſſolv'd in pleaſure ſtill they feign,
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of ſurfeits, head-achs, claps, are ſeen,
We ſcarce perceive the little time between;
Well-meaning men who make this groſs miſtake,
And pleaſure loſe only for pleaſure's ſake;
Each pleaſure has its price; and when we pay
Too much of pain, we ſquander life away.

Thus Dorſet, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married; but wiſer puſs ne'er thought of that;
And firſt he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's maſtiffs at his kindeſt time;
Then for one night ſold all his ſlaviſh life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of ſuch a fulſome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill reſtor'd him to his liberty!
Which he would uſe in his old ſneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his briſker times
Had fam'd for dulneſs in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to 'ſcape the ſnare,
Tho' learn'd in all thoſe arts that cheat the fair;
For, after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the ſtocks;

Deluded parents dried their weeping eyes,
To ſee 'im catch a tartar for his prize;
Th' impatient town waited the wiſh'd-for change
And cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet revenge;
Till Petworth plot made us with ſorrow ſee,
As his eſtate, his perſon too was free:
Him no ſoft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his will:
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and pow'r
Break not his boaſted quiet ev'ry hour.
And little Sid, for ſimile renown'd,
Pleaſure has always ſought, but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are ſo bad, ſure he ne'er thinks at all.
The fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong;
His meat and miſtreſſes are kept too long.
But ſure we all miſtake this pious man,
Who mortifies his perſon all he can:
What we uncharitably take for ſin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin:
For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common ſenſe;
And 'tis a miracle, we may ſuppoſe,
No naſtineſs offends his ſkilful noſe;
Which from all ſtink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume, and eſſence from a f—t:
Expecting ſupper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes Hewit and Jack Hall for wits.
Rocheſter I deſpiſe for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For, while he miſchief means to all mankind,
Himſelf alone the ill effects doth find:
And ſo like witches juſtly ſuffer ſhame,
Whoſe harmleſs malice is ſo much the ſame.
Falſe are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, ſo ſeldom hit:
To ev'ry face he cringes while he ſpeaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes ev'ry creature
A very Killigrew, without good nature.
For what a Beſſus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd!
For there's the folly that's ſtill mix'd with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting ſparks ſome may their pleaſures ſay,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance ſtill:
Falſely he falls into ſome dang'rous nooſe,
And then as meanly labours to get looſe:
A life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe injury and low ſubmitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almoſt as well as me.
Sometimes he has ſome humour, never wit:
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under ſo much naſty rubbiſh laid,
To find it out's the cinderwoman's trade;
Who, for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Muſt toil all day in aſhes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deſerve no comments here;
Where one poor thought ſometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulneſs muſt atone.
How vain a thing is man, and how unwiſe;
Ev'n he who would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe!
I, who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't ſee.
While the world's nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhewn,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own:
That we may angels ſeem, we paint them elves,
And are but ſatires to ſet up ourſelves.
I (who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my maſter, who firſt ſatire taught;
And did by that deſcribe the taſk ſo hard,
It ſeem'd ſtupendous and above reward)
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time;
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall;
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

§ 32. *Cymon and Iphigenia.* Dryden.

Poeta loquitur.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my ſoul, and ſtill inſpires my wit.
If love be folly, the ſevere divine
Has felt that folly, though he cenſures mine;
Pollutes the pleaſures of a chaſte embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous exceſs, a prieſtly race.
Suppoſe him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He ſhew'd the way, perverting firſt my ſenſe;
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me ſpeak the things I never thought,
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill ſuits his cloth the praiſe of railing well.
The world will think that what we looſely write,
Though now arrang'd, he read with ſome delight;
Becauſe he ſeems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain:
And teaching more in one explaining page
Than all the double-meanings of the ſtage.
What needs he paraphraſe on what we mean?
We were at worſt but wanton; he's obſcene.
I not my fellows nor myſelf excuſe;
But love's the ſubject of the comic Muſe;
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry inſtruction view;
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind;
Awakes the ſleepy vigour of the ſoul,
And, bruſhing-o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, ſtudious how to pleaſe, improves our parts
With poliſh'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love firſt invented verſe, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion meaſur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To lib'ral acts enlarg'd the narrow ſoul'd,
Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold;

The world, when waſte, he peopled with increaſe,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the firſt, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame deſign'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

In that ſweet iſle where Venus keeps her court,
And ev'ry grace, and all the loves, reſort;
Where either ſex is form'd of ſofter earth,
And takes the bent of pleaſure from their birth:
There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the reſt
Wiſe, wealthy, with a num'rous iſſue bleſt:
But, as no gift of fortune is ſincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir.
His eldeſt born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the reſt in ſhape and outward ſhew;
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degen'rate mind.
His ſoul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in diſgrace:
A clowniſh mien, a voice with ruſtic ſound,
And ſtupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error; as the mind
And body were not of a piece deſign'd, [join'd.
But made for two, and by miſtake in one were
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's deſpair;
The more inform'd, the leſs he underſtood;
And deeper ſunk by flound'ring in the mud.
Now ſcorn'd of all, and grown the public ſhame,
The people from Galeſus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which ſignifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature ſuit.
His father, when he found his labour loſt,
And care employ'd that anſwer'd not the coſt,
Choſe an ungrateful object to remove.
And loath'd to ſee what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd:
Rude work well ſuited with a ruſtic mind.
Thus to the wilds the ſturdy Cymon went,
A 'ſquire among the ſwains, and pleas'd with baniſhment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his ſupreme delight a country fair.
It happen'd on a ſummer's holiday,
That to the green-wood ſhade he took his way;
For Cymon ſhunn'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.
His quarter-ſtaff, which he could ne'er forſake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went for want of thought.
By chance conducted, or by thirſt conſtrain'd,
The deep receſſes of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept thro' the matted graſs a cryſtal flood,
By which an alabaſter fountain ſtood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her ſlaves) a ſleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with ſport,
To reſt by cool Eurotas they reſort:
The dame herſelf the goddeſs well expreſs'd,
Not more diſtinguiſh'd by her purple veſt,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in ſlumber a ſuperior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body ſhaded with a ſlight cymarr;
Her boſom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were ſcarcely ſpied,
For yet their places were but ſignified:
The fanning wind upon her boſom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the boſom roſe:
The fanning wind, and purling ſtreams, continue her repoſe.

The fool of nature ſtood with ſtupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that teſtified ſurpriſe,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his ſight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he ſtood, and, leaning on his ſtaff,
His wonder witneſs'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have ſpoke, but by his glimm'ring ſenſe
Firſt found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he ſhould be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Thro' the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the firſt ray that pierc'd the native light:
Then day and darkneſs in the maſs were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:
Laſt ſhone the ſun, who, radiant in his ſphere,
Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around
So reaſon in this brutal ſoul began, [the year.
Love made him firſt ſuſpect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian ſound;
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That ſenſe of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and diſclos'd the promiſe of a day.
What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpoliſh'd heart,
The beſt inſtructor, love, at once inſpir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulneſs are fir'd:
Love taught him ſhame; and ſhame, with love at ſtrife,
Soon taught the ſweet civilities of life; [find
His groſs material ſoul at once could
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a deſire till then unknown;
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone:
This made the firſt impreſſion on his mind,
Above, but juſt above, the brutal kind.
For beaſts can like, but not diſtinguiſh too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this or t'other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
But love in groſs, and ſtupidly admire:
As flies allur'd by light approach the fire.
Thus our man-beaſt, advancing by degrees,
Firſt likes the whole, then ſeparates what he ſees:
On ſev'ral parts a ſev'ral praiſe beſtows:
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd noſe,
The ſnowy ſkin, and raven-gloſſy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead riſing fair,
And ev'n in ſleep itſelf, a ſmiling air.
From thence his eyes deſcending view'd the reſt,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breaſt.
Long on the laſt he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow ſped to pierce his heart.

Thus

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid:
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his thought,
And love new-born the first good manners taught,
And awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race.
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view:
So checking his desire, with trembling heart,
Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.
The slav'ring curden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping, with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake; nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she: What makes you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known,
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face).
But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
And in his breast receiv'd th' envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust:
This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
And, rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid,
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, asham'd of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair;
But sought his father's house with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.

With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With lib'ral arts to cultivate the mind:
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd;
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In ev'ry exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease;
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which chok'd in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by love?
Love made an active progress thro' his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd; and, as he went, impress'd
The maker's image on the human breast.
Thus was the man amended by desire:
And tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand:
Excus'd the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirm'd, and bishop'd by the fair.

To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise:
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the blest above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine.
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.
Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And, bent to die or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopt her flight; then, standing on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defied the foe:
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
Already were the vessels side by side;
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the bride,

But Cymon ſoon his crooked grapples caſt,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with ſword and ſhield, amid the preſs he paſs'd.
Fierce was the fight; but, haſt'ning to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himſelf alone diſpers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak diſdain'd, the valiant overthrew.
Cheap conqueſt for his following friends remain'd;
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confeſs'd, the foes retreat,
And caſt the weapons at the victor's feet,
Whom thus he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I fought
For love alone, nor other beauty ſought:
Your lives are ſafe; your veſſel I reſign;
Yours be your own, reſtoring what is mine:
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you.
Your Paſimond a lawleſs bargain drove,
The parent could not ſell the daughter's love;
Or, if he could, my love diſdains the laws,
And, like a king, by conqueſt gains his cauſe;
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain;
Love taught me force, and force ſhall love maintain;
You, what by ſtrength you could not keep, releaſe,
And at an eaſy ranſom buy your peace.
Fear on the conquer'd ſide ſoon ſign'd th' accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was reſtor'd:
While to his arms the bluſhing bride he took,
To ſeeming ſadneſs ſhe compos'd her look;
As if by force ſubjected to his will,
Tho' pleas'd diſſembling, and a woman ſtill.
And (for ſhe wept) he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to diſmiſs her empty fears;
For yours I am, he ſaid, and have deſerv'd
Your love much better whom ſo long I ſerv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father tied
Your vows, and ſold a ſlave, not ſent a bride.
Thus while he ſpoke, he ſeiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan ſpouſe away.
Faintly ſhe ſcream'd, and ev'n her eyes confeſs'd
She rather would be thought, than was, diſtreſs'd.
Who now exults but Cymon in his mind?
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the preſent, to the future blind!
Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the ſea,
And ſteers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glaſs of meaſur'd hours was run,
When, like a fiery meteor, ſunk the ſun,
The promiſe of a ſtorm; the ſhifting gales
Forſake by fits, and fill the flagging ſails;
Hoarſe murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds ariſe,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the maſter iſſues out commands,
In vain the trembling ſailors ply their hands:
The tempeſt unforeſeen prevents their care,
And from the firſt they labour in deſpair.
The giddy ſhip, betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back, and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the diff'rent blows; then ſhoots a main,
Till, counterbuff'd, ſhe ſtops, and ſleeps again.
Not more aghaſt the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepeſt hell,
Than ſtood the lover of his love poſſeſt,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been bleſt;
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies, but would be loſt alone.
Sad Iphigene to womaniſh complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the ſaints;
Ev'n if ſhe could, her love ſhe would repent;
But, ſince ſhe cannot, dreads the puniſhment:
Her forfeit faith, and Paſimond betray'd,
Are ever preſent, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herſelf, nor blames her lover leſs,
Augments her anger as her fears increaſe;
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interpoſing durſt, in Heaven's deſpite,
Invade and violate another's right:
The pow'rs incens'd awhile deferr'd his pain,
And made him maſter of his vows in vain:
But ſoon they puniſh'd his preſumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterpriſe ſhe died,
Who rather not reſiſted than complied.
Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd ſenſe
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave the offence.
Sex to the laſt: meantime, with ſails declin'd,
The wand'ring veſſel drove before the wind:
Toſs'd and retoſs'd, aloft, and then below,
Nor port they ſeek, nor certain courſe they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
The lands before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempeſt bore
The threaten'd ſhip againſt a rocky ſhore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And juſt eſcap'd; their force already ſpent:
Secure from ſtorms, and panting from the ſea,
The land unknown at leiſure they ſurvey;
And ſaw (but ſoon their fickly ſight withdrew)
The riſing tow'rs of Rhodes at diſtant view:
And curs'd the hoſtile ſhore of Paſimond,
Sav'd from the ſeas, and ſhipwreck'd on the ground.
The frighted ſailors tried their ſtrength in vain
To turn the ſtern, and tempt the ſtormy main:
But the ſtiff wind withſtood the lab'ring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal ſhore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian ſtrand,
And the ſhip moor'd conſtrains the crew to land.
Yet ſtill they might be ſafe, becauſe unknown;
But, as ill fortune ſeldom comes alone,
The veſſel they diſmiſs'd was driven before,
Already ſhelter'd on their native ſhore;
Known each, they know, but each with change of cheer;
The vanquiſh'd ſide exults, the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made priſ'ners ere they fight,
Deſpairing conqueſt, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia ſwarms;
Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vaſt expence,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout

Stout once a month they march, a bluſt'ring band;
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
This was the morn when, iſſuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they ſtood prepar'd
Of ſeeming arms to make a ſhort eſſay,
Then haſten to be drunk, the buſineſs of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themſelves ſo many, and their foes ſo few:
But, crowding on, the laſt the firſt impel;
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enſlav'd, who firſt the war began;
And Iphigene once more is loſt and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive caſt,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters faſt;
His life was only ſpar'd at their requeſt,
Whom taken he ſo nobly had releas'd;
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn addreſs'd to treat the fair;
While Paſimond and his then nuptial feaſt prepare.
Her ſecret ſoul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But ſhe muſt ſuffer what her fates aſſign'd;
So paſſive is the church of womankind.
What worſe to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the loweſt ſpoke of all her wheel?
It reſted to diſmiſs the downward weight,
Or raiſe him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the moſt)
Prepar'd th' amends for what by love he loſt.
The ſire of Paſimond had left a ſon,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormiſda call'd, to whom, by promiſe tied,
A Rhodian beauty was the deſtin'd bride;
Caſſandra was her name, above the reſt
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bleſt.
Lyſimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian ſtate,
Was then by choice their annual magiſtrate;
He lov'd Caſſandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his deſire;
Croſs'd by her friends, by her not diſapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormiſda lov'd:
So ſtood th' affair; ſome little hope remain'd,
That, ſhould his rival chance to loſe, he gain'd.
Mean time young Paſimond his marriage preſs'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feaſt;
And frugally reſolv'd (the charge to ſhun
Which would be double ſhould he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lyſimachus, oppreſs'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and ſtudied quick relief;
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
The magiſtrate his public truſt abus'd;
To juſtice liable, as law requir'd;
For, when his office ceas'd, his pow'r expir'd:
While pow'r remain'd, the means were in his hand,
By force to ſeize, and then forſake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move;
A ſlave to fame, but more a ſlave to love:
Reſtraining others, yet himſelf not free,
Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity.
Both ſides he weigh'd; but, after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magiſtrate.
Love never fails to maſter what he finds,
But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wiſe he blinds.
This youth propoſing to poſſeſs and 'ſcape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, tho' Heaven ſometimes may bleſs
An impious act with undeſerv'd ſucceſs;
The great, it ſeems, are privileg'd alone
To puniſh all injuſtice but their own.
But here I ſtop, not daring to proceed,
Yet bluſh to flatter an unrighteous deed;
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.
Reſolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent
To find the means that might ſecure th' event;
Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he ſought;
Th' example pleas'd; the cauſe and crime the ſame;
An injur'd lover, and a raviſh'd dame.
How much he durſt he knew by what he dar'd,
The leſs he had to loſe, the leſs he car'd;
To manage loathſome life when love was the reward.
This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the priſ'ner ſent;
In ſecret ſent, the public view to ſhun;
Then, with a ſober ſmile, he thus begun:
The pow'rs above, who bounteouſly beſtow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit firſt, nor blindly give
To ſuch as are not worthy to receive;
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but firſt they muſt be tried:
Theſe fruitful ſeeds within your mind they ſow'd;
'Twas yours t' improve the talent they beſtow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the groſſer parts; they gave you care
To pleaſe, and courage to deſerve the fair.
Thus far they tried you, and by proof they found
The grain entruſted in a grateful ground;
But ſtill the great experiment remain'd,
They ſuffer'd you to loſe the prize you gain'd,
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone;
And, when reſtor'd, to them the bleſſing own.
Reſtor'd it ſoon will be; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty ſmooth'd, the danger ſhar'd;
Be but yourſelf, the care to me reſign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Caſſandra mine.
Your rival Paſimond purſues your life;
Impatient to revenge his raviſh'd wife.
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd;
Two brothers are our foes; Ormiſda mine,
As much declar'd as Paſimond is thine;
To-morrow muſt their common vows be tied;
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both reſolve to die, or each redeem a bride.
Right I have none, nor haſt thou much to plead;
'Tis force, when done, muſt juſtify the deed;

Our taſk perform'd, we next prepare for flight;
And let the loſers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will ſail before the wind;
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy reſolves; if now thy courage droop,
Deſpair in priſon, and abandon hope:
But if thou dar'ſt in arms thy love regain
(For liberty without thy love were vain)
Then ſecond my deſign to ſeize the prey,
Or lead to ſecond rape, for well thou know'ſt the way.
Said Cymon, overjoy'd, Do thou propoſe
The means to fight, and only ſhew the foes:
For from the firſt, when love had fir'd my mind,
Reſolv'd I left the care of life behind.
To this the bold Lyſimachus replied:
Let heaven be neuter, and the ſword decide;
The ſpouſals are prepar'd, already play
The minſtrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dreſs'd;
All Rhodes is ſummon'd to the nuptial feaſt,
All but myſelf, the ſole unbidden gueſt.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there;
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.
Now hear the reſt; when day reſigns the light,
And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call; my choſen few
With arms adminiſter'd ſhall aid thy crew.
Then, ent'ring unexpected, will we ſeize
Our deſtin'd prey, from men diſſolv'd in eaſe,
By wine diſabled, unprepar'd for fight;
And, haſtening to the ſeas, ſuborn our flight:
The ſeas are ours, for I command the fort;
A ſhip well-mann'd expects us in the port.
If they, or if their friends, the prize conteſt,
Death ſhall attend the man who dares reſiſt.
It pleas'd: the priſoner to his hold retir'd;
His troop with equal emulation fir'd, [quir'd.
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work re-
The ſun aroſe; the ſtreets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the poſts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected ſpouſe, and entertains the friends;
They meet, they lead to church, the prieſts invoke
The pow'rs, and feed the flames with fragrant ſmoke.
This done, they feaſt, and at the cloſe of night
By kindled torches vary their delight;
Theſe lead the lively dance, and thoſe the brimming bowls invite.
Now at th' appointed place and hour aſſign'd,
With ſouls reſolv'd the raviſhers were join'd:
Three bands are form'd; the firſt is ſent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the ſhore;
The ſecond at the palace gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty ſtairs aſcend the laſt;
A peaceful troop they ſeem with ſhining veſts,
But coats of mail beneath ſecure their breaſts.
Dauntleſs they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feaſt renew'd, the table ſpread;
Sweet voices, mix'd with inſtrumental ſounds,
Aſcend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
When, like the harpies ruſhing through the hall,
The ſudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their ſmoking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each raviſher prepares to ſeize his own;
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confuſion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with ſhining ſwords.
But late is all defence, and ſuccour vain;
The rape is made, the raviſhers remain;
Two ſturdy ſlaves were only ſent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in ſafety to the ſhore:
The troop retires, the lovers cloſe the rear,
With forward faces not confeſſing fear;
Backward they move, but ſcorn their pace to mend;
Then ſeek the ſtairs, and with ſlow haſte deſcend.
Fierce Paſimond, their paſſage to prevent,
Thruſt full on Cymon's back in his deſcent;
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent.
Stout Cymon ſoon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one deſcending blow;
And as the next in rank Ormiſda ſtood,
He turn'd the point; the ſword, inur'd to blood,
Bor'd his unguarded breaſt, which pour'd a purple flood.
With vow'd revenge, the gath'ring crowd purſues,
The raviſhers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corps; the ſprinkled gore
Beſmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Diſpers'd at length the drunken ſquadron flies,
The victors to their veſſel bear the prize; [cries.
And hear behind loud groans and lamentable
The crew with merry ſhouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and bruſh the buxom ſea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.
What ſhould the people do when left alone:
The governor and government are gone:
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops diſbanded, and the reſt unpaid.
Rhodes is the ſovereign of the ſea no more;
Their ſhips unrigg'd, and ſpent their naval ſtore;
They neither could defend, nor can purſue,
But grinn'd their teeth, and caſt a helpleſs view:
In vain with darts a diſtant war they try,
Short, and more ſhort, the miſſive weapons fly.
Mean while the raviſhers their crimes enjoy,
And flying ſails and ſweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little ſpace are loſt;
Jove's iſle they ſeek, nor Jove denies his coaſt.
In ſafety landed on the Candian ſhore,
With gen'rous wines their ſpirits they reſtore;
There Cymon with his Rhodian friends reſides,
Both court and wed at once the willing brides.
A war enſues, the Cretans own their cauſe,
Stiff to defend their hoſpitable laws;
Both parties loſe by turns, and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the ſlain forgive the deed,
But a ſhort exile muſt for ſhow proceed;
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
And happy each at home enjoys his love.

§ 33.

§ 33. *Theodore and Honoria.*

A Tranſlation from Boccace. *Dryden.*

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and moſt renown'd, Ravenna ſtands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants with gen'rous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the reſt,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bleſt,
The foremoſt place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madneſs lov'd a dame
Of high degree; Honoria was her name;
Fair as the faireſt, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became ſo ſoft a kind;
Proud of her birth (for equal ſhe had none)
The reſt ſhe ſcorn'd, but hated him alone;
His gifts, his conſtant courtſhip, nothing gain'd;
For ſhe, the more he lov'd, the more diſdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could deviſe,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentleſs as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poiſon, that he did or ſaid:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could move;
The work went backward: and the more he ſtrove
T' advance his ſuit, the farther from her love.
Wearied, at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft reſolv'd to die.
But pride ſtood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His gen'rous mind diſdain'd ſo mean a fate!
That paſs'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the reſt,
The leſs he hop'd, with more deſire poſſeſs'd;
Love ſtood the ſiege, and would not yield his breaſt.
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care;
He ſought a fairer, but found none ſo fair.
He would have worn her out by ſlow degrees,
As men by faſting ſtarve th' untam'd diſeaſe:
But preſent love requir'd a preſent eaſe.
Looking he feeds alone his famiſh'd eyes,
Feeds ling'ring death, but looking not he dies.
Yet ſtill he choſe the longeſt way to fate,
Waſting at once his life, and his eſtate.
His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
For what advice can eaſe a lover's pain!
Abſence, the beſt expedient they could find,
Might ſave the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd.
Yet, after much purſuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard you may think it was to give conſent,
But ſtruggling with his own deſires he went,
With large expence, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to viſit France and Spain,
Or for ſome diſtant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings and cut him ſhort,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court.
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-ſeat:
To Chaſſis' pleaſing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there reſolv'd to ſtay.
The ſpring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove
Supply'd with birds, the choriſters of love:
Muſic unbought, that miniſter'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he diſcharg'd his friends; but not th' expence
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, tho' more at large
From public buſineſs, yet with equal charge;
With houſe and heart ſtill open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a gueſt,
Who could forſake the friend, purſu'd the feaſt.
It happ'd one morning as his fancy led,
Before his uſual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn that ſtood
On every ſide ſurrounded by a wood:
Alone, he walk'd to pleaſe his penſive mind,
And ſought the deepeſt ſolitude to find:
'Twas in a grove of ſpreading pines he ſtray'd;
The winds within the quiv'ring branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful muſic made.
The place itſelf was ſuiting to his care,
Uncouth and ſavage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Loſt in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And ſummon'd him to due repaſt at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
While liſt'ning to the murm'ring leaves he ſtood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whiſp'ring ſound
Was dumb; a riſing earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overſpread;
A ſudden horror ſeiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tingled, and his colour fled;
Nature was in alarm; ſome danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, tho' unſeen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he ſummon'd all his ſoul,
And ſtood collected in himſelf, and whole;
Not long: for ſoon a whirlwind roſe around,
And from afar he heard a ſcreaming ſound,
As of a dame diſtreſs'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the ſecret ſhade.
A thicket cloſe beſide the grove there ſtood
With briers and brambles choak'd, and dwarfiſh wood:
From thence the noiſe, which now approaching near,
With more diſtinguiſh'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and ſaw a beauteous maid,
With hair diſhevell'd, iſſuing through the ſhade,
Stripp'd of her clothes, and ev'n thoſe parts reveal'd,
Which modeſt nature keeps from ſight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With paſſing thro' the brakes, and prickly thorn,
Two maſtiffs gaunt and grim her flight purſu'd.
And oft their faſten'd fangs in blood embru'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender ſide;
Mercy, O mercy Heaven! ſhe ran, and cry'd;

When

When Heav'n was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again,
Then ſprung ſhe forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of ſwarthy face,
High on a coal-black ſteed purſu'd the chace;
With flaſhing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked ſword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy uſage of the maid,
He, tho' unarm'd, reſolv'd to give her aid.
A ſaplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readieſt weapon that his fury found.
Thus furniſh'd for offence, he croſs'd the way
Betwixt the graceleſs villain and his prey. [afar,
The knight came thund'ring on, but, from
Thus, in imperious tone, forbad the war:
Ceaſe, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor ſtop the vengeance of ſo juſt a grief;
But give me leave to ſeize my deſtin'd prey,
And let eternal juſtice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, diſdain'd, betray'd,
And ſuff'ring death for this ungrateful maid.
He ſaid, at once diſmounting from the ſteed;
For now the hell-hounds, with ſuperior ſpeed,
Had reach'd the dame, and, faſt'ning on her ſide,
The ground with iſſuing ſtreams of purple dy'd;
Stood Theodore ſurpriz'd in deadly fright,
With chatt'ring teeth, and briſtling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, ſaid he,
Thou art, who know'ſt me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cauſe, or be defied:
The ſpectre, fiercely ſtaring, thus reply'd.
Know, Theodore, thy anceſtry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name:
One common ſire our fathers did beget,
My name and ſtory ſome remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my ſins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not leſs ador'd in life, nor ſerv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her ſtubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were anſwer'd with diſdain:
She ſcorn'd my ſorrows, and deſpis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitleſs care;
Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep deſpair,
To finiſh my unhappy life, I fell
On this ſharp ſword, and now am damn'd in hell
Short was her joy; for ſoon the inſulting maid
By heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid:
And as in unrepented ſin ſhe dy'd,
Doom'd to the ſame bad place is puniſh'd for her pride:
Becauſe ſhe deem'd I well deſerv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were caſt,
And this irrevocable ſentence paſs'd;
That ſhe, whom I ſo long purſu'd in vain,
Should ſuffer from my hands a ling'ring pain!
Renew'd to life, that ſhe might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, ſhe to fly:
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I ſeek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better ſpeed
Arreſt her flight, is ſhe to death decreed:
Then with this fatal ſword, on which I dy'd
I pierce her open back, or tender ſide,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breaſt,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feaſt.
Nor lies ſhe long, but, as the fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and, freſh to ſecond pain,
Is ſav'd to-day, to-morrow to be ſlain.
This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels thro' her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to purſue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as fruſtrate of his will,
Not half ſuffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the ſoul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathleſs on the ground,
When thus the griſly ſpectre ſpoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I ſuſtain'd her hate,
So many years is ſhe condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and ev'ry ſeveral place,
Conſcious of her diſdain and my diſgrace,
Muſt witneſs her juſt puniſhment; and be
A ſcene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took my laſt farewell,
As on this very ſpot of earth I fell,
As Friday ſaw me die, ſo ſhe my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.
Thus while he ſpoke the virgin from the ground
Upſtarted freſh, already clos'd the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all ſhe felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the ſhore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with fleſh and blood,
Purſue their prey, and ſeek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courſer, mends his pace,
And all the viſion vaniſh'd from the place.
Long ſtood the noble youth oppreſs'd with awe,
And ſtupid at the wond'rous things he ſaw,
Surpaſſing common faith, tranſgreſſing nature's law:
He would have been aſleep, and wiſh'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impreſſion make,
Though ſtrong at firſt; if viſion, to what end,
But ſuch as muſt his future ſtate portend?
His love the damſel, and himſelf the fiend.
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Reſolv'd within himſelf to ſhun the ſnare,
Which hell for his deſtruction did prepare;
And as his better genius ſhould direct,
From an ill cauſe to draw a good effect.
Inſpir'd from heaven he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new deſign with long delay:
But of his train a truſty ſervant ſent
To call his friends together at his tent.

They

They came, and, uſual ſalutations paid,
With words premeditated, thus he ſaid;
What you have often counſell'd, to remove
My vain purſuit of unregarded love;
By thrift my ſinking fortune to repair,
Tho' late, yet is at laſt became my care:
My heart ſhall be my own; my vaſt expence
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence;
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends and mine; the cauſe I ſhall diſplay,
On Friday next; for that's the appointed day.
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the taſk was light,
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repaſt;
But yet reſolv'd, becauſe it was the laſt.
The day was come, the gueſts invited came,
And, with the reſt, th' inexorable dame:
A feaſt prepar'd with riotous expence,
Much coſt, more care, and moſt magnificence,
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghoſt purſu'd his love.
The tables in a proud pavillion ſpread,
With flowers below, and tiſſue overhead:
The reſt in rank,-Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to ſet her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chace.
The feaſt was ſerv'd, the time ſo well forecaſt,
That juſt when the deſſert and fruits were plac'd,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow ſound
Sung in the leaves, the foreſt ſhook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments ariſe
Of one diſtreſs'd, and maſtiffs' mingled cries;
And firſt the dame came ruſhing thro' the wood,
And next the famiſh'd hounds that ſought their food, [in blood.
And grip'd her flanks, and oft eſſay'd their jaws
Laſt came the felon, on his ſable ſteed,
Arm'd with his naked ſword, and urg'd his dogs to ſpeed.
She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent
(A gueſt unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The ſcene of death, and place deſign'd for puniſhment.
Loud was the noiſe, aghaſt was ev'ry gueſt,
The women ſhriek'd, the men forſook the feaſt;
The hounds at nearer diſtance hoarſely bay'd;
The hunter cloſe purſu'd the viſionary maid.
She rent the heav'n with loud laments, implor-ring aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their faulchions brandiſh'd at the griſly ſpright;
High on his ſtirrups he provok'd the fight,
Then on the crowd he caſt a furious look,
And wither'd all their ſtrength before he ſpoke:
Back, on your lives; let be, ſaid he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the deſtin'd way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Againſt th' eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heaven deſign'd,
Mercy ſhe would not give, nor mercy ſhall ſhe find.
At this the former tale again he told,
With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a ſecond time,
But bore each other back: ſome knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented caſe
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now th' infernal miniſter advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim and with fury lanc'd
Her back, and piercing through her inmoſt heart,
Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre maſtiffs made a prey.
The pale aſſiſtants on each other ſtar'd,
With gaping mouths for iſſuing words prepar'd;
The ſtill-born ſounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the falt'ring tongue.
The fright was gen'ral; but the female band
(A helpleſs train) in more confuſion ſtand:
With horror ſhudd'ring, on a heap they run,
Sick at the ſight of hateful juſtice done;
For conſcience rung the alarm, and made the caſe their own.
So ſpread upon a lake, with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They cloſe their trembling troop, and all attend
On whom the ſowſing eagle will deſcend.
But moſt the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the viſion ſent.
Her guilt preſents to her diſtracted mind
Heaven's juſtice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the ſame fate to the ſame ſin aſſign'd:
Already ſees herſelf the monſter's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute ſcene of ſorrow, mix'd with fear:
Still on the table lay th' unfiniſh'd cheer:
The knight and hungry maſtiffs ſtood around,
The mangled dame lay breathleſs on the ground;
When on a ſudden, re-inſpir'd with breath,
Again ſhe roſe, again to ſuffer death;
Nor ſtaid the hell-hounds nor the hunter ſtaid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging ſword,
And mounting light as air his ſable ſteed he ſpurr'd:
The clouds diſpell'd, the ſky reſum'd the light,
And nature ſtood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the laſt of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy ſat on ev'ry mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feaſt,
But ſternly look'd as hatching in his breaſt
Some deep deſigns; which when Honoria view'd,
The freſh impulſe her former fright renew'd;
She thought herſelf the trembling dame who fled,
And him the griſly ghoſt that ſpurr'd th' infernal ſteed:
The more diſmay'd, for when the gueſts with-drew
Their courteous hoſt, ſaluting all the crew,
Regardleſs paſs'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind adieu.
That ſting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire ſhe divin'd;
And her proud heart with ſecret ſorrow pin'd.

Home

Home as they went, the ſad diſcourſe renew'd
Of the relentleſs dame to death purſu'd,
And of the ſight obſcene ſo lately view'd.
None durſt arraign the righteous doom ſhe bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd moſt, yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At ev'ry little noiſe ſhe look'd behind,
For ſtill the knight was preſent to her mind:
And anxious oft ſhe ſtarted on the way,
And thought the horſeman-ghoſt came thund'ring for his prey.
Return'd, ſhe took her bed with little reſt,
But in ſhort ſlumbers dreamt the fun'ral feaſt:
Awak'd, ſhe turn'd her ſide, and ſlept again;
The ſame black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the ſame dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake, becauſe afraid to ſleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap,
She ſprang from bed, diſtracted in her mind,
And fear'd at every ſtep, a twitching ſpright behind.
Darkling and deſperate, with ſtagg'ring pace,
Of death afraid, and conſcious of diſgrace:
Fear, pride, remorſe, at once her heart aſſail'd,
Pride put remorſe to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her ſoul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her purſue, or Theodore be ſlain,
And two ghoſts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image ſo poſſeſs'd her mind,
That, deſperate any ſuccour elſe to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who paſt expreſſion lov'd,
Proof to diſdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men reſpected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herſelf, deſir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the reſt,
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profeſs'd?
So had another been, where he his vows addreſs'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That, once diſdaining, ſhe might be diſdain'd.
The fear was juſt, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by helliſh hounds aſſail'd:
He took a low'ring leave; but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her ſex's arts ſhe knew; and why not, then,
Might deep diſſembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; reſolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmoſt remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at laſt on death to call,
The precipice in ſight: a ſhrub was all,
That kindly ſtood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid ſhe had, belov'd above the reſt:
Secure of her, the ſecret ſhe confeſs'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears diſpell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and ſtood reveal'd:
With faults confeſs'd commiſſion'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe:
The welcome meſſage made, was ſoon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wiſh'd, and hop'd, but ſcarce believ'd;
Fate ſeem'd a fair occaſion to preſent;
He knew the ſex, and fear'd ſhe might repent,
Should he delay the moment of conſent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modeſty of maidens well might ſpare:)
But ſhe with ſuch a zeal the cauſe embrac'd,
(As women, where they will, are all in haſte)
The father, mother, and the kin beſide,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full conſent of all ſhe chang'd her ſtate;
Reſiſtleſs in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the reſt beware;
More eaſy, leſs imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil deſign'd
For one fair female, loſt him half the kind.

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§ 34. *The Roſciad.* Churchill.

Roscius deceas'd, each high aſpiring play'r
Puſh'd all his int'reſt for the vacant chair.
The buſkin'd heroes of the mimic ſtage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condeſcends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's ſake tells undeſerv'd miſhaps,
And, their applauſe to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a ſuppliant's form aſſume,
In pompous ſtrain fight o'er th' extinguiſh'd war,
And ſhew where honour bled in ev'ry ſcar.
But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The ſtrongeſt plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will beſt ſucceed, who beſt can pay:
Thoſe, who would gain the votes of Britiſh tribes,
Muſt add to force of merit force of bribes.
What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
Caſh hath been rudely baniſh'd from the ſtage;
Monarchs themſelves, to grief of ev'ry play'r
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other ſeat,
Pour ſeas of wine, and mountains raiſe of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as ſoon,
And of roaſt beef, they only know the tune:
But what they have they give; could Clive do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?
Shuter keeps open houſe at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For thoſe who laughter love inſtead of meat;
Foote, at Old Houſe, for even Foote will be,
In ſelf-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinſon at ſecond-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.
The town divided, each runs ſev'ral ways,
As paſſion, humour, int'reſt, party ſways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,

A dreſs

A dreſs well choſen, or a patch miſplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create diſtaſte.
From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praiſes—he's ſo *droll.*
Embox'd, the ladies muſt have ſomething ſmart,
Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of ſize;
Whilſt to ſix feet the vig'rous ſtripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.
When place of judgment is by whim ſupply'd,
And our opinions have their riſe in pride;
When, in diſcourſing on each mimic elf,
We praiſe and cenſure with an eye to ſelf;
All muſt meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In ſuch a court, as Garrick, for the chair.
At length agreed, all ſquabbles to decide,
By ſome one judge the cauſe was to be try'd;
But this their ſquabbles did afreſh renew,
Who ſhould be judge in ſuch a trial:—Who?
For Johnſon ſome, but Johnſon, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and Sterne toogayappear'd:
Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known,
He ſicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
For Colman many, but the peeviſh tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was young:
For Murphy ſome few pilf'ring wits declar'd,
Whilſt Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wiſdom ſtar'd.

To miſchief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains riſe,
And reach the heights which honeſt men deſpiſe;
Mute at the bar, and in the ſenate loud,
Dull 'mongſt the dulleſt, proudeſt of the proud;
A pert, prim prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth;—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice ſtrok'd his band—aim,
"At friendſhip's call (thus oft with trait'rous
Men void of faith uſurp faith's ſacred name)
"At Friendſhip's call I come, by Murphy ſent,
Who thus by me develops his intent.
But leſt, transfus'd, the ſpirit ſhould be loſt,
That ſpirit which in ſtorms of Rhet'ric toſt,
Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
In his own words his own intentions hear.
"Thanks to my friends—But to vile fortunes
born,
No robes of fur theſe ſhoulders muſt adorn.
Vain your applauſe, no aid from thence I draw;
Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?
Twice (curs'd remembrance!) twice I ſtrove to
gain
Admittance 'mongſt the law-inſtructed train,
Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn, prepare
For clients' wretched feet the legal ſnare:
Dead to thoſe arts, which poliſh and refine,
Deaf to all worth, becauſe that worth was mine,
Twice did thoſe blockheads ſtartle at my name,
And foul rejection gave me up to ſhame.
To law and lawyers then I bade adieu,
And plans of far more lib'ral note purſue.
Who will may be a judge—my kindling breaſt
Burns for that chair which Roſcius once poſſeſs'd.
Here give your votes, your int'reſt here exert,
And let ſucceſs for once attend deſert."
With ſleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his modeſt plea,—
"Let favour ſpeak for others, worth for me."—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into ſo many ſhapes, and ſhine in all?
Who could ſo nobly grace the motley liſt,
Actor, inſpector, doctor, botaniſt?
Knows any one ſo well—ſure no one knows,—
At once to play, preſcribe, compound, compoſe?
Who can—But Woodward came,—Hill ſlipp'd
away,
Melting, like ghoſts, before the riſing day.
*With that low cunning, which in fools ſup-
And amply too, the place of being wiſe, [plies,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that ſmooth falſehood, whoſe appearance
charms,
And reaſon of each wholeſome doubt diſarms,
Which to the loweſt depths of guile deſcends,
By vileſt means purſues the vileſt ends,
Wears friendſhip's maſk for purpoſes of ſpite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And ſickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and ſucceſs purſues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's ſpleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always ſeeks a ſcreen;
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's baſely done, ſhould be done ſafely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to ſhame, and ev'ry nicer ſenſe,
Ne'er bluſh'd, unleſs, in ſpreading Vice's ſnares,
She blunder'd on ſome virtue unawares;
With all theſe bleſſings, which we ſeldom find
Laviſh'd by Nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can ſcarce conceive, or pen deſcribe,
Came ſimp'ring on; to aſcertain whoſe ſex
Twelve ſage impanell'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, tho' of Iriſh growth;
A ſix-foot ſuckling, mincing in its gait;
Affected, peeviſh, prim, and delicate;
Fearful it ſeem'd, tho' of athletic make,
Leſt brutal breezes ſhould too roughly ſhake
Its tender form, and ſavage motion ſpread,
O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.
Much did it talk, in its own pretty phraſe,
Of genius and of taſte, of play'rs and plays;
Much

* This ſevere character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a perſon who had rendered himſelf remarkable by his activity in the playhouſe riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad.

Much too of writings, which itſelf had wrote,
Of ſpecial merit, tho' of little note;
For Fate, in a ſtrange humour, had decreed
That what it wrote, none but itſelf ſhould read;
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and miſplac'd applauſe;
Then, with a ſelf complacent jutting air,
It ſmil'd, it ſmirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
And, with an awkward briſkneſs not its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant ſeem'd, when that ſtrange ſavage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Senſe appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with plain truth, to guard the chair.
The pageant ſaw, and blaſted with her frown,
To its firſt ſtate of nothing melted down.

Nor ſhall the muſe (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing ſhall be mortified)
Nor ſhall the muſe (ſhould fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleaſing thought! to live in after-times)
With ſuch a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the thing forgot;
Let it, to diſappoint each future aim,
Live without ſex, and die without a name!

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate fires
Scarce hammer'd out, when nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their laſt; whoſe ſluggiſh blood, half froze,
Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whoſe heartne'er glows
With fancy-kindled heat;—a ſervile race,
Who in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient ſchools,
Bigots to Greece, and ſlaves to muſty rules;
With ſolemn conſequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cauſe but Sophocles alone.
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obſequious to the ſacred dictate, bow'd. [forth,

When, from amidſt the throng, a youth ſtood
Unknown his perſon, not unknown his worth;
His look beſpoke applauſe; alone he ſtood,
Alone he ſtemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;
With noble rev'rence ſpoke of Greece and Rome,
And ſcorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

"But more than juſt to other countries grown,
Muſt we turn baſe apoſtates to our own?
Where do theſe words of Greece and Rome excel,
That England may not pleaſe the ear as well?
What mighty magic's in the place or air,
That all perfection needs muſt center there?
In ſtates, let ſtrangers blindly be preferr'd;
In ſtate of letters, merit ſhould be heard.
Genius is of no country, her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
Foe to reſtraint, from place to place ſhe flies,
And may hereafter e'en in Holland riſe.
May not (to give a pleaſing fancy ſcope
And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
May not ſome great extenſive Genius raiſe
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praiſe;
And, whilſt brave thirſt of fame his boſom warms
Make England great in letters as in arms?
There may—there hath—and Shakeſpear's muſe aſpires
Beyond the reach of Greece: with native fires
Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
While Sophocles below ſtands trembling at his height.

Why ſhould we then abroad for judges roam,
When abler judges we may find at home?
Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
Have we not Shakſpeare?—Is not Jonſon ours?
For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote;
They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote. [ſway,

He ſaid, and conquer'd—Senſe reſum'd her
And diſappointed pedants ſtalk'd away.
Shakſpeare and Jonſon, with deſerv'd applauſe,
Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cauſe.
Mean time the ſtranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
To aſk or tell his name—Who is it?—Lloyd.

Thus, when the aged friends of Job ſtood mute,
And tamely prudent, gave up the diſpute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly ſtood forth the advocate of truth;
Confuted falſehood, and diſabled pride,
Whilſt baffled age ſtood ſnarling at his ſide.

The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
Leſt day of trial ſhould be put off here.
Cauſes but ſeldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the ſun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the center of a ſpacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
With decent modeſty perform'd her part,
Roſe a tribunal: from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or ſought ſupport:
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gownſmen, partial to a client's cauſe,
To their own purpoſe turn'd the pliant laws.
Each Judge was true and ſteady to his truſt,
As Mansfield wiſe, and as old Foſter* juſt.

In the firſt ſeat, in robes of various dyes,
A noble wildneſs flaſhing from his eyes,
Sat Shakſpeare—in one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the maſter's ſkill:
Things of the nobleſt kind his genius drew,
And look'd thro' nature at a ſingle view;
A looſe he gave to his unbounded ſoul;
And taught new lands to riſe, new ſeas to roll;
Call'd into being ſcenes unknown before,
And, paſſing nature's bounds, was ſomething more.

Next Jonſon ſat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment fancy's flights reſtrain'd,
Correctly

* Sir Michael Foſter, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.

Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her courſe, nor ſpar'd a glorious fault.
The book of man he read with niceſt art,
And ranſack'd all the ſecrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmoſt force,
And trac'd each paſſion to its proper ſource;
Then ſtrongly mark'd, in livelieſt colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.
The coxcomb felt a laſh in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And laughter frighten'd folly more than law.
But, hark!—The trumpet ſounds, the crowd give way,
And the proceſſion comes in juſt array.
Now ſhould I, in ſome ſweet poetic line,
Offer up incenſe at Apollo's ſhrine;
Invoke the muſe to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a ſleeping ode.
For how ſhould mortal man, in mortal verſe,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearſe?
But give, kind dulneſs, memory and rhyme,
We'll put off genius till another time.
Firſt, order came,—with ſolemn ſtep, and ſlow,
In meaſur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he caſt his eye,
Leſt this ſhould quit his place, that ſtep awry.
Appearances to ſave his only care;
So things ſeem right, no matter what they are.
In him his parents ſaw themſelves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.
Then came drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute;
Next ſnuffer, ſweeper, ſhifter, ſoldier, mute;
Legions of angels all in white advance;
Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools go two by two.
Next came the treaſurer of either houſe;
One with full purſe, t' other with not a ſous.
Behind, a groupe of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of ſtate;
By lace and feather conſecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.
Here Havard, all ſerene, in the ſame ſtrains,
Loves, hates and rages, triumphs, and complains:
His eaſy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—
Stateſman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
He mouths a ſentence, as curs mouth a bone.
Next Holland came.—With truly tragic ſtalk,
He creeps, he flies—A hero ſhould not walk.
As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries againſt the ſkies;
Attitude, action, air, pauſe, ſtart, ſigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made uſe of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other ſtage,
He might, *perhaps*, have plays'd an eaſy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of ſomething better we have ſeen before.
The actor who would build a ſolid fame,
Muſt imitation's ſervile arts diſclaim;
Act from himſelf, on his own bottom ſtand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at ſecond-hand.
Behind came King.—Bred up in modeſt lore,
Baſhful and young he ſought Hibernia's ſhore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchleſs intrepidity of face.
From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all ſenſe of ſhame.
Tutor'd by her all rivals to ſurpaſs,
'Mongſt Drury's ſons he comes, and ſhines in braſs.
Lo Yates!—Without the leaſt fineſſe of art
He gets applauſe—I wiſh he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear!
When active fancy from the brain is ſent,
And ſtands on tip-toe for ſome wiſh'd event,
I hate thoſe careleſs blunders which recall
Suſpended ſenſe, and prove it fiction all.
In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarſeſt features we behold,
Where, deſtitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jeſts are blurted in your face,
There Yates with juſtice ſtrict attention draws,
Acts truly from himſelf, and gains applauſe.
But when, to pleaſe himſelf or charm his wife,
He aims at ſomething in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting nature's ſtubborn plan,
He treads the ſtage, by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dreſs'd in Clincher's clothes.
Fond of his dreſs, fond of his perſon grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himſelf unknown,
From ſide to ſide he ſtruts, he ſmiles, he prates,
And ſeems to wonder what's become of Yates.
Woodward, endow'd with various ſtricks of face,
Great maſter in the ſcience of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleaſing proſpect of renown;
A ſpeaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twiſts, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to ſenſe the conqueſt of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but, on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourſelves, and curſe our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally miſplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taſte;
Hence hath the town ſo often ſeen diſplay'd
Beau in burleſque, high life in maſquerade.
But when bold wits, not ſuch haſpatch up plays,
Cold and correct, in theſe inſipid days,
Some comic character, ſtrong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremeſt verge,
Where modeſt judgment her decree ſuſpends,
And, for a time, nor cenſures nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the ſpot,
Whether it is in nature found or not,
There Woodward ſafely ſhall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he ſhews deſert.
Hence he in Bobadil ſuch praiſes bore,
Such worthy praiſes, Kitely ſcarce had more.
By turns transform'd into all kinds of ſhapes,
Conſtant to none, Foote laughs, cries, ſtruts and ſcrapes:

Now

Now in the center, now in van or rear,
The Proteus ſhifts, bawd, parſon, auctioneer.
His ſtrokes of humour, and his burſts of ſport,
Are all contain'd in this one word, Diſtort.
Doth a man ſtutter, look a-ſquint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of nature's fault,
With perſonal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang miſfortunes out to public ſcorn.
E'en I, whom nature caſt in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, ſhe trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that nature's errors are my own.
Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
Wilkinſon this, Obrien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even ſhadows have their ſhadows too!
With not a ſingle comic pow'r endu'd,
The firſt a mere mere mimic's mimic ſtood;
The laſt, by nature form'd to pleaſe, who ſhows,
In Jonſon's Stephen, which way Genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
Adopts his ſhrug, his wink, his ſtare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd before.
When a dull copier ſimple grace neglects,
And reſts his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but ſuch vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.
By nature form'd in her perverſeſt mood,
With no one requiſite of art endu'd,
Next Jackſon came.—Obſerve that ſettled glare,
Which better ſpeaks a puppet than a player:
Liſt to that voice—did ever Diſcord hear
Sounds ſo well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce ſome very tender part,
The right-hand ſleeps by inſtinct on the heart,
His ſoul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He ſobs and pants to ſooth his weeping ſpouſe,
To ſooth his weeping mother, turns and bows,
Awkward, embarraſs'd, ſtiff, without the ſkill
Of moving gracefully, or ſtanding ſtill,
One leg, as if ſuſpicious of his brother,
Deſirous ſeems to run away from t' other.
Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead cuſtom's force, and ſtill poſſeſs the ſtage.
That's vile—ſhould we a parent's faults adore,
And err, becauſe our fathers err'd before?
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jeſt they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the ſimple ſcene,
Shall we, if reaſon rightly is employ'd,
Not ſee their faults, or ſeeing not avoid?
When Falſtaff ſtands detected in a lie,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glaſſy eye?
Why?—There's no cauſe—at leaſt no cauſe we know—
It was the faſhion twenty years ago:
Faſhion, a word which knaves and fools may uſe
Their knavery and folly to excuſe.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of ſenſe.
Yet (tho' in ſome particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)
If in theſe hallow'd times, when ſober, ſad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd ſo great a crime by half
To violate a veſtal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope preſumptuous to engage
An act of toleration for the ſtage,
All courtiers will, like reaſonable creatures,
Suſpend vain faſhion, and unſcrew their features;
Old Falſtaff, play'd by Love, ſhall pleaſe once more,
And humour ſet the audience in a roar.
Actors I've ſeen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part poſſeſs'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falſtaff's dang'rous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he ſeems a friend,
He'll ſeize that throne you wiſh him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by humour caſt,
For Falſtaff fram'd—himſelf, the firſt and laſt,—
He ſtands aloof from all—maintains his ſtate,
And ſcorns, like Scotſmen, to aſſimilate.
Vain all diſguiſe—too plain we ſeek the trick,
Tho' the knight wears the weeds of Dominic,
And Boniface, diſgrac'd, betrays the ſmack,
In Anno Domini, of Falſtaff's ſack.
Arms croſs'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching ſlow,
A band of malecontents with ſpleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curſe the managers, and curſe the town,
Whoſe partial favour keeps ſuch merit down.
But if ſome man more hardy than the reſt,
Should dare attack theſe gnatlings in their neſt;
At once they riſe with impotence of rage,
Whet their ſmall ſtings, and buzz about the ſtage.
"'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
To arm ſatiric truth againſt a player?
Preſcriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
Actors, unlaſh'd themſelves, may laſh mankind."
What! ſhall opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To ruſt in chains like theſe, impos'd by things
Which, leſs than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curſe the freedom of each honeſt line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
What the muſe freely thinks, ſhe'll freely ſpeak.
With juſt diſdain of ev'ry paltry ſneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpoſe fix'd, and to herſelf a rule,
Public contempt ſhall wait the public fool.
Auſtin would always gliſten in French ſilks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humour pleaſe?
Who can like Packer, charm with ſprightly eaſe?
Higher than all the reſt, ſee Branſby ſtrut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous Nature! which at once could ſhew
A man ſo very high, ſo very low.
If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I ſay
Aught hurtful, may I never ſee thee play!

Let

Let critics, with a ſupercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is ſtill at top;—but ſcorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, univerſally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taſte.
Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random cenſur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their ſport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the raſcal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country baniſh'd, ſeek our own.
At length, howe'er, the ſlaviſh chain is broke,
And ſenſe, awaken'd, ſcorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raiſe
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praiſe.
Next came the legion, which our *Summer* Bayes
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raiſe,
Fluſh'd with vaſt hopes, and certain to ſucceed
With Wits who cannot write, and ſcarce can read.
Vet'rans no more ſupport the rotten cauſe,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applauſe;
Each on himſelf determines to rely,
Be Yates diſbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did play'rs ſo well an author fit,
To nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit.
So loud each tongue, ſo empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, ſo very little ſaid,
So wondrous dull, and yet ſo wondrous vain,
At once ſo willing, and unfit to reign,
That reaſon ſwore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty maſter's ſoul inform'd them all.
As one with various diſappointments ſad,
Whom dulneſs only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the reſt great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What tho' the ſons of nonſenſe hail him ſire,
Auditor, author, manager, and ſquire,
His reſtleſs ſoul's ambition ſtops not there—
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him player.
In perſon tall, a figure form'd to pleaſe,
If ſymmetry could charm, depriv'd of eaſe;
When motionleſs he ſtands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the thing was made to move!
His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried ſound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow cheſt the low ſepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and ſtruggles in his throat.
Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All muſt to him reſign the foremoſt place.
When he attempts, in ſome one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honeſt features the diſguiſe defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.
Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or ſtupidly ſerene.
In cold-wrought ſcenes the lifeleſs actor flags,
In paſſion, tears the paſſion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all muſt—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to duſt,
When o'er the ſtage he folly's ſtandard bore,
Whilſt common ſenſe ſtood trembling at the door.
How few are found with real talents bleſs'd!
Fewer with nature's gifts contented reſt.
Man from his ſphere eccentric ſtarts aſtray;
All hunt for fame; but moſt miſtake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the ſhuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a jeſuit might have made,
With various readings ſtor'd his empty ſkull,
Learn'd without ſenſe, and venerably dull.
Or, at ſome banker's deſk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had ſtood in city's annals fair,
And prudent dulneſs mark'd him for a mayor.
What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a ſtage?
Could it be worth thy wondrous waſte of pains
To publiſh to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reaſon e'en to thee have ſhewn
Thy greateſt praiſe had been to live unknown;
Yet let not vanity, like thine, deſpair:
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
A vacant throne high plac'd in Smithfield views
To ſacred dulneſs and her firſt-born due;
Thither with haſte in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himſelf ſhall own thy juſter claim;
And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's name,
Whilſt Vaughan* or Dapper, call him which you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.
There rule ſecure from critics and from ſenſe;
Nor once ſhall genius riſe to give offence;
Eternal peace ſhall bleſs the happy ſhore,
And little factions break thy reſt no more.
From Covent-Garden crowds promiſcuous go,
Whom the muſe knows not, nor deſires to know.
Vet'rans they ſeem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Weſtminſter militia train'd to fight,
They ſcarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Aſham'd among ſuch troops to ſhew the head,
Their chiefs were ſcatter'd, and their heroes fled.
Sparks at his glaſs ſat comfortably down
To ſep'rate frown from ſmile, and ſmile from frown:
Smith, the genteel, the airy and the ſmart,
Smith was juſt gone to ſchool to ſay his part:
Roſs (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was faſt aſleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as faſt aſleep as he:
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd ſounds,
Who wantonly tranſgreſſes nature's bounds,
Whoſe acting's hard, affected, and conſtrain'd,
Whoſe features, as each other they diſdain'd,
At variance ſet, inflexible and coarſe,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly ſoften to each other's aid,
Nor ſhew the mingled pow'rs of light and ſhade,
No longer for a thankleſs ſtage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,

* A gentlemen ſtill living, who publiſhed, at this juncture, a Poem entitled "The Retort."

Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each ſimple elf
Almoſt as good a ſpeaker as himſelf;
Whilſt the whole town, mad with miſtaken zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel;
Dull cits and grave divines his praiſe proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name:
Shuter, who never car'd a ſingle pin
Whether he left out nonſenſe, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, tho', levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow ſeldom hit the mark,
At Iſlington, all by the placid ſtream
Where City ſwains in lap of dulneſs dream,
Where, quiet as her ſtreams their ſtrains do flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected ſchemes the ſummer months to cheer,
And ſpin out happy folly through the year.
But think not, though theſe daſtard-chiefs are fled,
That Covent-Garden troops ſhall want a head:
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar
The hero ſeated in fantaſtic car!
Wedded to novelty, his only arms [charms;
Are wooden ſwords, wands, taliſmans, and
On one ſide folly ſits, by ſome call'd fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron, Lun.
Behind, for liberty a-thirſt in vain,
Senſe, helpleſs captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude miſ-ſhapen beaſts the chariot draw,
Whom reaſon loaths, and nature never ſaw;
Monſters with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire.
Each was beſtrode by full as monſtrous wight,
Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.
The town, as uſual, met him in full cry;
The town, as uſual, knew no reaſon why.
But faſhion ſo directs, and moderns raiſe
On faſhion's mould'ring baſe their tranſient praiſe.
Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no ſalique law:
Juſt to their worth, we female rites admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.
Firſt, giggling, plotting chambermaids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral Clive.
In ſpite of outward blemiſhes, ſhe ſhone
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.
Eaſy, as if at home, the ſtage ſhe trod,
Nor ſought the critic's praiſe, nor fear'd his rod
Original in ſpirit and in eaſe,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to pleaſe.
No comic actreſs ever yet could raiſe,
On humour's baſe, more merit or more praiſe.
With all the native vigour of ſixteen,
Among the merry troop conſpicuous ſeen,
See lively Pope advance in gig and trip,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humour juſt, yet new
Cheer'd by her promiſe, we the leſs deplore
The fatal time when Clive ſhall be no more.
Lo! Vincent comes—with ſimple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and ſcorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection ſhewn,
Whilſt Gay once more knows Polly for his own.
Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I ſee it all, but muſt forgive it here.
Defects like theſe, which modeſt terrors cauſe,
From impudence itſelf extort applauſe.
Candour and reaſon ſtill take virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in ſo good a heart.
Let Tommy Arne, with uſual pomp of ſtyle,
Whoſe chief, whoſe only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals muſic out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publiſh propoſals, laws for taſte preſcribe,
And chant the praiſe of an Italian tribe:
Let him reverſe kind nature's firſt decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to pleaſe;
But never ſhall a truly Britiſh age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the ſtage.
The boaſted work's call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the ſtrain.
Where tyrants rule, and ſlaves with joy obey,
Let ſlaviſh minſtrels pour th' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleaſures ſpring,
In native notes while Beard and Vincent ſing.
Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival ſhould with Yates diſpute her claim?
But juſtice may not partial trophies raiſe,
Nor ſink the actreſs in the woman's praiſe.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features ſhew:
For, through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of paſſions trace;
Dead to the ſoft emotions of the heart,
No kindred ſoftneſs can thoſe eyes impart;
The brow, ſtill fix'd in ſorrow's ſullen frame,
Void of diſtinction, marks all parts the ſame.
What's a fine perſon, or a beauteous face,
Unleſs deportment gives them decent grace?
Bleſs'd with all other requiſites to pleaſe,
Some want the ſtriking elegance of eaſe;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They ſeem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like ſtatues, in one poſture ſtill,
Give great ideas of the workman's ſkill;
Wond'ring, his art we praiſe the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themſelves are what we beauties call;
It is the manner which gives ſtrength to all.
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the nobleſt light.
Happy in this, behold, amidſt the throng,
With tranſient gleam of grace, Hart ſweeps along.
If all the wonders of external grace,
A perſon finely turn'd, a mould of face
Where, union rare, expreſſion's lively force
With beauty's ſofteſt magic holds diſcourſe,
Attract the eye; if feelings void of art
Rouſe the quick paſſions, and enflame the heart;
If muſic, ſweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride muſt not paſs unſung.
When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
By time and cuſtom conquer'd, ſhall retreat;
When judgment, tutor'd by experience ſage,
Shall ſhoot abroad, and gather ſtrength from age;

When

When heav'n in mercy ſhall the ſtage releaſe
From the dull ſlumbers of a ſtill-life piece;
When ſome ſtale flow'r, diſgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd on the ſtalk,
Shall kindly drop, then Bride ſhall make her way,
And merit find a paſſage to the day;
Brought into action, ſhe at once ſhall raiſe
Her own renown, and juſtify our praiſe.
Form'd for the tragic ſcene, to grace the ſtage
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Miſtreſs of each ſoft art, with matchleſs ſkill
To turn and wind the paſſions as ſhe will;
To melt the heart with ſympathetic woe,
Awake the ſigh and teach the tear to flow;
To put on phrenſy's wild diſtracted glare,
And freeze the ſoul with horror and deſpair;
With juſt deſert enroll'd in endleſs fame,
Conſcious of worth ſuperior, Cibber came.
When poor Alicia's mad'ning brains are rack'd,
And ſtrongly imag'd griefs her mind diſtract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madneſs too!
My brain turns round, the headleſs trunk I view!
The roof cracks, ſhakes, and falls!—new horrors riſe,
And reaſon buried in the ruin lies.
Nobly diſdainful of each ſlaviſh art,
She makes her firſt attack upon the heart,
Pleas'd with the ſummons, it receives her laws,
And all is ſilence, ſympathy, applauſe.
But when, by fond ambition drawn aſide,
Giddy with praiſe, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic ſcene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down nature's fence;
I ſcarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark diſguiſe.
Pritchard, by nature for the ſtage deſign'd,
In perſon graceful, and in ſenſe refin'd;
Her art as much as nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemiſh as her fame.
Who knows ſo well in majeſty to pleaſe,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of eaſe?
When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Mooriſh race;
When love, hate, jealouſy, deſpair and rage,
With wildeſt tumults in her breaſt engage;
Still equal to herſelf is Zara ſeen;
Her paſſions are the paſſions of a queen.
When ſhe to murther whets the timorous Thane,
I feel ambition ruſh through ev'ry vein;
Perſuaſion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new-ſtrung.
In comedy—"Nay, there," cries critic, "hold,
Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old.
Who can, with patience, bear the grey coquette,
Or force a laugh with over-grown Julett?
Her ſpeech, look, action, humour, all are juſt;
But then, her age and figure give diſguſt."
Are foibles, then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to ſize or age confin'd?
Do ſpirits flow, and is good breeding plac'd
In any ſet circumference of waiſt?
As we grow old, doth affectation ceaſe,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
If in originals theſe things appear,
Why ſhould we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the ſtage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some ſtandard-meaſure for each part ſhould find,
Which when the beſt of actors ſhall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of ſmaller breed.
All actors too upon the back ſhould bear
Certificate of birth—time, when—place, where;
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unleſs they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.
Figure, I own, at firſt may give offence,
And harſhly ſtrike the eye's too curious ſenſe:
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaſte ſallies, judgment's ſolid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by nature taught,
Springs into ſenſe, and ev'ry action's thought;
Before ſuch merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's ſix feet high.
Oft have I, Pritchard, ſeen thy wondrous ſkill,
Confeſs'd thee great, but find thee greater ſtill.
That worth which ſhone in ſcatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies raiſe,
Inferior only to the author's praiſe.
From Dublin, fam'd in legions of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood ruſh o'er the land of love,
Moſſop and Barry came—names ne'er deſign'd
By fate in the ſame ſentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame; [height,
There the weak brain, made giddy with the
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus ſportive boys around ſome baſon's brim
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling ſwim:
But if, from lungs more potent, there ariſe
Two bubbles of a more than common ſize,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both ſink to air.
Moſſop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.
Whilſt the mouth meaſures words with ſeeming ſkill,
The right-hand labours, and the left lies ſtill;
For he reſolv'd on ſcripture grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand ſhall not know.
With ſtudied impropriety of ſpeech,
He ſoars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic ſtate,
Whilſt principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
In ways firſt trodden by himſelf excels,
And ſtands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, prepoſition, adverb join,
To ſtamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monoſyllables his thunders roll.—
He, ſhe, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the ſoul.
In perſon taller than the common ſize,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!

When lab'ring paſſions, in his boſom pent,
Convulſive rage, and ſtruggling heave for vent,
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the burſting of the ſtorm:
But, all unfit in ſuch a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth like Echo from her cell;
To ſwell the tempeſt needful aid denies,
And all a-down the ſtage in feeble murmurs dies.
What man, like Barry, with ſuch pains can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderneſs to Lear?
Who elſe could ſpeak ſo very, very fine,
That ſenſe may kindly end with ev'ry line?
Some dozen lines before the ghoſt is there,
Behold him for the ſolemn ſcene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poiſes each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.— [art,
From whence we learn, with no great ſtretch of
Five lines hence comes a ghoſt, and, ha! a ſtart.
When he appears moſt perfect, ſtill we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We ſee too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from nature ever yet he caught;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the baſe of art,
And conn'd his paſſions, as he conn'd his part.
Quin, from afar lur'd by the ſcent of fame,
A ſtage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how ſhould moderns, muſhrooms of the day,
Who ne'er thoſe maſters knew, know how to play?
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themſelves were young;
Who, having loſt all reliſh for the ſtage,
See not their own defects, but laſh the age;
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applauſe
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cauſe.
Far be it from the candid muſe to tread
Inſulting o'er the aſhes of the dead,
But, juſt to living merit, ſhe maintains,
And dares the teſt, whilſt Garrick's genius reigns;
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though preſcription's force we diſallow,
Nor to antiquity ſubmiſſive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth ſhall bear
Due praiſe, nor muſt we, Quin, forget thee there.
His words bore ſterling weight, nervous and ſtrong
In manly tides of ſenſe they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit ſenſe.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of ſpeech.
Speech! is that all?—And ſhall an actor found
An univerſal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themſelves ſpeak properly by rote,
And in ſix months, my dog ſhall howl by note.
I laugh at thoſe, who, when the ſtage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With ſtrict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while paſſion halts behind.
To ſyllable-diſſectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But, ſpite of all the criticiſing elves,
Thoſe who would make us feel, muſt feel themſelves.
His eyes, in gloomy ſocket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the ſullen habit of his ſoul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the ſtage,
Too proud for tenderneſs, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow ſhines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
With the ſame caſt of features he is ſeen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame ſcene, which without paſſion flows,
With juſt deſert his reputation roſe;
Nor leſs he pleas'd, when, on ſome ſurly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.
In Brute he ſhone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half ſo great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd ſcenes are brought to view,
With equal praiſe the actor labour'd too;
For ſtill you'll find, trace paſſions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute.
In fancied ſcenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not for a moment ſink the man.
In whate'er caſt his character was laid,
Self ſtill, like oil, upon the ſurface play'd.
Nature, in ſpite of all his ſkill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falſtaff,—ſtill 'twas Quin.
Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unſettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly laviſh in his praiſes grown,
Gives him all merit: That allows him none.
Between them both we'll ſteer the middle courſe,
Nor, loving praiſe, rob judgment of her force.
Juſt his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings ſtrong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was ſpeech-fam'd Quin himſelf to hear him ſpeak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:
But ſtep-dame nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the ſocial pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Paſſions, like chaos, in confuſion lie:
In vain the wonders of his ſkill are try'd
To form diſtinctions nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and ſhrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the ſake of ſtrife. [ſuch
His action's always ſtrong, but ſometimes
That candour muſt declare he acts too much.
Why muſt impatience fall three paces back;
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right-leg too forbid to ſtir,
Unleſs in motion ſemicircular?
Why muſt the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the cloſe-clench'd fiſt at noſe or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a ſhame,
To fright a king ſo harmleſs and ſo tame?

But

But, ſpite of all defects, his glories riſe;
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies:
Behold him ſound the depth of Hubert's ſoul,
Whilſt in his own contending paſſions roll;
View the whole ſcene, with critic judgment ſcan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls ſhort, 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he ſucceeds, the merit's all his own.
Laſt Garrick came. Behind him throng a train
Of ſnarling critics, ignorant as vain.
One finds out,—"He's of ſtature ſomewhat low,—
"Your hero always ſhould be tall, you know.—
"True natural greatneſs all conſiſts in height"
Produce your voucher, critic.—"Serjeant Kite."
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to ſhallow hearts;
Mere pieces of fineſſe, traps for applauſe—
"Avaunt, unnatural ſtart, affected pauſe."
For me, by nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholeſale, nor condemn.
The beſt things carried to exceſs are wrong:
The ſtart may be too frequent, pauſe too long:
But only us'd in proper time and place,
Severeſt judgment muſt allow them grace.
If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Juſt in the way that monkies mimic man,
Their copied ſcene with mangled arts diſgrace,
And pauſe and ſtart with the ſame vacant face;
We join the critic laugh; thoſe tricks we ſcorn,
Which ſpoil the ſcenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from nature's pure and genuine ſource,
Theſe ſtrokes of acting flow with gen'rous force;
When in the features all the ſoul's portray'd,
And paſſions, ſuch as Garrick's, are diſplay'd;
To me they ſeem from quickeſt feelings caught:
Each ſtart is nature; and each pauſe is thought.
When reaſon yields to paſſion's wild alarms,
And the whole ſtate of man is up in arms;
What but a critic could condemn the player,
For pauſing here, when cool ſenſe pauſes there?
Whilſt, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it ſtrongly flaming to the face;
Whilſt, in each ſound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity thoſe who can.
Let wits, like ſpiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindneſs I with thanks muſt pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarſer kind of clay;
Nor ſtung with envy, nor with ſpleen diſeas'd,
A poor dull creature, ſtill with nature pleas'd;
Hence to thy praiſes, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with nature, muſt be pleas'd with thee.
Now might I tell, how ſilence reign'd through-out,
And deep attention huſh'd the rabble rout:
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with deſire,
Was pale as aſhes, or as red as fire:
But, looſe to fame, the Muſe more ſimply acts,
Rejects all flouriſh, and relates mere facts.
The judges, as the ſeveral parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,
And, in their ſentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakſpeare thus decreed:
"If manly ſenſe; if nature link'd with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If pow'rs of acting vaſt and unconfin'd;
If feweſt faults with greateſt beauties join'd;
If ſtrong expreſſion, and ſtrange pow'rs which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts like his can know,
And which no face ſo well as his can ſhew;
Deſerve the pref'rence;—Garrick, take the chair;
Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

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§ 35. *The Pleaſures of Imagination.* Akenſide.

BOOK I.

With what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the conſenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleaſing ſtores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verſe unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of muſical delight! and, while I ſing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my ſtrain.
Thou, ſmiling queen of ev'ry tuneful breaſt,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy roſy fingers cull
Freſh flowers and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakſpeare lies, be preſent: and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thouſand colours through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and ſhifts at will, through countleſs forms,
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the lyre
Which rules the accents of the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! deſcend
And join this feſtive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely ſports,
Majeſtic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her ſiſter Liberty will not be far.
Be preſent, all ye Genii, who conduct
The wandering footſteps of the youthful bard.
New to your ſprings and ſhades: who touch his ear
With finer ſounds: who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayeſt, happieſt attitude of things.
Oft have the laws of each poetic ſtrain
The critic-verſe employ'd; yet ſtill unſung
Lay this prime ſubject, though importing moſt
A poet's name: for fruitleſs is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obſcure, to conquer the ſevere aſcent
Of high Parnaſſus. Nature's kindling breath
Muſt fire the choſen genius; nature's hand
Muſt ſtring his nerves, and imp his eagle wings
Impatient of the painful ſteep, to ſoar
High as the ſummit, there to breathe at large
Æthereal air, with bards and ſages old,
Immortal ſons of praiſe. Theſe flattering ſcenes
To this neglected labour court my ſong;
Yet not unconſcious what a doubtful talk

To paint the fineſt features of the mind,
And to moſt ſubtile and myſterious things
Give colour, ſtrength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muſes bids explore,
Through ſecret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untaſted ſprings, to drink inſpiring draughts,
And ſhade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound receſs,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.
From heaven my ſtrains begin: from heaven deſcends
The flame of genius to the human breaſt,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inſpiration. Ere the radiant ſun
Sprang from the eaſt, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon ſuſpended her ſerener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or ſtreams adorn'd the globe,
Or Wiſdom taught the ſons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the Almighty One: then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd eſſence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant ſun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods and ſtreams, the rolling globe,
And wiſdom's mien celeſtial. From the firſt
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital ſmile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth and wild reſounding waves,
Hence light and ſhade alternate, warmth and cold,
And clear autumnal ſkies and vernal ſhowers,
And all the fair variety of things.
But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For ſince the claims
Of ſocial life to different labours urge
The active powers of man; with wiſe intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heaven: to ſome ſhe gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and ſpace, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, diſtilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But ſome to higher hopes
Were deſtin'd; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the Sire omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On every part
They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple ſtores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with roſy ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
That uncreated beauty which delights
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel her charms;
Enamour'd, they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulſive ſtring
Conſenting, ſounded through the warbling air
Unbidden ſtrains; even ſo did Nature's hand
To certain ſpecies of external things
Attune the finer organs of the mind;
So the glad impulſe of congenial powers,
Or of ſweet ſound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the ſpreading rays: till now the ſoul
At length diſcloſes every tuneful ſpring
To that harmonious movement from without
Reſponſive. Then the inexpreſſive ſtrain
Diffuſes its enchantment: Fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains and Elyſian groves,
And vales of bliſs: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And ſmiles: the paſſions, gently ſooth'd away,
Sink to divine repoſe, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, ſerene
As airs that fan the ſummer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom theſe delights can touch,
Whoſe candid boſom the refining love
Of Nature warms, O! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliеſt features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant ſtores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms,
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted ſons
To three illuſtrious orders have referr'd;
Three ſiſter-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confeſſes; the ſublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I ſee them dawn!
I ſee the radiant viſions, where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.
Say, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might ſend him forth
In ſight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chaſe each partial purpoſe from his breaſt;
And through the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And through the toſſing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his courſe unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the ſteep aſcent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding ſmile of heaven? Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? wherefore darts the mind
With

With such resistless ardour, to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross controul of wilful night;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence, far effus'd,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
The empereal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world, untir'd,
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sov'reign maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man: how far beyond
The praise of mortals may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine
Expand the blooming soul! What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwise incline:
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
To brisker measures; witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For such the bounteous providence of heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with inchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve, unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village-matron round the blazing hearth
Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhimes,
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every solemn pause, the crowd recoil,
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shivering sighs; till, eager for the event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terror squell'd.
But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
Where Beauty onward moving claims the verse
Her charms inspire: the freely flowing verse
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty, thee
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The mossy roofs adore: thou better sun!
For ever beamest on the enchanted heart
Love and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven!
How shall I trace thy features? where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haste then, my song, through nature's vast expanse,
Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,
And range with him the Hesperian field, and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,

The branches ſhoot with gold; where'er his ſtep
Marks the glad ſoil, the tender cluſters grow
With purple ripeneſs, and inveſt each hill
As with the bluſhes of an evening ſky?
Or wilt thou rather ſtoop thy vagrant plume,
Where, gliding through his daughter's honour'd
ſhades,
The ſmooth Peneus from his glaſſy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleaſant ſcene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of ſylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in ſecret on the ſhady brink
With ancient Pan: while round their choral ſteps
Young hours and genial gales with conſtant hand
Shower'd bloſſoms, odours, ſhower'd ambroſial
dews,
And Spring's Elyſian bloom. Her flowery ſtore
To thee nor Tempe ſhall refuſe; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Heſperian fruits
From thy free ſpoil. O bear then, unreprov'd,
Thy ſmiling treaſures to the green receſs
Where young Dione ſtays. With ſweeteſt airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel-form
For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy grateful footſteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy poliſh'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuſe the mildneſs of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aſide
Thy radiant locks, diſcloſing, as it bends
With airy ſoftneſs from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the roſy lip,
Where winning ſmiles and pleaſure ſweet as
love,
With ſanctity and wiſdom, tempering blend
Their ſoft allurement. Then the pleaſing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care,
Worthier I'd ſing: then all the enamour'd youth
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where Beauty's living image, like the morn,
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the bluſhing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when ſhe ſtood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and ſmil'd,
Freſh from the deep, and conſcious of her form,
To ſee the Tritons tune their vocal ſhells,
And each cœrulean ſiſter of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To ſeek the Idalian bower. Ye ſmiling band
Of youths and virgins who through all the maze
Of young deſire with rival ſteps purſue
This charm of beauty; if the pleaſing toil
Can yield a moment's reſpite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and truſt my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of Superſtition, dreſs'd in Wiſdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or ſhapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
To fright you from your joys; my cheerful ſong
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chace,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for we know,
Does Beauty ever deign to dwell where Health
And active U. are ſtrangers? Is her charm
Confeſs'd in aught, whoſe moſt peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitleſs? Or did Nature mean
This pleaſing call the herald of a lie;
To hide the ſhame of diſcord and diſeaſe,
And catch with fair hypocriſy the heart
Of idle Faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conſcious how infirm
Her offſpring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illuſtrious image, in each kind
Still more illuſtrious where the object holds
Its native powers moſt perfect, ſhe by this
Illumes the headſtrong impulſe of Deſire,
And ſanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whoſe boſom ſmiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of ſtreams delicious to the thirſty ſoul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to ſenſe,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a ſtate ſincere,
The integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accompliſh'd.——Thus was Beauty ſent from
heav'n;
The lovely miniſtreſs of Truth and Good
In this dark world: for Truth and Good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O ſons of earth! would ye diſſolve the tie?
O wherefore, with a raſh impetuous aim,
Seek ye thoſe flowery joys with which the hand
Of laviſh Fancy paints each flattering ſcene
Where Beauty ſeems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the ſanction of eternal Truth,
Or where the ſeal of undeceitful Good,
To ſave your ſearch from folly! Wanting theſe,
Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that ſhines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful taſk,
To learn the lore of undeceitful Good,
And Truth eternal. Though the poiſonous
charms
Of baleful Superſtition guide the feet
Of ſervile numbers, through a dreary way
To their abode, through deſerts, thorns and mire,
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muſe at laſt amid the ghoſtly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloiſter'd cells,
To walk with ſpectres through the midnight
ſhade,
And to the ſcreaming owl's accurſed ſong
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;
Yet be not ye diſmay'd. A gentler ſtar
Your lovely ſearch illumines. From the grove
Where wiſdom talk'd with her Athenian ſons,
Could my ambitious hand entwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then ſhould my powerful verſe at once diſpel
Thoſe monkiſh horrors; then in light divine
Diſcloſe the Elyſean proſpect, where the ſteps
Of thoſe whom nature charms, through bloom-
ing walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic ſtreams,
Amid the train of ſages, heroes, bards,

Led

Led by the winged genius and the choir
Of laurell'd Science and harmonious Art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal ſhrine,
Where Truth conſpicuous with her ſiſter-twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious Pleaſure's languid ſtrain,
Or crouching to the frowns of Bigot rage,
O let us not a moment pauſe to join
That godlike band. And if the gracious power
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful ſpirit; then through all our paths
Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting: whether on the roſy mead,
When ſummer ſmiles, to warn the melting heart
Of Luxury's allurement; whether firm
Againſt the torrent and the ſtubborn hill
To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the ſtrong divinity of ſoul
That conquers chance and fate; or whether ſtruck
For ſounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty ſummit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praiſe;
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
And bleſs heaven's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a faithful aim have we preſum'd,
Adventurous, to delineate Nature's form;
Whether in vaſt, majeſtic pomp array'd,
Or dreſt for pleaſing wonder, or ſerene
In beauty's roſy ſmile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd ſcale,
To trace the riſing luſtre of her charms,
From their firſt twilight, ſhining forth at length
To full meridian ſplendour. Of degree
The leaſt and lowlieſt, in the effuſive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd ſhape,
Where Truth's eternal meaſures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or ſphere. The third aſcent
Unites this varied ſymmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted ſhells indent their ſpeckled wreath,
Then more attractive riſe the blooming forms
Through which the breath of Nature has infus'd
Her genial power, to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moiſture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and ſeed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honours with the ſpring reſume;
And ſuch the ſtately tree which autumn bends
With bluſhing treaſures. But more lovely ſtill
Is Nature's charm, where to the full conſent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing ſenſe are given,
And active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul:
So moves the bird of Juno: ſo the ſteed
With rival ardour beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth Beauty dwell
There moſt conſpicuous, even in outward ſhape,
Where dawns the high expreſſion of a mind:
By ſteps conducting our enraptur'd ſearch
To that eternal origin, whoſe power,
Through all the unbounded ſymmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent ſun,
This endleſs mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, mind alone (bear witneſs, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthron'd
Cœleſtial Venus, with divineſt airs,
Invites the ſoul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, ſuns, and adamantine ſpheres
Wheeling unſhaken through the void immenſe;
And ſpeak, O man! does this capacious ſcene
With half that kindling majeſty dilate
Thy ſtrong conception, as when Brutus roſe
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook his crimſon ſteel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
And Rome again is free! Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcapes of the ſpring,
In the bright eye of Heſper or the morn,
In nature's faireſt forms, is aught ſo fair
As virtuous friendſhip? as the candid bluſh
Of him who ſtrives with fortune to be juſt?
The graceful tear that ſtreams for others' woes,
Or the mild majeſty of private life,
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuſe
Unenvied treaſures, and the ſnowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the ſcene?
Once more ſearch, undiſmay'd, the dark profound
Where Nature works in ſecret; view the beds
Of mineral treaſure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean: trace the forms
Of atoms moving with inceſſant change
Their elemental round; behold the ſeeds
Of beings, and the energy of life
Kindling the maſs with ever-active flame:
Then to the ſecrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That ſaw the heavens created; then declare
If aught were found in thoſe external ſcenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconſcious matter wears,
Greatneſs of bulk, or ſymmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, ſoon feeble grows
The ſuperficial impulſe; dull their charms,
And ſatiate ſoon, and pall the languid eye.
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the powers
Of genius and deſign; the ambitious mind
There ſees herſelf: by theſe congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenſer act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd

Her

Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative Wiſdom gave to lift his eye
To Truth's eternal meaſures; thence to frame
The ſacred laws of action and of will,
Diſcerning juſtice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whoſe dictates bind
Aſſenting reaſon, the benignant fire,
To deck the honour'd paths of juſt and good,
Has added bright Imagination's rays;
Where Virtue, riſing from the awful depth
Of Truth's myſterious boſom, doth forſake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And, dreſs'd by fancy in ten thouſand hues,
Aſſumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms reſponſive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenuous youth, whom ſolitude inſpires
With pureſt wiſhes, from the penſive ſhade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muſe
That wakes her lyre to ſome indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of ſervile minds, her ſtrenuous form
Indignant flaſhes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour; or in act ſerene,
Yet watchful, raiſes the majeſtic ſword
Of public power, from dark Ambition's reach,
To guard the ſacred volume of the laws.
  Genius of ancient Greece! whoſe faithful ſteps
Well pleas'd I follow through the ſacred paths
Of nature and of ſcience; nurſe divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair deſires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praiſe
Inſpire my kindling boſom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
That ſooths this vernal evening into ſmiles,
I ſteal impatient from the ſordid haunts
Of Strife and low Ambition, to attend
Thy ſacred preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their malignant footſteps ne'er profan'd.
Deſcend, propitious! to my favour'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Perſian tyrant, foil'd and ſtung
With ſhame and deſperation, gnaſh'd his teeth
To ſee thee rend the pagents of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphant ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy godlike ſires
Of civil wiſdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the ſchools of glory. Guide my way
Through fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft, enchanted with Socratic ſounds,
Iliſſus pure devolv'd his tuneful ſtream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming ſtore
Of theſe auſpicious fields, may I unblam'd
Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms to adorn
My native clime: while, far above the flight
Of Fancy's plume aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of ancient wiſdom; while I join
Thy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal praiſe
Of Nature; while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

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§ 36. *Day: a Paſtoral.* Cunningham.

"——— carpe diem." HOR.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant Cock,
  Cloſe to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briſkly crows (the ſhepherd's clock!)
  Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
  Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping ſun-beam, now,
  Paints with gold the village ſpire.

Philomel forſakes the thorn,
  Plaintive where ſhe prates at night;
And the Lark, to meet the morn,
  Soars beyond the ſhepherd's ſight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
  See the chatt'ring Swallow ſpring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
  Quick ſhe dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
  Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings now begin to crop
  Daiſies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy ſweets, uncloy'd,
  (Reſtleſs till her taſk be done)
Now the buſy Bee 's employ'd,
  Sipping dew before the ſun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
  Where the limpid ſtream diſtils,
Sweet refreſhment waits the flock
  When 'tis ſun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
  (Ere the harveſt hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntſman's horn,
  Boldly ſounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O ſweet, the warbling throng,
  On the white embloſſom'd ſpray!
Nature's univerſal ſong
  Echoes to the riſing day.

NOON.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood,
  Now the noon-tide radiance glows:
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
  Not a dew-drop's left the roſe.

By the brook the ſhepherd dines;
  From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
  Pendent o'er his graſſy ſeat.

Now the flock forſakes the glade,
  Where, uncheck'd, the ſun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleaſing ſhade
  By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a ſingle ſound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the ſtreamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid ſilence ſtand
Midway in the marſhy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or ſtream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr ſprings;
Fearful leſt the noon-tide beam
Scorch its ſoft, its ſilken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to ſtir,
Nature's lull'd—ſerene—and ſtill;
Quiet e'en the ſhepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landſcape round,
Till the freſh deſcending ſhower,
Grateful to the thirſty ground,
Raiſes ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune!
Blithſome is the verdant ſcene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer ſtrays
Free;—(the furrow'd taſk is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burniſh'd by the ſetting ſun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden ſky;
Can the pencil's mimic ſkill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the ſmoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their ſhadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the riſing foreſt ſpreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home!

As the Lark, with vary'd tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild reſplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit Howlet peeps
From the barn, or twiſted brake;
And the blue miſt ſlowly creeps,
Curling on the ſilver lake.

As the Trout, in ſpeckled pride,
Playful from its boſom ſprings;
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in ſucceſſive rings.

Tripping through the ſilken graſs,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the roſe-complexion'd laſs,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the Cuckow bird with two,
Tuning ſweet their mellow throats,
Bid the ſetting ſun adieu.

§ 37. *The Contemplatiſt: a Night Piece.* Cunningham.

"Nox erat———
"Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres."

THE Queen of Contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her ſilver-veſted train.

'Tis ſtrange, the many marſhal'd ſtars,
That ride yon ſacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A ſilence ſo profound!

A kind, a philoſophic calm
The cool creation wears!
And what day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle Night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how ſtill!
How quiet now the gameſome kid,
That gambol'd round the hill!

The ſweets, that, bending o'er their banks,
From ſultry Day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And ſcent the weſtern wind.

The Moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears among the tufted trees,
A Phœnix next on fire.

But ſoft—the golden glow ſubſides!
Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in ſilver'd pomp, ſhe rides
Pale regent of the ſky!

Where Time upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I ſit, from buſy paſſions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches brav'd the ſky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthleſs Time,
Shall Youth and Vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanſe:
It glows ſerenely gay!
Come, Science, by my ſide advance,
We'll ſearch the Milky Way.

Let us deſcend—The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And Science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are thoſe wild, thoſe wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours.—How like the vague deſires
That cheat the heart of Man!

But there's a friendly guide!—a flame,
That, lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladſome beam,
The hermit's oſier ſhed.

Among

Among the ruſſet ſhades of night,
It glances from afar!
And darts along the duſk; ſo bright,
It ſeems a ſilver ſtar!

In coverts (where the few frequent)
If Virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus the little lamp, Content,
Gives luſtre to her cell.

How ſmooth that rapid river ſlides
Progreſſive to the deep!
The poppies, pendent o'er its ſides,
Have charm'd the waves to ſleep.

Pleaſure's intoxicated ſons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect—for, as the river runs,
Life wings its trackleſs way.

That branching grove of duſky green
Conceals the azure ſky;
Save where a ſtarry ſpace between
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error, thus, with ſhades impure,
Throws ſacred Truth behind:
Yet ſometimes, through the deep obſcure,
She hurſts upon the mind.

Sleep, and her ſiſter Silence reign,
They lock the ſhepherd's fold!
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis loſt upon the wold!

To ſavage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unreſiſting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little rambler dies.

As luckleſs is the Virgin's lot,
Whom pleaſure once miſguides:
When hurried from the halcyon cot,
Where Innocence preſides——

The paſſions, a relentleſs train!
To tear the victim, run:
She ſeeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd——and undone.

How bright the little inſects blaze,
Where willows ſhade the way;
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the Day!

'Tis thus the pigmy ſons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade!
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade!

The ſoft ſerenity of night
Ungentle clouds deform!
The ſilver hoſt that ſhone ſo bright,
Is hid behind a ſtorm!

The angry elements engage!
An oak (an ivied bower!)
Repels the rough wind's noiſy rage,
And ſhields me from the ſhower.

The rancour, thus, of ruſhing fate
I've learnt to render vain:
For, whilſt Integrity's her ſeat,
The ſoul will ſit ſerene.

A raven, from ſome greedy vault,
Amidſt that cloiſter'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a ſolemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb!——The conſecrated dome!
The temple rais'd to Peace!
The port, that to its friendly home
Compels the human race!

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A ſolemn aſpect wears;
Where ſleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night;
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental ſight
The temporary dead.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,
The grave's unmeaſur'd deep;
And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught
To meet my final ſleep.

'Tis peace——(The little chaos paſt!)
The gracious moon reſtor'd!
A breeze ſucceeds the frightful blaſt,
That through the Foreſt roar'd!

The Nightingale, a welcome gueſt!
Renews her gentle ſtrains;
And Hope (juſt wand'ring from my breaſt)
Her wonted ſeat regains.

Yes——When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My ſoul, a more celeſtial ſpark,
Shall keep her native ſky.

Fann'd by the light, the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreſhment find;
And moral rhapſodies, like theſe,
Give vigour to the mind.

§ 38. *The Viſions of Fancy.* Langhorne.

ELEGY I.

CHILDREN of Fancy, whither are ye fled?
Where have you borne thoſe Hope-enliven'd hours,
That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
Thatonce beſtrew'dmyvernalpathwithflowers?

In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,
Where winds the ſlow wave thro' the flowery plain,
To theſe fond arms you led the tyrant, Love,
With Fear and Hope and Folly in his train.

My lyre, that, left at careleſs diſtance, hung
Light on ſome pale branch of the oſier ſhade,
To lays of amorous blandiſhment you ſtrung,
And o'er my ſleep the lulling muſic play'd.

"Reſt, gentle youth! while on the quivering breeze
Slides to thine ear this ſoftly breathing ſtrain;

Sounds

Sounds that move ſmoother than the ſteps of eaſe,
And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

In this fair vale eternal ſpring ſhall ſmile,
And Time unenvious crown each roſeate hour;
Eternal joy ſhall every care beguile,
Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every flower.

This ſilver ſtream, that down its cryſtal way
Frequent has led thy muſing ſteps along,
Shall, ſtill the ſame, in ſunny mazes play,
And with its murmurs melodiſe thy ſong.

Unfading green ſhall theſe fair groves adorn;
Thoſe living meads immortal flowers unfold;
In roſy ſmiles ſhall riſe each bluſhing morn,
And every evening cloſe in clouds of gold.

The tender Loves that watch thy ſlumbering reſt,
And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles ſtrew,
Shall charm, thro' all approaching life, thy breaſt,
With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

The genial power that ſpeeds the golden dart,
Each charm of tender paſſion ſhall inſpire;
With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
And feed the flame of ever-young Deſire.

Come, gentle Loves! your myrtle garlands bring;
The ſmiling bower with cluſter'd roſes ſpread:
Come, gentle airs! with incenſe-dropping wing
The breathing ſweets of vernal odour ſhed.

Hark, as the ſtrains of ſwelling muſic riſe,
How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale!
Auſpicious glories beam along the ſkies,
And powers unſeen the happy moments hail!

Ecſtatic hours! ſo every diſtant day,
Like this, ſerene on downy wings ſhall move;
Riſe crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
The faithful joys of Fancy and of Love."

ELEGY II.

And were they vain, thoſe ſoothing lays ye ſung?
Children of Fancy! yes, your ſong was vain;
On each ſoft air though rapt Attention hung,
And Silence liſten'd on the ſleeping plain.

The ſtrains yet vibrate on my raviſh'd ear,
And ſtill to ſmile the mimic beauties ſeem,
Though now the viſionary ſcenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vaniſh'd dream.

Mirror of life! the glories thus impart
Of all that Youth and Love and Fancy frame,
When painful Anguiſh ſpeeds the piercing dart,
Or Envy blaſts the blooming flowers of Fame.

Nurſe of wild wiſhes, and of fond deſires,
The propheteſs of Fortune, falſe and vain,
To ſcenes where Peace in Ruin's arms expires,
Fallacious Hope deludes her hapleſs train.

Go, Syren, go——thy charms on others try;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the ſhore;
Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie;
And let me periſh, if I truſt thee more.

Come, gentle Quiet! long-neglected maid!
O come, and lead me to thy moſſy cell:
There, unregarded in the peaceful ſhade,
With calm Repoſe and Silence let me dwell.

Come, happier hours of ſweet unanxious reſt,
When all the ſtruggling paſſions ſhall ſubſide;
When Peace ſhall claſp me to her plumy breaſt,
And ſmooth my ſilent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddeſs of the thoughtleſs eye,
Whom never cares or paſſions diſcompoſe,
O bleſt Inſenſibility, be nigh,
And with thy ſoothing hand my weary eyelids cloſe.

Then ſhall the cares of love and glory ceaſe,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardleſs in the arms of Peace,
If theſe extol, or thoſe debaſe a name.

In Lyttelton though all the muſes praiſe,
His generous praiſe ſhall then delight no more,
Nor the ſweet magic of his tender lays
Shall touch the boſom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, though Malice, with inſidious guiſe
Of friendſhip, ope the unſuſpecting breaſt;
Nor then, though Envy broach her blackening lies,
Shall theſe deprive me of a moment's reſt.

O ſtate to be deſir'd! when hoſtile rage
Prevails in human more than ſavage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants:

When dark deſign invades the cheerful hour,
And draws the heart with ſocial freedom warm,
Its cares, its wiſhes, and its thoughts to pour,
Smiling inſidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to others' failings ſtill ſevere,
Yet not one foible in himſelf can find;
Another's faults to Folly's eyes are clear,
But to her own e'en Wiſdom's ſelf is blind.

O let me ſtill, from theſe low follies free,
This ſordid malice, and inglorious ſtrife,
Myſelf the ſubject of my cenſure be,
And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, Philoſophy, ſtill let me dwell,
My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanneſs ſave;
Bring Peace, bring Quiet to my humble cell,
And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

ELEGY III.

Bright o'er the green hills roſe the morning ray,
The wood-lark's ſong reſounded on the plain;
Fair Nature felt the warm embrace of day,
And ſmil'd through all her animated reign.

When young Delight, of Hope and Fancy born,
His head on tufted wild thyme half-reclin'd
Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain deſign'd:

"O born to thoughts, to pleaſures more ſublime
Than beings of inferior nature prove!
To triumph in the golden hours of Time,
And feel the charms of fancy and of love!

"High-

" High favour'd man! for him unfolding fair
In orient light this native landſcape ſmiles;
For him ſweet Hope diſarms the hand of Care,
Exalts his pleaſures, and his grief beguiles.

" Blows not a bloſſom on the breaſt of Spring,
Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
Trills not a ſongſter of the ſoaring wing,
But fragrance, health and melody ſucceed.

" O let me ſtill with ſimple nature live,
My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
Enjoy the bleſſings that ſhe meant to give,
And calmly waſte my inoffenſive day!

" No titled name, no envy-teaſing dome,
No glittering wealth my tutor'd wiſhes crave;
So Health and Peace be near my humble home,
A cool-ſtream murmur, and a green tree wave.

" So may the ſweet Euterpe not diſdain
At Eve's chaſte hour her ſilver lyre to bring;
The muſe of pity wake her ſoothing ſtrain,
And tune to ſympathy the trembling ſtring.

" Thus glide the penſive moments o'er the vale
While floating ſhades of duſky night deſcend:
Not left untold the lover's tender tale,
Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

" To love and friendſhip flow the ſocial bowl!
To attic wit and elegance of mind;
To all the native beauties of the ſoul,
The ſimple charms of truth, and ſenſe refin'd!

" Then to explore whatever antient ſage
Studious from nature's early volume drew,
To trace ſweet Fiction through her golden age,
And mark how fair the ſun-flower, Science, blew!

" Haply to catch ſome ſpark of eaſten fire,
Heſperian fancy, or *Aonian* eaſe;
Some melting note from Sappho's tender lyre,
Some ſtrain that Love and Phœbus taught to pleaſe.

" When waves the grey light o'er the mountain's head,
Then let me meet the morn's firſt beauteous ray:
Careleſsly wander from my ſylvan ſhed,
And catch the ſweet breath of the riſing day.

" Nor ſeldom, loit'ring as I muſe along,
Mark from what flower the breeze its ſweetneſs bore;
Or liſten to the labour-ſoothing ſong
Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

" Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow,
The green height gain'd, in muſeful rapture lie,
Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
Or look on nature with a lover's eye.

" Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;
Led by fair Fancy round the varied year:
So ſhall my breaſt with native raptures glow,
Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

" Firm be my heart to Nature and to Truth,
Nor vainly wander from their dictates ſage;
So Joy ſhall triumph on the brows of youth,
So hope ſhall ſmooth the dreary paths of age."

ELEGY IV.

Oh! yet, ye dear, deluding viſions, ſtay!
Fond hopes, of Innocence and Fancy born!
For you I'll caſt theſe waking thoughts away,
For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah! no: the ſunſhine o'er each object ſpread
By flattering Hope, the flowers that blew ſo fair;
Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
And vaniſh'd from the powerful rod of Care.

So the poor pilgrim, who in rapturous thought
Plans his dear journey to *Loretto*'s ſhrine,
Seems on his way by guardian ſeraphs brought,
Sees aiding angels favour his deſign.

Ambroſial bloſſoms, ſuch of old as blew
By thoſe freſh fonts on Eden's happy plain,
And *Sharon*'s roſes all his paſſage ſtrew:
So Fancy dreams; but Fancy's dreams are vain.

Waſted and weary on the mountain's ſide,
His way unknown, the hapleſs pilgrim lies,
Or takes ſome ruthleſs robber for his guide,
And prone beneath his cruel ſabre dies.

Life's morning landſcape gilt with orient light,
Where Hope and Joy and Fancy hold their reign,
The grove's green wave, the blue ſtream ſparkling bright,
The blythe hours dancing round *Hyperion*'s wain:

In radiant colours Youth's free hand portrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;
Nor thinks how ſoon the vernal grove decays,
Nor ſees the dark cloud gathering o'er the ſky.

Hence Fancy, conquer'd by the dart of Pain,
And wandering far from her *Platonic* ſhade,
Mourns o'er the ruins of her tranſient reign,
Nor unrepining ſees her viſions fade.

Their parent baniſh'd, hence her children fly
The fairy race that fill'd her feſtive train:
Joy tears his wreath, and Hope inverts her eye,
And Folly wonders that her dream was vain.

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§ 39. *A Letter from Italy to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax. In the year* 1701. Addiſon.

While you, my Lord, the rural ſhades admire
And from Britannia's public poſts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful ſons to pleaſe,
For their advantage ſacrifice your eaſe;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the ſoft ſeaſon and inviting clime
Conſpire to trouble your repoſe with rhyme.
For whereſoe'er I turn my raviſh'd eyes,
Gay gilded ſcenes and ſhining proſpects riſe;
Poetic fields encompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground;
For here the Muſe ſo oft her harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung;
Renown'd in verſe each ſhady thicket grows,
And ev'ry ſtream in heavenly numbers flows.

How

How am I pleas'd to ſearch the hills and woods
For riſing ſprings and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his courſe,
And trace the ſmooth Clitumnus to his ſource,
To ſee the Mincio draw his wat'ry ſtore
Through the long windings of a fruitful ſhore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of ſmoking ſulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thouſand raptures I ſurvey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows ſtray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains,
The tow'ring Alps of half their moiſture drains,
And, proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows,
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry,)
Yet run for ever by the Muſe's ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty ſhores admire,
That, deſtitute of ſtrength, derives its courſe
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful ſource;
Yet, ſung ſo often in poetic lays,
With ſcorn the Danube and the Nile ſurveys;
So high the deathleſs muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious ſtream
That in Hibernian vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And unobſerv'd in wild meanders play'd,
Till, by your lines and Naſſau's ſword renown'd,
Its riſing billows through the world reſound;
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe.
Oh could the Muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal fire.
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhould ſhine,
And Virgil's Italy ſhould yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the coaſt of Britain's ſtormy iſle,
Or, when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler taſtes, and more exalted ſcents;
E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, ſome God, to Baia's gentle ſeats;
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride;
Bloſſoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together riſe,
And the whole year in gay confuſion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my ſoul a thouſand paſſions ſtrive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I deſcry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public ſhows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb;
Here pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the ſkies;
And here the proud triumphal arches riſe,
Where the old Romans deathleſs acts diſplay'd
Their baſe degen'rate progeny upbraid;
Whole rivers here forſake the fields below,
And, wond'ring at their height, through airy channels flow.
Still to new ſcenes my wand'ring Muſe retires,
And the dumb ſhow of breathing rocks admires;
Where the ſmooth chiſel all its force has ſhewn,
And ſoften'd into fleſh the rugged ſtone.
In ſolemn ſilence, a majeſtic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman conſuls, ſtand;
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors, in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly ſu'ed,
Still ſhew the charms that their proud hearts ſubdued.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhew th' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where, from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light,
A new creation riſes to my ſight;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſures toſt,
Amidſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt.
Here pleaſing airs my raviſh'd ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;
Here domes and temples riſe in diſtant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my Muſe.
How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains, and her ſunny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud Oppreſſion in her valleys reigns,
And Tyranny uſurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the ſwelling grain;
Joyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines;
Starves, in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirſt.
Oh Liberty, thou goddeſs heavenly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads the wanton train;
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the Sun, and pleaſure to the Day.
Thee, goddeſs, thee Britannia's iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft exhauſted all her ſtores,
How oft, in fields of death, thy preſence ſought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the ſun refine
The grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat olive ſwell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent ſkies;
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our heaven repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine:

'Tis

'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.
Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give;
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate;
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.
Th'ambitious Gaul beholds, with secret dread,
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name which I so oft have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's or like yours, should praise.

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§ 40. *The Campaign.* Addison.

To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. 1705.

" ---- --- Rheni pacator et Istri
" Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
" Ordinibus; laetatur eques, plauditque senator,
" Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori."
Claud. *de Laud. Stilic.*

" Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ sua impensa, suo
" labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum.
" Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis homi-
" nibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria
" trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum im-
" perium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint."
Liv. *Hist. lib.* 33.

While crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause:
Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill the important year;
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appenines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course thro' the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd, and anxious for her sov'reigns' fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair
His hopes on Heaven, and confidence in pray'r.
To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes;
On her resolves the western world relies;
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court.
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguished smiles they share;
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice;
By show'rs of blessings Heaven approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.
Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky;
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
That wander'd on the banks, her heroes ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great death was near.
Our Godlike leader, ere the stream he pass'd,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast.
Forming the wondrous year within his thought,
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese;
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow,
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes;
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues!
Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.

Our Britiſh youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd ſcenes of ſervitude behold;
Nations of ſlaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their Queen, and love their native ſoil.
Still to the riſing ſun they take their way
Thro' clouds of duſt, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coaſt
With cooling ſtreams revives the fainting hoſt,
That cheerfully his labours paſt forgets,
The mid-night watches, and the noon-day heats.
O'er proſtrate towns and palaces they paſs
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in graſs)
Breathing revenge; whilſt anger and diſdain
Fire ev'ry breaſt, and boil in ev'ry vein.
Here ſhatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous view, the guilt of war:
Whilſt here the vine o'er hills of ruins climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn;
A ſudden friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze:
Poliſh'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conqueſt, and in council ſkill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting ſpirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the ſoul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reaſon, and by reaſon cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle ſhewn:
To ſouls like theſe, in mutual friendſhip join'd,
Heaven dares entruſt the cauſe of human kind.
Britannia's graceful ſons appear in arms,
Her haraſs'd troops the hero's preſence warms;
Whilſt the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of Britiſh ſhouts reſound:
Doubling their ſpeed, they march with freſh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the ſtaunch hound the trembling deer purſues,
And ſmells his footſteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'lling by degrees:
But when the ſcent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he ſhoots away
On his full ſtretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are paſt;
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at laſt:
Like hills th' aſpiring ramparts riſe on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal paſs,
Threat'ning deſtruction; rows of hollow braſs,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilſt in their wombs ten thouſand thunders ſleep.
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious ſight
His march o'erpaid by ſuch a promis'd fight.
The weſtern ſun now ſhot a feeble ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hoſts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning cloſe!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array
The cloſe compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracks of death, and laid the battle waſte:
Still preſſing forward to the fight, they broke
Thro' flames of ſulphur and a night of ſmoke,
Till ſlaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hoſts engage,
The battle, kindled into ten-fold rage,
With ſhow'rs of bullets, and with ſtorms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire;
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And loſt in one promiſcuous carnage lie.
How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in their bloom!
Th' illuſtrious youths, that left their native ſhore
To march where Britons never march'd before
(Oh fatal love of fame! oh glorious heat,
Only deſtructive to the brave and great!)
After ſuch toils o'ercome, ſuch dangers paſt,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts, breathe their laſt.
But hold, my Muſe, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlb'ro' lives, Britannia's ſtars diſpenſe
A friendly light, and ſhine in innocence:
Plunging through ſeas of blood his fiery ſteed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed;
Thoſe he ſupports, theſe drives to ſudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickeſt terrors of the war;
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's ſafety, and the world's repoſe;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This ſcorn of danger and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'ſt not for thyſelf; thy Queen demands
Conqueſt and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's deſtiny depends on thine.
At length the long-diſputed paſs they gain,
By crowded armies fortified in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And ſee their camp with Britiſh legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their ſhatter'd ſides
The ſea's whole weight, increas'd with ſwelling tides;
But if the ruſhing wave a paſſage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peaſant ſees his country round
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd.
The few ſurviving foes diſpers'd in flight
(Refuſe of ſwords and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry ruſtling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in ev'ry ſhadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their diſgrace.
To Donavert, with unreſiſted force,
The gay victorious army bends its courſe.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever ſpoils Bavaria's ſummer yields
(The Danube's great increaſe) Britannia ſhares,
The food of armies and ſupport of wars:
With magazines of death, deſtructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls;

The victor finds each hidden cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatneſs croſs'd,
And all the gaudy dream of empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancied throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for ſhelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms;
Thou hop'ſt th' aſſiſtance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in ſafety ſhall advance, [France:
And crowd thy ſtandards with the pow'r of
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aſpiring Gaul
Shares thy deſtruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compaſſion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the Hero and the Man complete.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he ſtrove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing wrath, and gives a looſe to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the ſoldier fills his hand
With ſword and fire, and ravages the land;
A thouſand villages to aſhes turns,
In crackling flames a thouſand harveſts burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mix'd with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat,
Their trembling lords the common ſhade partake,
And cries of infants ſound in ev'ry brake:
The liſt'ning ſoldier fix'd in ſorrow ſtands,
Loth to obey his leader's juſt commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt commands ſo well obey'd.
But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In ſhriller clangors animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud ſtandards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blaſted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled hoſt he views
Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his ſtrength.
The fatal day its mighty courſe began,
That the griev'd world had long deſir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And pray'rs in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence aſſail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd:
The day was come when Heav'n deſign'd to ſhew
His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended ſquadrons ſhape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the braveſt hearts;
Yet do their beating breaſts demand the ſtrife,
And thirſt of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can Britiſh minds controul:
Heat of revenge and noble pride of ſoul
O'erlook'd the foe, advantag'd by his poſt,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt;
Though fens and floods poſſeſs the middle ſpace;
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs,
Nor fens nor floods can ſtop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders ſtands.
But oh, my Muſe, what numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous ſound
The victor's ſhouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burſt of cannon rend the ſkies,
And all the thunder of the battle riſe. [prov'd,
'Twas then great Marlb'ro's mighty ſoul was
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia paſs'd,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
But ſee the haughty houſehold-troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private ſoldier knows,
And with a general's love of conqueſt glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the ſhaking of the Britiſh ſpear:
Vain inſolence! with native freedom brave,
The meaneſt Briton ſcorns the higheſt ſlave;
Contempt and fury fire their ſouls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thouſand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undiſtinguiſhed die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I ſee the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unſung!
In joys of conqueſt he reſigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, ſmiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic ſquadrons run;
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they ſhun,
Thouſands of fiery ſteeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead maſters mix'd,
'Midſt heaps of ſpears and ſtandards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the diſtant Soane,
Or ſounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows ſweep away, [vey.
And into Scythian ſeas their bloated corps con-
From Blenheim's tow'rs, the Gaul with wild affright
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that ſo oft had ſtood
Planted in fields of death and ſtreams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And riſe triumphant in the fatal breach,

Or pierce the broken foe's remoteſt lines,
The hardy veteran with tears reſigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of ſorrow and of ſhame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy boſom ſwell'd,
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy braveſt troops repell'd,
Thine only ſon pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Clo:k'd in his blood, and gaſping on the ground;
Thyſelf in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An Engliſh Muſe is touch'd with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
Greatly diſtreſs'd, thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor bluſh to own
The fatal field by ſuch great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the ſecond honours of the day. [fell
With floods of gore that from the vanquiſh'd
The marſhes ſtagnate, and the rivers ſwell.
Mountains of ſlain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midſt the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hoſts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n thoſe who 'ſcape the fetters and the ſword,
Nor ſeek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging King diſhonours, to complete
Marlborough's great work, and finiſh the defeat.
From Memmingben's high domes, and Augſburg's walls,
The diſtant battle drives th' inſulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The reſcued ſtates his great protection claim;
Whilſt Ulm th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obſequious gates.
The hero's breaſt ſtill ſwells with great deſigns,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius ſhines:
If to the foe his dreadful courſe he bends
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If ſieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are aſſaulted, and an army ſtorm'd;
If to the fight his active ſoul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What diſtant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious ſword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the ſeries of his toils complete?
Where the ſwoln Rhine ruſhing with all its force
Divides the hoſtile nations in its courſe,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or ſtraighten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's ſide a mighty bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, ſince the war was kindled, has it tried
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its ſide;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long ſummer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And though the dog-ſtar had its courſe begun,
Carries his arms ſtill nearer to the ſun:
Fix'd on the glorious action he forgets
The change of ſeaſons, and increaſe of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger ſhew,
No climes unlovely that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds reſtrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land:
But, ſoon as the victorious hoſt he ſpies,
From hill to hill, from ſtream to ſtream he flies,
Such dire impreſſions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's ſword, and Hochſtet's fatal plain:
In vain Britannia's mighty chief beſets
Their ſhady coverts and obſcure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Auſtria's young monarch, whoſe imperial ſway
Sceptres and thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted anceſtry ſo high extends
That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great ſupporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his boſom ran,
Claſp'd in the embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleaſing wonder fix'd
To ſee ſuch fire with ſo much ſweetneſs mix'd,
Such eaſy greatneſs, ſuch a graceful port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus ſhone but in the ſecond place;
Thus the great father of Almighty Rome
(Divinely flufh'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath beſtow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The royal youth, by Marlborough's preſence charm'd,
Taught by his counſels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Diſcharges all its thunder on his walls;
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's ſight.
The Britiſh chief for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conqueſts crown'd,
To Belgian coaſts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine purſues,
Clearing its borders from uſurping foes,
And bleſt by reſcued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms:
Seated on rocks her proud foundations ſhake,
While Marlborough preſſes to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And ſhews how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirſt of univerſal ſway,
And ſcarce can teach his ſubjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race deſtroy'd,
The works of ages ſunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions ſacrific'd in vain.
Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares;
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges thro' nations, whereſoe'er diſjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of ſea and wind.
By her the unfetter'd Iſter's ſtates are free,
And taſte the ſweets of Engliſh liberty:

But who can tell the joys of thoſe that lie
Beneath the conſtant influence of her eye!
Whilſt in diffuſive ſhow'rs her bounties fall
Like Heaven's indulgence, and deſcend on all,
Secure the happy, ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
Make ev'ry ſubject glad, and a whole people bleſt.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth records of a faithful verſe;
That, if ſuch numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell poſterity the wond'rous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;
Gods may deſcend in fictions from the ſkies,
And rivers from their oozy beds ariſe;
Fiction may deck the truth with ſpurious rays,
And round the hero caſt a borrow'd blaze:
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly ſhine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuine charms they boaſt; [moſt.
And thoſe who paint them trueſt, praiſe them

§ 41. *An Allegory on Man.* Parnell.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and ſpare;
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too);
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Joves's eternal ſable head,
Contriv'd a ſhape empower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.
The man roſe ſtaring, like a ſtake,
Wond'ring to ſee himſelf awake!
Then look'd ſo wiſe, before he knew
The buſineſs he was made to do,
That, pleas'd to ſee with what a grace
He gravely ſhew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-ſomething of the ſky.
But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god
(For which his curls ambroſial ſhake,
And mother Earth's obliged to quake),
He ſaw mother Earth ariſe;
She ſtoo confeſs'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read ſhe wore;
A caſtle for a crown before,
Nor with long ſtreets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone ſhe dreſs'd,
And trail'd a landſcape-painted veſt.
Then thrice ſhe rais'd, as Ovid ſaid,
And thrice ſhe bow'd her weighty head.
Her honours made—Great Jove, ſhe cried,
This thing was faſhion'd from my ſide:
His hands, his heart, his head are mine;
Then what haſt thou to call him thine?
Nay, rather aſk, the Monarch ſaid,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle ſhape of clay.
Halves, more than halves! cried honeſt Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair;
You claim the body, you the ſoul,
But I, who join'd them, claim the whole.
Thus with the gods debate began,
On ſuch a trivial cauſe as man.
And can celeſtial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.
As thus they wrangled, Time came by
(There's none that paint him ſuch as I:
For what the fabling ancients ſung
Makes Saturn old when Time was young);
As yet his winters had not ſhed
Their ſilver honours on his head;
He juſt had got his pinions free
From his old ſire, Eternity.
A ſerpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth before;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A ſtaff he carried, where on high
A glaſs was fix'd to meaſure by,
As amber boxes made a ſhow
For heads of canes an age ago.
His veſt, for day and night, was pied;
A bending ſickle arm'd his ſide;
And Spring's new months his train adorn
The other Seaſons were unborn.
Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cauſe.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where ſince his hours a dial made;
Then, leaning, heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate:
Since body from the parent Earth,
And ſoul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they firſt began;
But, ſince their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth ſhall part theſe two,
To Care, who join'd them, man is due.
He ſaid, and ſprung with ſwift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever ſince the Seaſons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.
'Tis well, ſaid Jove; and, for conſent,
Thund'ring he ſhook the firmament.
Our umpire Time ſhall have his way;
With Care I let the creature ſtay:
Let buſineſs vex him, av'rice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion ſpeak,
And want afflict, and ſickneſs break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy diſtract, and ſorrow kill;
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long deſtructive blow;
And waſted man, whoſe quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The ſoul flies ſooner back to me.

§ 42. *The Book-Worm.* Parnell.

COME hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The book-worm, rav'ning beaſt of prey!
Produc'd

Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As Fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Againſt a thouſand authors' lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his wit-with cluſt'ring eyes,
With horns without, and tuſks within,
And ſcales to ſerve him for a ſkin.
Obſerve him nearly, leſt he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go,
To tear ſome modern wretch below.
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he ſlips thee by.
See where his teeth a paſſage eat:
We'll rouſe him from the deep retreat.
But who the ſhelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis ſacred Virgil, as I live;
From leaf to leaf, from ſong to ſong,
He draws the tadpole form along;
He mounts the gilded edge before;
He's up, he ſcuds the cover o'er;
He turns, he doubles, there he paſs'd;
And here we have him, caught at laſt.
Inſatiate brute, whoſe teeth abuſe
The ſweeteſt ſervants of the Muſe!
(Nay, never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roſes nipt in ev'ry page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Leſbia's ſparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half deſtroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And ſpoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay,
For all, for ev'ry ſingle deed,
Relentleſs Juſtice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myſelf the prieſt, my deſk the ſhrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Taſſo near,
To pile a ſacred altar here:
Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,
You've reach'd the plays that Dennis writ:
You've reach'd me Philips' ruſtic ſtrain;
Pray take your mortal Bards again.
Come, bind the victim—there he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes
This venerable duſt I lay,
From manuſcripts juſt ſwept away.
The goblet in my hand I take
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets all their days,
May they have bread, as well as praiſe;
Senſe may they ſeek, and leſs engage
In papers fill'd with party rage:
But, if their riches ſpoil their vein,
Ye Muſes, make them poor again.
Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I ſtrike the ſcales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The ſacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the ſon of Jove I ſtand,
This Hydra ſtretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monſter's entrails here,
To ſee what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what ſonnets on a wench!
What lean tranſlations out of French!
'Tis plain this lobe is ſo unſound,
S—— prints before the months go round.
But hold—before I cloſe the ſcene,
The ſacred altar ſhould be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's ſecond bays,
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miſs'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the ſhrine
(That only way you pleaſe the Nine;)
But ſince I chance to want theſe two,
I'll make the ſongs of Durfey do.
Rent from the corpſe, on yonder pin
I hang the ſcales that brac'd it in;
I hang my ſtudious morning gown,
And write my own inſcription down:
" This trophy from the Python won,
" This robe in which the deed was done,
" Theſe, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
" Hung on theſe ſhelves, the Muſes' ſeat.
" Here ignorance and hunger found
" Large realms of wit to ravage round:
" Here ignorance and hunger fell,
" Two foes in one I ſent to hell.
" Ye poets, who my labours ſee,
" Come ſhare the triumph all with me!
" Ye critics! born to vex the Muſe,
" To mourn the grand ally you loſe."

§ 43. *An Imitation of ſome French Verſes.* Parnell.

Relentless Time! deſtroying power,
Whom ſtone and braſs obey,
Who giv'ſt to ev'ry flying hour
To work ſome new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unſeen,
Thy ſecret ſaps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet
Before I thought it nigh:
My ſpring, my years of pleaſure, fleet,
And all their beauties die.

In age I ſearch, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain—
Grave wiſdom ſtalking ſlow behind,
Oppreſs'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancied joys inſpire;
My errors cheriſh'd hope to ſmile
On newly-born deſire.

But now experience ſhews how falſe,
For which I fondly ſought,
Not worth the long impatient wiſh
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd;
In all her pomp she shone,
And might perhaps have well essay'd
To make her gifts my own;

But when I saw the blessings show'r
On some unworthy mind,
I left the chace, and own'd the pow'r
Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn
The splendid courts of kings;
And, while the persons mov'd my scorn,
I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vig'rous fire,
By love increas'd the more;
But years with coming years conspire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see
With idle lustre shine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine!

But hold—I feel my gout decrease
My troubles laid to rest;
And truths which would disturb my peace
Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll
In sad reflection flies!
Ye fondling passions of my soul!
Ye sweet deceits! arise.

I wisely change the scene within
To things that us'd to please;
In pain, philosophy is spleen;
In health, 'tis only ease.

§ 44. *Ad Amicos* *. R. West.

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, you choose
To catch the zephyr, and to court the Muse.
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart)—
At me the pow'r, that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land:
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.
Just Heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet, just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?
Stern pow'r of Fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.
How weak is Man to Reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire,
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own,
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream beside whose wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head;
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below:
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey;
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.
But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh?
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those, the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conqu'ring Death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not: tho' this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.

Lov'd

* Almost all Tibullus's Elegy is imitated in this little Piece, from whence his transition to Mr. Pope's letter is very artfully contrived, and bespeaks a degree of judgment much beyond Mr. West's years.

Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praiſe would crown me, as their precepts mend:
To them may theſe fond lines my name endear;
Not from the poet but the friend ſincere.

§ 45. *Hymn to Contentment.* Parnell.

LOVELY, laſting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the ſky,
With more of happineſs below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, oh whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head?
What happy region doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of calms and eaſe?
Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate, to meet thee there:
Increaſing avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold enſhrin'd:
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Through rocks, amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves:
The ſilent heart which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales,
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)
Amuſing thought; but learns to know
That ſolitude's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a ſoul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky,
Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;
The reſt it ſeeks, in ſeeking dies;
And doubts at laſt for knowledge riſe.
Lovely, laſting Peace, appear;
This world itſelf, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bleſt,
And man contains it in his breaſt.
'Twas thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood,
And loſt in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of his grace,
When thus ſhe ſpoke: Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill;
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow;
Then ev'ry grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.
Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat,
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd, as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly viſion, praiſe, and pray'r;
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſt with God alone;
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight;
While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear, and court my ſong;
I'll lift my voice and tune my ſtring,
And thee, Great Source of Nature, ſing.
The ſun that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day;
The moon that ſhines with borrow'd light;
The ſtars that gild the gloomy night;
The ſeas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;
The field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain:
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Should be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of man.
Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

§ 46. *An Addreſs to Winter.* Cowper.

OH Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy ſcatter'd hair with ſleet like aſhes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other ſnows
Than thoſe of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds;
A leafleſs branch thy ſceptre; and thy throne
A ſliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by ſtorms along its ſlippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou ſeem'ſt,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'ſt the ſun
A priſ'ner in the yet undawning eaſt,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him impatient of his ſtay
Down to the roſy weſt: But kindly ſtill
Compenſating his loſs with added hours
Of ſocial converſe and inſtructive eaſe,
And gathering at ſhort notice in one group
The family diſpers'd, and fixing thought,
Not leſs diſpers'd by day-light and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-ſide enjoyments, home-born happineſs,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undiſturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels ſtop ſhort before theſe gates;
No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of ſounding an alarm, aſſaults theſe doors
Till the ſtreet rings. No ſtationary ſteeds
Cough their own knell, while heedleſs of the ſound
The ſilent circle fan themſelves, and quake;
But here the needle plies its buſy taſk,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r
Wrought patiently into the ſnowy lawn
Unfolds its boſom, buds, and leaves, and ſprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully diſpos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With moſt ſucceſs when all beſides decay.
The poet's or hiſtorian's page, by one

Made vocal for th' amuſement of the reſt:
Theſprightlylyre, whoſetreaſure of ſweet ſounds
The touch from many a trembling chord ſhakes out;
And the clear voice ſymphonious, yet diſtinct,
And in the charming ſtrife triumphant ſtill,
Beguile the night, and ſet a keener edge
On female induſtry; the threaded ſteel
Flies ſwiftly, and unfelt the taſk proceeds.
The volume clos'd, the cuſtomary rites
Of the laſt meal commence. A Roman meal,
Such as the miſtreſs of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moon-light, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domeſtic ſhade,
Enjoy'd, ſpare feaſt, a radiſh and an egg.
Diſcourſe enſues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor ſuch as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or preſcribes the ſound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion phrenſy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praiſe
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the paſt to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'ſcap'd, the broken ſnare,
The diſappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preſerv'd and peace reſtor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
Oh evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. Oh, evenings! I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
That I, and Mine, and thoſe we love, enjoy.

§ 47. *Liberty renders England preferable to other Nations, notwithſtanding Taxes, &c.* Cowper.

'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its luſtre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All conſtraint,
Except what wiſdom lays on evil men,
Is evil, hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progreſs in the road of ſcience; blinds
The eye-ſight of diſcovery, and begets
In thoſe that ſuffer it a ſordid mind
Beſtial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore, ſtill, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loſs of empire, and though ſqueez'd
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the ſtate,
Thee I account ſtill happy, and the chief
Among the nations, ſeeing thou art free!
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and diſpoſes much
All hearts to ſadneſs, and none more than mine;
Thine unadult'rate manners are leſs ſoft
And plauſible than ſocial life requires,
And thou haſt need of diſcipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From Nature's bounty—that humane addreſs
And ſweetneſs, without which no pleaſure is
In converſe, either ſtarv'd by cold reſerve,
Or ſluſh'd with fierce diſpute, a ſenſeleſs brawl;
Yet, being free, I love thee: For the ſake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Diſgrac'd as thou haſt been, poor as thou art,
To ſeek no ſublunary reſt beſide.
But, once enſlav'd, farewel! I could endure
Chains no where patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughneſs in the grain
Of Britiſh natures, wanting its excuſe
That it belongs to freemen, would diſguſt
And ſhock me. I ſhould then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And if I muſt bewail the bleſſing loſt
For which our Hampdens and our Sidney's bled,
I would at leaſt bewail it under ſkies
Milder, among a people leſs auſtere,
In ſcenes which having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loſs I felt.

§ 48. *Deſcription of a Poet.* Cowper.

I know the mind that feels indeed the fire
The muſe imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her ſoft attention claim,
A tender ſympathy pervades the frame;
She pours a ſenſibility divine
Along the nerve of ev'ry feeling line.
But if a deed not tamely to be borne
Fire indignation, and a ſenſe of ſcorn,
The ſtrings are ſwept with ſuch a pow'r, ſo loud,
The ſtorm of muſic ſhakes the aſtoniſh'd crowd.
So when remote futurity is brought
Before the keen enquiry of her thought,
A terrible ſagacity informs
The Poet's heart, he looks to diſtant ſtorms,
He hears the thunder ere the tempeſt low'rs,
And, arm'd with ſtrength ſurpaſſing human pow'rs,
Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his ſoul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of Prophet and of Poet was the ſame;
Hence Britiſh poets too the prieſthood ſhar'd,
And ev'ry hallow'd Druid was a bard.

§ 49. *Love Elegies. By* ——

ELEGY I.

'Tis night, dead night; and o'er the plain
Darkneſs extends her ebon ray,
While wide along the gloomy ſcene
Deep ſilence holds her ſolemn ſway.

Throughout the earth no cheerful beam
The melancholic eye ſurveys,
Save where the worm's fantaſtic gleam
The 'nighted traveller betrays.

The

The savage race (so heaven decrees)
No longer through the forest rove;
All nature rests, and not a breeze
Disturbs the stillness of the grove.

All nature rests; in Sleep's soft arms
The village swain forgets his care:
Sleep, that the sting of sorrow charms,
And heals all sadness but despair.

Despair alone her pow'r denies;
And, when the sun withdraws his rays,
To the wild beach distracted flies,
Or cheerless through the desert strays;

Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,
While fearful echoes burst around,
On some cold stone he leans his head,
Or throws his body on the ground:

To some such drear and solemn scene,
Some friendly pow'r direct my way,
Where pale misfortune's haggard train,
Sad luxury! delight to stray.

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,
Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,
Resign'd I'll wait my final doom,
And bid the busy world adieu.

The world has now no joy for me,
Nor can life now one pleasure boast:
Since all my eyes desir'd to see,
My wish, my hope, my all, is lost;

Since she, so form'd to please and bless,
So wise, so innocent, so fair,
Whose converse sweet made sorrow less,
And brighten'd all the gloom of care—

Since she is lost. Ye pow'rs divine,
What have I done, or thought or said?
O say, what horrid act of mine
Has drawn this vengeance on my head!

Why should Heaven favour Lycon's claim?
Why are my heart's best wishes cross'd?
What fairer deeds adorn his name?
What nobler merit can he boast?

What higher worth in him was found
My true heart's service to outweigh?
A senseless fop! a dull compound
Of scarcely animated clay:

He dress'd indeed, he danc'd with ease,
And charm'd her by repeating o'er
Unmeaning raptures in her praise,
That twenty fools had told before:

But I, alas! who thought all art
My passion's force would meanly prove,
Could only boast an honest heart,
And claim'd no merit but my love.

Have I not sat—ye conscious hours,
Be witness—while my Stella sung
From morn to eve, with all my pow'rs
Rapt in th' enchantment of her tongue!

Ye conscious hours that saw me stand
Entranc'd in wonder and surprise,
In silent rapture press her hand,
With passion bursting from my eyes—

Have I not lov'd? O earth and heaven!
Where now is all my youthful boast;
The dear exchange I hop'd was given
For slighted fame and fortune lost?

Where now the joys that once were mine?
Where all my hopes of future bliss?
Must I those joys, those hopes, resign?
Is all her friendship come to this?

Must then each woman faithless prove,
And each fond lover be undone?
Are vows no more? Almighty love,
The sad remembrance let me shun!

It will not be: my honest heart
The dear sad image still retains;
And, spite of reason, spite of art,
The dreadful memory remains.

Ye Pow'rs divine, whose wond'rous skill
Deep in the womb of time can see,
Behold, I bend me to your will,
Nor dare arraign your high decree.

Let her be blest with health, with ease,
With all your bounty has in store;
Let sorrow cloud my future days;
Be Stella blest; I ask no more.

But, lo! where high in yonder east
The star of morning mounts apace!
Hence! let me fly th' unwelcome guest,
And bid the Muse's labour cease.

ELEGY II.

When, young, life's journey I began,
The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,
I saw along th' extended plan
Joy after joy successive rise;

And Fame her golden trumpet blew;
And Pow'r display'd her gorgeous charms;
And Wealth engag'd my wandering view;
And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms;

To each by turns my vows I paid,
As Folly led me to admire;
While Fancy magnified each shade,
And Hope increas'd each fond desire.

But soon I found 'twas all a dream;
And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,
Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,
And thousands daily are undone:

And Fame, I found, was empty air;
And Wealth and Terror for her guest;
And Pleasure's path was strewn with Care;
And Pow'r was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chace, I gave it o'er;
And, in a far sequester'd shade,
To Contemplation's sober pow'r
My youth's next services I paid.

There Health and Peace adorn'd the scene;
And oft, indulgent to my pray'r,
With mirthful eye and frolic mien,
The Muse would deign to visit there.

There

There would ſhe oft delighted rove
The flow'r-enamell'd vale along;
Or wander with me through the grove,
And liſten to the woodlark's ſong:

Or 'mid the foreſt's awful gloom,
Whilſt wild amazement fill'd my eyes,
Recal paſt ages from the tomb,
And bid ideal worlds ariſe.

Thus in the Muſe's favour bleſt,
One wiſh alone my ſoul could frame,
And Heaven beſtow'd, to crown the reſt,
A friend, and Thyrſis was his name:

For manly conſtancy and truth,
And worth, unconſcious of a ſtain,
He bloom'd the flow'r of Britain's youth;
The boaſt and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendſhip grew;
No cares did then my peace deſtroy;
Time brought new bleſſings as he flew,
And ev'ry hour was wing'd with joy.

But ſoon the bliſsful ſcene was loſt,
Soon did the ſad reverſe appear;
Love came, like an untimely froſt,
To blaſt the promiſe of my year.

I ſaw young Daphne's angel form
(Fool that I was! I bleſt the ſmart)
And while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,
The dear infection ſeiz'd my heart.

She was, at leaſt in Damon's eyes,
Made up of loveline's and grace;
Her heart a ſtranger to diſguiſe,
Her mind as perfect as her face.

To hear her ſpeak, to ſee her move
(Unhappy I, alas! the while),
Her voice was joy, her look was love,
And Heaven was open'd in her ſmile!

She heard me breathe my amorous prayers,
She liſten'd to the tender ſtrain,
She heard my ſighs, ſhe ſaw my tears,
And ſeem'd at length to ſhare my pain.

She ſaid ſhe lov'd—and I, poor youth!
(How ſoon, alas! can hope perſuade)
Thought all ſhe ſaid no more than truth;
And all my love was well repaid.

In joys unknown to courts or kings,
With her I ſat the livelong day,
And ſaid and look'd ſuch tender things
As none beſide could look or ſay!

How ſoon can Fortune ſhift the ſcene,
And all our earthly bliſs deſtroy!
Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train
Still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's beſt boaſt,
My ſoul's chief bleſſing and my pride,
In one ſad moment all were loſt,
And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrſis died!

Oh! who that heard her vows erewhile,
Could dream thoſe vows were inſincere!
Or who could think, that ſaw her ſmile,
That fraud could find admittance there!

Yet ſhe was falſe—my heart will break!
Her fraud, her perjuries were ſuch—
Some other tongue than mine muſt ſpeak—
I have not power to ſay how much!

Ye ſwains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,
O ſhun her paths, the trait'reſs ſhun!
Her voice is death, her ſmile is fate;
Who hears or ſees her is undone.

And when Death's hand ſhall cloſe my eye,
(For ſoon, I know, the day will come)
O cheer my ſpirit with a ſigh,
And grave theſe lines upon my tomb:

THE EPITAPH.

Consign'd to duſt, beneath this ſtone,
In manhood's prime, is Damon laid;
Joyleſs he liv'd, and died unknown,
In bleak misfortune's barren ſhade.

Lov'd by the Muſe, but lov'd in vain,
'Twas beauty drew his ruin on;
He ſaw young Daphne on the plain;
He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone!

His heart then ſunk beneath the ſtorm
(Sad meed of unexampled truth!)
And Sorrow, like an envious worm,
Devour'd the bloſſom of his youth.

Beneath this ſtone the youth is laid—
O greet his aſhes with a tear!
May heaven with bleſſings crown his ſhade,
And grant that peace he wanted here!

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§ 50. *An Eſſay on Poetry* *. Buckingham.

Of all thoſe arts in which the wiſe excel,
Nature's chief maſter-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man ſo high
As ſacred and ſoul-moving Poeſy:
No kind of work requires ſo nice a touch;
And, if well finiſh'd, nothing ſhines ſo much.
But Heaven forbid we ſhould be ſo profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name!
'Tis not a flaſh of fancy, which ſometimes,
Dazzling our minds, ſets off the ſlighteſt rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done;
True wit is everlaſting, like the ſun; [tir'd,
Which, though ſometimes behind a cloud re-
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious ſound,
Which not the niceſt ear with harſhneſs wound,
Are neceſſary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain theſe ſuperficial parts
Contribute to the ſtructure of the whole,
Without a genius too, for that's the ſoul:
A ſpirit which inſpires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame

* The Eſſay on Satire, which was written by this noble author and Mr. Dryden, is printed among the Poems of the latter.

A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;
Even something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shewn,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return,
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away,
From pleasures of the night and business of the day?
Even now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dulness when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen:
Reason is that substantial useful part
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.
Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry, rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for latter faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts;
What need has Satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold—the fool shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that are the subject here:
Defects of witty men deserve a cure;
And those who are so will ev'n this endure.
First then of Songs which now so much abound;
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws:
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art:
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shewn
In one small ring, and brings the value down—
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
Here as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author * made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.
Next, Elegy, of sweet but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valour, wit, contains;
And there too oft despairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That Phœnix-she deserves to be belov'd;
But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.
But here (as all our sex too oft have tried)
Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aside.
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit:
But should this Muse harmonious numbers yield,
And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd;
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that ev'ry line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies;
Such trifles may perhaps of late have pass'd,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an Elegy, nor writ with skill,
No † Panegyric, nor a ‡ Cooper's Hill.
A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muses' most unruly horse,
That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
He foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
The poet here must be indeed inspir'd
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language still must soft and easy run.
These laws may sound a little too severe:
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here;
Which, though extravagant, this Muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shews.
Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before:
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the subject rough;

This

* The Earl of Rochester——It may be observed, however, that many of the worst songs ascribed to this nobleman were spurious. † Waller's. ‡ Denham's.

This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown:
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
The Laureat * here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mac Flecknoe † with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegasus ‡ has borne dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.
Here rest my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile;
A more important task attends thy toil.
As some young eagle, that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprise before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar;
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes ev'ry feather, views herself with care,
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last:
So (though too weak for such a weighty thing)
The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On, then, my Muse; advent'rously engage
To give instructions that concern the stage.
The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the present age,
Less obvious errors of the English stage.
First, then, Soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a friend, only to tell it us;
Th' occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario confesses all §.
Figures of speech, which poets think so fine
(Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in descriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
From lovers in despair fine things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can choose but pity
A dying hero miserably witty?
But oh! the Dialogues, where jest and mock
Are held up like a rest at shuttle-cock;
Or else like bells eternally they chime;
They sigh in simile and die in rhyme.
What things are these who would be poets thought,
By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better course than this, by which they starve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more: for they must look within, to find
Those secret turns of nature in the mind.
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a soul,
All this united yet but makes a part
Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful art,
Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the best remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
Shakespear and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Consider then, and read them o'er and o'er;
Go see them play'd, then read them as before;
For though in many things they grossly fail,
Over our passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
Fifth, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thousand sev'ral ways;
This oft, alone, has given success to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster—which the world ne'er saw.
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design compos'd with art,
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.
Think not so much where shining thoughts to place,
As what a man would say in such a case:
Neither in comedy will this suffice,
The player too must be before your eyes;
And, though 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your secret meaning shew.
Expose no single fop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious: oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way,
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour:
But to collect, like bees, from ev'ry flow'r,
Ingredients to compose that precious juice
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
In spite of faction—this would favour get;
But Falstaff ‖ stands inimitable yet.

Another

* Mr. Dryden. † A famous satirical Poem of his. ‡ A poem called the Hind and Panther.
§ In Philaster, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher. ‖ The matchless character of Shakespear.

Another fault which often may befall,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That e'en his fools speak sense, as if possest,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd:
Humour is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.
But since the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
The better, by example, to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.
First, a soliloquy is calmly made,
Where ev'ry reason is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;
For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
And all in metaphor his passion proves;
But some sad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;
He straight grows jealous, tho' we know not why!
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
The absent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generously now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who straight appears; but who can fate with-stand?
Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
That just has given himself the cruel stroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind;
Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What shameful and what monstrous things are these!
And then they rail at those they cannot please:
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's head;
When the intrinsic value of the stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme
May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
But that must fail, which now so much o'er-rules,
And sense no longer will submit to fools.
By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The epic poets so divinely shew,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth!
Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe
Do those meresounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast,
So these gigantic souls, amaz'd, we find
As much above the rest of human kind!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts, attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still
Like Indians view'd this wond'rous piece of skill;
As something of divine the work admir'd,
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shewn where all the mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shewn, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak Reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser and ev'n Milton fail.

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§ 51. *The Chace.* Somerville.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manners of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel, and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chace. Description of a perfect hound. Of sizing and sorting of hounds; the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

The Chace I sing, hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou, great Prince!
Whom Cambria's tow'ring hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold instructive song.
While grateful citizens with pompous show,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
Thy

Thy way with flow'rs, and as the Royal Youth
Paſſing they view, admire, and ſigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minſtrels and ſhrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a ſong,
And airs ſoft warbling; my hoarſe-ſounding horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the ſport of kings;
Image of war without its guilt. The Muſe
Aloft on wing ſhall ſoar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courſer o'er the ſteepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee ſafe.
Light bounding o'er the wave from ſhore to ſhore,
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth:
And if, in future times, ſome envious prince,
Careleſs of right, and guileful, ſhould invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or ſhould ſtrive in vain
To wreſt the balance from thy equal hand,
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils),
Shall compaſs thee around, die at thy feet.
Or hew thy paſſage thro' th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame: inſpir'd by thee,
The nobler chace of glory ſhall purſue
Thro' fire, and ſmoke, and blood, and fields of death.

Nature, in her productions ſlow, aſpires
By juſt degrees to reach perfection's height;
So mimic Art works leiſurely, till Time
Improve the piece, or wiſe Experience give
The proper finiſhing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter! firſt made war on beaſts,
And ſtain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
New and unpoliſh'd was the huntſman's art;
No ſtated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and ſtones, rude implements of war!
He arm'd his ſavage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd: of twining oſiers form'd, they pitch
Their artleſs toils, then range the deſert hills,
And ſcour the plains below: the trembling herd
Start at th' unuſual ſound, and clam'rous ſhout
Unheard before; ſurpris'd, alas! to find [lord,
Man now their foe, whom erſt they deem'd their
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death ſtretches o'er the plain
Wide waſting, and grim Slaughter, red with blood,
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill;
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at laſt,
Encumber'd with their ſpoils, joyful they bear
Upon their ſhoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars ſmokes, a ſacrifice [hand
To that all-gracious Pow'r whoſe bounteous
Supports his wide creation; what remains,
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taſte, nor ſkill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And ſtrong neceſſity, thus firſt began
The chace of beaſts; tho' bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt: for the green herb alone
Unequal to ſuſtain man's lab'ring race,
Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food *. So juſt is Heav'n,
To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or induſtry in after times
Some few improvements made, but ſhort as yet
Of due perfection. In this iſle remote
Our painted anceſtors were ſlow to learn:
To arms devote, in the politer arts
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious; till from Neuſtria's coaſts
Victorious William to more decent rules
Subdued our Saxon fathers, taught to ſpeak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the buſy hound, whoſe well-known cry
His liſt'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him ſucceſſive huntſmen learn'd to join
In bloody ſocial leagues the multitude
Diſpers'd, to ſize, to ſort their various tribes;
To rear, feed, hunt, and diſcipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd iſle,
And Heaven's peculiar care! to thee 'tis given
To train the ſprightly ſteed, more fleet than thoſe
Begot by winds, or the celeſtial breed
That bore the great Pelides thro' the preſs
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks,
Which proudly neighing, with the ſun begins
Cheerful his courſe, and, ere his beams decline,
Has meaſur'd half thy ſurface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of Liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in ſcent and ſpeed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degen'rate race.
In vain malignant ſteams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coaſts;
The huntſman, ever gay, robuſt, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exerciſe to raiſe
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.

Ye vig'rous youths! by ſmiling Fortune bleſt
With large demeſnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wiſe forefathers' care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T' enjoy theſe pleaſures, for the weak too ſtrong,
Too coſtly for the poor: to rein the ſteed
Swift ſtretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack
Op'ning in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What tho' the gripe ſevere
Of brazen-fiſted Time, and ſlow Diſeaſe
Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve unſtrung,
Afflict my ſhatter'd frame, undaunted ſtill,
Fix'd as a mountain-aſh that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove, tho' blaſted, yet unfallen;
Still can my ſoul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous ſcene
In all its ſplendours deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs paſt, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way;
Pleas'd with that ſocial ſweet garrulity,
The poor diſbanded veteran's ſole delight.

Firſt let the kennel be the huntſman's care,
Upon ſome little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy lawn; its courts
On either hand wide op'ning to receive [ſhines,
The ſun's all-cheering beams, when mild he
And gilds the mountain tops: for much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to ſtretch
And

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

And bask in his invigorating ray.
Warn'd by the streaming light, and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day: for not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of Light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muses' aid; untouch'd, unstrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
Sits darkly musing o'er the unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome;
A vain expence, on charitable deeds
Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want. For use, not state,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense on which the sportsman's hope
And all its future triumphs must depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
To wash thy court well pav'd, nor spare thy pains;
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent
O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
Each noisome stench; let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care.
In a large square th' adjacent field inclose;
There plant, in equal ranks, the spreading elm
Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court
A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Thy downward structure and inverted grove.
Here, when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel; and the drooping pack,
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails; to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribes: soon shalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
There lave their reeking sides; with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave; this way and that
From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torment the troubled flood:
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
Courting around, pursuing and pursued,
The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage: for oft, in sport
Begun, combat ensues: growling they snarl,
Then, on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each others throats; with teeth and claws in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground
Panting, half dead, the conquer'd champion lies:
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd,
Loud-clam'ring, seize the helpless, worried wretch,
And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcass on th' ensanguin'd plain.
O breasts of pity void! t'oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fallen!
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.

Others apart, by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor! 'mong the ranker grass
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great Physician. Now grown stiff with age
And many a painful chace, the wise old hound,
Regardless of the frolic pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade: there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful soil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate,
Cautious unfolds; then wing'd with all his speed
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey,
And in imperfect whimp'ring speaks his joy.

A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chace
Select with judgment; nor the tim'rous hare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean murd'rous, coursing crew, intent
On blood and spoil. O, blast their hopes, just Heav'n!
And all their painful drudgeries repay
With disappointment and severe remorse;
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play. By nature led,
A thousand shifts she tries: t' unravel these
Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
Thro' all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with count'nance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cow'ring; his wide op'ning nose
Upwards he curls: and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments and humbled joy:
His glossy skin, or yellow pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs,
Fleck'd here and there, in gay enamell'd pride
Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch:
On shoulders clean upright and firm he stands:
His round cat-foot, straight hams, and wide-spread thighs,
And his low dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill
Or far extended plain; in ev'ry part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice:
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean

Observe,

Obſerve, nor the large hound prefer, of ſize
Gigantic; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarraſs'd bleeds: but if too ſmall,
The pigmy brood in ev'ry furrow ſwims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or elſe ſhiv'ring creep,
Benumb'd and faint, beneath the ſheltering thorn:
For hounds of middle ſize, active and ſtrong,
Will better anſwer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleaſing labours with ſucceſs.
As ſome brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd ſtandard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after ſtep, their ſize the ſame, their arms
Far gleaming dart the ſame united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how juſt! and all his cares
Are well repaid if mighty George approve:
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy gen'rous ſoul, and the world's juſt applauſe.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of diff'rent kinds; diſcordant ſounds ſhall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs diſgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
Or ſtately ſtag that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if th' harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy raviſh'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, ſtrong, heavy, ſlow, but ſure;
Whoſe ears down-hanging from his thick round head
Shall ſweep the morning dew, whoſe clanging voice
Awake the mountain Echo in her cell,
And ſhake the foreſts: the bold talbot kind,
Of theſe the prime, as white as Alpine ſnows,
And great their uſe of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, ſlow winding thro' the vale, the ſeat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The ſweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To laſting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring race, well train'd and ſkill'd
In all the myſteries of theft, the ſpoil
Their only ſubſtance, feuds and war their ſport;
Nor more expert in every fraudful art
Th' arch felon * was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the ſhelter of the cov'ring rock,
In vain the ſooty cloud and ruddy flames
That iſſued from his mouth: for ſoon he paid
His forfeit life; a debt how juſtly due
To wrong'd Alcides and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the ſhades of night they ford the ſtream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they ſeize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are ſafe.
Nor ſtalls protect the ſteer, nor ſtrong barr'd doors
Secure the fav'rite horſe. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghaſtly viſage wan
The plunder'd owner ſtands, and from his lips
A thouſand thronging curſes burſt their way:
He calls his ſtout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the ſagacious brute, his curling tail
Flouriſh'd in air, low bending plies around
His buſy noſe, the ſteaming vapour ſnuffs
Inquiſitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conſcious of the recent ſtrains, his heart
Beats quick; his ſnuffing noſe, his active tail,
Atteſt his joy; then with deep opening mouth;
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon: foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the liſt'ning crowd
Applaud his reas'nings. O'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry ſandy heaths, and ſtony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths with men and beaſts diſtain'd,
Unerring he purſues, till at the cot
Arriv'd, and ſeizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquiſitely delicate his ſenſe!
Should ſome more curious ſportſman here enquire
Whence this ſagacity, this wond'rous pow'r
Of tracing ſtep by ſtep or man or brute?
What guide inviſible points out their way
O'er the dank marſh, bleak hill, and ſandy plain?
The courteous Muſe ſhall the dark cauſe reveal.
The blood that from the heart inceſſant rolls
In many a crimſon tide, then here and there
In ſmaller rills diſparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ſerous particles evade
Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours riſe,
And hang upon the gently-purling brook,
There by the incumbent atmoſphere compreſs'd,
The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the net-work of the ſkin perſpires,
Leaves a long ſtreaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unleſs
By ſome rude ſtorm diſpers'd, or rarified
By the meridian ſun's intenſer heat.
To ev'ry ſhrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the graſs, impregnate earth and ſkies.
With noſtrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
The vig'rous hounds purſue, with ev'ry breath
Inhale the grateful ſteam, quick pleaſures ſting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confeſs
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy ſtreaks
At eve forbode a bluſt'ring ſtormy day,
Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow;
When nipping froſts, and the keen biting blaſts
Of the dry parching eaſt, menace the trees,
With tender bloſſoms teeming; kindly ſpare
Thy ſleeping pack, in their warm beds of ſtraw
Low-ſinking at their eaſe! liſtleſs they ſhrink
Into ſome dark receſs, nor hear thy voice,
Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouſe up the ſlumb'ring tribe with heavy eyes,
Glaz'd, lifeleſs, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted: high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed briſtles ſtare, or 'mong the tufts
Of

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

Of ranker weeds each ſtomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, ſick, ſpiritleſs, forlorn.
Theſe inauſpicious days on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean ſcience, ſeaſon'd with good-natur'd wit:
But if th' inclement ſkies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe, thy books
Invite thy ready hand; each ſacred page
Rich with the wiſe remarks of heroes old.
Converſe familiar with the illuſtrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bleſs kind
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty, [Heaven
That balm of life, that ſweeteſt bleſſing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookleſs ſaunt'ring youth, proud of the
That dignifies his cap, his flouriſh'd belt, [ſkut
And ruſty couples jingling by his ſide!
Be thou of other mould; and know that ſuch
Tranſporting pleaſures were by heaven ordain'd
Wiſdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the power of inſtinct in brutes. Two remarkable inſtances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to ſeat in the morning. Of the variety of ſeats or forms of the hare, according to the changes of the ſeaſon, weather, or wind. Deſcription of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interſperſed with rules to be obſerved by thoſe who follow that chace. Tranſition to the Aſiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monſieur Bernier, and the Hiſtory of Gengiſkan the Great. Concludes with a ſhort reproof of tyrants and oppreſſors of mankind.

Nor will it leſs delight th' attentive ſage,
T' obſerve that inſtinct which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reaſon's lore,
And oft tranſcends. Heaven-taught, the roebuck ſwift
Loiters at eaſe before the driving pack,
And mocks their vain purſuit, nor far he flies:
But checks his ardour, till the ſteaming ſcent
That freſhens on the blade provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their ſpeed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigu'd; ſtrain'd to exceſs, each nerve,
Each ſlacken'd ſinew, fails: they pant, they foam:
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high [hills
Stretches ſecure, and leaves the ſcatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the diſtant vale below.
'Tis inſtinct that directs the jealous hare
To chooſe her ſoft abode. With ſtep revers'd
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her cloſe receſs.
As wandering ſhepherds on th' Arabian plains
No ſettled reſidence obſerve, but ſhift
Their moving camp; now on ſome cooler hill,
With cedars crown'd, court the refreſhing breeze;
And then below, where trickling ſtreams diſtil
From ſome penurious ſource, their thirſt allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: ſo the wiſe hares
Oft quit their ſeats, leſt ſome more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous wiles
Plot their deſtruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead
Or matted blade wary and cloſe they ſit.
When ſpring ſhines forth, ſeaſon of love and joy,
In the moiſt marſh, 'mong beds of ruſhes hid,
They cool their boiling blood. When ſummer ſuns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full grown they lead their helpleſs young;
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiouſly avoid
The dripping covert: yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with ſpeed return'd,
In the long graſs they ſculk, or ſhrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves: thus changing ſtill
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But ev'ry ſeaſon carefully obſerv'd,
Th' inconſtant winds, the fickle element,
The wiſe experienc'd huntſman ſoon may find
His ſubtle, various game, nor waſtes in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With diſappointment vex'd, each ſpringing lark
Babbling purſue, far ſcatter'd o'er the fields.
Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties ſhow'rs; the fields are ſhorn:
Inwardly ſmiling the proud farmer views
The riſing pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increaſe: his barns are ſtor'd;
And groaning ſtaddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough briſtly ſtubbles range unblam'd.
No widow's tears o'erflow, no ſecret curſe
Swells in the farmer's breaſt, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd;
But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the common cry, and haloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
O bear me, ſome kind pow'r inviſible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the ſwift racers ſtretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boaſt of old;
Oh were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to thoſe ſpacious plains where the ſtrain'd eye,
In the wide proſpect loſt, beholds at laſt
Sarum's proud ſpire, that o'er the hills aſcends,
And pierces thro' the clouds: or to thy downs,
Fair Cotſwold! where the well-breath'd beagle climbs,
With matchleſs ſpeed, thy green aſpiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.
Hail, gentle Dawn! mild bluſhing goddeſs,
Rejoic'd I ſee thy purple mantle ſpread [hail!
O'er half the ſkies; gems pave thy radiant way,

And orient pearls from ev'ry ſhrub depend.
Farewel, Cleora! here, deep ſunk in down,
Slumber ſecure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful ſteams ſhall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal; or thy officious maids,
The toilette plac'd, ſhall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite;
The horn ſonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their matins chant, nor brook my long delay;
My courſer hears their voice: ſee there! with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground:
Fierce rapture kindles in his redd'ning eyes,
And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys,
Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues ſevere, from their hard taſks
If once diſmiſs'd, no limits can contain
The tumult rais'd within their little breaſts,
But give a looſe to all their frolic play;
So from their kennel ruſh the joyous pack;
A thouſand wanton gaieties expreſs
Their inward ecſtacy, their pleaſing ſport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty reſtor'd.
The riſing ſun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their gloſſy ſkins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April ſhow'rs deſcend. Delightful ſcene!
Where all around is gay—men, horſes, dogs;
And in each ſmiling countenance appears
Freſh blooming health, and univerſal joy.

Huntſman! lead on: behind the cluſt'ring pack
Submiſs attend, hear with reſpect thy whip
Loud clanging, and thy harſher voice obey.
Spare not the ſtraggling cur that wildly roves,
But let thy briſk aſſiſtant on his back
Imprint thy juſt reſentments; let each laſh
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant ſpot, where Nature kind
With double bleſſings crowns the farmer's hopes,
Where flow'rs autumnal ſpring, and the rank
Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repaſt, [mead
Throw off thy ready pack. See where they ſpread,
And range around, and daſh the glitt'ring dew!
If ſome ſtaunch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the joſtling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleaſing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wiſely check
Their eager haſte; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leiſurely they work, and many a pauſe
Th' harmonious concert breaks; till, more aſſur'd,
With joy redoubled the low valleys ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there ſhe lies; how cloſe! ſhe pants; ſhe
If now ſhe lives: ſhe trembles as ſhe ſits, [doubts
With horror ſeiz'd. The wither'd graſs that
Around her head, of the ſame ruſſet hue, [clings
Almoſt deceiv'd my ſight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At diſtance draw thy pack; let all be huſh'd;
No clamour loud, no frantic joy, be heard;
Leſt the wild hound run gladding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; ſee how direct [bring
To her known mew ſhe flies! Here, huntſman,
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they ſtoop,
And ſeem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy noſtrils ſnuff the fuming ſteam
That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let looſe
From the dark caverns of the bluſt'ring god,
They burſt away, and ſweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings, while ſhe's ſpurr'd on by fear. [woods,
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths!
Stripp'd for the chace, give all your ſouls to joy.
See how their courſers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet ſkim! thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their ſhining hoofs ſcarce
The graſs unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd [print
They ſtrain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and bruſh
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with ſteady hands by turns
Indulge their ſpeed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their ſorrows, diſappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, ſickneſs, cares? All, all are gone!
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntſman! her gait obſerve; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the ſame round
Perſiſting ſtill, ſhe'll foil the beaten tract;
But if ſhe fly, and with the fav'ring wind
Urge her bold courſe, leſs intricate thy taſk;
Puſh on thy pack. Like ſome poor exil'd wretch,
The frighted chace leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote ſhe ſtretches far away,
Ah, never to return! for greedy Death
Hov'ring exults, ſecure to ſieze his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where thoſe tow'ring oaks
Above the humble copſe aſpiring riſe, [mead
What glorious triumphs burſt in ev'ry gale
Upon our raviſh'd ears! The hunters ſhout,
The clanging horns ſwell their ſweet winding notes,
The pack wide op'ning load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds;
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Thro' all the regions near. Afflictive birch
No more the ſchool-boy dreads; his priſon broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his maſter's call.
The weary traveller forgets his road, [leaves
And climbs the adjacent hill. The ploughman
Th' unfiniſh'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the ſhepherd's joy. Men, boys, and girls,
Deſert the unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the ſweet phrenſy ſeiz'd.
Look how ſhe pants! and o'er yon op'ning glade
Slips glancing by; while at the further end
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze? The covert's utmoſt bound
Slily ſhe ſkirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track ſo lately ſtain'd
By all the ſteaming crowd, ſeems to purſue

The

The foes she flies. Let cavillers deny [more;
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something
'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagems inspire
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold—I see her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one ear erect.
Pond'ring and doubtful what new course to take.
And how to 'scape the fierce blood-thirsty crew
That still urge on, and still in vollies loud
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gathering storm, her fears prevail,
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings, scud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train! your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along
In pleasing hurry and confusion toss'd;
Oblivion to be wish'd! The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwearied: up they climb,
And ardent we pursue: our lab'ring steeds
We press, we gore; till, once the summit gain'd.
Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile;
Then like a foaming torrent pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrivall'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack! how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft blabb'ring errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chace
Sinking he finds; then to the head he springs,
With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntsman! take heed; they stop in full career:
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See that old hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful sense! Draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills; as bells,
Sallied awhile, at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See how they toss, with animated rage
Recov'ring all they lost! That eager haste
Some doubling wile foreshews. Ah! yet once more [either hand
They 're check'd—hold back with speed—on
They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'tis right:
Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chace
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all [cure,
Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd se-
With love and plenty blest. See! there she goes;
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakness. See how black she looks!
The sweat that clogs th' obstructed pores scarce
A languid scent. And now in open view [leaves
See! see! she flies; each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.
How quick she turns, their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives, till round inclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies!
So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Threician Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard! [banks
Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus'
Return'd their clam'rous rage: distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain:
For eager they pursue; till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey!

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails and yet quiv'ring heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies
A mangled corse; in her dim-glaring eyes
Cold Death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay, or at their master's foot
Each happy fav'rite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cow'ring low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny dastard animal! but vers'd
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence and grandeur, of the chace;
Hear what the Muse from faithful record sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horse? From tent to tent
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why shines the polish'd helm and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel,
Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous host,
Lays waste the provinces, nor glory fires
To rob and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor, but mankind
Shall hail him good and just: for 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword; on beasts of prey,
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!
Imperial Delhi, op'ning wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs
And hold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Timur's glorious race;
Sublime he sits amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein the Arabian steed, and watch his nod,
And potent rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent; but here submiss

Their homage pay, alternate kings and ſlaves!
Next theſe, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair ſultanas of his court; a troop
Of choſen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intruſive eye; one look is death.
Ah! cruel eaſtern law! (had kings a pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the ſun's all-cheering ray
Were leſs ſevere. The vulgar cloſe the march,
Slaves and artificers; and Delhi mourns
Her empty and depopulated ſtreets.
Now at the camp arriv'd, with ſtern review
Thro' groves of ſpears from file to file he darts
His ſharp experienc'd eye, their order marks,
Each in his ſtation rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundleſs line his ſight is loſt.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On theſe extended plains, when Ammon's ſon
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vaſſal world the prize; nor was that hoſt
More numerous of old which the Great King*
Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled Eaſt,
That bridg'd the Helleſpont from ſhore to ſhore,
And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
The buſy hunter-train mark out the ground.
A wide circumference, full many a league
In compaſs round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces, enough to gratify
Ambition's higheſt aim, could reaſon bound
Man's erring will. Now ſit in cloſe divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious hoſt;
He from the throne high-eminent preſides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chace,
From ancient records drawn. With rev'rence low,
And proſtrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreverſible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his ſtation leads, encamping round
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what theſe command
Thoſe execute with ſpeed and punctual care,
In all the ſtricteſt diſcipline of war,
As if ſome watchful foe, with bold inſult,
Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high reſolve
That flies on wings thro' all th' encircling line
Each motion ſteers, and animates the whole.
So, by the ſun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
The planets in their ſpheres roll round his orb;
On all he ſhines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn diſpels the fleeting miſts,
The ſignal given by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial ſtandard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold and glitt'ring gems,
And like a ſheet of fire thro' the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The ſoldiers' ſhouts
And all the brazen inſtruments of war,
With mutual clamour and united din
Fill the large concave, while from camp to camp
They catch the varied ſounds, floating in air.
Round all the wide circumference tigers fell
Shrink at the noiſe; deep in his gloomy den
The lion ſtarts, and morſels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the ſound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouſe the ſleepy ſoul to arms and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there,
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquiſitive; ſtrong dogs, that match in fight
The boldeſt brute, around their maſters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unſearch'd, they
From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den, [drive
The lurking ſavages. Inceſſant ſhouts
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops: the foreſt ſeems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of ſheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves, a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirſty foes! Growling along
They ſtalk indignant, but fierce vengeance ſtill
Hangs peaſing on their rear, and pointed ſpears
Preſent immediate death. Soon as the night,
Wrapp'd in her ſable veil, forbids the chace,
They pitch their tents in even ranks around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and
At proper diſtances aſcending riſe, [fires
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.
So round ſome iſland's ſhore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of ſurrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings and what hideous roar
Diſturb thoſe peaceful ſhades! where erſt the bird
That glads the night had cheer'd the liſt'ning groves
With ſweet complainings. Thro' the ſilent gloom
Oft they the guards aſſail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild deſpair.
Thus, day by day, they ſtill the chace renew,
At night encamp; till now in ſtraiter bounds
The circle leſſens, and the beaſts perceive
The wall that hems them in on ev'ry ſide.
And now their fury burſts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Againſt their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear;
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves;
Horrible diſcord! till the crowd behind
Shouting purſue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath ſubſides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head; the furious pard,
Cow'd and ſubdued, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in diſtreſs!

At laſt, within the narrow plain confin'd,
A liſted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far [heaps,
Than ancient Rome could boaſt, they crowd in
Diſmay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early reſolv'd t' aſſert their royal race,

And

* Xerxes.

And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift shooting plunge, o'ro'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With jav'lins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears; and, to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe
From his high-elevated throne beholds
His blooming race, revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eyes, and flushes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts thro' all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within,
Rend the welkin; the flights of arrows wing'd
With death, and jav'lins launch'd from every arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire, and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shield s
Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce
Thro' their tough hides, or at their gaping mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his last; the bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin,
Tho' sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds: grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey—
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of ev'ry kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep,
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.
And now perchance (had Heaven but pleas'd) the work
Of death had been complete, and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race;
When, lo! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.
Lowly they bend, and humbly sue to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant Beauty begs! At his command,
Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes:
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.
Ye proud oppressors! whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of pow'r 'gainst the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirst of blood;
But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of king Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of wolves heads upon the kings of Wales: from hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in all its parts. Censure of an overnumerous pack. Of the several engines to destroy foxes and other wild beasts. The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it. Description of the pitfall for the lion, and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar. Description of the royal stag-chace at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

In Albion's isle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her forests, and with num'rous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain; there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of British monarchs: each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled.
Rich commerce flourish'd, and with busy oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
His royal cares; wise, potent, gracious Prince!
His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
And from rapacious savages their flocks.
Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves, head after head,
In full account; till the woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.
In fertile pastures more securely graz'd
The social troops, and soon their large increase
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilf'ring foe, prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
In the full fold the poor defenceless lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, thro' the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain;
While in th' adjacent bush poor Philomel
(Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments
With sweeter notes and more melodious woe.
For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman, prepare
Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
To just disgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,

Or ſtars retire from the firſt bluſh of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouſe thy bold compeers: then to the copſe,
Thick with entangling graſs or prickly furze,
With ſilence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Diſpers'd, how buſily this way and that
They croſs, examining with curious noſe
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and ſwell'd with ev'ry mouth.
As ſtraggling armies at the trumpet's voice
Preſs to their ſtandard, hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the woods with haſty ſtep,
Ruſtling and full of hope; now driven on heaps
They puſh, they ſtrive; while from his kennel ſneaks
The conſcious villain. See! he ſculks along
Sleek at the ſhepherd's coſt, and plump with meals
Purloin'd: ſo thrive the wicked here below.
Tho' high his bruſh he bears, tho' tipt with white
It gaily ſhine, yet ere the ſun declin'd
Recall the ſhades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd, and at his heels
Behold the juſt avenger, ſwift to ſeize
His forfeit head, and thirſting for his blood.
Heavens! what melodious ſtrains! how beat our hearts,
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as tempeſt drives
From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark receſs
The foreſt thunders, and the mountains ſhake.
The chorus ſwells; leſs various and leſs ſweet
The trilling notes, when in thoſe very groves
The feather'd choriſters ſalute the ſpring,
And ev'ry buſh in concert joins; or when
The maſter's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the pow'rs
Of muſic in one inſtrument combine,
An univerſal minſtrelſy. And now
In vain each earth he tries; the doors are barr'd
Impregnable; nor is the covert ſafe:
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud ſhouts
Re-echo thro' the groves! he breaks away:
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each ſtraggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the diſtant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths!
Now give a looſe to the clean gen'rous ſteed,
Flouriſh the whip, nor ſpare the galling ſpur;
But in the madneſs of delight forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our courſe; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the ſtreams
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch,
Wide-gaping, threatens death. The craggy ſteep,
Where the poor dizzy ſhepherd crawls with care,
And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain,
But down we ſweep, as ſtoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey: then up th' opponent hill,
By the ſwift motion flung, we mount aloft.
So ſhips in winter-ſeas now ſliding ſink
Adown the ſteepy wave: then, toſt on high,
Ride on the billows, and defy the ſtorm.
What lengths we paſs! where will the wand'ring chace
Lead us bewilder'd! ſmooth as ſwallows ſkim
The new-ſhorn mead, and far more ſwift we fly.
See my brave pack! how to the head they preſs,
Joſtling in cloſe array, then more diffuſe
Obliquely wheel; while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage ſteer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter crew, wide ſtraggling o'er the plain!
The panting courſer now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring ſpur
Makes many a faint effort: he ſnorts, he foams;
The big round drops run trickling down his ſides,
With ſweat and blood diſtain'd. Look back and view
The ſtrange confuſion of the vale below.
Where ſore vexation reigns: ſee yon poor jade;
In vain th' impatient rider frets and ſwears,
And galling ſpurs harrow his mangled ſides;
He can no more: his ſtiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he ſtands;
For ev'ry cruel curſe returns a groan,
And ſobs, and faints, and dies! Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd ſteed, his maſter's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,
Well fed with ev'ry nicer care; no coſt,
No labour ſpar'd; who, when the flying chace
Broke from the copſe, without a rival led
The num'rous train; now a ſad ſpectacle
Of pride brought low, and humbled inſolence,
Drove like a pannier'd aſs, and ſcourg'd along!
While theſe, with looſen'd reins and dang'ling heels
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that ſcarce bear
Their weights; another in the treach'rous bog
Lies ſound'ring, half ingulph'd. What biting thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old Age laments
His vigour ſpent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curſes his cumbrous bulk, and envies now
The ſhort pygmean race he whilom kenn'd
With proud inſulting leer. A choſen few
Alone the ſport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleaſing toils. Here, huntſman! from this height
Obſerve yon birds of prey: if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round,
And claim him as their own. Was I not right!
See! there he creeps along; his bruſh he drags,
And ſweeps the mire impure: from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoiſten'd hangs; ſymptoms too ſure
Of ſudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black deſpair. But one looſe more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafleſs elms, return the joyous ſounds.
Thro' ev'ry homeſtall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn he flies:
Thro' ev'ry hole he ſneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes
Plunging, he wades beſmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a ſuperior ſtench to loſe his own:
But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance cloſe purſue:
And

And now diſtreſs'd, no ſhelt'ring covert near,
Into the hen-rooſt creeps, whoſe walls with gore
Diſtain'd atteſt his guilt. There, villain! there
Expect thy fate deſerv'd. And ſoon from thence
The pack, inquiſitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize, and on his blood
With greedy tranſport feaſt. In bolder notes
Each ſounding horn proclaims the felon dead,
And all th' aſſembled village ſhouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a ſhort repaſt:
In the full glaſs the liquid amber ſmiles,
Our native product; and his good old mate
With choiceſt viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs and reward our toils.
Here muſt th' inſtructive Muſe (but with reſpect)
Cenſure that num'rous pack, that crowd of ſtate,
With which the vain profuſion of the great
Covers the lawn, and ſhakes the trembling copſe.
Pompous incumbrance! a magnificence
Uſeleſs, vexatious! for the wily fox,
Safe in th' increaſing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage; ſlinks behind,
And ſlily creeps thro' the ſame beaten track,
And hunts them ſtep by ſtep; then views eſcap'd,
With inward ecſtacy, the panting throng
In their own footſteps puzzled, foil'd, and loſt.
So when proud Eaſtern kings ſummon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far diſtant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world;
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact,
Of choſen veterans, they preſs blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,
A ſmoking carnage ſcatter'd o'er the plain.
Nor hounds alone this noxious brood deſtroy;
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Deviſes to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal ſpoils. At cloſe of day
With ſilence drags his trail; then, from the ground
Pares thin the cloſe-graz'd turf; there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious ſprings
Prepar'd to fly at once, when'er the tread
Of man or beaſt unwarily ſhall preſs
The yielding ſurface. By the indented ſteel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And ſtruggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has ſhar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there 's no eſcape,
But unrepriev'd he dies; and, bleach'd in air,
The jeſt of clowns, his reeking carcaſe hangs.
Of theſe are various kinds: not even the king
Of brutes evades this deep-devouring grave;
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedleſs of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With bluſhes paints the dawn, and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full gorg'd, retire
Into their darkſome cells, there ſatiate ſnore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beaſts, the painful foreſter,
Climbs the high hills, whoſe proud aſpiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd and taper fir,
Aſſail the clouds; there, 'mong the craggy rocks
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footſteps in the ſand, the diſmal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands, and low into the ground
A pit they ſink, full many a fathom deep;
Then in the midſt a column high is rear'd,
The butt of ſome fair tree, upon whoſe top
A lamb is plac'd, juſt raviſh'd from his dam;
And next a wall they build, with ſtones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the ſhades
Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountains brow,
And hunger keen, and pungent thirſt of blood,
Rouſe up the ſlothful beaſt, he ſhakes his ſides,
Slow-riſing from his lair, and ſtretches wide
His rav'nous paws, with recent gore diſtain'd.
The foreſt trembles as he roars aloud,
Impatient to deſtroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The ſhepherd's care, and ſeeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat; himſelf, alas! deſign'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far, and leaping o'er the mound
To ſeize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyſs. Proſtrate he lies,
Aſtunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eyeballs flaſhing fire, thy length of tail
That laſhes thy broad ſides, thy jaws beſmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy ſhaggy mane
The terror of the woods, thy ſtately port,
And bulk enormous, ſince by ſtratagem
Thy ſtrength is foil'd! Unequal is the ſtrife,
When ſov'reign reaſon combats brutal rage.
On diſtant Ethiopia's ſun-burnt coaſts
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent uſe.
With ſlender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles ſlight, they cloſe; o'er theſe is ſpread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs
Smiling deluſive, and from ſtricteſt ſearch
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds ſurcharg'd; the downy peach,
The cluſt'ring vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey
Advances ſlow, beſprinkling all around
With kind refreſhing dews the thirſty glebe,
The ſtately elephant from the cloſe ſhade
With ſtep majeſtic ſtrides, eager to taſte
The cooler breeze, that from the ſea-beat ſhore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid ſtream
To lave his panting ſides; joyous he ſcents
The rich repaſt, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And ſoon he ſporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treach'rous turf,
Trembling, gives way; and the unwieldly beaſt,
Self-ſinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours ſtruggling heave

Th'incumbent earth if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulph'd
With all its tow'rs. Subtle, delusive Man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race! [pard
Fierce from his lair springs forth the speckled
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd
A polish'd mirror stops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow!
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Distends his op'ning jaws; himself against
Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd,
The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man innum'rous engines form'd t' assail
The savage kind; but most the docile horse,
Swift, and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whose aid
The hunter's arts were vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war;
But, borne by him, without the well-train'd pack
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.
Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his troop
Of bold compeers ranges the deserts wild,
Where by the magnet's aid the traveller
Steers his untrodden course, yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immers'd and lost; while these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horses speed, outfly the storm,
And, scouring round, make men and beasts their
The grisly boar is singled from his herd, [prey.
As large as that in Erimanthean woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide, and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides:
But perilous th' attempt; for if the steed
Haply too near approach, or the loose earth
His footing fail, the watchful angry beast
Th' advantage spies, and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft;
And, plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then, bleeding, spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd sides the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font; and now at last
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.
But whither rolls my devious Muse, intent
On antique tales, while yet the royal stag
Unsung remains? Tread with respectful awe
Windsor's green glades, where Denham, tuneful
bard!
Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads with his song,
Sublimely sweet. Oh grant me, sacred shade!
To glean submiss what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windsor's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chace, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroic noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs,
The fairest of this isle, where beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd shades—in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior, of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real splendours, far above the pomp
Of eastern kings in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry heart: he must be more than man
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids;
Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,
Without the needless aid of high descent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great
lords
To bow and sue for grace. But who is he,
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning lilies, on whom ev'ry eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, see!
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chace array'd,
Or Brirain's second hope? Hail, blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example! As his guard of mutes
On the great Sultan wait, with eyes deject
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound, is heard
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to earth,
While pass the glitt'ring court and royal pair:
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings:
But soon the winding horn and huntsman's voice
Let loose the gen'ral chorus; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.
Unharbour'd now, the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head; the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
He tries! not more the wily hare; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd
pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunters' cheering shouts

Float

Float thro' the glades, and the wide foreſt rings.
How merrily they chant! their noſtrils deep
Inhale the grateful ſteam. Such is the cry,
And ſuch th' harmonious din, the ſoldier deems
The battle kindling, and the ſtateſman grave
Forgets his weighty cares: each age, each ſex,
In the wild tranſport joins: luxuriant joy,
And pleaſure in exceſs, ſparkling exult
On ev'ry brow, and revel unreſtrain'd.
How happy art thou, Man! when thou'rt no more
Thyſelf! when all the pangs that grind thy ſoul,
In rapture and in ſweet oblivion loſt,
Yield a ſhort interval and eaſe from pain!
See the ſwift courſer ſtrains, his ſhining hoofs
Securely beat the ſolid ground. Who now
The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? or who the quiv'ring bog,
Soft-yielding to the ſtep? All now is plain,
Plain as the ſtrand ſea-lav'd, that ſtretches far
Beneath the rocky ſhore. Glades croſſing glades,
The foreſt opens to our wond'ring view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waſte the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of war is huſh'd (as erſt victorious Rome)
T' employ his ſtation'd legions in the works
Of peace; to ſmooth the rugged wilderneſs,
To drain the ſtagnate fen, to raiſe the ſlope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature with th' embelliſhments of art.
How melts my beating heart, as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our iſland's boaſt and pride,
Puſh on the gen'rous ſteed, that ſtrokes along,
O'er rough, o'er ſmooth, nor heeds the ſteepy hill,
Nor falters in th' extended vale below;
Their garments looſely waving in the wind,
And all the fluſh of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their ſides their penſive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious courſe, now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
Oh grant indulgent Heaven! no riſing ſtorm
May darken with black wings this glorious ſcene!
Should ſome malignant pow'r thus dampour joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, ſuch as of old
Betray'd to lawleſs love the Tyrian queen:
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaſte as fair;
Spotleſs, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom as in the blaze of day.
Now the blown ſtag thro' woods, bogs, roads, and ſtreams,
Has meaſur'd half the foreſt; but, alas!
He flies in vain; he flies not from his fears.
Tho' far he caſt the ling'ring pack behind,
His haggard fancy ſtill with horror views
The fell deſtroyer; ſtill the fatal cry
Inſults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltleſs blood diſtain'd) ſtill ſeems to hear
The dying ſhrieks; and the pale threat'ning ghoſt
Moves as he moves, and as he flies purſues.
See here his flot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on his brow awhile, ſadly looks back
On his purſuers, cov'ring all the plain;
But, wrung with anguiſh, bears not long the ſight,
Shoots down the ſteep, and ſweats along the vale;
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, who ſcla ſhing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whoſe exalted pow'r
Was ſtill rewarded with ſucceſsful love.
But the baſe herd have learn'd the ways of men;
Averſe they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chaſe him from thence: needleſs their impious deed,
The huntſman knows him by a thouſand marks,
Black, and imboſs'd; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well diſtinguiſh theſe, and never leave
Their once devoted foe: familiar grows
His ſcent, and ſtrong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled ſpeed
Skims o'er the lawn; ſtill the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And puſh him many a league. If haply then
Too far eſcap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are caſt, the huntſman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career: paſſive they ſtand,
Unmov'd, an humble and obſequious crowd,
As if by ſtern Meduſa gaz'd to ſtones.
So at their general's voice whole armies halt
In full purſuit, and check their thirſt of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like haſty ſtreams
Damm'd up a while, they foam and pour along
With freſh recruiting might. The ſtag, who hop'd
His foes were loſt, now once more hears aſtunn'd
The dreadful din: he ſhivers ev'ry limb;
He ſtarts, he bounds; each buſh preſents a foe.
Preſs'd by the freſh relay, no pauſe allow'd,
Breathleſs and faint, he falters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that ſcarce
Suſtain their load: he pants, he ſobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppreſs'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye ſurpriſe him, ſoon he rears
Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-diſſembled vigour, to amuſe
The knowing foreſter, who inly ſmiles
At his weak ſhifts and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waſte their laſt remains,
Shine forth awhile, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the vales; the moving ſtorm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant ſhouts,
And horns ſhrill warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view,
With hobbling gait and high, exerts amaz'd
What ſtrength is left: to the laſt dregs of life
Reduc'd, his ſpirits fail, on ev'ry ſide
Hemm'd in, beſieg'd; not the leaſt op'ning left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's laſt reſerve.
Where ſhall he turn, or whither fly? Deſpair
Gives courage to the weak. Reſolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but ruſhes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
Theſe grovelling lie, thoſe by his antlers gor'd
Deſile th' enſanguin'd plain. Ah, ſee! diſtreſs'd
He ſtands at bay againſt yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear; his front preſents
An hoſt of foes. O ſhun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof

They

They wing around, he finds his ſoul uprais'd
To dare ſome great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each ſide
Fly diverſe; then as o'er the turf he ſtrains,
He vents the cooling ſtream, and up the breeze
Urges his courſe with eager violence;
Then takes the ſoil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant: down the mid ſtreams he wafts
Along, till (like a ſhip diſtreſs'd, that runs
Into ſome winding creek) cloſe to the verge
Of a ſmall iſland, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there ſculks immers'd:
His noſe alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all elſe beneath the flood
Conceal'd and loſt, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the ſtream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But ſparingly perſpire: the huntſman ſtrains
His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain.
At length a blood-hound bold, ſtudious to kill
And exquiſite of ſenſe, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loudop'ning ſpends amain, and his wide throat
Swells ev'ry note with joy; then fearleſs dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th'unhappy brute, that flounders in the ſtream,
Sorely diſtreſs'd, and ſtruggling ſtrives to mount
The ſteepy ſhore. Haply once more eſcap'd,
Again he ſtands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous tranſport fires the greedy pack;
Theſe ſwim the deep, and thoſe crawl up with pain
The ſlipp'ry bank, while others on firm land
Engage: the ſtag repels each bold aſſault,
Maintains his poſt, and wounds for wounds re-
As when ſome wily corſair boards a ſhip [turns.
Full freighted, or from Afric's golden coaſts
Or India's wealthy ſtrand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he flings; theſe in the deep
Drop ſhort, and ſwim to reach her ſteepy ſides,
And clinging climb aloft, while thoſe on board
Urge on the work of fate; the maſter bold,
Preſs'd to his laſt retreat, bravely reſolves
To ſink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die:
So fares it with the ſtag, ſo he reſolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himſelf, his foes, in one deep gulph immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild diſorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe he groans diſtreſs'd,
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks:
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderneſs innate
Moves his great ſoul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the diſappointed hungry pack
Retire ſubmiſs, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great Prince! from thee what may thy ſubjects hope,
So kind and ſo beneficent to brutes!
O Mercy, heavenly born! ſweet attribute!
Thou great, thou beſt, prerogative of pow'r!
Juſtice may guard the throne; but, join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it ſtands ſecure,
And braves the ſtorm beneath: ſoon as thy ſmiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves ſubſide,
And all the noiſy tumult ſinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the neceſſity of deſtroying ſome beaſts, and preſerving others for the uſe of man. Of breeding of hounds; the ſeaſon for this buſineſs. The choice of the dog of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of ſetting them out to their ſeveral walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too ſoon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at ſheep. Of the diſeaſes of hounds. Of their age. Of madneſs: two ſorts of it deſcribed; the dumb, and outrageous, madneſs: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill conſequences. The infectious hounds to be ſeparated, and fed apart. The vanity of truſting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The diſmal effects of the biting of a mad dog upon man deſcribed. Deſcription of the otter hunting. The concluſion.

Whate'er of earth is form'd to earth returns
Diſſolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material maſs,
Are ever changing, ever new. The ſoul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Eſcapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail:
Hence great the diſtance 'twixt the beaſts that periſh
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subſervient to his will, and for him made:
As hurtful theſe he kills, as uſeful thoſe
Preſerves; their ſole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill (as erſt the Samian ſage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now
As vainly preach), the teeming rav'nous brutes
Might fill the ſcanty ſpace of this terrene,
Encumb'ring all the globe: ſhould not his care
Improve his growing ſtock, their kinds might fail;
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And thro' the deſerts range, ſhiv'ring, forlorn,
Quite deſtitute of ev'ry ſolace dear,
And ev'ry ſmiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntſman therefore will ſupply
With annual large recruits his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Freſh ſcions ſtill ſpring forth, and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent tree;
Far ſhall his pack be fam'd, far ſought his breed;
And princes at their tables feaſt thoſe hounds
His hand preſents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the ſun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His ſteepy courſe, or mother earth unbound
Her frozen boſom to the weſtern gale; [ſolv'd,
When feather'd troops, their ſocial leagues diſ-
Select their mates, and on the leafleſs elm
The noiſy rook builds high her wicker neſt:

Mark

Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and friſking court
Their piebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flaſh fires impure; nor reſt nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In ſeparate cells
Confine them now, leſt bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful ſtate. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter; on Scamander's ſtream
Heroes of old with far leſs fury fought
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds ſhall lie
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel ſhall appear
A field of blood: like ſome unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while Diſcord ſhakes
Her bloody ſcourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death;
And ſtill the beſt belov'd and braveſt fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawleſs love.

Huntſman! theſe ills by timely prudent care
Prevent: for ev'ry longing dame ſelect
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In league connubial join. Conſider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and firſt to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
With thorns ſharp-pointed, plaſh'd, and briers inwoven.
Obſerve with care his ſhape, ſort, colour, ſize:
Nor will ſagacious huntſmen leſs regard
His inward habits. The vain babbler ſhun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong:
His fooliſh offſpring ſhall offend thy ears
With falſe alarms and loud impertinence.
Nor leſs the ſhifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illuſive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devious he ſtrays, there ev'ry muſe he tries;
If haply then he croſs the ſteaming ſcent,
Away he flies vain-glorious, and exults
As of the pack ſupreme, and in his ſpeed
And ſtrength unrivall'd. Lo! caſt far behind
His vex'd aſſociates pant, and lab'ring ſtrain
To climb the ſteep aſcent. Soon as they reach
Th' inſulting boaſter, his falſe courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal nooſe,
His maſter's hate, and ſcorn of all the field.
What can from ſuch be hop'd but a baſe brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With ſharpen'd horns, above the horizon's brink,
Without Lucina's aid expect thy hopes
Areamply crown'd: ſhort pangs produce to light
The ſmoking litter, crawling, helpleſs, blind;
Nature their guide, they ſeek the pouting teat
That plenteous ſtreams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleaſure
The marks of their renown'd progenitors, [view
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All theſe
Select with joy; but to the mercileſs flood
Expoſe the dwindling refuſe, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to deſtroy, a nurſe provide,
And to the foſter-parent give the care
Of thy ſuperfluous brood; ſhe'll cheriſh kind
The alien offſpring; pleas'd thou ſhalt behold
Her tenderneſs and hoſpitable love.

If frolic now and playful they deſert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf,
With nerves improv'd, purſue the mimic chace,
Courſing around, unto thy choiceſt friends
Commit thy valued prize; the ruſtic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiſs
Careſs, and dignify their little charge
With ſome great title, and reſounding name
Of high import. But cautious here obſerve
To check their youthful ardour; nor permit
The unexperienced yonker, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies ſport: his nerves unſtrung
And ſtrength unequal, the laborious chace
Shall ſtint his growth, and his raſh forward youth
Contract ſuch vicious habits as thy care
And late correction never ſhall reclaim.

When to full ſtrength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field: not all at once;
But, as thy cooler prudence ſhall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To ſtricter diſcipline. With theſe conſort
The ſtaunch and ſteady ſages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles
And ſubtle doublings of the various chace.
Eaſy the leſſon of the youthful train
When inſtinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward younker at the head
Preſs boldly on in wanton ſportive mood,
Correct his haſte, and let him feel abaſh'd
The ruling whip; but if he ſtoop behind
In wary modeſt guiſe, to his own noſe
Confiding ſure, give him full ſcope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience and his care; ſoon ſhalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the liſt'ning pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes obſerve
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay preſumptuous, or with eager haſte
Purſue them ſcatter'd o'er the verdant plain,
In the foul fact attach'd, to the ſtrong ram
Tie faſt the raſh offender. See! at firſt
His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground;
Then, with his load fatigu'd, ſhall turn ahead,
And with his curl'd hard front inceſſant peal
The panting wretch, till breathleſs and aſtunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then ſpare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding ſides,
Laſh after laſh; and with thy threat'ning voice,
Harſh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner ſhall trembling doves,
Eſcap'd the hawk's ſharp talons, in mid air
Aſſail their dang'rous foe, than he once more
Diſturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd, as curious artiſts bend
The taper pliant twig, or potters form
Their ſoft and ductile clay to various ſhapes.

Nor is't enough to breed, but to preſerve

Muſt

Muſt be the huntſman's care. The ſtaunch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few,
Are yet of great account; ſhall oft untie
The Gordian knot when reaſon at a ſtand
Puzzling is loſt, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaſter'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks diſtain'd
Rank-ſcenting, theſe muſt lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in ſenates who preſide
With pleaded reaſon, and with well turn'd ſpeech
Conduct the ſtaring multitude; ſo theſe
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boaſt diſcoveries not their own.
Unnumber'd accidents and various ills
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to death's dark cave.
Short is their ſpan: few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's ſong
So highly honour'd: kind, ſagacious brute!
Not e'en Minerva's wiſdom could conceal
Thy much-lov'd maſter from thy nicer ſenſe:
Dying, his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd thoſe eyes well pleas'd.
Or leſſer ills the Muſe declines to ſing,
Nor ſtoops ſo low; of theſe each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But, oh! what care,
What prudence, can prevent madneſs, the worſt
Of maladies! Terrific peſt! that blaſts
The huntſman's hopes, and deſolation ſpreads
Thro' all th' unpeopled kennel unreſtrain'd,
More fatal than th' envom'd viper's bite,
Or that Apulian ſpider's pois'nous ſting,
Heal'd by the pleaſing antidote of ſounds.
When Sirius reigns, and the ſun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping ſurface, viſit thou,
Each even and morn, with quick obſervant eye,
Thy panting pack. If, in dark ſullen mood,
The glouting hound refuſe his wonted meal,
Retiring to ſome cloſe obſcure retreat,
Gloomy, diſconſolate, with ſpeed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in ſtrong chains
Bind him ſuſpected. Thus that dire diſeaſe,
Which art can't cure, wiſe caution may prevent.
But, this neglected, ſoon expect a change,
A diſmal change—confuſion, phrenſy, death;
Or in ſome dark receſs the ſenſeleſs brute
Sits ſadly pining; deep melancholy
And black deſpair upon his clouded brow
Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning jaws
The clammy venom and infectious froth
Diſtilling fall; and from his lungs, inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition; his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his penſive head; his trembling limbs
No more ſupport his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, ſpiritleſs, benum'd; till death at laſt
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.
Or, if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful ſcene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury; like ſome angry boar
Churning he foams, and on his back erect
His pointed briſtles riſe; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harſh broken howlings rends
The poiſon-tainted air; with rough coarſe voice
Inceſſant bays, and ſnuffs th' infectious breeze;
This way and that he ſtares aghaſt, and ſtarts
At his own ſhade, jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply t'ward the ſtream
He caſt his roving eye, cold horror chills
His ſoul; averſe he flies, trembling, appall'd;
Now frantic to the kennel's utmoſt verge
Raving he runs, and deals deſtruction round:
The pack fly diverſe; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.
If now perchance, thro' the weak fence eſcap'd,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man nor beaſt
He ſpares implacable. The hunter-horſe,
Once kind aſſociate of his ſylvan toils
(Who haply now without the kennels mound
Crops the rank mead, and liſt'ning hears with joy
The cheering cry that morn and eve ſalutes
His raptur'd ſenſe), a wretched victim falls,
Unhappy quadruped? No more, alas!
Shall thy fond maſter with his voice applaud
Thy gentleneſs, thy ſpeed; or with his hand
Stroke thy ſoft dappled ſides, as he each day
Viſits thy ſtall, well pleas'd: no more ſhalt thou
With ſprightly neighings to the winding horn,
And the loud op'ning pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart; for oh! the ſecret wound
Rankling inflames! he bites the ground, and dies!
Hence to the village with pernicious haſte
Baneful he bends his courſe: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs cloſe the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
And flying curs, by native inſtinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane: the ruſtic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia ſeize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild diſorder and uncouth array; [gor'd,
Till now with wounds on wounds oppreſs'd and
At one ſhort pois'nous gaſp he breathes his laſt.
Hence to the kennel, Muſe! return, and view
With heavy heart that hoſpital of woe,
Where Horror ſtalks at large! inſatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey; each hour preſents
A different ſcene of ruin and diſtreſs.
How buſy art thou, Fate! and how ſevere
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiſcuous lie: o'er theſe the living fight
In one eternal broil, not conſcious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards in their cups
Spare not their friends, while ſenſeleſs ſquabble reigns.
Huntſman, it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah! rouſe up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
With careful ſtep. Thy fires unquench'd preſerve,
As erſt the veſtal flame; the pointed ſteel
In the hot embers hide; and if ſurpriz'd
Thou feel'ſt the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent ſore, and cauterize

The

The wound: spare nor thy flesh, nor dread th' event:
Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails. [means
Here should the knowing Muse recount the
To stop this growing plague: and here, alas!
Each hand presents a sov'reign cure and boasts
Infallibility; but boasts in vain.
On this depend—each to his sep'rate seat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his mess
Apart, his range in open air: and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous victim for the public weal.
Sing, philosophic Muse! the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure, but soon shall wish
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge full many a fathom deep.
A fate more dismal, and superior ills,
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night, or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of heaven, the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The pois'nous foam,
Thro' the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th' arterial fluid, whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and, their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part,
Unable to resist: the tender brain
And stomach suffer most: convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wand'ring pungent pains
Pinch sore the sleepless wretch: his flutt'ring pulse
Oft intermits: pensive and sad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain; to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares: at last with boundless sway
The tyrant phrensy reigns; for as the dog,
Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane,
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Present like species to his troubled mind,
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer sung) th' associates wild
Of wand'ring Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To swine transform'd, ran grunting thro' the groves.
Dreadful example to a wicked world! [groves.
See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink; till now at last his soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.
One labour yet remains, celestial Maid!
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steeps, thro' coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack,
But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flow'ry meads
Perpetual glide along, and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd, gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind, where they at will
On the green wat'ry reed, their pasture graze;
Suck the moist soil; or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppression? where, alas!
Is Innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil
Haunt e'en the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,
Rivers and ponds inclose the rav'nous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey, on him
Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor spears,
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Insatiate, swallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.
This subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch, whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths!
Dispute the felon's claim; try ev'ry root,
And ev'ry reedy bank; encourage all
The busy spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance! loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd! and on that bank
Behold the glitt'ring spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh
The fly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.
Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. The harmonious notes
Float with the stream, and ev'ry winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!
What clamour loud! what gay heart-cheering sounds
Urge thro' the breathing brass their mazy way!

Not

Not choirs of Triton glad with ſprightlier ſtrains
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They ſnuff the fiſhy ſteam that to each blade
Rank-ſcenting clings! See how the morning dews
They ſweep, that from their feet beſprinkling drop
Diſpers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous, or thro' reedy pools
Ruſtling they work their way: no hole eſcapes
Their curious ſearch. With quick ſenſation now
The fuming vapour ſtings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled burſts from ev'ry mouth
In louder ſymphonies. You hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd ſalutes
The paſſing wave, muſt be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How theſe impatient climb,
While others at the root inceſſant bay!
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' aſcending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the ſhelt'ring deeps. Ah! there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended ſpears
Menace deſtruction, while the troubled ſurge
Indignant foams, and all the ſcaly kind
Affrighted hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah! there once more he vents!
See! that bold hound has ſeiz'd him; down they ſink,
Together loſt; but ſoon ſhall he repent
His raſh aſſault. See! there eſcap'd he flies
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the ſlippery bank,
With ooze and blood diſtain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by nature form'd, or by long uſe,
This artful diver beſt can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight
Beneath the whelming element: yet there
He lives not long, but reſpiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That ſpear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimſon waves confeſs the wound,
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome gueſt,
Where'er he flies; with him it ſinks beneath,
With him it mounts; ſure guide to ev'ry foe.
Only he groans, nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold ſtream. Lo! to yon ſedgy bank
He creeps diſconſolate: his num'rous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro' and thro'
On pointed ſpears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain.
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling ſtrains,
Proclaim the felon's fate. He dies! he dies!
Rejoice ye ſcaly tribes! and leaping dance
Above the wave, in ſign of liberty
Reſtor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice, ſecure and bleſt, did not as yet
Remain ſome of your own rapacious kind,
And man, fierce man! with all his various wiles.
O happy, if ye knew your happy ſtate,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom Nature boon
Cheers with her ſmiles, and ev'ry element
Conſpires to bleſs. What if no heroes frown
From marble pedeſtals, nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titan's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet theſe the meaneſt of us may behold,
And at another's coſt may feaſt at will
Our wond'ring eyes: what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth not grac'd with pow'r.
The flow'ry landſcape and the gilded dome,
And viſtas op'ning to the wearied eye.
Thro' all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The ſhrubby wilderneſs, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to ſoft repoſe
Th' ambitious wretch, whoſe diſcontented ſoul
Is harrow'd day and night: he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See, there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning ſlaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from ev'ry mouth
The nauſeous flatt'ry flows, which he returns
With promiſes that die as ſoon as born.
Vile intercourſe! where Virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch, all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcaſt, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To ſooth his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled;
For tho' they baſk'd in his meridian ray,
The inſects vaniſh as his beams decline.
Not ſuch our friends; for here no dark deſign,
No wicked int'reſt, bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our boſoms leads,
And weds them there for life; our ſocial cups
Smile as we ſmile; open and unreſerv'd,
We ſpeak our inmoſt ſouls; good-humour, mirth,
Soft complaiſance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.
O happineſs ſincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
Upon the ſlipp'ry pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign unenvied and ſecure?
Ye guardian Pow'rs, who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wiſe Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each myſterious cauſe, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and ſubmiſs adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wond'rous ſcene. But if my ſoul,
To this groſs clay confin'd, flutters on earth
With leſs ambitious wing, unſkill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way,
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; ſubſervient to his voice
Who, veil'd in clouded majeſty, alone
Gives light to all, bids the great ſyſtem move,
And changeful ſeaſons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himſelf; yet this at leaſt
Grant me propitious—an inglorious life
Calm and ſerene, nor loſt in falſe purſuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raiſe
My drooping friends, preventing modeſt want
That dares not aſk: and if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and ſtreams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice: my hounds ſhall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

§ 52.

§ 52. *Rural Sports; a Georgic.* GAY.

Inscribed to Mr. POPE, 1713*.

"---securi prælia ruris
"Pandimus." NEMESIAN.

CANTO I.

You, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osier blows;
While all his wond'ring nymphs around thee throng.
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.
But I, who ne'er was blest by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;
Faction embroils the world; and ev'ry tongue
Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to int'rest's dearer ties;
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party 's thrown:
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigued at last, a calm retreat I choose,
And sooth'd the harass'd mind with sweet repose,
Where fields and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with rural sports her native strains;
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Her blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The labourer with a bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws:
But, if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains;
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bow'rs,
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murm'ring brook inviting dreams
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And e'en at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes;
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each diff'rent soil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
The dewlapp'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein;
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend;
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend:
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.
Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,
To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire:
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewel of the parting day;
Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings shew,
And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below:
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrew th' uncloudy skies;
Her borrow'd lustre-growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glitt'ring path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circles steer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of Providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds
My

* This Poem received many material corrections from the Author after it was first published.

My ſoul ſhould overflow in ſongs of praiſe,
And my Creator's name inſpire my lays!
As in ſucceſſive courſe the ſeaſons roll,
So circling pleaſures recreate the ſoul.
When genial ſpring a living warmth beſtows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No ſwelling inundation hides the grounds,
But cryſtal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forſake,
Float in the ſun, and ſkim along the lake:
With frequent leap they range the ſhallow ſtreams,
Their ſilver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fiſherman his toils prepare,
And arm himſelf with ev'ry wat'ry ſnare;
His hooks, his lines, peruſe with careful eye;
Increaſe his tackle, and his rod re-tie.
When floating clouds their ſpongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the ſtreams with ſwift deſcending rain;
And waters, tumbling down the mountain's ſide,
Bear the looſe ſoil into the ſwelling tide;
Then, ſoon as vernal gales begin to riſe,
And drive the liquid burthen thro' the ſkies,
The fiſher to the neighb'ring current ſpeeds,
Whoſe rapid ſurface purls unknown to weeds:
Upon a riſing border of the brook
He ſits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His boſom glows with treaſures yet uncaught;
Before his eyes a banquet ſeems to ſtand,
Where ev'ry gueſt applauds his ſkilful hand.
Far up the ſtream the twiſted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful ſway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily ſucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fiſherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Caſt on the bank, he dies with gaſping pains,
And trickling blood his ſilver mail diſtains.
You muſt not ev'ry worm promiſcuous uſe;
Judgment will tell the proper bait to chooſe:
The worm that draws along immoderate ſize
The trout abhors, and the rank morſel flies:
And, if too ſmall, the naked fraud's in ſight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Thoſe baits will beſt reward the fiſher's pains,
Whoſe poliſh'd tails a ſhining yellow ſtains;
Cleanſe them from filth, to give a tempting gloſs,
Cheriſh the ſullied reptile race with moſs;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native ſoil.
But when the ſun diſplays his glorious beams,
And ſhallow rivers flow with ſilver ſtreams,
Then the deceit the ſcaly breed ſurvey,
Baſk in the ſun, and look into the day:
You now a more deluſive art muſt try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.
To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
Let nature guide thee; ſometimes golden wire
The ſhining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle muſt not fail,
Nor the dear purchace of the ſable's tail.

Each gaudy bird ſome ſlender tribute brings,
And lends the growing inſect proper wings:
Silks of all colours muſt their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fiſher's art.
So the gay lady, with expenſive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of ſea, and air; [plays,
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing diſ-
Dazzles our eyes, and eaſy hearts betrays.
Mark well the various ſeaſons of the year,
How the ſucceeding inſect race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout diſdains.
Oft have I ſeen a ſkilful angler try
The various colours of the treach'rous fly:
When he with fruitleſs pain has ſkimm'd the brook,
And the coy fiſh rejects the ſkipping hook,
He ſhakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the ſtream a waving foreſt throw;
When if an inſect fall (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy veſt, his wings, his horns, and ſize;
Then round his hook the choſen fur he winds,
And on the back a ſpeckled feather binds;
So juſt the colours ſhine through ev'ry part,
That Nature ſeems again to live in Art.
Let not thy wary ſtep advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a ſingle hair;
The new-form'd inſect on the water moves,
The ſpeckled trout the curious ſnare approves;
Upon the curling ſurface let it glide;
With natural motion from thy hand ſupplied,
Againſt the ſtream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The ſcaly ſhoals float by, and, ſeiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows toſt in thinner air;
But ſoon they leap, and catch the ſwimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and ſhare an equal fate.
When a briſk gale againſt the current blows,
And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fiſherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous ſalmon chance to ſpy
The wanton errors of the floating fly;
He lifts his ſilver gills above the flood,
And greedily ſucks in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little ſpoil away:
Soon in ſmart pain he feels the dire miſtake,
Laſhes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With ſudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulſive anguiſh bears:
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and writhes his ſhining body round;
Then headlong ſhoots beneath the daſhing tide;
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fiſher's beating heart;
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fiſh with longing eyes,
While the line ſtretches with th' unwieldly prize;
Each motion humours with his ſteady hands,
And one ſlight hair the mighty bulk commands:
Till tir'd at laſt, deſpoil'd of all his ſtrength,
The game athwart the ſtream unfolds his length,

He now with pleaſure views the gaſping prize
Gnaſh his ſharp teeth, and roll his blood-ſhot eyes;
Then draws him to the ſhore with artful care,
And lifts his noſtrils in the ſick'ning air:
Upon the burthen'd ſtream he floating lies,
Stretches his quiv'ring fins, and gaſping dies.
Would you preſerve a num'rous finny race,
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chaſe
(The amphibious monſter ranges all the ſhores,
Darts thro' the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores):
Or let the gin his roving ſteps betray,
And ſave from hoſtile jaws the ſcaly prey.
I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy ſtream, whoſe tangling weeds
Perplex the fiſher; I nor chooſe to bear
The thieviſh nightly net, nor barbed ſpear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take;
Nor trowle for pikes, diſpeoplers of the lake:
Around the ſteel no tortur'd worm ſhall twine,
No blood of living inſect ſtain my line.
Let me, leſs cruel, caſt the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod, athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin ſtray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II.

Now, ſporting Muſe, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear ſtreams awhile for ſunny plains,
Should you the various arms and toils rehearſe,
And all the fiſherman adorn thy verſe;
Should you the wide encircling net diſplay,
And in its ſpacious arch incloſe the ſea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the ſoal and turbot hide the ſand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the wat'ry ſong.
Let the keen hunter from the chace refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your taſk repair,
Haſte! ſave the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And riſing ſheaves extend through all the field.
Yet, if for ſylvan ſports thy boſom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid courſe I view!
How does my eye the circling race purſue!
He ſnaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The ſubtle hare darts ſwift beneath his paws;
She flies, he ſtretches; now with nimble bound
Eager he preſſes on, but overſhoots his ground;
She turns; he winds, and ſoon regains the way,
Then tears with goary mouth the ſcreaming prey.
What various ſport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholſome board!
Nor leſs the ſpaniel, ſkilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey,
Soon as the labouring horſe, with ſwelling veins,
Has ſafely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To ſweet repaſt th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the ſcatter'd harveſt lies;
Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the ſlav'ry of entangling nets.
The ſubtle dog ſcours with ſagacious noſe
Along the field, and ſnuffs each breeze that blows;
Againſt the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the ſtrong gale directs him to the prey.
Now the warm ſcent aſſures the covey near;
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (leſt ſome ſentry-fowl the fraud deſcry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Cloſe to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the ſnare the flutt'ring covey riſe,
Soon as the the bluſhing light begins to ſpread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly ſhelter of the brakes.
Or, when the ſun caſts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the weſtern way,
Let your obſequious ranger ſearch around,
Where yellow ſtubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving ſpy direct in vain,
But num'rous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian ſun contracts the ſhade,
And friſking heifers ſeek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with ſudden rains,
Or driving miſts deface the moiſten'd plains;
In vain his toils th' unſkilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
Nor muſt the ſporting verſe the gun forbear,
But what's the Fowler's be the Muſe's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The ſcent grows warm; he ſtops; he ſprings the prey:
The flutt'ring coveys from the ſtubble riſe,
And on ſwift wing divide the ſounding ſkies;
The ſcatt'ring lead purſues the certain flight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copſe thy leſſer ſpaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
Not cloſeſt coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
The wood reſounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.
The tow'ring hawk let future poets ſing,
Who terror bears upon his ſoaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern ſurvey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor ſhall the mountain lark the Muſe detain,
That greets the morning with his early ſtrain;
When, 'midſt his ſong, the twinkling glaſs betrays,
While from each angle flaſh the glancing rays,
And in the ſun the tranſient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the ſkies:
The light enamour'd bird deluded dies.
But ſtill the chace, a pleaſing taſk, remains;
The hound muſt open in theſe rural ſtrains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eaſtern clouds with roſy light,
The healthy huntſman with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;

The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep and answer sounds for sounds;
Wide thro' th' furzy field their route they take;
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries;
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till, spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, advent'rous Muse! hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Canst thou the stag's laborious chace direct,
Or the strong fox thro' all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay.

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil:
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor cracking fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war:
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content;
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame):
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease;
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain:
No home-bred jars her quiet state controul,
Nor watchful jealousy torment her soul;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her smart cottage grace
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool:
Thus flowher hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love;
Ye murm'ring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul;
Farewell!—the city calls me from your bow'rs;
Farewell, amusing thoughts, and peaceful hours!

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§ 53. *Love of Fame, the Universal Passion.*

Young.

SATIRE I.

To his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

——Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis—— JUV. SAT. 10.

My verse is Satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
And patronize a Muse you cannot fear;
To Poets sacred is a Dorset's name,
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of fame;
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays;
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B———e, or to me.
But you decline the mistress we pursue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.

Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause,
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand:
When the law shews her teeth, but dares not bite;
And South-Sea treasures are not brought to light,
When churchmen scripture for the classics quit;
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent;
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners to blot out their score,
Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore—
To chafe our spleen when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?

Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedication wash an Æthiop white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines as trophies on a post?
Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing——but their praise?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly

Doubly diſtreſt, what author ſhall we find
Diſcreetly daring, and ſeverely kind,
The courtly * Roman's ſhining path to tread,
And ſharply ſmile prevailing folly dead?
Will no ſuperior genius ſnatch the quill,
And ſave me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Tho' vain the ſtrife, I'll ſtrive my voice to raiſe:
What will not men attempt for ſacred praiſe?

The love of praiſe, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or leſs, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modeſt ſhun it but to makes it ſure.
O'er globes and ſceptres now on thrones it ſwells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells.
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads;
Harangues in ſenates, ſqueaks in maſquerades:
Here, to S——e's humour makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder aims at Pult'ney's eloquence:
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead.
Nor ends with life; but nods in ſable plumes,
Adorns our hearſe, and flatters on our tombs.
Who is not proud? the pimp is proud to ſee
So many like himſelf in high degree:
The whore is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peeviſh virtue, and the marriage bed;
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims
To ſlaughter, glories in his gilded horn. [born

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they ſteer;
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their ſins they ſet ſincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wiſhful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'rds a book;
Or pompous title, like a gaudy ſign
Meant to betray dull ſots to wretched wine.

If at his title T—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have paſs'd for a great genius ſtill;
But T——, alas! (excuſe him if you can)
Is now a ſcribbler, who was once a man.

Imperious ſome a claſſic fame demand,
For heaping up with a laborious hand
A waggon load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp reſtor'd.

Some for renown on ſcraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learn'd quotations are allied;
Both ſtrive to make our poverty our pride.

On glaſs how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond coſt a man ſo dear?

Polite diſeaſes make ſome idiots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign,
On death-beds ſome in conſcious glory lie,
Since of the doctor in the mode they die;
Whoſe wondrous ſkill is, headſman-like, to know
For better pay to give a ſurer blow.

Of folly, vice, diſeaſe, men proud we ſee:
And (ſtranger ſtill) of blockheads flattery,
Whoſe praiſe defames; as if a fool ſhould mean
By ſpitting on your face to make it clean!

Nor is't enough all hearts are ſwoln with pride,
Her pow'r is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? The love of fame
Made bold Alphonſus his Creator blame,
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning ſteep,
And (ſtronger ſtill!) made Alexander weep.
Nay it holds Delia from a ſecond bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.

This paſſion with a pimple have I ſeen
Retard a cauſe, and give a judge the ſpleen.
By this inſpir'd (oh ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to ſpell, and ſome to knot.
It makes Globoſe a ſpeaker in the houſe;
He hems—and is delivered of his mouſe.
It makes dear ſelf on well-bred tongues prevail,
And I, the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the love of fame, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople court, and leave the ſenate thin!
My growing ſubject ſeems but juſt begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of Britiſh fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorſet's force divine,
A knave or fool ſhould periſh in each line:
Tho' for the firſt all Weſtminſter ſhould plead,
And for the laſt all Greſham intercede.

Begin—who firſt the catalogue ſhall grace?
To quality belongs the higheſt place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar, at your peril give him room!
He ſtands for fame on his forefather's feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or diſcreet,
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three deſcents leſs wiſe!
If virtues at his noble hand you crave,
You bid him raiſe his fathers from the grave.
Men ſhould preſs forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look backward, and ſo loſe the race.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing——but merit in a low eſtate.
To Virtue's humbleſt ſon let none prefer
Vice, tho' deſcended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, paſs for high or baſe,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honeſt men and wiſe;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.

They that on glorious anceſtors enlarge,
Produce their debt inſtead of their diſcharge,
Dorſet, let thoſe who proudly boaſt their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary ſhine.

Vain as falſe greatneſs is, the Muſe muſt own
We want not fools to buy that Briſtol ſtone.
Mean ſons of Earth, who on a South Sea tide
Of full ſucceſs ſwam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purſe of gold at Anſtis' gate,
And beg to be deſcended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur ſoar,
They light a torch to ſhew their ſhame the more.
Thoſe governments which curb not evils, cauſe;
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

Belus with ſolid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty ſound;

* Horace.

But builds himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll outdo;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my Lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?
In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame.
Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone,
The baliffs come (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, sirs," he cries; "I'll sooner rot in jail!
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
Such heads might make their very busts laugh,
His daughter starves, but * Cleopatra's safe.
Men overloaded with a large estate
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit:
The rich may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.
By your revenue measure your expence,
And to your funds and acres join your sense:
No man is blest by accident or guess,
True wisdom is the price of happiness:
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.
But how, my Muse, canst thou refuse so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng;
Thy most inviting theme? The court affords
Much food for satire; it abounds in lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just out, and one is lately in.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of pride?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all;
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall:
As in its home, it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown! and boast
With pride inverted of their honours lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being out or in.
What numbers here, thro' odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive!
As if by joy desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were wise or good.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by † Monteuel, and grimace,
They take their birth-day suit, and public face;
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night with lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious care they labour to be glad.
What numbers here would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance!
The tavern, park, assembly, mask, and play,
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of tops! that saunter of the town!
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down;
Fools grin on fools; and Stoic-like support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
Courts can give nothing to the wise and good,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations tumult, but not bliss, create:
None think the great unhappy, but the great.
Fools gaze and envy: envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene.
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is blest;
On ev'ry thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows:
But some untaught o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still;
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing-room.
The 'squire is proud to see his courser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain:
Say, dear Hippolitus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack.
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back),
When thy sleek geldingnimblyleaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone,
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies when a gypsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.
Hear breathe, my Muse! and then thy task renew,
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay atheists made by church debates:
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scroope discreetly bend;
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath in summer chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's over her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth Epic mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme,
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

* A famous statue.

† A famous taylor.

SATIRE

SATIRE II.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Scarborough.

——Tanto major Famæ ſitis eſt, quam
Virtutis.—— JUV. SAT. 10.

My Muſe, proceed, and reach thy deſtin'd end,
Tho' toil and danger the bold taſk attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain Satire calls for ſenſe in ev'ry line:
Then, to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe!
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes;
When ſuch the foe, a war eternal wage,
Tis moſt ill-nature to repreſs thy rage,
And if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler Muſe excite,
I'll glory in the verſe I did not write.
So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zeſt of pleaſure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the ſun, all colours doſt contain,
Varying like rays of light on drops of rain;
For ev'ry ſoul finds reaſons to be proud,
Tho' hiſs'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in purſuit of foxes and renown,
Hippolitus demands the ſylvan crown *;
But Florio's fame, the product of a ſhow'r,
Grows in his garden, an illuſtrious flow'r!
Why teems the earth! why melt the vernal ſkies?
Why ſhines the ſun? To make Paul Diack † riſe.
From morn to night has Florio gazing ſtood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be ſo good.
What ſhape! what hue! was ever nymph ſo fair?
He doats, he dies! he too is rooted there.
O ſolid bliſs! which nothing can deſtroy
Except a cat, bird, ſnail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair ſiſter's fate,
O C———! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Floriſt, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A quaker ſerv'd him, Adam was his name.
To one lov'd tulip oft the maſter went.
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent;
But came and miſs'd it one ill-fated hour,
He rag'd! he roar'd—"What damon cropp'd
" my flow'r?"
Serene, quoth Adam,' Lo! 'twas cruſh'd by me:
"Fallen is the Baal to which thou bow'dſt thy
' knee.'
"But all men want amuſement, and what crime
"In ſuch a Paradiſe to fool their time?"
None, but why proud of this? To Fame they ſoar;
We grant they're idle, if they'll aſk no more.
We ſmile at Floriſts! we deſpiſe their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;
But are thoſe wiſer whom we moſt admire,
Survey with envy, and purſue with fire?
What's he who ſighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
Another Florio doting on a flow'r!
A ſhort-liv'd flow'r, and which has often ſprung
From ſordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy ſmit?
The flow'r of learning; and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy ſhelves with crimſon bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee bound up in crimſon too,
Gilt, and like them devoted to the view!
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That ſcience ſhould be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonſon, turn'd upholſterer, ſend home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.
If not to ſome peculiar end aſſign'd,
Study's the ſpecious trifling of the mind;
Or is at beſt a ſecondary aim,
A chace for ſport alone, and not for game:
If ſo, ſure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.
On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent.
His farms were flown; when lo! a ſale comes on,
A choice collection! What is to be done?
He ſells his laſt, for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his houſe, nay wants whereon to lie;
So high the gen'rous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
To make the purchaſe, he gives all his ſtore,
Except one darling diamond that he wore:
For what a miſtreſs gave, 'tis death to pawn,
Yet when the terms were fix'd, and writings
drawn,
The ſight ſo raviſh'd him, he gave the clerk
Love's ſacred pledge, and ſign'd them with his
Unlearned men of books aſſume the care, [mark.
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.
Not in his author's liveries alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition ſhewn.
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;
And to this coſt another muſt ſucceed,
To pay a ſage who ſays that he can read,
Who titles knows, and indexes has ſeen,
But leaves to——— what lies between:
Of pompous books who ſhuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their ſenſe.
O Lumley, whoſe accompliſhments make good
The promiſe of a long illuſtrious blood;
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The ſtricteſt honour, and the fineſt taſte!
Accept this verſe; if Satire can agree
With ſo conſummate an humanity.
But know, my Lord, if you reſent the wrong,
That on your candour I obtrude my ſong;
'Tis Satire's juſt revenge on that fair name,
Which all their malice cannot make her theme.
By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius ſmit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For, though he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to uſe, not waſte, his ſenſ
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
His briſk attack on blockheads we ſhould pr
Were not his jeſt as flippant with the wiſe

* This refers to the firſt Satire.

† The name of a tulip

He ſpares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like dooms-day, all the faults of all mankind.
Who tho' wit tickles! tickling is unſafe,
If ſtill 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being ſmart,
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, good nature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as ſeldom as your ſword,
And never on the weak; or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So wit is by politeneſs ſharpeſt ſet.
Their want of edge from their offence is ſeen;
Both pain us leaſt when exquiſitely keen.
The ſame men give, is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jeſter, when the joke's unkind.
Since Marcus doubtleſs thinks himſelf a wit,
To pay my compliment what place ſo fit?
His moſt facetious letters * came to hand,
Which my firſt Satire ſweetly reprimand.
If that a juſt offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou—a fool, or knave?
For all but ſuch with caution I forbore;
That thou waſt either, I ne'er knew before;
I know thee now, both what thou art, and who;
No maſk ſo good but Marcus muſt ſhine through:
Falſe names are vain, thy lines their author tell,
Thy beſt concealment had been writing well;
But thou a brave neglect of Fame haſt ſhewn,
Of others' fame, great genius! and thy own.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know:
The man who pardons, diſappoints his foe.
In malice to proud wits, ſome proudly lull
Their peeviſh reaſon, vain of being dull; [ſouls,
When ſome home-joke has ſtung their ſolemn
In vengeance they determine—to be fools;
'Thro' ſpleen, that little nature gave, make leſs,
Quite zealous in the ways of heavineſs;
To lumps inanimate a fondneſs take,
And diſinherit ſons that are awake.
Theſe, when their utmoſt venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you—"he's a wit."
Poor negroes thus, to ſhew their burning ſpite
To Cacodæmons, ſay they're deviliſh white.
Lampridius from the bottom of his breaſt
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the reſt.
How juſt his grief! one carries in his head
A leſs proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without ſpecial grace,
To riſe above a Juſtice of the Peace.
The dunghill-breed of men a diamond ſcorn,
And feel a paſſion for a grain of corn;
Some ſtupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with much pains exerting all his ſenſe,
Can range aright his ſhillings, pounds, and pence.
This box by father craves a booby ſon,
And by Heaven's bleſſing thinks himſelf undone.
Wants of all kinds are made to Fame a plea;
One learns to liſp, another not to ſee;
Miſs D—— tottering catches at your hand:
Was ever thing ſo pretty born to ſtand?
Whilſt theſe what nature gave diſown thro' pride,
Others affect what nature has denied;
What nature has denied fools will purſue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.
Craſſus, a graceful ſage, our awe and ſport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the ſage ſupport;
He hems—and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagyrite to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in ſomething new."
Is't not enough the blockhead ſcarce can read,
But muſt he wiſely look and gravely plead?
As far a formaliſt from wiſdom ſits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.
Nay, of true wiſdom there too much may be,
The gen'rous mind delights in being free;
Your men of parts an over-care deſpiſe;
Dull rogues have nought to do but to be wiſe.
Horace has ſaid—and that decides the caſe—
'Tis ſweet to trifle in a proper place.
Yet ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men,
Tho' Satire couch them with her keeneſt pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off nonſenſe with a better grace;
As pedlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark where pins are to be ſold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The body's wiſdom to conceal the mind.
A man of ſenſe can artifice diſdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot—
Solemnity's a cover for a ſot.
I find the fool, when I behold the ſcreen;
For 'tis the wiſe man's int'reſt to be ſeen.
Hence, Scarborough, that openneſs of heart,
And juſt diſdain for that poor mimic art;
Hence (manly praiſe!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.
With gen'rous ſcorn how oft haſt thou ſurvey'd,
Of court and town the noon-tide maſquerade,
Where ſwarms of knaves the vizor quite diſgrace,
And hide ſecure behind a naked face!
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind;
Where gen'rous hearts the greateſt hazard run,
And he who truſts a brother is undone!
My brother ſwore it, therefore it is true;
O ſtrange induction, and at court quite new.
As well thou might'ſt aver, thou ſimple ſwain,
"'Tis juſt, and therefore I my cauſe ſhall gain."
With ſuch odd maxims to thy flocks retreat,
Nor furniſh mirth for miniſters of ſtate.
Some maſter ſpirit far beyond the throng
Refin'd in ill, more rightly bent on wrong,
With exquiſite diſcernment play their game,
More nice of conduct, and more fair of fame.
The neatly injur'd thinks his thanks are due,
Robb'd of his right, and good opinion too:
Falſe honour, pride's firſt-born, this clan controuls,
Who wiſely part with nothing but their ſouls.
Albertus hugs himſelf in raviſh'd thought,
To find a peerage is ſo cheaply bought.

Theſe

* Letters ſent to the Author, ſigned *Marcus*.

These all their care expand on outward show
For wealth and fame; for fame alone the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen:
How blank his look, how discompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits, for his coat was plain.
Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a silver lace,
A curious artist long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame:
His sumptuous watch-case, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors flushing with his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures brought from France he wheels,
And triumphs conscious of his learned heels.
So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.
Morose is sunk with shame whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valued, like leopards, as their spots appear.
A fam'd surtout he wears which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barbarous needle at his fame.
But apen force was vain; by night she went,
And while he slept surpris'd the darling rent;
Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
And glory at one entrance quite shut out *.
He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim.
Thus in each other both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The sloven and the fopling are the same.
Ye Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense and impetuous pride,
And folly joins whom sentiments divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkies when they pass
Scratch at the mimic-monkey in the glass,
While both are one; and henceforth be it known.
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.
"But who art thou!" methinks Florello cries:
"Of all thy species art thou only wise?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shall be;
I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.

O thou, myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like all husbands, take no care at home.
Come from thyself, and a by-stander be;
With others' eyes thy own deportment see;
And while their ails thou dost with pity view,
Conceive, hard task, that thou art mortal too,
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart:
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of prose,
Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
This noon of life? The seasons mend their pace,
And with a nimbler step the season's chace;
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in this verse than the last;
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
And what so foolish as the chace of Fame?
How vain the prize: how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, and swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour!
Should this verse live, O Lumley! may it be
A monument of gratitude to thee:
Whose early favour I must own with shame,
So long my patron, and so late my theme.

SATIRE III.

To the Right Honourable Mr. Dodington.

——Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis—— JUV. SAT. 10.

Long, Dodington, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought:
And now a poet's gratitude you see—
Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three;
For whose the present glory or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain,
You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But more to raise my verse, conceal your own.
All ill-tim'd modesty! Turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her learning and her genius too decays,
And dark and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live on alms of ages past.
Men still are men, and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who run in debt for their disgrace:
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New-cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould,

* Milton.

Late times the verſe may read, if theſe refuſe,
And from four critics vindicate the muſe.
"Your work is long," the critics cry: 'tis true,
And lengthens ſtill, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame:
For, grow but wiſe, you rob me of my game;
As hunted hags, who, while the dogs purſue,
Renounce their four legs, and ſtart up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feaſt!) the critics' rage,
And with the fell deſtroyer feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than thoſe who plunder in the critic's name?
Good author's damn'd, have their revenge in this,
To ſee what wretches gain the praiſe they miſs.
Balbutius, muffled in his ſable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens ſolemn, and as boding, cries,
Ten thouſand worlds for the three unities!
Ye doctors ſage, who thro' Parnaſſus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practiſe what you preach.
One judges as the weather dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a ſurer gage,
An author's principles or parentage:
Since his great anceſtors in Flanders fell,
The poem, doubtleſs, muſt be written well:
Another judges by the writer's look:
Another judges, for he bought the book: [keep,
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to
Some judge, becauſe it is too ſoon to ſleep.
Thus all will judge, and with one ſingle aim;
To gain themſelves, not give the writer, fame.
The very beſt ambitiouſly adviſe.
Half to ſerve you, and half to paſs for wiſe.
None are at leiſure others to reward:
They ſcarce will damn but out of ſelf regard.
Critics on verſe, as ſquibs on triumph wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verſe can crown
Than Compton's ſmile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on books their criticiſm waſte;
The genius of a diſh ſome juſtly taſte,
And eat their way to fame! with anxious thought
The ſalmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient art rebukes the ſun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May.
Their various cares in one great point combine
The buſineſs of their lives, that is——to dine;
Half of their precious day they give the feaſt,
And to a kind digeſtion ſpare the reſt.
Apicius, here, the taſter of the town,
Feeds twice a-week, to ſettle their renown.
Theſe worthies of the palate guard with care
The ſacred annals of their bills of fare;
In thoſe choſe books their panegyrics read,
And ſcorn the creatures that for hunger feed;
If man, by feeding well, commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.
To glory ſome advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame!
Their front ſupplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thouſand lords behind their backs.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And Hervey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops by whom ſhe ne'er was ſeen;
Niger adopts ſtray libels, wiſely prone
To covet ſhame ſtill greater than his own;
Bathyllus in the winter of threeſcore
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Abſence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to miſtake, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice diſorder ſet,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them ſots.
As love of pleaſure into pain betrays,
So moſt grow infamous thro' love of praiſe.
But whence for praiſe can ſuch an ardour riſe,
When thoſe who bring that incenſe we deſpiſe?
For ſuch the vanity of great and ſmall,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can even Satire blame them, for 'tis true
They moſt have ample cauſe for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doubtleſs thou waſt meant
A nurſe of fools to ſtock the Continent.
Tho' Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the ſcythe will grow:
The plenteous harveſt calls me forward ſtill,
Till I ſurpaſs in length my lawyer's bill;
A Welch deſcent which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer ſtill, a Dutchman's epigram.
When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen;
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See! Tityrus with merriment poſſeſt,
Is burſt with laughter ere he hears the jeſt;
What need he ſtay? for, when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.
Is there of theſe, ye fair! ſo great a dearth,
That you need purchaſe monkies for your mirth?
Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire;
Of houſes ſome, nay, houſes that they hire;
Some (perfect wiſdom!) of a beauteous wife,
And boaſt, like Cordeliers, a ſcourge for life.
Sometimes thro' pride the ſexes change their airs;
My lord has vapours, and my lady ſwears:
Then (ſtranger ſtill!) on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.
To ſhew the ſtrength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all denied.
What numbers are there who at once purſue
Praiſe, and the glory to contemn it, too!
Vincenna knows ſelf-praiſe betrays to ſhame,
And therefore lays a ſtratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modeſty's diſguiſe
To win applauſe, and takes it by ſurpriſe:
"To err," ſays he, "in ſmall things, is my fate;
You know your anſwer—he 's exact in great.
"My ſtyle," ſays he, "is rude, and full of faults;"
But, oh what ſenſe! what energy of thoughts!
That he wants algebra he muſt confeſs,
But not a ſoul to give our arms ſucceſs.
"Ah! that 's a hit indeed," Vincinna cries,
"But who in heat of blood was ever wiſe?

"I own

" I own 'twas wrong, when thouſands call'd me back,
" To make that hopeleſs, ill-adviſ'd attack;
" All ſay 'twas madneſs, nor dare I deny;
" Sure never fool ſo well deſerv'd to die."
Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in thee,
Whoſe conduct is a comment to thy tongue
So clear, the dulleſt cannot take thee wrong.
Thou in one ſuit wilt thy revenue wear,
And haunt the Court, without a proſpect there.
Are theſe expedients for renown? confeſs
Thy little ſelf, that I may ſcorn the leſs.
Be wiſe, Vincenna, and the Court forſake;
Our fortunes there nor thou nor I ſhall make.
Even men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy ſervice make a long campaign;
Moſt manfully beſiege the patron's gate,
And, oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great
With painful art, and application warm,
And take at laſt ſome little place by ſtorm;
Enough to keep two ſhoes on Sunday clean,
And ſtarve upon diſcreetly in Shire-lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford,
Then ſtarve without the favour of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes ſome great men confer;
But often, even in doing right, they err:
From caprice, not from choice, their favours come;
They give, but think it toil to know to whom:
The man that's neareſt, yawning they advance;
'Tis inhumanity to bleſs by chance.
If merit ſues and greatneſs is ſo loth
To break its downy trance, I pity both.
I grant, at court, Philander at his need
(Thanks to his lovely wife!) finds friends indeed.
Of ev'ry charm and virtue ſhe's poſſeſt.
Philander! thou are exquiſitely bleſt,
The public envy! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found who may be juſtly proud.
But, ſee! how fickly is ambition's taſte!
Ambition feeds on traſh, and loaths a feaſt.
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In ſecret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.
Some nymphs ſell reputation, others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian muſic's ſweet, becauſe 'tis dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear;
Their taſtes would leſſen, if the prices fell,
And Shakſpeare's wretched ſtuff do quite as well;
Away the diſenchanted fair would throng,
And own that Engliſh is their mother tongue.
To ſhew how much our northern taſtes refine,
Imported nymphs our peereſſes outſhine;
While tradeſmen ſtarve, theſe Philomels are gay;
For generous lords had rather give than pay.
O laviſh land! for found at ſuch expence;
But then ſhe ſaves it in her bills for ſenſe.
Muſic I paſſionately love, 'tis plain,
Since for its ſake ſuch dramas I ſuſtain.
An opera, like a pillory, may be ſaid
To nail our ears down, but expoſe our head.
Behold the maſquerade's fantaſtic ſcene!
The legiſlature join'd with Drury-lane.
When Britain calls, th' embroidered patriots run,
And ſerve their country—if the dance is done;
" Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtleſs, but firſt ſet your notions right.
Worth of politeneſs is the needful ground;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not even in trifles can excel;
'Tis ſolid bodies only poliſh well.
Great, choſen prophet! for theſe latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways,
Well, Heideger, doſt thou thy maſter ſerve;
Well has he ſeen his ſervant ſhould not ſtarve;
Thou to his name haſt ſplendid temples rais'd,
In various forms of worſhip ſeen him prais'd;
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, ſhewn;
And ſung ſweet anthems in a tongue unknown,
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid in fiddles, cards, and dice;
Thy ſacrifice ſupreme an hundred maids!
That ſolem rite of midnight maſquerades!
If maids the quite exhauſted town denies,
An hundred head of cuckolds muſt ſuffice.
Thouſmil'ſt, well-pleas'd with the converted land,
To ſee the fifty churches at a ſtand.
And, that thy miniſter may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted ſtill prevail,
Of minor prophets a ſucceſſion ſure,
The propagation of thy zeal ſecure.
See commons, peers, and miniſters of ſtate
In ſolemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterpriſe is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applauſe the council rings;
Fix'd is the fate of whores and fiddle-ſtrings!
Tho' bold theſe truths, thou, Muſe, with truths like theſe,
Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praiſe to pleaſe;
Let others flatter to be flatter'd; thou,
Like juſt tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common ſenſe,
To write a Satire which gave none offence!
And, ſince from life I take the draughts you ſee,
If men diſlike them, do they cenſure me?
Oh then, my muſe! and fools and knaves expoſe;
And, ſince thou canſt not make a friend, make foes.
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honeſt men pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man ſhall make his fortune in a trice,
If bleſt with pliant tho' but ſlender ſenſe,
Feign'd modeſty, and real impudence.
A ſupple knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
A curſe within, a ſmile upon his face,
A beauteous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will ſoon defeat,
And lodge you in the boſom of the great.
To merit, is but to provide a pain
From men's refuſing what you ought to gain.
May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my preſaging thoughts already view,

By

By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd;
And lending here those awful councils aid,
Which you abroad with such success obey'd;
Bear this from one who holds your friendship dear;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

To the Right Honourable Sir Spencer Compton.

——— Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis——— JUV. SAT. 10.

Round some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs:
So sweet the verse, th' ambitious verse, should be
(Oh pardon mine!) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates without ambition weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's asserter, and the people's friend.
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the Muse:
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire;
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vex'd at a public fame so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone.
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown;
All schemes he knows, and knowing all improves;
Tho' Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves.
But patriots differ: some may shed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms or sunshine Providence decrees;
Knows for each day the weather of our fate:
A quidnunc is an almanack of state.

You smile, and think this statesman void of use,
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,
Since steeds of genius are expert at put,
Since half the senate "not content" can say,
Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counsel kings?
An incapacity for smaller things.
Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still.
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got
At once a bible and a shoulder-knot;
Deep in the secret he looks thro' the whole
And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul;
To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his tender reason with the Creed.
Howe'er, well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not attainders brought uphop'd relief,
And falling stocks quite cur'd an unbelief? [force;
While the sun shines Blunt talks with wondrous
But thunder mars small beer, and weak discourse.
Such useful instruments the weather shew,
Just as their mercury is high or low.

Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark;
A fever argues better than a Clarke;
Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C———— mourns with an unfeigned zeal
Th' apostate youth who reason'd once so well.
C———, who makes so merry with the Creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;
But only thinks so: to give both their due,
Satan and he believe and tremble too.

Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims;
Nay, a free-mason with some terror names:
Omits no duty, nor can envy say
He miss'd these many years the church or play;
He makes no noise in parliament 'tis true;
But pays his debt and visit when 'tis due:
His character and gloves are ever clean;
And then, he can outbow the bowing dean!
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face
For ornament, in ev'ry public place:
As sure as cards he to th' assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms.
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free;
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.
Narcissus is the glory of his race;
For who does nothing with a better grace?

To deck my list by nature were design'd
Such shining expletives of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

To counterprose this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are singular and odd:
What other men dislike is sure to please;
Of all mankind, these dear antipodes;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still;
And birth-days are their days of dressing ill.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a sage,
S——ly will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and S——x is the worst of friends.

They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
And blush if you surprise them in the right;
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Queensberry is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shewn
In wearing others' follies than your own.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.

But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than S——, the foremost toyman of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances;

And

And Aſhmole's baby-houſe is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languiſh! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joſeph never wore!
He ſhews on holidays a ſacred pin [chin.
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd queen Reſs's
"Since that greatdearth ourchronicles deplore,
"Since the great plague that ſwept asmanymore,
"Was ever year unbleſt as this?" he 'll cry;
"It has not brought us one new butterfiy!"
In times that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as theſe,
Unhappy I——y! how came you to pleaſe?
Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the ſame.
Warm in purſuit, he levees all the great,
Staunch to the foot of title and eſtate.
Where'er their lordſhips go, they never find
Or Lico or their ſhadows lag behind:
He ſets them ſure, where'er their lordſhips run,
Cloſe at their elbows as a morning dun;
As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
And fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
But, after ſeven years dance from place to place,
The Dane* is more familiar with his grace.
Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer?
Or living pendant dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſp'ring ſecrets which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
Who'd be a glaſs, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face?
Or happy pin to ſtick upon his ſleeve, [leave?
When my lord 's gracious, and vouchſafes it
Or cuſhion, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll, or thump it for his better eaſe?
Or a vile butt, for noon or night beſpoke,
When the peer raſhly ſwears he 'll club his joke?
Who 'd ſhake with laughter tho' he cou'd not find
His lordship's jeſt? or, if his noſe broke wind,
For bleſſings to the gods profoundly bow—
That can cry chimney-ſweep, or drive a plough?
With terms like theſe how mean the tribe that cloſe!
Scarce meaner they who terms like theſe impoſe.
But what's the tribe moſt likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
The writing tribe, who ſhameleſs auctions hold
Of praiſe, by inch of candle to be ſold.
All men they flatter, but themſelves the moſt
With deathleſs fame, their everlaſting boaſt:
For fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt,
As her old conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
"Boyle ſhines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
"Pelham 's magnificent—but I can write;
"And what's to my great ſoul like glory dear?"
Till ſome god whiſpers in his tingling ear,
That fame's unwholeſome, taken without meat;
And life is beſt ſuſtain'd by what is eat:
Grown lean and wiſe, he curſes what he writ;
And wiſhes all his wants were in his wit.
Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's loſt,
That his triumphant name adorns a poſt?
Or that his ſhining page (provoking fate!)
Defends ſirloins which ſons of dulneſs eat?
What foe to verſe without compaſſion hears,
What cruel proſe-man can refrain from tears,
When the poor muſe, for leſs than half-a crown,
A proſtitute on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, tho' not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint?
Ye bards! why will you ſing tho' uninſpir'd?
Ye bards! why will you ſtarve to be admir'd?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redreſs,
Why will your ſpectres haunt the frighted preſs?
Bad metre, that excreſcence of the head,
Like hair, will ſprout altho' the poet 's dead.
All other trades demand; verſe-makers beg;
A dedication is a wooden leg;
And barren Labeo, the true mumper's faſhion,
Expoſes borrow'd brats to move compaſſion.
Tho' ſuch myſelf, vile bards I diſcommend;
Nay more, tho' gentle Damon is my friend;
"Is 't then a crime to write?" If talents rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear;
For ſome tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unſeen the labours of the pen,
Who know the muſe's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bountyher ſupport,
Who ſerve unaſk'd the leaſt pretence to wit;
My ſole excuſe, alas! for having writ.
Will Harcourt pardon, if I dare commend
Harcourt, with zeal a patron and a friend?
Argyle true wit is ſtudious to reſtore;
And Dorſet ſmiles if Phœbus ſmil'd before.
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a muſe inſpires.
But, ah! not inſpiration can obtain
That Fame which poets languiſh for in vain.
How mad their aim who thirſt for glory ſtrive,
To graſp what no man can poſſeſs alive!
Fame 's a reverſion in which men take place
(O late reverſion!) at their own deceaſe.
This truth ſagacious Lintot knows ſo well,
He ſtarves his authors, that their works may ſell.
That fame is wealth, fantaſtic poets cry;
That wealth is fame, another clan reply,
Who know no guilt, no ſcandal, but in rags;
And ſwell in juſt proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
The firſt young lord which in the Mall you meet
Shall match the veriеſt hunks in Lombard-ſtreet,
From reſcued candles ends who rais'd a ſum,
And ſtarves to join a penny to a plum.
A beardleſs miſer! 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a ſcandal all our own!
Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
For love, young, noble, rich Caſtalio dies;
Name but the fair, love ſwells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail but——half-a-crown.

He

* A Daniſh dog.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Nor for the poor he has reliev'd, but made,
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd.
He 'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain;
Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain.
"Who 'd be a slave? the gallant colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right;
Just is his title, for I will not fight:
All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,
As maids of honour beauty—by their place.
But when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word.
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.
Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid.
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy,
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.
Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known;
Augustus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confound my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the princes' worth of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

On Women.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd,
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! MILTON.

Nor reigns ambition in bold man alone;
Soft female arts the rude invader own.
But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you discern it, in the fair,
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair:
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye:
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.
The sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme.
A theme, fair——! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing those is praising thee;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.
Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the fated sight.
As unreserv'd and beauteous as the sun,
Thro' every sign of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, Bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers' caves, and lions' dens,
Taverns, exchanges, Bridewells, drawing rooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, and (still stranger!) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for Fame;
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame;
Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses; then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again.
With all her lustre now her lover warms;
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then she starts up all ecstacy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.
Oh how she rolls her charming eyes in spite!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.
Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows.
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the psalms and chapters for the day
In—Cleopatra, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara with a solemn grace
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.
Nor far beneath her in renown is she
Who, thro' good breeding, is ill company:
Whose manners will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;
To find you news who racks her subtle head,
And vows—that her great grandfather is dead.
A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear.
In that the skill of conversation lies:
That shews or makes you both polite and wise.
Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can say
"Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
"By tame behaviour, and a soft address."
Thro' virtue, she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity;
Thro' wisdom, she refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit:
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.
But, if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But, keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel and composing tea.
Nor rests by night; but, more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice.
Doubly like Echo, sound is her delight,
And the last word is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong;
What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our state!
What strokes we feel from fancy and from fate!
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We make misfortune, suicides in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is nature backward to torment or kill?

How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with ſolemn knell,
On folly's errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home!
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſtage we tread,
Few know ſo many friends alive as dead.
Yet, as immortal, in our uphill chace
We preſs coy fortune with unſlacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the toys we ſeek
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week.
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between ſatiety and fierce-deſire.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But one—a female friend's endearing ſmile;
A tender ſmile, our ſorrow's only balm,
And, in life's tempeſt, the ſad ſailor's calm.

How have I ſeen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye;
Victorious tenderneſs! it all o'ercame;
Huſbands look'd mild, and ſavages grew tame.

The ſylvan race our active nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete,
There Maſter Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair Miſs Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor raſhly tempts the barb'rous ſun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manged ſteed;
Command his prancings with a martial air;
And Fobert has the forming of the fair.

More than one ſteed muſt Delia's empire feel,
Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying-wheel:
And, as ſhe guides it thro' th' admiring throng!
With what an air ſhe ſmacks the ſilken thong!
Graceful as John ſhe moderates the reins,
And whiſtles ſweet her diuretic ſtrains.
Seſoſtris-like, ſuch charioteers as theſe
May drive ſix harneſs'd monarchs, if they pleaſe.
They drive, row, run, with love of glory ſmit;
Leap, ſwim, ſhoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the belles lettres lovely Daphne reigns,
Again the god Apollo wears her chains.
With legs toſs'd high on her ſophee ſhe ſits,
Vouchſafing audience to contending wits;
Of each performance ſhe 's the final teſt;
One act read o'er, ſhe propheſies the reſt;
And then pronouncing with deciſive air,
Fully convinces all the town—ſhe 's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecateſſa's face,
How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe!
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius ſparkles from their eyes.

But hold, ſhe cries, lampooner! have a care:
Muſt I want common ſenſe becauſe I'm fair?
Oh no! ſee Stella: her eyes ſhine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She ſeems inſpir'd, and can herſelf inſpire
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publiſh, and could ſhe forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to ſenſe,
Nor is 't a ſanction for impertinence,

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well ſhe might,
The youth in perſon and in parts was bright;
Poſſeſs'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims juſt empire o'er the female heart.
He met her paſſion, all her ſighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd.
Large his poſſeſſions, and beyond her own:
Their bliſs the theme and envy of the town.
The day was fix'd; when, with one acre more,
In ſtep-deform'd, debauch'd, diſeas'd threeſcore.
The fatal ſequel I thro' ſhame forbear:
Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true.
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Thoſe few wants anſwer'd bring ſincere delights,
But fools create themſelves new appetites.
Fancy and pride ſeek things at vaſt expence,
Which reliſh nor to reaſon nor to ſenſe.
When ſurfeit or unthankfulneſs deſtroys,
In nature's narrow ſphere, our ſolid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noiſe and ſhow,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleaſures grow,
Like cats in air pumps, to ſubſiſt we ſtrive
On joys too thin to keep the ſoul alive.

Lemira's ſick, make haſte, the doctor call:
He comes, but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor ſtares, her woman curt'ſies low,
And cries, "My lady, Sir, is always ſo.
"Diverſions put her maladies to flight; [night.
"True, ſhe can 't ſtand, but ſhe can dance all
"I 've known my lady (for ſhe loves a tune)
"For fevers take an opera in June; [bold,
"And tho' perhaps you 'll think the practice
"A midnight park is ſov'reign for a cold.
"With colics, breakfaſts of green fruit agree;
"With indigeſtions, ſupper juſt at three."
A ſtrange alternative! replies Sir Hans;
Muſt women have a doctor, or a dance?
Tho' ſick to death, abroad they ſafely roam;
But droop and die, in perfect health at home.
For want—but not of health—are ladies ill;
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's pill.

Alas! my heart, how languiſhingly fair
Yon lady lolls! with what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or as Viny * chid?
Dead is her father, or the maſk forbid?
"Late ſitting up has turn'd her roſes white."
Why went ſhe not to bed? "Becauſe 'twas night."
Did ſhe then dance or play? "Nor this nor that."
Well night ſoon ſteals away in pleaſing chat.
"No, all alone, her pray'rs ſhe rather choſe,
"Than be that wretch to ſleep till morning roſe."
Then Lady Cynthia, miſtreſs of the ſhade,
Goes with the faſhionable owls, to bed.
This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her ſoul is ſilly, but her body's wiſe.

Others with curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.
You in the morning a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;

Next

* Lap-dog.

Next day she shines in glossy black and then
Revolves into her native red again.
Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But one admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass.
Yet Laura 's beautiful to such excess,
That all her art scarce makes her please the less:
To deck the female cheek He only knows,
Who paints less fair the lily and the rose. [pours,
How gay they smile! such blessings nature
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores;
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green.
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted art's deprav'd allurements choose.
Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair:
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks and nightingales, are odious things:
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight;
And to be prest to death, transports her quite.
Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades,
Black kennels' absent odours she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.
Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way;
Thro' briers and brambles, in the world we stray,
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choak our passage, our career controul,
And wound the firmest temper of the soul.
O sacred solitude, divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
(Strangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peace.
There, from the ways of men laid safe athore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with health, with business unper-plex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the next;
There to the Muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the Muses, but not there alone;
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit.
Both wits! tho' miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose
On Durfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.
Phœbe, tho' she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness;
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they 're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
'Well, sure, we were so happy yesterday!
'And then that charming party for to-morrow!'
Tho' well she knows 'twill languish into sorrow.
But she dares never boast the present hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r.
For such is or our weakness or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.
Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it but rank poison in your veins?
As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There 's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears.
She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when Strephon waking found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
'What miracle,' says Strephon, 'makes thee weep?'
'Ah barbarous man!' she cries, 'how could you sleep?'
Men love a mistress as they love a feast;
How grateful one to touch, and one to taste!
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our mistress and our meat away.
But soon the sated appetites return:
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.
Eternal love let Man then never swear;
Let women never triumph, nor despair.
Nor praise nor blame too much the warm or chill;
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.
There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind:
But not of that unfashionable set
Is Phillis: Phillis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phillis demands eternal love at least.
Embracing Phillis with soft smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies:
But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend!
What day next week th' eternity shall end?
Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love;
Elope from mortal men, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a box the whole creation lies.
She sees the planets in their turns advance;
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance.
Of Desagulier she bespeaks fresh air,
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies,
But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.
To——turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right:

She ſtrikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquiſh'd, and the wiſe are taught.
Her breeding finiſh'd, and her temper ſweet;
When ſerious, eaſy; and when gay, diſcreet;
In glitt'ring ſcenes, o'er her own heart ſevere;
In crowds collected, and in courts ſincere;
Sincere and warm with zeal well underſtood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good.
Yet, not ſuperior to her ſex's cares,
The mode ſhe fixes by the gown ſhe wears;
Of ſilks and china ſhe 's the laſt appeal;
In theſe great points ſhe leads the comonweal:
And if diſputes of empire riſe between
Mechlin, the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkneſs! till ſuſpended fate
Aſſumes her nod to cloſe the grand debate.
When ſuch her mind, why will the fair expreſs
Their emulation only in their dreſs? [ſkies.
But, oh! the nymph that mounts above the
And, gratis, clears religious myſteries!
Reſolv'd the church's welfare to enſure,
And make her family a ſinecure.
The theme divine at cards ſhe 'll not forget,
But takes in texts of ſcripture at piquet;
In thoſe licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would theſe be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they ſew as well!
Yet why ſhould not the fair her text purſue?
Can ſhe more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard too, ſhe who makes no uſe but chat
Of her religion, ſhould be barr'd in that.
Iſaac, a brother of the canting ſtrain,
When he has knock'd at his own ſkull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
Oh how his pious ſoul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her boſom, like an induſtrious bee!
Hums round about her; and with all his pow'r
Extracts ſweet wiſdom from ſo fair a flow'r!
The young and gay declining, Abra flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wiſe:
By nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiouſly prefers the world to love.
Can wealth give happineſs? look round, and ſee
What gay diſtreſs! what ſplendid miſery!
Whatever fortune laviſhly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more:
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it ſays;
Like any lord it promiſes—and pays.
How will the miſer ſtartle to be told
Of ſuch a wonder as inſolvent gold!
What nature wants has an intrinſic weight;
All more is but the faſhion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view:
It charms us now; anon we caſt anew,
To ſome freſh birth of fancy more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.
Miſtaken lovers! who make worth their care,
And think accompliſhments will win the fair.
The fair, 'tis true, by genius ſhould be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the ſun;
And yet in female ſcales a fop outweighs,
And wit muſt wear the willow with the bays.
Nought ſhines ſo bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,
Snatches the dear deſtroyer to her arms,
And amply gives (tho' treated long amiſs)
The man of merit his revenge in this.
If you reſent, and wiſh a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.
The languid lady next appears in ſtate,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, ſtaggers, till ſome foreign aid
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to ſo ſevere a doom,
She by juſt ſtages journeys round the room;
But, knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the Alps—that is, aſcend the ſtairs.
My fan, let others ſay who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarf! is her laconic ſtyle.
And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That Betty rather ſees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Pierce out the idea her faint words deny.
Oh liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound.
And help! oh help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt and the gigantic carve;
Life is not worth ſo much, ſhe 'd rather ſtarve:
But chew ſhe muſt, herſelf, ah cruel fate!
That Roſalinda can 't by proxy eat.
An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven!) againſt the poiſon of their eyes.
Thaleſtris triumphs in a manly mien:
Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſcene,
In fair and open dealing where 's the ſhame?
What nature dares to give, ſhe dares to name.
This honeſt fellow is ſincere and plain,
And juſtly gives the jealous huſband pain.
(Vain is the taſk to petticoats aſſign'd,
If wanton language ſhews a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath ſupplies the vacancies of ſenſe.
Hark! the ſhrill notes tranſpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to ſwear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the ſimple ſwain;
She on the chriſtian ſyſtem is profane.
But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dreſs, ſhe's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread
When Jove deputes a lady in his ſtead!
A lady! pardon my miſtaken pen;
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of men.
Few to good breeding make a juſt pretence,
Good breeding is the bloſſom of good ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.

A violated

A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Indian painters modern toasts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity:
They throw their persons with a hoyden air
Across the room, and toss into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow measur'd pace,
For which her lovers died, her parents paid,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer art and nature to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D——'s self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
When high-born Anna with a soften'd smile
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all but adoration is your due.

But adoration! give me something more,
Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore;
Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime:
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we 're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
Oh how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprights away,
She walks at-noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce but herself is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a smirkling grace,
And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve;
We 'll ask her blessing, but can 't ask her love.
She grants indeed a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia! her grey hairs engage,
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline,
Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine.
That, and that only, can old age sustain;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
Not numerous are our joys when life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the few;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace; by nature some decay,
And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;
Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's Portia now? But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipt in morning dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
Awhile torment, and then quite sink in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust
Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
Life swarms with ills; the boldest are afraid;
Where then is safety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick thro' malice of your own.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
Then please the best; and know, for men of sense
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that 's worth your love from your embrace.
In simple manners all the secret lies; [be blest and wise.
Be kind and virtuous, you 'll
Vain show and noise intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddiness, and end in pain,
Affect not empty fame and idle praise,
Which all those wretches I describe betrays:
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
Of all applause be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind; that thirst
With which this age is eminently curst.
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire.
Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come.

SATIRE VI.

On Women.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Germain.

Interdum tamen et tollit Comœdia vocem. Hor.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain:
Apollo whisper'd in my ear—"Germain."
I know her not. "Your reason's somewhat odd;
"Who knows his patron now?" replied the god.
"Men write, to me and to the world unknown;
"Then steal great names to shield them from
"the town.
"Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd,
"To covert flies, of praise itself afraid;
"Should she refuse to patronize your lays,
"In vengeance write a volume in her praise.
"Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
"When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength:
You here in miniature your picture see;
Nor hope from Zincks more justice than from me.
My portraits grace your mind, as his your side;
His portraits will inflame, mine quench your pride:

He's

He's dear, you frugal; chooſe my cheaper lay,
And be your reformation all my pay.
Lavinia is polite, but not profane;
To church as conſtant as to Drury-lane.
She decently in form pays Heav'n its due;
And makes a civil viſit to her pew.
Her lifted fan to give a ſolemn air,
Conceals her face, which paſſes for a pray'r:
Curt'ſies to curt'ſies then with grace ſucceed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the creed.
Or, if ſhe joins the ſervice, 'tis to ſpeak;
Thro' dreadful ſilence the pentheart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himſelf, and fondly think they pray.
But ſweet the accent, and their air refin'd;
For they're before their Maker—and mankind:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himſelf will toll the pariſh bell.
Acquainted with the world, and quite well
Druſa receives her viſitants in bed; [bred;
But, chaſte as ice, this Veſta, to defy
The very blackeſt tongue of calumny,
When from her ſheets her lovely form ſhe lifts,
She begs you juſt would turn you while ſhe ſhifts.
Thoſe charms are greateſt which decline the ſight;
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no woman where there 's no reſerve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers ſtarve.
But, with the modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing they call a nymph of ſpirit.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
" Or if you take a lion by the beard*,
" Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
" Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Ruſſian bear,"
Firſt make your will, and then converſe with her.
This lady glories in profuſe expence,
And thinks diſtraction is magnificence
To beggar her gallant, is ſome delight;
To be more fatal ſtill, is exquiſite.
Had ever nymph ſuch reaſon to be glad?
In duel fell two lovers; one ran mad.
Her foes their honeſt execrations pour;
Her lovers only ſhould deteſt her more.
Thrice happy they who think I boldly feign,
And ſtartle at a miſtreſs of my brain.
Flavia is conſtant to her old gallant,
And generouſly ſupports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a ſnare,
A hell no lady ſo polite can bear.
She 's faithful, ſhe 's obſervant, and with pains
Her angel brood of baſtards ſhe maintains,
Nor leaſt advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of guilt, above the marriage bed.
Amaſia hates a prude, and ſcorns reſtraint;
Whate'er ſhe is, ſhe 'll not appear a ſaint;
Her ſoul ſuperior flies formality:
So gay her air, her conduct is ſo free,
Some might ſuſpect the nymph not over good—
Nor would they be miſtaken if they ſhould.
Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs; [pray'rs.
Her cuſhion 's threadbare with her conſtant
Her only grief is, that ſhe cannot be
At once engag'd in pray'r and charity.
And this, to do her juſtice, muſt be ſaid:
" Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where 's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no diſeaſe reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be raviſh'd at threeſcore.
Then ſhe ſubmits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her ſpark.
Lucia thinks happineſs conſiſts in ſtate;
She weds an ideot, but ſhe eats in plate.
The goods of fortune which her ſoul poſſeſs,
Are but the ground of unmade happineſs,
The rude material; wiſdom add to this,
Wiſdom the ſole artificer of bliſs.
She, from herſelf, if ſo compell'd by need,
Of thin content can draw the ſubtle thread;
But (no detraction to her ſacred ſkill)
If ſhe can work in gold, 'tis better ſtill.
If Tullia had been bleſt with half her ſenſe,
None could too much admire her excellence.
But ſince ſhe can make error ſhine ſo bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With underſtanding ſhe is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accompliſhments undone.
With ſkill ſhe vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever moſt divinely in the wrong.
Naked in nothing ſhould a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modeſty;
Let man diſcover, let not her diſplay,
But yield her charms of mind with ſweet delay.
For pleaſure form'd, perverſely ſome believe,
To make themſelves important, men muſt grieve.
Leſbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends the fop ſhe laughs at is ador'd.
In vain ſhe 's proud of ſecret innocence;
The fact ſhe feigns were ſcarce a worſe offence.
Mira, endow'd with ev'ry charm to bleſs,
Has no deſign but on her huſband's peace;
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At ſmall inquietudes in her he lov'd.
" How charming this!"—The pleaſure laſted long;
Now ev'ry day the fit comes thick and ſtrong;
At laſt he found the charmer only feign'd;
And was diverted when he ſhould be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the Gods in ſtore?
How tedious life, now ſhe can plague no more!
She tries her thouſand arts, but none ſucceed;
She 's forc'd a fever to procure indeed:
Thus ſtrictly prov'd this virtuous loving wife,
Her huſbands' pain was dearer than her life.
Anxious Melania riſes to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Viſit, preſent, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majeſty to-morrow calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges querulouſly ſhrill.
" You went laſt night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it falſe. " Not go? that's worſt of all."
Nothing can pleaſe her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant contradictions are the ſame.

* Shakeſpeare.

Her lover muſt be ſad, to pleaſe her ſpleen;
His mirth is an inexpiable ſin:
For, of all rivals that can pain her breaſt, [reſt;
There's one that wounds far deeper than the
To wreck her quiet, the moſt dreadful ſhelf
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himſelf.
And this, becauſe ſhe 's exquiſitely fair;
Should I diſpute her beauty, how ſhe 'd ſtare!
How would Melania be ſurpris'd to hear
She 's quite deform'd! and yet the caſe is clear.
What's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces ſhine?
They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
The body charms becauſe the ſoul is ſeen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace;
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some none reſiſt, though not exceeding fair.
Aſpaſia 's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taſte refin'd, in life and manners read,
Yet reaps no fruit from her ſuperior ſenſe,
But to be teaz'd by her own excellence.
"Folks are ſo aukward! things ſo unpolite!"
She 's elegantly pain'd from morn to night.
Her delicacy 's ſhock'd where'er ſhe goes;
Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
Heaven by its favours has the fair diſtreſs'd,
And pour'd ſuch bleſſings—that ſhe can't be bleſt. [ſpring,
Ah! why ſo vain, though blooming in thy
Thou ſhining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing!
Old age will come, diſeaſe may come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as threeſcore:
Thy fortune and thy charms may ſoon decay;
But grant theſe fugitives prolong their ſtay,
Their baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes,
Life that ſupports them in a moment breaks.
Then wrought into the ſoul let virtue ſhine;
The ground eternal, as the work divine.
Julia's a manager, ſhe 's born for rule,
And knows her wiſer huſband is a fool;
Aſſemblies holds, and ſpins the ſubtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;
For difficult amours can ſmooth the way,
And tender letters dictate or convey.
But, if depriv'd of ſuch important cares,
Her wiſdom condeſcends to leſs affairs.
For her own breakfaſt ſhe 'll project a ſcheme,
Nor take her tea without a ſtratagem;
Preſides o'er trifles with a ſerious face,
Important by the virtue of grimace.
Ladies ſupreme among amuſements reign,
By nature born to ſoothe and entertain;
Their prudence in a ſhare of folly lies;
Why will they be ſo weak as to be wiſe?
Syrenna is for ever in extremes,
And with a vengeance ſhe commends or blames.
Conſcious of her diſcernment, which is good,
She ſtrains too much to make it underſtood.
Her judgment juſt, her ſentence is too ſtrong;
Becauſe ſhe 's right, ſhe 's ever in the wrong.
Brunetta 's wiſe in actions great and rare;
But ſcorns on trifles to beſtow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Becauſe th' occaſion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, though it ſmall appear;
Small ſands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.
Go breakfaſt with Alicia; there you 'll ſee
Simplex munditiis, to the laſt degree.
Unlac'd her ſtays, her night-gown is untied,
And what ſhe has of head-dreſs is aſide.
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwaſh'd her hands, and much beſnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd ſhe loves;
And would draw on jack-boots as ſoon as gloves;
Gloves by queen Beſs's maidens might be miſt,
Her bleſſed eyes ne'er ſaw a female fiſt.
Lovers, beware! to wound how can ſhe fail
With ſcarlet finger and long jetty nail?
For Hervey the firſt wit ſhe cannot be;
Nor, cruel Richard, the firſt toaſt for thee.
Since full each other ſtation of renown,
Who would not be the greateſt trapes in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A female ſloven is an odious ſight.
Fair Iſabella is ſo fond of fame,
That her dear ſelf is her eternal theme!
Thro' hopes of contradiction oft ſhe 'll ſay,
"Methinks I look ſo wretchedly to-day!"
When moſt the world applauds you, moſt be-ware:
'Tis often leſs a bleſſing than a ſnare.
Diſtruſt mankind; with your own heart confer;
And dread even there to find a flatterer.
The breath of others raiſes our renown;
Our own as ſurely blows the pageant down;
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Leſt ſoon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.
But own I muſt in this perverted age,
Who moſt deſerve can't always moſt engage.
So far is worth from making glory ſure,
It often hinders what it ſhould procure.
Whom praiſe we moſt? the virtuous, brave, and wiſe?
No; wretches whom in ſecret we deſpiſe.
And who ſo blind as not to ſee the cauſe?
No rival's rais'd by ſuch diſcreet applauſe;
And yet of credit it lays in a ſtore,
By which our ſpleen may wound true worth the more.
Ladies there are who think one crime is all;
Can women then no way but backward fall?
So ſweet is that one crime they don't purſue,
To pay its loſs, they think all others few.
Who hold that crime ſo dear muſt never claim
Of injur'd modeſty the ſacred name.
But Clio thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean taſk! how much more gen'rous to com-mend!"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind inſtructor and example too.
"Daphnis," ſays Clio, "has a charming eye:
"What pity 'tis her ſhoulder is awry!
"Aſpaſia's ſhape indeed—but then her air—
"The man has parts who finds deſtruction there.
"Almeria's wit has ſomething that 's divine;
"And wit's enough—how few in all things ſhine!

"Selima

'Selima ſerves her friends, relieves the poor—
" Who was it ſaid Selima 's near threeſcore?
" At Lucia's match I from my ſoul rejoice,
" The world congratulates ſo wiſe a choice;
" His lordſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great:
" But mortgages will ſap the beſt eſtate.
" In Shirley's form might cherubims appear,
" But then—ſhe has a freckle on her ear."
Without a but, Hortenſia ſhe commends,
The firſt of women, and the beſt of friends;
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame, virtue bright;
But how comes this to paſs?—ſhe died laſt night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at ſatire rail;
Indeed that 's needleſs, if ſuch praiſe prevail;
And whence ſuch praiſe? our virulence is thrown
On others' fame, thro' fondneſs for our own.
Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns;
For are not coronets akin to crowns?
Her greedy eye, and her ſublime addreſs,
The height of avarice and pride confeſs.
You ſeek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, ſeek for her perfections at the bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reaſon uncontroll'd,
For ever burns her ſacred thirſt of gold.
As fond of fivepence as the verieſt cit,
And quite as much deteſted as a wit.
Can gold calm paſſion, or make reaſon ſhine?
Can we dig peace or wiſdom from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much leſs
To make our fortune than our happineſs;
That happineſs which great ones often ſee,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themſelves unbleſt: the poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their ſtore?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of ſtate,
The happy only are the truly great.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new ſenſe,
Our envy would be due to large expence.
Since not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See, how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languiſh! oh ſupport them with a lye!
A decent competence we fully taſte;
It ſtrikes our ſenſe, and gives a conſtant feaſt:
More, we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich muſt labour to poſſeſs their own,
To feel their great abundance; and requeſt
Their humble friends to help them to be bleſt;
To ſee their treaſures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold. [divine,
But ſome, great ſouls! and touch'd with warmth
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to ſhine.
All hoarded treaſures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well be-
Grand reſervoirs of public happineſs, [ſtow'd.
Thro' ſecret ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs; [view,
And while their bounties glide conceal'd from
Relieve our wants, and ſpare our bluſhes too.
But ſatire is my taſk, and theſe deſtroy
Her gloomy province and malignant joy.
Help me, ye miſers! help me to complain,
And blaſt our common enemy, Germain:
But our invectives muſt deſpair ſucceſs;
For next to praiſe, ſhe values nothing leſs.
What picture's yonder, looſen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Auſturia, that affected dame?
The brighteſt forms, thro' affectation, fade
To ſtrange newthings, which nature never made;
Frown not ye fair! ſo much your ſex we prize,
We hate thoſe arts that take you from our eyes,
In Albucinda's native grace is ſeen
What you, who labour at perfection, mean:
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with eaſe;
Retain your gentle ſelves, and you muſt pleaſe.
Here might I ſing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the ſoft machine:
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau;
While one white finger and a thumb conſpire
To lift the cup and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream!
As Lethe dreadful to the love of fame.
What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen!
What ſhades of mighty names which once have been!
A hecatomb of characters ſupplies
Thy painted altar's daily ſacrifice;
H—, P—, B—, aſpers'd by thee decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taſte:
Scandal 's the ſweet'ner of a female feaſt.
But this inhuman triumph ſhall decline,
And thy revolving Naiads call for wine;
Spirits no longer ſhall ſerve under thee;
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea!
Citronia's noſe declares thy ruin nigh;
And who dares give Citronia's noſe the lye*?
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue blam'd.
At length, to reſcue man, the gen'rous laſs
Stole from her conſort the pernicious glaſs.
As glorious as the Britiſh queen renown'd,
Who ſuck'd the poiſon from her huſband's wound.
Nor to the glaſs alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But ev'ry bolder vice of bold mankind.
O Juvenal! for thy ſeverer rage,
To laſh the ranker follies of our age!
Are there among the females of our iſle
Such faults at which it is a fault to ſmile?
There are. Vice, once by modeſt nature chain'd,
And legal ties, expatiates unreſtrain'd;
Without thin decency held up to view,
Naked ſhe ſtalks o'er law and goſpel too.
Our matrons lead ſuch exemplary lives,
Men ſigh in vain for none but for their wives;
Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man to wanton with a ſcore.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis ſtedfaſt hate,
And one eternal tempeſt of debate.
What foul eruptions from a look moſt meek!
What thunders burſting from a dimpled cheek!
Their paſſions bear it with a lofty hand;
But then their reaſon is at due command.

* ——— Solem quis dicere falſum audeat? VIRGIL.

Is there whom you deteſt, and ſeek his life?
Truſt no ſoul with the ſecret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And aſk, what kindred is a ſpouſe to them?
What ſwarms of am'rous grandmothers I ſee,
And miſſes, ancient in iniquity! [ing!
What blaſting whiſpers, and what loud declaim-
What lying, drinking, bawding, ſwearing, gaming!
Friendſhip ſo cold, ſuch warm incontinence,
Such griping av'rice, ſuch profuſe expence,
Such dead devotion, ſuch a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, ſuch maſquerading times,
Such venal faith, ſuch miſapplied applauſe,
Such flatter'd guilt, and ſuch inverted laws,
Such diſſolution thro' the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind. [belle
Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dreſs'd
Shines in the pew, but ſmiles to hear of hell;
And caſts an eye of ſweet diſdain on all
Who liſten leſs to C——ns than St. Paul.
Atheiſts have been but rare ſince nature's birth;
Till now, ſhe-atheiſts ne'er appear'd on earth;
Ye men of deep reſearches, ſay whence ſprings
This daring character, in tim'rous things,
Who ſtart at feathers, from an inſect fly,
A match for nothing—but the Deity? [own
But, not to wrong the fair, the Muſe muſt
In this purſuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more ſubſtantial view—
" From thinking free, to be free agents too."
They ſtrive with their own hearts, and keep them down
In complaiſance to all the fools in town.
Oh how they tremble at the name of prude!
And die with ſhame at thought of being good!
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs ſay?
They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a ſlave;
Thro' cowardice moſt execrably brave.
With our own judgments durſt we to comply,
In virtue ſhould we live, in glory die.
Riſe then, my Muſe, in honeſt fury riſe!
They dread a Satire who defy the ſkies.
Atheiſts are few; moſt nymphs a god-head
And nothing but his attributes dethrone. [own,
From Atheiſts far, they ſtedfaſtly believe
God is, and is almighty—to forgive.
His other excellence they 'll not diſpute;
But mercy, ſure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleaſures of a ſhort duration chain
A lady's ſoul in everlaſting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms deſtroy,
For now and then a ſip of tranſient joy?
No, he 's for ever in a ſmiling mood;
He 's like themſelves, or how could he be good?
And they blaſpheme who blacker ſchemes ſup-
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depoſe, [poſe.
The pure! the juſt! and ſet up in his ſtead
A Deity that 's perfectly well-bred.
" Dear Tillotſon!—be ſure the beſt of men—
" Nor thought he more than thought great Ori-
" Tho' once upon a time he miſbehav'd— [gen.
" Poor Satan! doubtleſs he'll at length be ſav'd.
" Let prieſts do ſomething for their one in ten;
" It is their trade; ſo far they 're honeſt men.
" Let them canton, ſince they have got the knack,
" And dreſs their notions like themſelves in black;
" Fright us with terrors of a world unknown
" From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
" Of earth 's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
" But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.
" Virtue 's a pretty thing to make a ſhow:
" Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault?"
Thus pleads the Devil's fair apologiſt,
And pleading, ſafely enters on his liſt.
Let angel forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature diſjoins the beauteous and profane.
For what 's true beauty but fair virtue's face.
Virtue made viſible in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more ſhe charms the more ſhe ſhocks mankind.
But charms decline; the fair long vigils keep;
They ſleep no more! Quadrille has murder'd ſleep *.
" Poor K—p! cries Livia; I have not been there
" Theſe two nights; the poor creature will deſpair.
" I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
" And people of condition ſhould beſtow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matron's
Now ſet a daughter, and now ſtake a ſon; [run,
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune fly;
And beggar half their race—through charity.
Immortal were we, or elſe mortal quite,
I leſs ſhould blame this criminal delight;
But ſince the gay aſſembly's gayeſt room
Is but an upper ſtory to ſome tomb,
Methinks we need not our ſhort beings ſhun,
And, thought to fly, content to be undone:
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time.
The love of gaming is the worſt of ills;
With ceaſeleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills;
Inveighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood,
Deſtroys the pow'r and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace,
And, what is ſtill more dreadful, ſpoils your face.
See yonder ſet of thieves that live on ſpoil,
The ſcandal and the ruin of our iſle!
And ſee (ſtrange ſight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her ſnowy hand;
That rattles loud a ſmall enchanted box,
Which loud as thunder on the board ſhe knocks.
And as fierce ſtorms, which earth's foundation
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke, [ſhook,
From this ſmall cavern a mix'd tempeſt flies,
Fear, rage, convulſion, tears, oaths, blaſphemies!
For men, I mean, the fair diſcharges none;
She, guiltleſs creature! ſwears to Heaven alone.
See her eyes ſtart, cheeks glow, and muſcles
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell. [ſwell!
Thus that divine one her ſoft nights employs!
Thus tunes her ſoul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head,
With the dire images her dreams are crown'd,
The die ſpins lovely, or the cards go round:

* Shakeſpeare.

Imaginary

Imaginary ruin charms her ſtill;
Her happy lord is cuckold by Spadille;
And, if ſhe's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling ſon.
Oh ſcene of horror, and of wild deſpair!
Why is the rich Artides' ſplendid heir
Conſtrain'd to quit his ancient lordly ſeat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn ſword? and whence that diſmal cry?
Why pale diſtraction thro' the family?
See my lord threatens and my lady weep,
And trembling ſervants from the tempeſt creep.
Why that gay ſon to diſtant regions ſent?
What fiends that daughter's deſtin'd match prevent?
Why the whole houſe in ſudden ruin laid?
Oh nothing but—laſt night my lady play'd.
But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is this too owing to the love of fame?
Tho' now your hearts on lucre are beſtow'd;
'Twas firſt a vain devotion to the mode.
Nor ceaſe we here, ſince 'tis a vice ſo ſtrong,
The torrent ſweeps all womankind along.
This may be ſaid in honour of our times,
That none nowſtand diſtinguiſh'd by their crimes.
If ſin you muſt, take nature for your guide,
Love has ſome ſoft excuſe to ſoothe your pride;
Ye fair apoſtates from love's ancient pow'r!
Can nothing raviſh but a golden ſhow'r?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy ſeize?
Muſt Cupid learn to punt, ere he can pleaſe?
When you're enamour'd of a liſt or caſt,
What can the preacher more to make us chaſte?
Can fame, like a repique, the ſoul entrance!
And what is virtue to the lucky chance?
Why muſt ſtrong youths unmarried pine away?
They find no woman diſengag'd—from play.
Why pine the married? oh ſeverer fate!
They find from play no diſengag'd—eſtate.
Flavia, at lovers falſe untouch'd, and hard,
Turns pale and trembles at a cruel card.
Nor Arria's Bible can ſecure her age;
Her threeſcore years are ſhuffling with her page:
While death ſtands by but till the game is done,
To ſweep that ſtake in juſtice long his own;
Like old cards ting'd with ſulphur ſhe takes fire;
Or, like ſnuffs ſunk in ſockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with new delights inſpire the fair;
Or give us ſons, and ſave us from deſpair!
Sons, brothers, fathers, huſbands, tradeſmen, cloſe
In my complaint, and brand your ſins in proſe:
Yet I believe as firmly as my creed,
In ſpite of all our wiſdom, you'll proceed.
Our pride ſo great, our paſſion is ſo ſtrong,
Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd!"
When you chaſtiſe, who would not kiſs the rod?
But I've a charm your anger ſhall control,
And turn your eyes with coldneſs on the vole.
The charm begins! To yonder flood of light
That burſts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your ſight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your ſoul with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law.
'Midſt empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glows with a love of virtue and of art!
Her favor is diffus'd to that degree,
Exceſs of goodneſs! it has dawn'd on me,
When in my page, to balance num'rous faults,
Or god-like deeds were ſhewn, or gen'rous thoughts,
She ſmil'd, induſtrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd luſtre drew.
* Thus the majeſtic mother of mankind,
To her own charms moſt amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently ſtood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the cryſtal flood,
Survey'd the ſtranger in the painted wave,
And ſmiling prais'd the beauties which ſhe gave.
† In more than civil war, while patriots ſtorm;
While genius is but cold, their paſſion warm;
While public good aloft, in pomp, they wield;
And private int'reſt ſkulks behind the ſhield:
While Miſt and Wilkins riſe in weekly might,
Make preſſes groan, lead ſenators to fight;
Exalt our coffee with lampoons, and treat
The pamper'd mob with miniſters of ſtate:
"‡ While Até, hot from hell makes heroes ſhrink,
"Cries havoc, and lets looſe the dogs of ink:"
Nor rank nor ſex eſcapes the gen'ral frown,
But ladies are ripp'd up and cits knock'd down:
Tremendous force! where even the victor bleeds;
And he deſerves our pity that ſucceeds:
Immortal Juvenal! and thou of France!
In your fam'd field my Satire dares advance;
But cuts herſelf a track to you unknown;
Nor crops your laurel, but would raiſe her own:
A bold adventure! but a ſafe one too!
For though ſurpaſs'd, I am ſurpaſs'd by you.

SATIRE VII.

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipſe, canemus.
VIRG.

ON this laſt labour, this my cloſing ſtrain,
Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inſpire in vain.
To thee 'tis due; that verſe how juſtly thine,
Where Brunſwick's glory crowns the whole deſign!
That glory which thy counſels make ſo bright,
That glory which on thee reflects a light.
Illuſtrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To give and take a luſtre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The fountain is not foreign to the ſtream.
How all mankind will be ſurpris'd to ſee
This flood of Britiſh folly charg'd on thee!
Yet, Britain, whence this caprice of thy ſons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
The cauſe is plain, a cauſe which we muſt bleſs;
For caprice is the daughter of ſucceſs,
(A bad effect, but from a pleaſing cauſe)
And gives our rulers undeſign'd applauſe;
Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increaſe,
And lulls us in the downy lap of peace.
While I ſurvey the bleſſings of our iſle,
Her arts triumphant in the Royal ſmile,

* Milton. † Lucan. ‡ Shakeſpeare.

Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce ſpreading ſails in ev'ry ſky,
The pleaſing ſcene recalls my theme again,
And ſhews the madneſs of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodſhed, draw the murd'ring ſword,
And burn to give mankind a ſingle lord.
The follies paſt are of a private kind,
Their ſphere is ſmall, their miſchief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (awake my Muſe!
And raiſe thy verſe) who bolder phrenzy chooſe;
Who, ſtung by glory, rave and bound away;
The world their friend, and humankind their prey.
The Grecian chief, th' enthuſiaſt of his pride,
With Rage and Terror ſtalking by his ſide,
Raves round the globe; he ſoars into a god!
Stand faſt, Olympus! and ſuſtain his nod.
The peſt divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miſeries and pains.
What ſlaughter'd hoſts! what cities in a blaze!
What waſted countries! and what crimſon ſeas!
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repoſe.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraiſe
The boiſt'rous boy, and blaſt his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the ſtorm,
Or famine, or volcano? they perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can ſlay,
And ſpread their ample deſerts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth and peſtilence to ſhare the crown.
When men extol a wild deſtroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preſerver they blaſpheme.
One to deſtroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe.
To murder thouſands, takes a ſpecious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
When after battle I the field have ſeen [men,
Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes, which once were
A nation cruſh'd! a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this ſide the grave!
Are there, ſaid I, who from this ſad ſurvey,
This human chaos, carry ſmiles away?
How did my heart with indignation riſe!
How honeſt nature ſwell'd into my eyes!
How was I ſhock'd, to think the hero's trade
Of ſuch materials fame and triumph made!
How guilty theſe! yet not leſs guilty they
Who reach falſe glory by a ſmoother way;
Who wrap deſtruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and ſmiles, more fatal than their ſwords;
Who ſtifle nature, and ſubſiſt on art;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
All real kindneſs for the ſhow diſcard,
As marble poliſh'd and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Chriſtians do thro' grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinneſt food on which a wretch can dine,"
Or, if they ſerve you, ſerve you diſinclin'd;
And, in their height of kindneſs, are unkind.
Such courtiers were, and ſuch again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.
Here ceaſe, my Muſe! the catalogue is writ,
Nor one more candidate for fame admit;
Tho' diſappointed thouſands juſtly blame
Thy partial pen, and boaſt an equal claim,
Be this their comfort—fools omitted here
May furniſh laughter for another year.
Then let Criſpino, who was ne'er refus'd
The juſtice yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait, and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in ſome future ſtrain;
Some future ſtrain, in which the Muſe ſhall tell
How ſcience dwindles, and how volumes ſwell;
How commentators each dark paſſage ſhun,
And hold their farthing candle to the ſun;
How tortur'd texts to ſpeak our ſenſe are made,
And ev'ry vice is to the ſcripture laid;
How miſers ſqueeze a young voluptuous peer,
His ſins to Lucifer not half ſo dear;
How Verſus is leſs qualified to ſteal
With ſword and piſtol, than with wax and ſeal;
How lawyers' fees to ſuch exceſs are run,
That clients are redreſs'd till they're undone:
How one man's anguiſh is another's ſport,
And ev'n denials coſt us dear at court;
How man eternally falſe judgments makes,
And all his joys and ſorrows are miſtakes.
This ſwarm of themes that ſettles on my pen,
Which I, like ſummer-flies, ſhake off again,
Let others ſing; to whom my weak eſſay
But ſounds a prelude, and points out their prey.
That duty done, I haſten to complete
My own deſigns; for Tonſon's at the gate.
The love of fame, in its effects ſurvey'd,
The Muſe has ſung; be now the cauſe diſplay'd,
Since ſo diffuſive and ſo wide its ſway,
What is this Pow'r whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by Heav'ns indulgence came
This gen'rous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raiſe, to deify mankind,
Still burning brighteſt in the nobleſt mind.
By large-ſoul'd men, for thirſt of fame renown'd,
Wiſe laws were fram'd, and ſecret arts were found;
Deſire of praiſe firſt broke the patriot's reſt,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breaſt;
It bids Argyle in fields and ſenates ſhine:
What more can prove its origin divine?
But, oh! this paſſion planted in the ſoul,
On eagles wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming miniſter of virtue meant,
Set up falſe gods, and wrong'd her high deſcent.
Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots and beauties an alternate ſource;
Hence Gildon rails, the raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcaſes of wit:
And in art-loving Scarborough is ſeen
How kind a patron Pollio might have been.
Purſuit of fame with pedants fills our ſchools,
And into coxcombs burniſhes our fools;
Purſuit of fame makes ſolid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height:
That key of nature, by whoſe wit ſhe clears
Her long, long ſecrets of five thouſand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole
Why, and in what degrees, Pride ſways the ſoul?
(For, tho' in all not equally ſhe reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my ſtrains.

Ye

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I diſcloſe,
As true as if 'twere writ in dulleſt proſe;
As if a letter'd dunce had ſaid, "'tis right,"
And *imprimatur* uſher'd it to light.
To glorious deeds this paſſion fires the mind,
And cloſer draws the ties of humankind,
Confirms ſociety; ſince what we prize,
As our chief bleſſing, muſt from others riſe.
Ambition in the truly noble mind,
With ſiſter-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who with equal dread
From guilt, and ſhame, by her laſt conduct fled;
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm diſdain,
And the ſword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the ſlave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her ſide, her love of fame obey'd.
In meaner minds ambition works alone;
But with ſuch art puts virtue's aſpect on,
That not more like in feature, and in mien,
The god and mortal in the comic ſcene*.
Falſe Julius, ambuſh'd in this fair diſguiſe,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.
No maſk in baſeſt minds ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her aſs's ears;
All I have ſung are inſtances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded, not amiſs.
Ye vain! deſiſt from your erroneous ſtrife;
Be wiſe, and quit the falſe ſublime of life.
The true ambition there alone reſides,
Where juſtice vindicates, and wiſdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward ſtate,
Our purpoſe good, as our achievement great;
Where public bleſſings public praiſe attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end. [view,
Wouldſt thou be fam'd? have thoſe high deeds in
Brave men would act, tho' ſcandal ſhould enſue.
Behold a prince whom no ſwoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;
But when the welfare of mankind inſpires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conqueſt then, then regal pomps delight:
Then crowns, then triumphs, ſparkle in his ſight;
Tumult and noiſe are dear, which with them bring
His people's bleſſings to their ardent king:
But, when thoſe great heroic motives ceaſe,
His ſwelling ſoul ſubſides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A ſudden foe to ſplendour and applauſe,
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly ſhout his name.
O pride celeſtial, which can pride diſdain!
O bleſt ambition, which can ne'er be vain!
From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the ſky,
In whoſe deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burſt the Rhone and ſounding Po, there ſhine
In infant rills the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich ſtore one fruitful urn ſupplies,
Whole kingdoms ſmile, a thouſand harveſts riſe.
In Brunſwick ſuch a ſource the muſe adores,
Which public bleſſings thro' half Europe pours,
When his heart burns with ſuch a god-like aim
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can ſoft affections raiſe,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praiſe.
Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds and the tumultuous waves†.
Even ſtorms (death's fierceſt miniſters!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to ſpare.
Thus nature's ſelf, ſupporting man's decree,
Styles Britain's Sovereign, Sovereign of the Sea.
While ſea and air, great Brunſwick! ſhook our ſtate,
And ſported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what ſhe lov'd, and preſs'd with fear
Of ever loſing what ſhe held moſt dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles ‡, weep,
And tell her ſorrows to the kindred deep!
Hang o'er the floods, and in devotion warm,
Strive for thee with the ſurge, and fight the ſtorm!
What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm?
Our Palinurus § ſlept not at the helm,
His eyes ne'er cloſ'd; long ſince inur'd to wake,
And outwatch ev'ry ſtar, for Brunſwick's ſake,
By thwarting paſſions toſt, by cares oppreſt,
He found thy tempeſt pictur'd in his breaſt.
But now what joys that gloom of heart diſpel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which Nature and the Graces form,
At will to raiſe or huſh the civil ſtorm.

§ 54. *The Caſtle of Indolence. An Allegorical Poem.* THOMSON.

The Caſtle hight of Indolence,
And its falſe luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who liveſt here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard eſtate:
That like an emmet thou muſt ever moil,
Is a ſad ſentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reaſon great;
For, tho' ſometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curſe thy ſtar, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Looſe life, unruly paſſions, and diſeaſes pale.
In lowly dale, faſt by a river's ſide,
With woody hill o'er hill encompaſs'd round,
A moſt enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely ſpot of ground:
And there a ſeaſon atween June and May,
Half prankt with ſpring, with ſummer half imbrown'd,
A liſtleſs climate made, where, ſooth to ſay,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.
Was nought around but images of reſt:
Sleep-ſoothing groves, and quiet lawns between
And flow'ry beds that ſlumb'rous influence keſt,

* Amphytrion † The King in danger by ſea. ‡ Hom. Il. lib. 1.
§ Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &c. VIRG. l. v.

From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleaſant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature ſeen;
Meantime unnumber'd glittering ſtreamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters ſheen;
That, as they bicker'd thro' the ſunny glade,
Tho' reſtleſs ſtill themſelves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the diſtant hills,
And vacant ſhepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then ſweet Philomel would wail,
Or Stock-doves 'plain amid the foreſt deep,
That drowſy ruſtled to the ſighing gale;
And ſtill a coil the graſshopper did keep:
Yet all theſe ſounds yblent inclined all to ſleep.

Full in the paſſage of the vale above,
A ſable, ſilent, ſolemn foreſt ſtood; [move,
Where nought but ſhadowy forms was ſeen to
As Idleneſs fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills on either ſide a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a ſleepy horror thro' the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and ſcarcely heard, to flow.

A pleaſing land of drowſy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-ſhut eye;
And of gay caſtles in the clouds that paſs,
For ever flushing round a ſummer ſky:
There eke the ſoft delights that witchingly
Inſtil a wanton ſweetneſs through the breaſt,
And calm the pleaſures, always hover'd nigh,
But whate'er ſmack'd of noyance, or unreſt,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious neſt.

The landſcape ſuch, inſpiring perfect eaſe,
Where Indolence (for ſo the wizard bight)
Cloſe hid his caſtle 'mid embow'ring trees,
That half ſhut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checquer'd day and night:
Meanwhile, unceaſing at the maſſy gate,
Beneath a ſpacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and, to his lute, of cruel fate
And labour harſh complain'd, lamenting man's eſtate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded ſtill,
From all the roads of earth that paſs thereby;
For, as they chanc'd to breathe on neighb'ring hill,
The freſhneſs of this valley ſmote their eye,
And drew them over and anon more nigh;
'Till cluſt'ring round th' enchanter falſe they hung,
Ymolten with his ſyren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lure his hand he flung
And to the trembling chords thoſe tempting verſes ſung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
"See all but man, with unearn'd pleaſure gay,
"See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
"Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
"What youthful bride can equal her array?
"Who can with her for eaſy pleaſure vie?
"From mead to mead with gentle wing to ſtray,
"From flow'r to flow'r on balmy gales to fly,
"Is all ſhe hath to do beneath the radiant ſky.

"Behold the merry minſtrels of the morn,
"The ſwarming ſongſters of the careleſs grove,
"Ten thouſand throats! that from the flower-
"ing thorn
"Hymn their good God, and carol ſweet of love,
"Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
"They neither plough nor ſow; ne, fit for flail,
"E'er to the barn the nodding ſheaves they
"drove;
"Yet theirs each harveſt dancing in the gale,
"Whatever crowns the hill, or ſmiles along the
"vale.

"Outcaſt of nature, man! the wretched thrall
"Of bitter-dropping ſweat, of ſweltry pain,
"Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
"And of the vices, an inhuman train,
"That all proceed from ſavage thirſt of gain:
"For when hard-hearted intereſt firſt began
"To poiſon earth, Aſtræa left the plain;
"Guile, violence, and murder, ſeiz'd on man,
"And, for ſoft milky ſtreams, with blood the
"rivers ran.

"Come ye who ſtill the cumbrous load of life
"Puſh hard up hill; but, as the fartheſt ſteep
"You truſt to gain, and put an end to ſtrife,
"Down thunders back the ſtone with mighty
"ſweep,
"And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
"For ever vain; come, and withouten fee
"I in oblivion will your ſorrows ſteep,
"Your cares, your toils; will ſteep you in a ſea
"Of full delight: oh come, ye weary wights to
"me!

"With me you need not riſe at early dawn,
"To paſs the joyleſs day in various ſounds;
"Or, louting low, on upſtart fortune fawn,
"And ſell fair honour for ſome paltry pounds:
"Or thro' the city take your dirty rounds,
"To cheat, and dun, and lie, and viſit pay,
"Now flattering baſe, now giving ſecret
"wounds;
"Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
"In venal ſenate thieve, or rob on broad high-
"way.

"No cocks with me to ruſtic labour call,
"From village on to village ſounding clear;
"To tardy ſwains no ſhrill'd-voic'd matrons
"ſquall;
"No dogs, no babes, no wives, to ſtun your ear;
"No hammers thump; no horrid blackſmith
"ſtart,
"fear;
"No noiſy tradeſmen your ſweet ſlumbers
"With ſounds that are a miſery to hear:
"But all is calm, as would delight the heart
"Of Sybarite of old, all nature and all art.

"Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent
"eaſe,
"Good-natur'd lounging, ſaunt'ring up and down.

"They

" They who are pleas'd themſelves muſt always
" pleaſe;
" On others ways they never ſquint a frown,
" Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
" Thus, from the ſource of tender indolence,
" With milky blood the heart is overflown,
" Is ſooth'd and ſweeten'd by the ſocial ſenſe:
" For int'reſt, envy, pride, and ſtrife are baniſh'd
" hence.
" What, what is virtue, but repoſe of mind?
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no ſtorm;
" Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
" Above thoſe paſſions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm!
" But here inſtead, ſoft gales of paſſion play,
" And gently ſtir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker ſenſe of joy; as breezes ſtray
" Acroſs th' enliven'd ſkies, and make them ſtill
" more gay.
" The beſt of men have ever lov'd repoſe;
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
" Where the ſoul ſours, and gradual rancour
" grows,
" Embitter'd more from peeviſh day to day.
" Ev'n thoſe whom fame has lent her faireſt ray,
" The moſt renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a baſe world at laſt have ſtol'n away.
" So Scipio, to the ſoft Cumæan ſhore
" Retiring, taſted joy he never knew before.
" But if a little exerciſe you chooſe,
" Some reſt for eaſe, 'tis not forbidden here.
" Amid the groves you may indulge the muſe;
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal
" year;
" Or ſoftly ſtealing, with your watery gear,
" Along the brooks, the crimſon-ſpotted fry
" You may delude: the whilſt amus'd you hear
" Now the hoarſe ſtream, and now the zephyr's
" ſigh,
" Attuned to the birds and woodland melody.
" O grievous folly! to heap up eſtate,
" Loſing the days you ſee beneath the ſun;
" When, ſudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
" And gives the untaſted portion you have won
" With ruthleſs toil, and many a wretch un-
" done, [reign,
" To thoſe who mock you gone to Pluto's
" There with ſad ghoſts to pine, and ſhadows
" dun:
" But ſure it is of vanities moſt vain, [tain."
" To toil for what you here untoiling may ob-

He ceas'd. But ſtill their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his 'witching ſong;
That by a kind of magic pow'r conſtrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the liſt'ning throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they ſlipp'd along.
In ſilent eaſe; as when beneath the beam
Of ſummer moons, the diſtant woods among,
Or by ſome flood all ſilver'd with the gleam,
The ſoft embodied fays thro' airy portal ſtream.

By the ſmooth demon ſo it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty firſt began:
Tho' ſome there were who would not further paſs,
And his alluring baits ſuſpected han.
The wiſe diſtruſt the too fair ſpoken man;
Yet thro' the gate they caſt a wiſhful eye:
Not to move on, forſooth, is all they can;
For, do their very beſt, they cannot fly;
But often each way look, and often ſorely ſigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard ſaw,
With ſudden ſpringhe leap'd upon them ſtraight
And, ſoon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themſelves within the curſed gate;
Full hard to be repaſs'd, like that of fate.
Not ſtronger were of old the giant crew
Who fought to pull high Jove from regal ſtate;
Tho' feeble wretch he ſeem'd of ſallow hue,
Certes, who bides his graſp, will that encounter rue.

For, whomſoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their ſinews melt apace,
As lithe they grow as any willow wand,
And of their vanquiſh'd force remains no trace.
So when a maiden fair, of modeſt grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is ſeized in ſome loſel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as ſhe warms,
Then ſighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

Wak'd by the crow'd, ſlow from his bench aroſe
A comely full-ſpread porter, ſwoln with ſleep;
His calm, broad, thoughtleſs aſpect breath'd repoſe,
And in ſweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himſelf from ceaſeleſs yawning keep:
While o'er his eyes the drowſy liquor ran,
Thro' which his half-wak'd ſoul would faintly peep.
Then taking his black ſtaff, he call'd his man,
Androus'd himſelf as much as rouſe himſelf he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his maſter's call,
He was, to weet, a little roguiſh page,
Save ſleep and play who minded not at all,
Like moſt the untaught ſtriplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to diſengage,
Garters, and buckles, taſk for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave perſonage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit;
So this ſame limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the maſter-porter wide diſplay'd
Great ſtore of caps, of ſlippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he thoſe who enter'd in array'd,
Looſe as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the ſummer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undreſs, beſt dreſs! it checks no vein,
But ev'ry flowing limb in pleaſure drowns,
And heightens eaſe with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter ſat him down, and turn'd to ſleep again.

Thus eaſy rob'd, they to the fountain ſped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A ſtream, high ſpouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:

There

There each deep draughts, as deep he thirſted, drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare: (grew,
Whence, as Dan Homer ſings, huge pleaſaunce
And ſweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladſome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and ſtill,
Withouten tromp was proclamation made:
"Ye ſons of Indolence, do what you will;
"And wander where you liſt, thro' hall or glade!
"Be no man's pleaſure for another's ſtaid;
"Let each as likes him beſt his hours employ;
"And curs'd be he who minds his neigh-
"bour's trade!
"Here dwells kind eaſe and unreproving joy:
"He little merits bliſs who others can annoy."

Straight of theſe endleſs numbers, ſwarming round,
As thick as idle motes in ſunny ray,
Not one eftſoons in view was to be found,
But ev'ry man ſtroll'd off his own glad way.
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be ſeen to ſtray;
While ſolitude and perfect ſilence reign'd:
So that to think you dream'd you almoſt was conſtrain'd.

As when a ſhepherd of the * Hebrid Iſles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aërial beings ſometimes deign
To ſtand, embodied, to our ſenſes plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilſt in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vaſt aſſembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air diſſolves the wondrous ſhow.

Ye gods of quiet and of ſleep profound,
Whoſe ſoft dominion o'er this caſtle ſways,
And all the wildly ſilent places round,
Forgive me if my trembling pen diſplays
What never yet was ſung in mortal lays.
But how ſhall I attempt ſuch arduous ſtring,
I who have ſpent my nights and nightly days
In this ſoul-deadening place, looſe loitering?
Ah! how ſhall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

Come on, my muſe, nor ſtoop to low deſpair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celeſtial fire!
Thou yet ſhalt ſing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold ſons of Britain will inſpire;
Of ancient bards thou yet ſhalt ſweep the lyre;
Thou yet ſhalt tread in tragic pall the ſtage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The ſages calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Daſhing corruption down thro' ev'ry worthleſs age.

The doors, that knew no ſhrill alarming bell,
Ne curſed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Perſian land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets ſpread,
And couches ſtretch around in ſeemly band;
And endleſs pillows riſe to prop the head;
So that each ſpacious room was one full-ſwelling bed.

And every where huge cover'd tables ſtood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever ſprightly juice or taſteful food
On the green boſom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unſeen theſe ſilently diſplay'd,
Ev'n undemanded by a ſign or ſound:
You need but wiſh; and inſtantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the diſhes roſe, and thick the glaſſes play'd.

Here freedom reign'd without the leaſt alloy;
Nor goſſip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor ſaintly ſpleen, durſt murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleaſures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each ſhould work his own deſire,
And eat, drink, ſtudy, ſleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muſes might inſpire.

The rooms with coſtly tapeſtry were hung,
Where was enwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets ſung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the ſweetly tortur'd heart,
Or, ſighing tender paſſion, ſwell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to reſound their ſmart;
While flocks, woods, ſtreams, around repoſe and peace impart.

Thoſe pleas'd the moſt, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And paſtur'd on from verdant ſtage to ſtage,
Where fields and fountains freſh could beſt engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beaſts the ſylvan war to wage,
And o'er vaſt plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Bleſt ſons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landſcapes riſe,
Or autumn's varied ſhades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempeſt ſtrikes th' aſtoniſh'd eyes;
Now down the ſteep the flaſhing torrent flies;
The trembling ſun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the ſkies;
Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with ſoftning hue
Or ſavage Roſa daſh'd, or learned Pouſſin drew.

Each ſound too here to languiſhment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak boſom, and induced eaſe.

* Thoſe iſlands on the weſtern coaſt of Scotland, called the Hebrides.

Aërial

Aërial muſic in the warbling wind,
At diſtance riſing oft, by ſmall degrees
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd ſuch ſoul-diſſolving airs,
As did alas! with ſoft perdition pleaſe:
Entangled deep in its enchanting ſnares,
The liſt'ning heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain muſic, never known before,
Here lull'd the penſive melancholy mind,
Full eaſily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But ſidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd inſtrument reclin'd;
From which with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the moſt refin'd,
The god of winds drew ſounds of deep delight:
Whence, with juſt cauſe, the Harp of Æolus * it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the ſtring ſo fine?
Who up the lofty diapaſon roll
Such ſweet, ſuch ſad, ſuch ſolemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the ſoul?
Now riſing love they fann'd; now pleaſing dole
They breath'd, in tender muſings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver ſacred ſtrain they ſtole,
As when ſeraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay ſplendour, the luxurious ſtate
Of caliphs old, who on the Tygris' ſhore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies ſtore;
And verſe, love, muſic ſtill the garland wore:
When ſleep was coy, the bard in waiting there
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muſe's lore;
Compoſing muſic bade his dreams be fair,
And muſic lent new gladneſs to the morning air †.

Near the pavillions where we ſlept, ſtill ran
Soft tinkling ſtreams, and daſhing waters fell,
And ſobbing breezes ſigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wint'ry ſtorms to ſwell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threating ſeem'd to call
The demons of the tempeſt, growling fell,
Yet the leaſt entrance found they none at all;
Whence ſweeter grew our ſleep, ſecure in maſſy hall.

And hither Morpheus ſent his kindeſt dreams,
Raiſing a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were ſhadowy caſt elyſian gleams
That play'd in waving lights, from place to place,
And ſhed a roſeate ſmile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could ſo array,
So fleece with clouds, the pure ethereal ſpace;
Ne could it e'er ſuch melting forms diſplay,
As looſe on flow'ry beds all languiſhingly lay.

No, fair illuſions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muſe will not attempt your fairy land:
She has no colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid ſcenes too groſs her hand.
But ſure it is, was ne'er a ſubtler band
Than theſe ſame guileful angel-ſeeming ſpirites,
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, ſoft and bland,
Pour'd all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And bleſs'd them oft beſides with more refin'd delights.

They were, in ſooth, a moſt enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue; ſkilful to unite
With evil good, and ſtrew with pleaſure pain.
But for theſe fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurt the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulphs, where ſullen waters ſleep,
Or hold him clamb'ring all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep:
They, till due time ſhould ſerve, were bid far hence to keep.

Ye guardian ſpirits, to whom man is dear,
From theſe foul demons ſhield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love be near,
And o'er the blank of ſleep diffuſe a bloom:
Evoke the ſacred ſhades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, awhile, oh lend us from the tomb
Thoſe long loſt-friends for whom in love we ſmart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

Or, are you ſportive, bid the morn of youth
Riſe to new light, and beam afreſh the days
Of innocence, ſimplicity, and truth,
To cares eſtrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What tranſport, to retrace our boyiſh plays,
Our eaſy bliſs, when each thing joy ſupplied;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wand'ring wide,
My Muſe, reſume the taſk that yet doth thee abide.

One great amuſement of our houſehold was,
In a huge cryſtal magic globe to ſpy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do paſs
Upon this ant-hill earth; where conſtantly
Of idly buſy men the reſtleſs fry
Run buſtling to and fro with fooliſh haſte,
In ſearch of pleaſures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the catiffs dare not taſte:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waſte?

Of Vanity the mirror this was call'd:
Here you a muckworm of the town might ſee
At his dull deſk, amid his ledgers ſtall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Moſt like to carcaſe pitch'd on gallows-tree.
"A penny ſaved is a penny got;"

* This is not an imagination of the author; there being in fact ſuch an inſtrument, called Æolus's Harp, which, when placed againſt a little ruſhing or current of air, produces the effect here deſcribed.

† The Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whoſe office it was to do what is here mentioned.

Firm

Firm to this ſcoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and baniſhed his pot.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes flutt'ring forth a gaudy ſpendthrift heir,
All gloſſy gay; enamell'd all with gold,
The ſilly tenant of the ſummer air,
In folly loſt, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, ſtewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradeſmen him among them ſhare:
His father's ghoſt from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation does upon him pile.

This globe portray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards; oft they ſnatch the pen,
As if inſpir'd, and in a Theſpian rage;
Then write and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, Authors, all this ſcrawl and ſcribbling ſore,
To loſe the preſent, gain the future age,
Praiſed to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when uſeleſs worldly ſtore.

Then would a ſplendid city riſe to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all.
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew:
See how they daſh along from wall to wall!
At ev'ry door, hark, how they thund'ring call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tireſome parties for the coming night.

The puzzling ſons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whiſper'd cloſe, now ſhrugging rear'd
The important ſhoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward ſet.
No ſooner Lucifer * recals affairs,
Than forth they various ruſh in mighty fret!
When, lo! puſh'd up to pow'r, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another ſet, and kicketh them down ſtairs

But what moſt ſhew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly ſtrife:
Moſt Chriſtian kings, inflam'd by black deſire!
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cauſe war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this ſad work when each begins to tire,
They ſit them down juſt where they were before,
Till for new ſcenes of woe peace ſhall their force reſtore.

To number up the thouſands dwelling here,
An uſeleſs were, and eke an endleſs taſk;
From kings, and thoſe who at the helm appear,
To gypſies brown in ſummer-glades who baſk.
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmaſk,
Whoſe deſk and table make a ſolemn ſhow,
With tape-tied traſh, and ſuits of fools that aſk
For place or penſion, laid in decent row;
But theſe I paſſen by, with nameleſs numbers moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of ſpecial grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erſpread his face,
Penſive, not ſad, in thought involv'd not dark.
As ſooth this man could ſing as morning lark,
And teach the nobleſt morals of the heart;
But theſe his talents were yburied ſtark;
Of the fine ſtores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.

To noon-tide ſhades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with ſleep-inviting ſound.
Or when Dan Sol to ſlope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he baſk'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the lateſt ray
Of light ſat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward thro' the twilight ſhadows ſtray,
Sauntering and ſlow. So had he paſſed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtleſs ſlumber were they paſt,
For oft the heavenly fire that lay conceal'd
Beneath the ſleeping embers, mounted faſt,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cœrulean field, [wind,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the
Ten thouſand glorious ſyſtems would he build,
Ten thouſand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was ſometimes join'd in ſilent walk
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk:
Oft, ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine, and broad o'erſhadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himſelf his penſive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
The glittering ſtar of eve—"Thank heaven! the day is done."

Here lurch'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal ſeen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And ſure his linen was not very clean.
Thro' ſecret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of ſqualid face and mien,
Our caſtle's ſhame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chanc'd into theſe halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at firſt ſight;
Him the wild wave of pleaſure hither drove,
Before the ſprightly tempeſt-toſſing light:
Certes, he was a moſt engaging wight,
Of ſocial glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

* The Morning Star.

But

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, the abode of sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
And oft he sips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their bedsamong,
And scares their tender sleep, with tromp profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for ev'ry worth he had,
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad;
Him thro' their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature leant,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad:
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent:

"Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!
"But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade
"To ly content beneath our peaceful dome,
"Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
"Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
"Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly "spark,
"Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
"There to indulge the muse, and nature mark:
"We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley "Park."

Here whilom ligg'd the Esopus * of the age;
But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force the enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense the enlighten'd judgment takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
Who †, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Pourd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat:
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralising-sage: his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry;
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanc'd to trippen by;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow sat ev'ry nation's cares:
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the Hallor Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of digh degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom:
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to still the time:
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme:
Then rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow;
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighingly reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there:
Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan;
For of those wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway:
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

Of

* Mr. Quin. † The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend of the author.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft-ſwoln and pale, here lay the Hydropſy:
Unweildy man; with belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery ſupply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria ſit,
Mother of ſpleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit, [a wit.
And ſome her frantic deem'd, and ſome her deem'd

A lady proud ſhe was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,
All the diſeaſes which the ſpittals know.
And ſought all phyſic which the ſhops beſtow,
And ſtill new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro: [cry,
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes
Then ſudden waxed wroth; and all ſhe knew not why.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs maiden pin'd, [ings;
With aching head, and ſqueamiſh heart-burn-
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian ſhakes his chilling wings,
The ſleepleſs gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a ſerpent ſtings;
Whilſt apoplexy cramm'd in temp'rance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Induſtry,
And his atchievements fair;
That, by this caſtle's overthrow,
Secur'd and crowned were.

Escap'd the caſtle of the ſire of ſin,
Ah! where ſhall I ſo ſweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing ſave what delightful was and kind,
Of goodneſs favouring and a tender mind,
E'er roſe to view. But now another ſtrain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind;
I now muſt ſing of pleaſure turn'd to pain,
And of the falſe inchanter Indolence complain.

Is there no patron to protect the Muſe,
And fence for her Parnaſſus' barren ſoil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are ſure of bread who ſink and moil;
But a fell tribe the Aönian hive deſpoil,
As ruthleſs waſps oft rob the painful bee.
Thus while the laws not guard that nobleſt toil,
Ne for the Muſes other meed decree,
They praiſed are alone, and ſtarve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot ſhut the windows of the ſky,
Thro' which Aurora ſhews her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living ſtream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reaſon, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Come then, my Muſe, and raiſe a bolder ſong;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of ſloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but ſtill to finiſh loth;
Thy half-writ ſcrolls all eaten by the moth:
Ariſe, and ſing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the ſons of ſoftneſs nobly wroth,
To ſweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a choſen few to rouſe the ſlumbering flame.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of features ſtern, Selvagio yclep'd;
A rough unpoliſh'd man, robuſt and bold,
But wond'rous poor: he neither ſow'd nor reap'd,
Ne ſtores in ſummer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now ſcorch'd by June, now in November ſteep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January ſore,
He ſtill in woods purſued the libbard and the boar.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd thro' the foreſt to diſlodge his prey,
Deep in the winding boſom of a lawn, [ray,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's
That from the beating rain, and wint'ry fray,
Did to a lonely cot his ſteps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compreſs'd, and fill'd her with a luſty boy.

Amid the green-wood ſhade this boy was bred,
And grew at laſt a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous luſtyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Induſtry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing ſtream;
His taſteful well-earn'd food the ſylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem; [breme.
The ſame to him glad ſummer, or the winter

So paſs'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that thro' the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the foreſt ſeem'd to be the ſon;
And certes had been utterly undone,
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the ſoil and rule the crook;
Ne did the ſacred Nine diſdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In ev'ry ſcience, and in ev'ry art, [excel,
By which mankind the thoughtleſs brutes
That can or uſe, or joy, or grace impart,
Diſcloſing all the pow'rs of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exerciſes ſpar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elaſtic force with firmneſs hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-ſteed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roſeate breath of orient day;
Sometimes retiring to the ſecret vale,

Yclad

Yclad in ſteel and bright with burniſh'd mail,
He ſtrain'd the bow, or toſs'd the ſounding ſpear,
Or darting on the goal outſtripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career,
Or ſtrenuous wreſtled hard with many a tough compeer.

At other times he pried thro' nature's ſtore,
Whate'er ſhe in th' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er ſhe hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns; [mains,
Or elſe he ſcann'd the globe, thoſe ſmall do-
Where reſtleſs mortals ſuch a turmoil keep,
Its ſeas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains,
But more he ſearch'd the mind, and rous'd from ſleep
Thoſe moral ſeeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he ſcorn to ſtoop from high purſuits
Of heavenly truth, and practiſe what he taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the ſpade or plough he caught, [fraught;
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is
Sometimes he plied the ſtrong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the fineſt draught;
And oft he put himſelf to Neptune's ſchool,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd ocean pool.

To ſolace then theſe rougher toils, he tried
To touch the kindling canvas into life;
With nature his creating pencil vied,
With nature joyous at the mimic ſtrife;
Or, to ſuch ſhapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute ſweet tenderneſs inſpire;
Or verſes fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

Accompliſh'd thus he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize;
The work which long he in his breaſt had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did deviſe;
To wit, a barbarous world to civiliſe.
Earth was till then a boundleſs foreſt wild;
Nought to be ſeen but ſavage wood and ſkies;
No cities nouriſh'd arts, no culture ſmil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A rugged wight, the worſt of brutes was man:
On his own wretched kind he ruthleſs prey'd:
The ſtrongeſt ſtill the weakeſt over-ran;
In ev'ry country mighty robbers ſway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a ſcene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To ſwear, he would the raſcal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the pow'rs divine, it ſhould no more be ſo!

It would exceed the purport of my ſong,
To ſay how this *beſt ſun* from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chacing indolence and crimes.
Still as he paſs'd, the nations he ſublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome their golden
Succeſſive, had; but now in ruins grey [times
They ly to ſlaviſh ſloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir Induſtry then ſpread
The ſwelling ſail, and made for Britain's coaſt.
A ſylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown ſhades and greenwood foreſt loſt,
All careleſs rambling where it lik'd them moſt:
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing thro' the glade:
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's coſt;
Save ſpear and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman ſteel their naked breaſt diſmay'd.

He lik'd the ſoil, he lik'd the clement ſkies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flow'ry plains.
Be this my great, my choſen iſle (he cries);
This, whilſt my labours Liberty ſuſtains,
This queen of ocean all aſſault diſdains.
Nor lik'd he leſs the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and perſevering pains:
Mild to obey, and gen'rous to command,
Temper'd by forming heaven with kindeſt firmeſt hand.

Here, by degrees, his maſter-work aroſe,
Whatever arts and induſtry can frame;
Whatever finiſh'd agriculture knows, [came,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itſelf who
When Eden flouriſh'd in unſpotted fame.
And ſtill with her ſweet innocence we find
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they raviſh, tranquillize the mind,
Nature and art at once, delight and uſe combin'd.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade ſocial commerce raiſe renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry ſoil to ſoil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody ſpoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous ſtores;
Or, ſhould deſpotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remoteſt ſhores;
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

The drooping Muſes then he weſtward call'd,
From the fam'd city * by Propontic ſea,
What time the Turk the enfeebled Grecian thrall'd; [free,
Thence from their cloiſter'd walks he ſet them
And brought them to another Caſtalie,
Where Iſis many a famous nourſling breeds;
Or where old Cam ſoft paces o'er the lea
In penſive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilſt his flocks at large the lonely ſhepherd feeds.

Yet the fine arts were what he finiſh'd leaſt.
For why? thy are the quinteſſence of all;
The growth of labouring time, and ſlow encreaſt;
Unleſs, as ſeldom chances, it ſhould fall,
That mighty patrons the coy ſiſters call
Up to the ſunſhine of uncumber'd eaſe, [thrall,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may

And

* Conſtantinople.

And where they nothing have to do but pleaſe:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'ſt they aſk no other fees.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
Except to ſuch as ſleek the ſoothing rhyme;
And yet, forſooth, they wear Mæcenas' name:
Poor ſons of puft-up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken ſpirits cheer! ſtill, ſtill remains
The eternal patron, Liberty; whoſe flame,
While ſhe protects, inſpires the nobleſt ſtrains.
The beſt, and ſweeteſt far, are toil-created gains.

Whenas the knight had fram'd in Britain-land
A matchleſs form of glorious government,
In which the ſov'reign laws alone command,
Laws 'ſtabliſh'd by the public free conſent,
Whoſe majeſty is to the ſceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was ſettled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then ſought he from the toilſome ſcene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the heart.

For this he choſe a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main;
In this calm ſeat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the ſwain.
The happy monarch of his ſylvan train,
Here, ſided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his bleſt domain:
His days, the days of unſtain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

Witneſs, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witneſs, ye flocks, whoſe woolly veſtments far
Exceed ſoft India's cotton, or her ſilk; [car,
Witneſs, with autumn charg'd, the nodding
That homeward came beneath ſweet evening's ſtar;
Or of September moons the radiance mild.
O hide thy head, abominable war!
Of crimes and ruffian idleneſs the child!
From heaven this life yſprung, from hell thy glories wild!

Nor from his deep retirement baniſh'd was
The muſing care of rural induſtry.
Still as with grateful change the ſeaſons paſs,
New ſcenes ariſe, new landſcapes ſtrike the eye,
And all the enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marſhes ſlept before;
O'er recent meads the exulting ſtreamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' ſtore,
And woods embrown the ſteep, or wave along the ſhore.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He poliſh'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durſt not art encroach;
'Tis art's alone theſe beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pans, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here too, briſk gales the rude wild common fann'd,
An happy place: where free and unafraid,
Amid the flow'ring brakes each coyer creature ſtray'd.

But in prime vigor what can laſt for ay?
That ſoul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom ſung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much he dull'd the ſenſe,
Even much of private; ate our ſpirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices; whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old fame reports, wiſe, generous, bold, and ſtout.

A rage of pleaſure madden'd ev'ry breaſt,
Down to the loweſt lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wiſh each muſt be bleſs'd,
With joy be ſever'd; ſnatch it as he can.
Thus vice the ſtandard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud ſhe gave the word,
"Mind, mind yourſelves! why ſhould the "vulgar man,
"The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
"Enjoy this ſpan of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repoſe.
"Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on "thee call;
"Come, ſave us yet, ere ruin round us cloſe;
"The demon Indolence thy toil o'erthrows."
On this the noble colour ſtain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing thro' the whitening ſnows
Of venerable eld; his eye full ſpeaks [breaks.
His ardent ſoul, and from his couch at once he

I will (he cried), ſo help me, God! deſtroy
That villain Archimage.—His page then
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy, [ſtright
Benempt Diſpatch. "My ſteed be at the gate,
"My bard attend; quick, bring the net of Fate."
This net was twiſted by the ſiſters three;
Which when once caſt o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the ſtrong iron graſp of vengeful deſtiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid wight,
Of wither'd aſpect; but his eye was keen,
With ſweetneſs mix'd. In ruſſet brown be-
As is his ſiſter in the copſes green *, [dight,
He crept along, unpromiſing of mien.
Groſs he who judges ſo. His ſoul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure ſheen.
True comelineſs, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all elſe is vanity and glare.

Come (quoth the knight), a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus; let us inſtant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his caſtle low.
Thoſe men, thoſe wretched men, who will be ſlaves,

* The Nightingale.

Muſt

Muſt drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But ſome there be, thy ſong, as from their graves,
Shall raiſe. Thrice happy he! who without ri-
gour ſaves.

Iſſuing forth, the knight beſtrode his ſteed,
Of ardent bay, and on whoſe front a ſtar
Shone blazing bright: ſprung from the gene-
rous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, diſdaining gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honeſt ſober beaſt, that did not mar
His meditations, but full ſoftly trode:
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliſs;
What elſe ſo fit for man to ſettle well?
And ſtill their long reſearches met in this,
This truth of truths, which nothing can refel:
" From virtue's fount the pureſt joys out-well,
" Sweet rills of thought that cheer the con-
" ſcious ſoul;
" While vice pours forth the troubled ſtreams
" of hell,
" The which, howe'er diſguis'd, at laſt with dole
" Will, through the tortur'd breaſt their fiery
" torrent roll."

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their
ſummits rear.
On the cool height awhile our palmers ſtay,
And ſpite even of themſelves their ſenſes cheer;
Then to the wizard's wonne their ſteps they ſteer.
Like a green iſle, it broad beneath them ſpread,
With gardens round, and wandering currents
clear,
And tufted groves to ſhed the meadow bed,
Sweet airs and ſong: and without hurry all
ſeem'd glad.

" As God ſhall judge me, knight, we muſt for-
(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cried) [give
" The frail good man deluded here to live,
" And in theſe groves his muſing fancy hide.
" Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be denied,
" That virtue ſtill ſome tincture has of vice,
" And vice of virtue. What ſhould then betide,
" But that our charity be not too nice?
" Come, let us thoſe we can to real bliſs entice."

" Ay, ſicker (quoth the knight) all fleſh is frail,
" To pleaſant ſin and joyous dalliance bent;
" But let not brutiſh vice of this avail,
" And think to 'ſcape deſerved puniſhment.
" Juſtice were cruel weakly to relent;
" From mercy's ſelf ſhe got her ſacred glaive:
" Grace be to thoſe who can, and will repent;
" But penance long, and dreary to the ſlave,
" Who muſt in floods of fire his groſs foul ſpirit
" lave."

Thus, holding high diſcourſe, they came to where
The curſed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedleſs men into his ſnare,
In witching wiſe, as I before have ſaid.
But when he ſaw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majeſtic knight approaching nigh,
And by his ſide the bard ſo ſage and ſtaid,
His count'nance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who rooſted cock
doth ſpy.

Nathleſs, with feign'd reſpect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not ſlack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he reſum'd his ſong; and unconfin'd
Pour'd all his muſic, ran thro' all his ſtrings:
With magic duſt their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er nature flings.
What pity baſe his ſong who ſo divinely ſings!

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They liſten'd ſo intent with fix'd delight:
But they inſtead, as if tranſmew'd to ſtone,
Marvel'd he could with ſuch ſweet art unite
The lights and ſhades of manners, wrong and
right.
Meantime, the ſilly crowd the charm devour,
Wide preſſing to the gate. Swift on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who back'ning ſhunn'd his touch, for well he
knew its power.

As in throng'd amphitheatre of old,
The weary Retiarius* trapp'd his foe;
Ev'n ſo the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the net of woe,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at firſt, he ſcorn'd ſo weak a jail,
And leap'd, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He ſat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

Alarm'd, the inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful ſhrieks and hideous yells around;
Black ſtorm clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing ſound,
As of infernal ſprights in cavern bound;
A ſolemn ſadneſs ev'ry creature ſtrook,
And lightnings flaſh'd, and horror rock'd the
ground; [miſh'd look,
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd with ble-
As if on time's laſt verge this frame of things
had ſhook.

Soon as the ſhort-liv'd tempeſt was yſpent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vex'd Avernus' hole,
And huſh'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Induſtry the firſt calm moment ſtole:
" There muſt (he cried) amid ſo vaſt a ſhoal
" Be ſome who are not tainted at the heart,
" Not poiſon'd quite by this ſame villain's
" bowl: [part:
" Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire im-
" Touch ſoul with ſoul, till forth the latent
" ſpirit ſtart."

The bard obey'd; and taking from his ſide,
Where it in ſeemly ſort depending hung,

* A Gladiator, who made uſe of a net, which he threw over his adverſary.

His Britiſh harp, its ſpeaking ſtrings he tried,
The which with ſkilful touch he deftly ſtrung,
Till tinkling in clear ſymphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muſes come along,
Light o'er the cords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his riſing ſong:
The whilſt, like midnight mute, ten thouſands round him throng.

Thus ardent burſt his ſtrain——

"Ye hapleſs race,
"Dire-labouring here to ſmother reaſon's ray,
"That lights our Maker's image in our face,
"And gives us wide o'er earth unqueſtion'd ſway;
"What is the ador'd Supreme Perfection, ſay?
"What, but eternal never-reſting ſoul,
"Almighty power, and all directing day;
"By whom each atom ſtirs, the planets roll;
"Who fills, ſurrounds, informs, and agitates the whole!

"Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold! [alone
"Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence
"We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
"To ſeraphs burning round the Almighty's throne,
"Life riſing ſtill on life, in higher tone,
"Perfection forms, and with perfection bliſs.
"In univerſal nature this clear ſhewn,
"Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
"To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyſs.

"Is not the field, with lively culture green,
"A joyous ſight more than the green moraſs?
"Do not the ſkies, with active ether clean,
"And fann'd by ſprightly zephyrs, far ſurpaſs [maſs,
"The foul November fogs, and ſlumb'rous
"With which ſad Nature veils her drooping face? [glaſs,
"Does not the mountain-ſtream, as clear as
"Gay dancing on, the putrid pool diſgrace?
"The ſame in all holds true, but chief in human race.

"It was not by vile loitering in eaſe [art,
"That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of
"That ſoft yet ardent Athens learn'd to pleaſe,
"To keen the wit, and to ſublime the heart,
"In all ſupreme! complete in every part!
"It was not thence majeſtic Rome aroſe,
"And o'er the nations ſhook her conquering dart:
"For ſluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
"Renown is not the child of indolent repoſe.

"Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
"But in looſe joy their time to wear away;
"Had they alone the lap of dalliance ſought,
"Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
"Rude nature's ſtate had been our ſtate to-day;
"No cities e'er their tow'ry fronts had rais'd,
"No arts had made us opulent and gay;
"With brother brutes the human race had graz'd;
"None e'er had ſoar'd to fame, none honour'd been, none prais'd.

"Great Homer's ſong had never fir'd the breaſt
"To thirſt of glory, and heroic deeds;
"Sweet Maro's muſe, ſunk in inglorious reſt,
"Had ſilent ſlept amid the Mincian reeds:
"The wits of modern time had told their beads,
"And monkiſh legends been their only ſtrains:
"Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
"Our Shakeſpeare ſtroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick ſwains; [plains.
"Ne had my maſter Spenſer charm'd his Mulla's
"Dumb too had been the ſage hiſtoric muſe,
"And periſh'd all the ſons of ancient fame;
"Thoſe ſtarry lights of virtue, that diffuſe
"Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
"Had all been loſt with ſuch as have no name.
"Who then had ſcorn'd his eaſe for other's good?
"Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
"Who in the public breach devoted ſtood,
"And for his country's cauſe been prodigal of blood?

"But ſhould to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
"If right I read, you pleaſure all require:
"Then hear how beſt may be obtain'd this fee,
"How beſt enjoy'd this nature's wide deſire.
"Toil, and be glad! let induſtry inſpire
"Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
"Who does not act is dead: abſorpt entire
"In miry ſloth, no pride, no joy he hath;
"O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

"Ah! what avail the largeſt gifts of Heaven
"When drooping health and ſpirits go amiſs?
"How taſteleſs then whatever can be given!
"Health is the vital principle of bliſs,
"And exerciſe of health. In proof of this,
"Behold the wretch, who ſlugs his life away,
"Soon ſwallow'd in diſeaſe's ſad abyſs;
"While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play, [as day.
"Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear
"O who can ſpeak the vigorous joys of health?
"Unclogg'd the body, unobſcur'd the mind;
"The morning riſes gay; with pleaſing ſtealth,
"The temperate evening falls ſerene and kind.
"In health the wiſer brutes true gladneſs find.
"See! how the younglings friſk along the meads, [wind;
"As May comes on, and wakes the balmy
"Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
"Yet what but high-ſtrung health this dancing pleaſaunce breeds?

"But here, inſtead, is ſoſter'd every ill,
"Which or diſtemper'd minds or bodies know.
"Come then, my kindred ſpirits! do not ſpill
"Your

" Your talents here. This place is but a ſhow,
" Whoſe charms delude you to the den of woe:
" Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
" Where pleaſure's roſes void of ſerpents
" grow, [knight,
" Sincere as ſweet; come, follow this good
" And you will bleſs the day that brought him
" to your ſight.
" Some he will lead to courts, and ſome to
" camps;
" To ſenates ſome, and public ſage debates,
" Where, by the ſolemn gleam of midnight
" lamps, [ſtates:
" The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty
" To high-diſcovery ſome, that new-creates
" The face of earth; ſome to the thriving
" mart;
" Some to the rural reign, and ſofter fates;
" To the ſweet muſes ſome, who raiſe the
" heart:
" All glory ſhall be yours, all nature and all art.
" There are, I ſee, who liſten to my lay,
" Who wretched ſigh for virtue, but deſpair.
" All may be done, (methinks I hear them
" ſay) [fair:
" Even death deſpis'd by generous actions
" All, but for thoſe who to theſe bowers re-
" Their very power diſſolv'd in luxury, [pair,
" To quit of torpid ſluggiſhneſs the lair,
" And from the powerful arms of ſloth get
" free [be!
" 'Tis riſing from the dead—Alas!—It cannot
" Would you then learn to diſſipate the band
" Of theſe huge threatening difficulties dire,
" That in the weak man's way like lions
" ſtand,
" His ſoul appal, and damp his riſing fire?
" Reſolve, reſolve, and to be men aſpire.
" Exert that nobleſt privilege, alone
" Here to mankind indulg'd: controul deſire:
" Let godlike Reaſon, from her ſovereign
" throne, [is done.
" Speak the commanding word—I will!—and it
" Heavens! can you then thus waſte, in
" ſhameful wiſe,
" Your few important days of trial here?
" Heirs of eternity! yborn to riſe
" Through endleſs ſtates of being ſtill more
" near
" To bliſs approaching, and perfection clear;
" Can you renounce a fortune ſo ſublime,
" Such glorious hopes, your backward ſteps
" to ſteer, [and ſlime?
" And roll, with vileſt brutes, through mud
" No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd hearts diſ-
" dain the ſordid crime!"

" Enough! enough!" they cry'd—ſtraight from the crowd
The better ſort on wings of tranſport fly,
As when amid the lifeleſs ſummits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid ſky
Snows pil'd on ſnows in wint'ry torpor ly,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in ſtreamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new being gay.

Not leſs the life, the vivid joy ſerene,
That lighted up theſe new created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting ſpirit clean
When, juſt deliver'd from this fleſhly den,
It ſoaring ſeeks its native ſkies agen. [pow'rs,
How light its eſſence! how unclogg'd its
Beyond the blazon of my moral pen!
Even ſo we glad forſook theſe ſinful bowers,
Even ſuch enraptur'd life, ſuch energy was ours.

But far the greater part, with rage enflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curſes, and blaſphem'd high Jove,
" Ye ſons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
" What brought you to this ſeat of peace and
" love?
" While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
" We paſs'd the harmleſs ſabbath of our
" time,
" What to diſturb it could, fell men, emove
" Your barbarous hearts? Is happineſs a
" crime? [ſublime."
" Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven

" Ye impious wretches," quoth the knight in wrath,
" Your happineſs behold!"—Then ſtraight a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illuſive falſehood to command.
Sudden, the landſcape ſinks on ev'ry hand;
The pure quick ſtreams are marſhy puddles found; [ſtand;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd
And o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathſome creature crawls around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning ſcath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung:
Or, in freſh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They welt'ring lay; or elſe, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens ſung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd:
Theſe, by diſtemper'd blood to madneſs ſtung,
Had doom'd themſelves; whence oft, when night controul'd [howl'd.
The world, returning hither their ſad ſpirits

Meantime a moving ſcene was open laid;
That lazar houſe, I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep diſplay'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who toſſing there in ſqualid miſery lay.
Soon as of ſacred light the unwonted ſmile
Pour'd on theſe living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns ſtretching many a mile, [woes a while.
The ſick uprais'd their heads, and dropp'd their

" O heaven! (they cried) and do we once more
" see
" You bleſſed ſun and this green earth ſo fair?
" Are we from noiſome damps of peſt-houſe free?
" And drink our ſouls the ſweet ethereal air?
" O thou! or Knight, or God! who holdeſt there
" That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains!
" But what for us, the children of deſpair,
" Brought to the brink of hell, what hope
" remains? [pains."
" Repentance does itſelf but aggravate our

The gentle Knight, who ſaw their rueful caſe,
Let fall adown his ſilver beard ſome tears.
" Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace
" T' undo the paſt, and eke your broken years:
" Nathleſs, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
" With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
" A pow'r the truly contrite heart that cheers;
" She quells the brand by which the rocks
" are riven; [Heaven.
" She more than merely ſoftens, ſhe rejoices

" Then patient bear the ſufferings you have
" earn'd,
" And by theſe ſufferings purify the mind;
" Let wiſdom be by paſt miſconduct learn'd;
" Or pious die, with penitence reſign'd;
" And to a life more happy and refin'd,
" Doubt not, you ſhall new creatures yet ariſe.
" Till then, you may expect in me to find
" One who will wipe your ſorrow from your
" eyes;
" One who will ſoothe your pangs, and wing
" you to the ſkies."

They ſilent heard, and pour'd their thanks in
tears. [tone)
" For you (reſum'd the Knight with ſterner
" Whoſe hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon
" ſears, [groan;
" That villain's gifts will coſt you many a
" In dolorous manſion long you muſt bemoan
" His fatal charms, and weep your ſtains away:
" Till ſoft and pure as infant goodneſs grown.
" You feel a perfect change: then, who can ſay,
" What grace may yet ſhine forth in heaven's
" eternal day?"

This ſaid, his pow'rful wand he wav'd anew;
Inſtant, a glorious angel-train deſcends,
The Charities, to wit, of roſy hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends;
And with ſeraphic flame compaſſion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When, lo! a goodly hoſpital aſcends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the ſick-bed ſmoothe of that ſad company.

It was a worthy edifying ſight,
And gives to human kind peculiar grace,
To ſee kind hands attending day and night,
With tender miniſtry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; ſome from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature ſheds:
Some reach the healing draught: the whilſt,
to chaſe

The fear ſupreme around their ſoften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all op'ning Heaven diſpreds.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of thoſe he reſcued had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the Knight, and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, ſought of Peace the moſſy cell:
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To ſee the helpleſs wretches that remain'd,
There left thro' delves and deſarts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale diſmay were ſtain'd,
And ſpreading wide their hands they meek repentance feign'd.

But, ah! their ſcorned day of grace was paſt:
For (horrible to tell!) a deſart wild [vaſt;
Before them ſtretch'd, bare, comfortleſs, and
With gibbets, bones, and carcaſes defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture ſmil'd;
Nor waving ſhade was ſeen, nor fountain fair;
But ſands abrupt on ſands lay looſely pil'd,
Thro' which they floundering toil'd with painful care,
Whilſt Phœbus ſmote them ſore, and fir'd the cloudleſs air.

Then, varying to a joyleſs land of bogs,
The ſadden'd country a grey waſte appear'd;
Where nought but putrid ſtreams and noiſome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auſter's beard;
Or elſe the ground by piercing Caurus ſear'd,
Was jagg'd with froſt, or heap'd with glazed ſnow:
Thro' theſe extremes a ceaſeleſs round they ſteer'd,
By cruel fiends ſtill hurried to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

The firſt was with baſe dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, ſunk and ſad;
His hollow eyne ſhook forth a ſickly light:
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted, rank and vile;
Direful to ſee! and heart-appalling ſight!
Meantime foul ſcurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where'er he went, ſtill barked all the while.

The other was a fell deſpightful fiend:
Hell holds none worſe in baneful bow'r below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancor keen'd;
Of Man alike if good or bad the foe:
With noſe up-turn'd, he always made a ſhow
As if he ſmelt ſome nauſeous ſcent; his eye
Was cold and keen, like blaſt from boreal ſnow;
And taunts he caſten forth moſt bitterly. [fry.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly

Even ſo through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of briſtly ſwine is prick'd along;
The filthy beaſts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt and ſqueak, and ſing their troublous ſong.

And

And oft they plunge themselves them ireamong:
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

§ 55. *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.*

THOMSON.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth,
To mingle with his stars; and every Muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?
But what can man?—Even now the sons of light,
In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels; for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious I aspire
In Nature's general symphony to join. [guest?
And what new wonders can you shew your
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws
Could trace the secret hand of Providence
Wide-working thro' this universal frame.
Have ye not listen'd, while he bound the suns
And planets to their spheres? th' unequal task
Of human kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd
The pride of schools, before their course was
Full in its causes and effects, to him, [known
All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And, with heroic patience, years and years
Deep searching, saw at last the system dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone. [strong!
What were his raptures then! how pure! how
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all-subdued by him, and open laid
Her ev'ry latent glory to his view.
All intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing thro', he, by the blended pow'r
Of gravitation and projection, saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the moons,
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
He also fix'd our wand'ring queen of night;
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her ev'ry motion clear discerning, He
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning; till again
The tide revertive, unattracted leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.
Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Thro' the blue infinite; and ev'ry star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
Far-stretching snatches from the dark abyss,
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system: all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that single pow'r
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.
O unprofuse magnificence divine!
O wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete! and, O belov'd
Of Heaven, whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The ruling, moving, wide-establish'd frame.
He, first of men, with awful wing pursued
The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
As round innum'rous worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.
The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
Of whirling vortices and circling spheres,
To their first great simplicity restor'd.
The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun.
The aerial flow of sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
Nor could the darting beam, of speed immense
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.
Even light itself, which ev'ry thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze
Collecting ev'ry ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow, by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green;
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainted violet away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy show'r,
Shine out distinct adown the wat'ry bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result
And myriads still remain—Infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever new!

Did ever poet image aught ſo fair, [brook!
Dreaming in whiſpering groves by the hoarſe
Or prophet, to whoſe rapture heaven deſcends!
Even now the ſetting ſun and ſhifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How juſt, how beauteous the refractive law.
The noiſeleſs tide of time, all bearing down
To vaſt eternity's unbounded ſea,
Where the green iſlands of the happy ſhine,
He ſtemm'd alone: and to the ſource (involv'd
Deep in primæval gloom) aſcending, rais'd
His lights at equal diſtances, to guide
Hiſtorian, wilder'd on his darkſome way.
But who can number up his labours? who
His high diſcov'ries ſing? when but a few
Of the deep ſtudying race can ſtretch their minds
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought
How ſhall the Muſe then graſp the mighty theme?
What wonder thence that his devotion ſwell'd
Reſponſive to his knowledge? for could he,
Whoſe piercing mental eye diffuſive ſaw
The finiſh'd univerſity of things,
In all its order, magnitude and parts,
Forbear inceſſant to adore that Pow'r
Who fills, ſuſtains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who beſt can tell, ye happy few,
Who ſaw him in the ſofteſt lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vaſt unborrow'd treaſures of his mind,
Oh ſpeak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm eſtabliſh'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with ev'ry nerve
Still preſſing on, forgetful of the paſt,
And panting for perfection: far above
Thoſe little cares and viſionary joys
That ſo perplex the fond impaſſion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-truſting man!
And you, ye hopeleſs gloomy-minded tribe,
You, who, unconſcious of thoſe nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Againſt the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, ſay, can a ſoul
Of ſuch extenſive, deep, tremendous pow'rs,
Enlarging ſtill, be but a finer breath
Of ſpirits dancing thro' their tubes awhile,
And then for ever loſt in vacant air?
But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when ſome awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world—"'Tis done! the mea-
"ſure's full; [ſtones,
"And I reſign my charge."—Ye mould'ring
That build the tow'ring pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthleſs ruin, and whate'er ſupports
The worſhipp'd name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the duſt! what grandeur can ye boaſt,
While Newton lifts his column to the ſkies,
Beyond the waſte of time? Let no weak drop
Be ſhed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
Theſe are the tombs that claim the tender tear
And elegiac ſong. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' thoſe endleſs worlds
He here ſo well deſcried, and wond'ring talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.
O Britain's boaſt! whether with angels thou
Sitteſt in dread diſcourſe, or fellow-bleſt,
Who joy to ſee the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy ſwift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture loſt,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From Light himſelf; O look with pity down
On human kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the ſpirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preſide,
And be her Genius call'd! her ſtudies raiſe,
Correct her manners, and inſpire her youth:
For, tho' deprav'd and ſunk, ſhe brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; ſhe points thee out
To all her ſons, and bids them eye thy ſtar:
While in expectance of the ſecond life,
When time ſhall be no more, the ſacred duſt
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the ſcene.

§ 56. *Hymn on Solitude.* Thomson.

Hail, mildly-pleaſing Solitude,
Companion of the wiſe and good:
But from whoſe holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts!
A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in ev'ry ſhape you pleaſe.
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone philoſopher you ſeem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky.
A ſhepherd next you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten ſtrain;
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendſhip, you aſſume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Muſidora, ſhe
(Her Muſidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born;
And while meridian fervors beat
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſcape ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.
Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The virtues of the ſage and ſwain;
Plain innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearleſs head:
Religion's beams around thee ſhine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:

About

About thee ſports ſweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania ſings to thee.
Oh, let me pierce thy ſecret cell,
And in thy deep receſſes dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I juſt may caſt my careleſs eyes
Where London's ſpiry turrets riſe;
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then ſhield me in the woods again.

§ 57. *Hymn to Darkneſs.* YALDEN.

DARKNESS, thou firſt great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original;
Since from thy univerſal womb [ſpring come.
Does all thou ſhad'ſt below, thy numerous off-

Thy wondrous birth is even to Time unknown,
Or, like eternity, thoud'ſt none;
Whilſt Light did its firſt being owe
Unto that awful ſhade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what diſtant region doſt thou dwell,
To Reaſon inacceſſible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou ſoar'ſt above the reach of man's philoſophy.

Involv'd in thee, we firſt receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great Monarch of the grave and womb!
Where'er our ſouls ſhall go, to thee our bodies come.

The ſilent globe is ſtruck with awful fear,
When thy majeſtic ſhades appear:
Thou doſt compoſe the air and ſea, [thee.
And Earth a ſabbath keeps, ſacred to reſt and

In thy ſerener ſhades our ghoſts delight,
And court the umbrage of the night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they ſtray,
But fly the morning beams, and ſicken at the day.

Though ſolid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brighteſt ray admit;
No ſubſtance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'ſt in depths below, doſt in the centre dwell,

The ſparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous luſtre owe;
Tho' form'd within the tomb of night,
Bright as their fire they ſhine, with native rays of light.

When thou doſt raiſe thy venerable head,
And art in genuine night array'd,
Thy negro beauties then delight;
Beauties, like poliſh'd jet, with their own darkneſs bright.

Thou doſt thy ſmiles impartially beſtow,
And know'ſt no diff'rence here below:
All things appear the ſame by thee,
Tho' Light diſtinction makes, though giv'ſt equality.

Thou, Darkneſs, art the lover's kind retreat,
And doſt the nuptial joys complete;
Thou doſt inſpire them with thy ſhade,
Giv'ſt vigour to the youth, and warm'ſt the yielding maid.

Calm as the bleſs'd above the anchorites dwell
Within their peaceful gloomy cell;
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
The pleaſures Light denies, thy ſhades for ever yield.

In caves of night, the oracles of old
Did all their myſteries unfold:
Darkneſs did firſt Religion grace,
Gave terrors to the God, and reverence to the place.

When the Almighty did on Horeb ſtand,
Thy ſhades incloſ'd the hallow'd land,
In clouds of night he was array'd,
And venerable darkneſs his pavilion made.

When he appear'd arm'd in his pow'r and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When, terrible with majeſty, [thee:
In tempeſts he gave laws, and clad himſelf in

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place was known,
Thou, Monarch Darkneſs, ſway'dſt theſe ſpacious realms alone.

But now the moon (tho' gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy ſcanty lot of Night:
By rebel ſubjects thou'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of ſtars depoſe their monarch, Shade

Yet fading Light its empire muſt reſign,
And Nature's pow'r ſubmit to thine:
An univerſal ruin ſhall erect thy throne,
And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own

§ 58. *Education.* WEST.

Written in imitation of the Style and Manner of Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

Inſcribed to Lady Langham, widow of Sir Jo. Langham, Bart.

"Unum ſtudium vere liberale eſt, quod liberum facit.
"Hoc ſapientiæ ſtudium eſt, ſublime, forte, mag-
"nanimum: cætera puſilla et puerilia, ſunt.—Plus
"ſcire velle quam ſit ſatis, intemperantiæ genus eſt.
"Quid, quod iſta liberalium artium conſectatio mo-
"leſtos, verboſos, intempeſtivos, ſibi placentes
"facit, et ideo non dicentes neceſſaria, quia ſuper-
"vacua didicerunt." SEN. Ep. 88.

O GOODLY Diſcipline! from Heaven yſprung,
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd!
To whom the Graces and the Nine belong,
Oh! bid thoſe Graces, in fair chorus join'd
With each bright virtue that adorns the mind,
Oh! bid the Muſes, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erſt humaniz'd mankind,
Inſpire, direct, and moralize the ſtrain [gain.
That doth eſſay to teach thy treaſures how to

And thou, whoſe pious and maternal care,
The ſubſtitute of heavenly Providence,
With tend'reſt love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly ſtrength and ſenſe,
With mildeſt awe and virtuous influence
Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
To the ſmooth walks of Truth and Innocence,
Where Happineſs heartfelt, Contentment ſweet,
Philoſophy divine, aye hold their bleſt retreat;

Thou, moſt belov'd, moſt honour'd, moſt rever'd!
Accept this Verſe, to thy large merit due!
And blame me not, if, by each tie endear'd
Of nature, gratitude, and friendſhip true,
The whiles this moral theſis I purſue,
And trace the plan of goodly nurture* o'er,
I bring thy modeſt virtues into view,
And proudly boaſt that from thy precious ſtore,
Which erſt enrich'd my heart, I drew this ſacred lore.

And thus, I ween, thus ſhall I beſt repay
The valu'd gifts thy careful love beſtow'd,
If imitating thee well as I may
I labour to diffuſe th' important good,
Till this great truth by all be underſtood—
"That all the pious duties which we owe
"Our parents, friends, our country, and our God,
"The ſeeds of ev'ry virtue here below,
"From diſcipline alone and early culture grow."

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, as to Pædia's † houſe
He his young ſon conveys,
Is ſtaid by Cuſtom, with him fights,
And his vain pride diſdays.

A gentle knight there was whoſe noble deeds
O'er Fairyland by Fame were blazon'd round;
For warlike enterprize and ſage areeds‡
Among the chief alike was he renown'd,
Whence with the marks of higheſt honours crown'd
By Gloriana, in domeſtic peace,
That port to which the wiſe are ever bound,
He anchor'd was, and chang'd the toſſing ſeas
Of buſtling buſy life for calm ſequeſter'd eaſe.

There in domeſtic virtue rich and great,
As erſt in public, 'mid his wide domain
Long in primeval patriarchal ſtate,
The lord, the judge, the father of the plain
He dwelt: and with him in the golden chain
Of wedded faith ylink'd a matron ſage
Aye dwelt, ſweet partner of his joy and pain!
Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
Skill'd to improve his bliſs, his ſorrows to aſſuage!

From this fair union, not of ſordid gain,
But merit ſimilar and mutual love,
True ſource of lineal virtue, ſprung a train
Of youths and virgins, like the beauteous grove
Which round the temple of Olympic Jove
Begirt with youthful bloom the parent tree§,
The ſacred olive, whence old Elis wove
Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
The guerdons‖ of bold ſtrength and ſwift activity.

So round their noble parents goodly roſe
Theſe gen'rous ſcions; they with watchful care,
Still as the ſwelling paſſions 'gan diſcloſe
The buds of future virtues, did prepare
With prudent culture the young ſhoots to rear,
And aye in this endearing pious toil
They by a palmer ¶ ſage inſtructed were, [while
Who from deep thought and ſtudious ſearch ere-
Had learnt to mend the heart and till the human ſoil.

For by celeſtial Wiſdom whilom led
Thro' all the apartments of th' immortal mind,
He view'd the ſecret ſtores, and mark'd the ſted**
To judgment, wit, and memory, aſſign'd;
And now ſenſation and reflection join'd
To fill with images her darkſome grotte,
Where variouſly diſjointed or combin'd,
As reaſon, fancy, or opinion, wrought, [thought.
Their various maſks they play'd, and fed her penſive

Als†† thro' the fields of Science had he ſtray'd
With eager ſearch, and ſent his piercing eye
Thro' each learn'd ſchool, each philoſophic ſhade,
Where Truth and Virtue erſt were deem'd to lie,
If haply the fair vagrants he mote‡‡ ſpy,
Or hear the muſic of their charming lore;
But all unable there to ſatisfy
His curious ſoul, he turn'd him to explore
The ſacred writ of Faith, to learn, believe, adore.

Thence foe profeſs'd of Falſehood and Deceit,
Thoſe fly artificers of Tyranny,
Aye holding up before uncertain feet
His faithful light to knowledge, Liberty,
Mankind he led to civil policy,
And mild Religion's charitable law,
That fram'd by Mercy and Benignity
The perſecuting ſword forbids to draw,
And free-created ſouls with penal terrours awe.

Ne with the glorious gifts elate and vain
Lock'd he his wiſdom up in churliſh pride,
But ſtooping from his height would even deign
The feeble ſteps of infancy to guide:
Eternal glory him therefore betide;
Let ev'ry gen'rous youth his praiſe proclaim,
Who wand'ring thro' the world's rude foreſt wide,
By him hath been ytaught his courſe to frame
To Virtue's ſweet abodes and heaven aſpiring Fame!

For this the Fairy knight with anxious thought
And fond paternal care his counſel pray'd,
And him of gentleſt courteſy beſought
His guidance to vouchſafe and friendly aid,
The while his tender offspring he convey'd
Thro' devious paths to that ſecure retreat
Where ſage Pædia with each tuneful maid
On a wide mount had fix'd her rural ſeat,
'Mid flow'ry gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
And that ſame virtuous palmer them to guide,

* Nurture, education. † Pædia is a Greek word, ſignifying education. ‡ Areeds, counſels.

§ *Parent-tree, the ſacred olive.*] This tree grew in the Alus, or ſacred grove of Olympic Jupiter, at Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was eſteemed ſacred; and from that were taken the Olympic crowns.

‖ Guerdons, rewards.

¶ Palmer, pilgrim. The perſon here ſignified is Mr. Locke, characterized by his works.

** Sted, place, ſtation. †† Als, alſo, further. ‡‡ Mote, might.

Arm'd

Arm'd all to point, and on a courſer fair
Ymounted high, in military pride,
His little train beſore he ſlow did ride.
Him eke behind a gentle 'ſquire enſues,
With his young lord aye marching ſide by ſide,
His counſellor and guard in goodly thews*,
Who well had been brought up and nurs'd by ev'ry Muſe.

Thus as their pleaſing journey they purſu'd,
With cheerful argument beguiling pain,
Ere long deſcending from an hill they view'd
Beneath their eyes outſtretch'd a ſpacious plain,
That fruitful ſhew'd and apt for ev'ry grain,
For paſtures, vines, and flow'rs, while Nature fair
Sweet ſmiling all around with count'nance fain †
Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care
Her wildneſs to correct, her laviſh waſte repair.

Right good I ween and bounteous was the ſoil,
Aye wont in happy ſeaſon to repay
With tenfold uſury the peaſant's toil,
But now it was ruin all and wild decay;
Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay, [grown,
The ſheep-ſhorne down with barren brakes ‡ o'er-
The whiles the merry peaſants ſport and play
All as the public evil were unknown,
Or ev'ry public care from ev'ry breaſt was flown.

Aſtoniſh'd at a ſcene at once ſo fair
And ſo deform'd, with wonder and delight
At man's neglect and Nature's bounty rare,
In ſtudious thought awhile the Fairy knight
Bent on that goodly lond § his eager ſight,
Then forward ruſh'd impatient to deſcry
What towns and caſtles therein were empight ‖;
For towns him ſeem'd and caſtles he did ſpy [eye.
As to th' horizon round he ſtretch'd his roaming

Nor long way had they travell'd ere they came
To a wide ſtream that with tumultuous roar
Amongſt rude rocks its winding courſe did frame,
Black'd was the wave and fordid, cover'd o'er
With angry foam, and ſtain'd with infants' gore:
Thereto, along th' unlovely margin ſtood
A birchen grove that waving from the ſhore
Aye caſt upon the tide its falling bud,
And with its bitter juice empoiſon'd all the flood.

Right in the centre of the vale empight
Not diſtant far a forked mountain roſe,
In outward form preſenting to the ſight
That fam'd Parnaſſian hill on whoſe fair brows
The Nine Aonian Siſters wont repoſe,
Liſt'ning to ſweet Caſtalia's ſounding ſtream,
Which thro' the plains of Cirrha murm'ring flows;
But this to that compar'd mote juſtly ſeem
Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's eſteem.

For this, nor founded deep nor ſpredden wide,
Nor high uprais'd above the level plain,
By toiling art thro' tedious years applied,
From various parts compil'd with ſtudious pain,
Was erſt upthrown, if ſo it mote attain,
Like that poetic mountain, to be hight ¶
The noble ſeat of Learning's goodly train;
Thereto, the more to captivate the ſight
It like a garden fair moſt curiouſly was dight **.

In figur'd plots with leafy wails enclos'd,
By meaſure and by rule it was outlay'd,
With ſymmetry ſo regular diſpos'd
That plot to plot ſtill anſwer'd ſhade to ſhade;
Each correſpondent twain alike array'd
With like embelliſhments of plants and flow'rs,
Of ſtatues, vaſes, ſpouting founts, that play'd
Thro' ſhells of Tritons their aſcending ſhow'rs,
And labyrinths involv'd and trelice-woven bow'rs.

There likewiſe mote be ſeen on ev'ry ſide
The yew obedient to the planter's will,
And ſhapely box of all their branching pride
Ungently ſhorne, and with prepoſt'rous ſkill
To various beaſts and birds of ſundry quill
Transform'd, and human ſhapes of monſtrous ſize,
Huge as that giant race who hill on hill [prize ††.
High-heaping, ſought with impious vain em-
Deſpite of thund'ring Jove to ſcale the ſteepy ſkies.

Als other wonders of the ſportive ſhears
Fair Nature miſadorning there were found
Globes, ſpiral columns, pyramids, and piers,
With ſprouting urns and budding ſtatues crown'd,
And horizontal dials on the ground
In living box by cunning artiſts trac'd,
And gallies trim on no long voyage bound,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd faſt, [blaſt.
All ‡‡ were their bellying ſails outſpread to ev'ry

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
With terraſſes on terraſſes upthrown,
And all along arrang'd in order'd rows
And viſtos broad the velvet ſlopes adown
The ever verdant trees of Daphne ſhone;
But aliens to the clime, and brought of old
From Latian plains and Grecian Helicon,
They ſhrunk and languiſh'd in a foreign mould,
By changeful ſummers ſtarv'd, and pinch'd by winter's cold.

Amid this verdant grove with ſolemn ſtate,
On golden thrones of antic form reclin'd,
In mimic majeſty Nine Virgins ſat,
In features various as unlike in mind:
Als boaſted they themſelves of heavenly kind,
And to the ſweet Parnaſſian Nymphs allied;
Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they twin'd,
And matching with high names their apiſh pride,
O'er ev'ry learned ſchool aye claim'd they to preſide.

In antic garbs (for modern they diſdain'd)
By Greek and Roman artiſts whilom §§ made,
Of various woofs and variouſly diſtain'd
With tints of ev'ry hue were they array'd;

* Thews, manners. † Fain, earneſt, eager. ‡ Brakes, briers. § Lond, land.
‖ Empight, placed. ¶ Hight, called, named. ** Dight, dreſt.
†† Emprize, enterpriſe, attempt. ‡‡ All, uſed frequently by the old Engliſh poets for although.
§§ Whilom, formerly.

And

And here and there ambitiously display'd
A purple shred of some rich robe, prepar'd
Erst by the Muses or th' Aonian Maid,
To deck great Tullius or the Mantuan bard,
Which o'er each motley vest with uncouth
splendour glar'd.

And well their outward vesture did express
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting Wisdom's antiquated dress,
And usages by time cast far behind:
Thence to the charms of younger Science blind,
The customs, laws, the learning, arts, and phrase,
Of their own countries they with scorn declin'd;
Ne sacred Truth herself would they embrace
Unwarranted, unknown in their forefathers days.

Thus ever backward casting their survey
To Rome's old ruins, and the groves forlorn
Of elder Athens, which in prospect lay [turn
Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they
Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn,
Then gath'ring up with superstitious care
Each little scrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
This Ennius, Varro, this the Stagirite, did wear.

Yet under names of venerable sound, [rod,
While o'er the world they stretch'd their awful
Thro' all the provinces of Learning own'd
For teachers of whate'er is wise and good;
Als from each region to their drad* abode
Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taste
The streams of Science, which united flow'd
Adown the mount from nine rich sources cast,
And to the vale below in one rude torrent past.

O'er ev'ry source, protectress of the stream,
One of those Virgin Sisters did preside,
Who dignifying with her noble name
Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide,
The heady vapours of scholastic pride,
Despotical and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide,
Vain love of praise with adulation join'd,
And disingenuous scorn and impotence of mind.

Extending from the hill on ev'ry side,
In circuit vast a verdant valley spread,
Across whose uniform flat bosom glide
Ten thousand streams, in winding mazes led
By various sluices from one common head;
A turbid mass of waters, vast, profound!
Hight of Philology the lake, and fed
By that rude torrent which with roaring sound
Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the
level round.

And ev'ry where this spacious valley o'er,
Fast by each stream was seen a numerous throng
Of beardless striplings, to the birch-crown'd shore
By nurses, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along,
Who helpless, meek, and innocent of wrong,
Were torn reluctant from the tender side
Of their fond mothers, and by faitours† strong,
By pow'r made insolent and hard by pride, [tide.
Were driv'n with furious rage, and lash'd into the

On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,
And casting round their oft reverted eyes,
If haply they mote 'scape the hated flood,
Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries:
But far away th' unheeding father flies,
Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress;
While close behind, assuming the disguise
Of nurt'ring Care and smiling Tenderness, [press.
With secret scourges arm'd those grisly faitours

As on the steepy margin of a brook,
When the young Sun with flowry Maia rides,
With innocent dismay a bleating flock
Crowd back affrighted at the rolling tides,
The shepherd-swain at first exhorting chides
Their seely‡ fear; at length, impatient grown,
With his rude crook he wounds their tender sides,
And, all regardless of their piteous moan, [down.
Into the dashing wave compels them furious

Thus urg'd by mast'ring fear and dolorous teen§
Into the current plung'd that infant crowd:
Right piteous was the spectacle I ween,
Of tender striplings stain'd with tears and blood,
Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood,
And lab'ring to attain the distant shore,
Where holding forth the gown of manhood stood
The Siren Liberty, and evermore
Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.

Irksome and long the passage was, perplex'd
With rugged rocks, on which the raving tide
By sudden bursts of angry tempests vex'd
Oft dash'd the youth, whose strength mote ill abide
With head uplifted o'er the waves to ride;
Whence many wearied ere they had o'erpast
The middle stream (for they in vain have tried)
Again return'd astounded‖ and aghast,
Ne one regardful look would ever backward cast.

Some, of a rugged more enduring frame,
Their toilsome course with patient pain pursu'd,
And tho' with many a bruise and muchel¶ blame,
Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embru'd
Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdu'd,
And quail'd by labour, gain'd the shore at last;
But in life's practis'd lear** unskill'd and rude,
Forth to that forked hill they silent pac'd,
Where hid in studious shades their fruitless hours
they waste.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred,
Tho' with the crowd to pass the flood constrain'd,
Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
By hireling guides, and in all depths sustain'd,
Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unstain'd,
Save with the sprinkling of the wat'ry spray,
And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd

* Drad, dreadful.
† Faitour, doer, from *faire*, to do, and *fait*, deed; commonly used by Spenser in a bad sense.
‡ Seely, simple. § Teen, pain, grief. ‖ Astounded, astonished. ¶ Muchel, much.
** Lear, learning.

Of

Of ignorance, and eaſe, and wanton play,
Soft harbingers of vice and premature decay.

A few, alas! how few! by Heaven's high will
With ſubtle ſpirits endow'd and ſinews ſtrong,
Albe* ſore mated† by the tempeſts ſhrill
That bellow'd fierce and rife the rocks among,
By their own native vigour borne along,
Cut briſkly thro' the waves, and forces new
Gath'ring from toil, and ardour from the throng
Of rival youths, outſtript the lab'ring crew,
And to the true Parnaſſe‡ and heaven-throng'd glory flew.

Dire was the tumult! and from ev'ry ſhore
Diſcordant echoes ſtruck the deafen'd ear,
Heart-thrilling cries, with ſobs and ſingults§ ſore
Short interrupted, the imploring tear,
And furious ſtripes and angry threats ſevere,
Confus'dly mingled with the jarring ſound
Of all the various ſpeeches that whilere‖
On Shinar's wideſpread champaign did aſtound
High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works confound.

Much was the knight empaſſion'd at the ſcene;
But more his blooming ſon, whoſe tender breaſt
Empierced deep with ſympathizing teen
On his pale cheek the ſigns of drad impreſs'd,
And fill'd with tears his eyes, which ſore diſtreſs'd,
Up to his ſire he rais'd in mournful wiſe,
Who with ſweet ſmiles paternal ſoon redreſs'd
His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each ſad ſurmiſe:
Then turns his ready ſteed, and on his journey hies.

But far he had not march'd ere he was ſtay'd
By a rude voice, that like th' united ſound
Of ſhouting myriads thro the valley bray'd
And ſhook the groves, the floods, and ſolid ground;
The diſtant hills rebellow'd all around.
"Arreſt, ſir Knight," it cried, "thy fond career,
"Nor with preſumptuous diſobedience wound
"That awful majeſty which all revere!
"In my commands, ſir Knight, the voice of "nations hear."

Quick turn'd the knight, and ſaw upon the plain
Advancing towards him, with impetuous gait,
And viſage all inflam'd with fierce diſdain,
A monſtrous giant, on whoſe brow elate
Shone the bright enſign of imperial ſtate;
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
And oft times over both erect his throne,
While ſenates, prieſts, and kings, his ſovran¶ ſceptre own.

Cuſtom he hight, and aye in ev'ry land
Uſurp'd dominion with deſpotic ſway
O'er all he holds, and to his high command
Conſtrains ev'n ſtubborn Nature to obey,
Whom diſpoſſeſſing oft he doth aſſay
To govern in her right; and with a pace
So ſoft and gentle doth he win his way,
That ſhe unwares is caught in his embrace;
And tho' deflour'd and thrall'd nought feels her foul diſgrace,

For nurt'ring even from their tendereſt age
The docile ſons of men withouten pain,
By diſciplines and rules to every ſtage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train
Inſenſibly to wear and hug his chain;
Als his beheſts or gentle or ſevere,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily perſuades them to revere
As inſtitutions ſage and venerable lear.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
And mighty patron of thoſe Siſters Nine,
Who there enthron'd with many a copious rill,
Feed the full ſtreams that thro' the valley ſhine,
He deemed was, and aye with rites divine,
Like thoſe which Sparta's** hardy race of yore
Were wont perform at fell Diana's ſhrine,
He doth conſtrain his vaſſals to adore
Perforce their ſacred names, and learn their ſacred lore.

And to the Fairy knight now drawing near
With voice terrific and imperious mien
(All was he wont leſs dreadful to appear [ſeen)
When known and practis'd than at diſtance
And kingly ſtretching forth his ſceptre ſheen,
Him he commandeth upon threaten'd pain
Of his diſpleaſure high and vengeance keen,
From his rebellious purpoſe to refrain, [train.
And all due honours pay to Learning's rev'rend

So ſaying, and foreſtalling all reply,
His peremptory hand without delay,
As one who little car'd to juſtify
His princely will, long us'd to boundleſs ſway,
Upon the Fairy youth with great diſmay
In ev'ry quaking limb convuls'd he lay'd,
And proudly ſtalking o'er the verdant lay††,
Him to thoſe ſcientific ſtreams convey'd,
With many his young compeers, therein to be embay'd‡‡.

The knight his tender ſon's diſtreſsful ſtour§§
Perceiving, ſwift to his aſſiſtance flew,
Ne vainly ſtay'd to deprecate that pow'r
Which from ſubmiſſion aye more haughty grew:
For that proud giant's force he wiſely knew
Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defied
With raſh preſumption; and with courage true,
Rather than ſtep from virtue's path aſide,
Oft had he ſingly ſcorn'd his all-diſmaying pride.

* Albe, although. † Mated, amazed, ſcared. ‡ Parnaſſe, Parnaſſus.
§ Singults, ſighs. ‖ Whilere, formerly. ¶ Sovran, for ſovereign.
** The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with conſtancy and courage, were accuſtomed to cauſe them to be ſcourged very ſeverely. "And I myſelf," ſays Plutarch, in his Life of Lycurgus, "have ſeen ſeveral of them endure whipping to death at the foot of the altar of Diana, ſurnamed Othia." †† Lay, mead. ‡‡ Embay'd, bathed, dipt. §§ Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.

And

And now, diſdaining parle, his courſer hot
He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful ſpear,
Wherewith the giant he ſo rudely ſmot,
That him perforce conſtrain'd to wend * arrear;
Who much abaſh'd at ſuch rebuke ſevere,
Yet his accuſtom'd pride recov'ring ſoon,
Forthwith his maſſy ſceptre 'gan uprear,
For other warlike weapon he had none,
Ne other him behov'd to quell his boldeſt fone†.

With that enormous mace the Fairy knight
So ſore he bet‡ that all his armour bray'd §,
To pieces well nigh riv'n with the might
Of ſo tempeſtuous ſtrokes; but he was ſtay'd,
And ever with delib'rate valour weigh'd
The ſudden changes of the doubtful fray,
From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
When force unequal did him hard aſſay;
So lightly from his ſteed he leap'd upon the lay.

Then ſwiftly drawing forth his trenchant‖ blade,
High o'er his head he held his fenceful ſhield,
And warily forecaſting to evade
The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,
With reſtleſs ſteps aye traverſing the field,
And ever as his foe's intemp'rate pride
Thro' rage defenceleſs mote advantage yield,
With his ſharp ſword ſo oft he did him gride¶,
That his gold-ſandal'd feet in crimſon floods were dy'd.

His baſer parts he maim'd with many a wound;
But far above his utmoſt reach were pight**
The forts of life; ne never to confound
With utter ruin, and aboliſh quite
A pow'r ſo puiſſant, by his ſingle might
Did he preſume to hope: himſelf alone
From lawleſs force to free in bloody fight
He ſtood, content to bow to cuſtom's throne,
So reaſon mote not bluſh his ſovran rule to own.

So well he warded and ſo fiercely preſt
His foe, that weary wax'd he of the fray.
Yet nould he algates†† lower his haughty creſt,
But maſking in contempt his ſore diſmay,
Diſdainfully releas'd the trembling prey
As one unworthy of his princely care;
Then proudly caſting on the warlike Fay ‡‡
A ſmile of ſcorn and pity, thro' the air
'Gan blow his ſhrilling horn; the blaſt was heard afar.

Eftſoons aſtoniſh'd at th' alarming ſound,
The ſignal of diſtreſs and hoſtile wrong,
Confus'dly trooping from all quarters round,
Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
Of ev'ry ſex and order, old and young,
The vaſſals of great Cuſtom's wide domain,
Who to his lore inur'd by uſage long
His ev'ry ſummons heard with pleaſure fain,
And felt his ev'ry wound with ſympathetic pain.

They, when their bleeding king they did behold
And ſaw an armed knight him ſtanding near,
Attended by that palmer ſage and bold,
Whoſe vent'rous ſearch of devious truth whilere
Spread thro' the realms of learning horrours drear,
Yſeized were at firſt with terrors great,
And in their boding hearts began to fear
Diſſenſion factious, controverſial hate,
And innovations ſtrange, in Cuſtom's peaceful ſtate.

But when they ſaw the knight his fauchion ſheath,
And climbing to his ſteed march thence away
With all his hoſtile train, they 'gan to breathe
With freer ſpirit, and with aſpect gay
Soon chac'd the gath'ring clouds of black afray:
Als their great monarch, cheered with the view
Of myriads who confeſs his ſovran ſway,
His ruffled pride began to plume anew
And on his bugle clear a ſtrain of triumph blew.

Thereat the multitude that ſtood around
Sent up at once a univerſal roar
Of boiſtrous joy: the ſudden-burſting ſound,
Like the exploſion of a warlike ſtore
Of nitrous grain, th' afflicted welkin §§ tore:
Then turning tow'rds the knight with ſcoffings lewd,
Heart-piercing inſults and revilings ſore,
Loud burſts of laughter vain, and hiſſes rude
As thro' the throng he paſs'd his parting ſteps purſued.

Als from that forked hill, the boaſted ſeat
Of ſtudious Peace and mild Philoſophy,
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
Muſt'ring their rage; eke baleful Infamy,
Rous'd from her den of baſe obſcurity
By thoſe fam'd Maidens Nine, began to ſound
Her brazen trump of black'ning obloquy,
While Satire, with dark clouds encompaſs'd round,
Sharp ſecret arrows ſhot, and aim'd his back to wound.

But the brave Fairy knight no whit diſmay'd,
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain,
With curious eye obſerving, as he ſtray'd
Thro' the wide provinces of Cuſtom's reign,
What mote afreſh admoniſh him remain
Faſt by his virtuous purpoſe; all around
So many objects mov'd his juſt diſdain,
Him ſeem'd that nothing ſerious, nothing ſound,
In city, village, bow'r, or caſtle, mote be found.

In village, city, caſtle, bow'r, and hall,
Each ſex, each age, each order and degree,
To vice and idle ſport abandon'd all,
Kept one perpetual gen'ral jubilee,
Ne ſuffer'd ought diſturb their merry glee;
Ne ſenſe of private loſs, ne public woes,
Reſtraint of law, religion's drad decree,
Inteſtine deſolation, foreign foes,
Nor Heaven's tempeſtuous threats, nor earth's convulſive throes.

* Wend arrear, move backwards. † Fone, foes. ‡ Bet, beat. § Bray'd, reſounded.
‖ Trenchant, cutting. ¶ Gride, cut, hack. ** Pight, plac'd.
†† Nould he algates, would not by any means. ‡‡ Fay, Fairy. §§ Welkin, ſky.

But

But chiefly they whom Heaven's diſpoſing hand
Had ſeated high on Fortune's upper ſtage,
And plac'd within their call the ſacred band
That waits on Nurture and Inſtruction ſage,
If haply their wiſe heſts* mote them engage
To climb thro' knowledge to more noble praiſe,
And, as they mount, enlighten ev'ry age
With the bright influence of fair virtue's rays,
Which from the awful heights of grandeur brighter blaze:—

They, O perverſe and baſe ingratitude!
Deſpiſing the great ends of Providence,
For which above their mates they were endued
With wealth, authority, and eminence,
To the low ſervices of brutal ſenſe
Abus'd the means of pleaſures more refin'd,
Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence;
And, fett'ring on her throne th' immortal Mind,
The guidance of her realm to paſſions wild reſign'd.

Hence, thoughtleſs, ſhameleſs, reckleſs, ſpiritleſs,
Nought worthy of their kind did they eſſay,
But, or benumb'd with paſſied idleneſs,
In merely living loiter'd life away,
Or by falſe taſte of pleaſure led aſtray,
For ever wand'ring in the ſenſual bow'rs
Of feveriſh Debauch and luſtful Play,
Spent on ignoble toils their active pow'rs,
And with untimely blaſts diſeas'd their vernal hours.

E'en they to whom kind Nature did accord
A frame more delicate and purer mind,
Tho' the foul brothel and the wine-ſtain'd board
Of beaſtly Comus loathing they declin'd,
Yet their ſoft hearts to idle joys reſign'd;
Like painted inſects thro' the ſummer air
With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd,
And taſting ev'ry flow'r and bloſſom fair
Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

For choice them needed none who only ſought
With vain amuſements to beguile the day;
And wherefore ſhould they take or care or thought
Whom Nature prompts and Fortune calls to play?
"Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!"
So learn'd, ſo taught, the leaders of mankind
Th' unreaſoning vulgar willingly obey,
And, leaving toil and poverty behind,
Ran forth by diff'rent ways the bliſsful boon to find.

Nor tedious was the ſearch; for ev'ry where,
As nigh great Cuſtom's royal tow'rs the knight
Paſs'd thro' th' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
The merry voice of feſtival delight
Saluting the return of morning bright
With matin revels by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended, and again with dewy night
In cover'd theatres or leafy bow'rs,
Off'ring her ev'ning vows to Pleaſure's joyous pow'rs.

And ever on the way mote he eſpy
Men, women, children, a promiſcuous throng
Of rich, poor, wiſe, and ſimple, low and high,
By land, by water, paſſing aye along
With murmurs, antics, muſic, dance and ſong,
To Pleaſure's num'rous temples, that beſide
The gliſt'ning ſtreams, or tufted groves among,
To ev'ry idle foot ſtood open wide,
And ev'ry gay deſire with various joys ſupplied.

For there each heart with diverſe charms to move
The ſly enchantreſs ſummon'd all her train;
Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love,
The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,
And tricking Hermes, god of fraudful gain,
Who when blind Fortune throws directs the die,
And Phœbus, tuning his ſoft Lydian ſtrain
To wanton motions and the lover's ſigh,
And thought-beguiling ſhew and maſking revelry.

Unmeet aſſociates theſe for noble youth
Who to true honour meaneth to aſpire,
And for the works of virtue, faith and truth,
Would keep his manly faculties entire;
The which avizing well the cautious ſire
From that ſoft Siren land of pleaſaunce vain
With timely haſte was minded to retire,
Or ere the ſweet contagion mote attain
His ſon's unpractiſ'd heart, yet free from vicious ſtain.

So turning from that beaten road aſide,
Thro' many a devious path at length he pac'd,
As that experienc'd palmer did him guide
Till to a mountain hoare they came at laſt,
Whoſe high-rais'd brows, with ſylvan honours grac'd,
Majeſtically frown'd upon the plain,
And over all an awful horror caſt;
Seem'd as thoſe villas gay it did diſdain,
Which ſpangled all the vale like Flora's painted train.

The hill aſcended ſtraight, erewhile they came
To a tall grove, whoſe thick embow'ring ſhade,
Impervious to the ſun's meridian flame,
E'en at mid-noon a dubious twilight made,
Like to that ſober light which, diſarray'd
Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams
Thro' windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd
Along ſome cloiſter'd abbey faintly gleams,
Abſtracting the rapt thought from vain earth-muſing themes.

Beneath this high o'erarching canopy
Of cluſt'ring oaks, a ſylvan colonnade,
Aye liſt'ning to the native melody
Of birds ſweet echoing thro' the lonely ſhade,
On to the centre of the grove they ſtray'd;
Which in a ſpacious circle op'ning round,
Within its fhelt'ring arms ſecurely laid,
Diſclos'd to ſudden view a vale profound,
With Nature's artleſs ſmiles and tranquil beauties crown'd.

There on the baſis of an ancient pile,
Whoſe croſs-ſurmounted ſpire o'erlook'd the wood,
A venerable matron they erewhile
Diſcover'd have beſide a murm'ring flood,
Reclining in right ſad and penſive mood:
Retir'd within her own abſtracted breaſt,
She ſeem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood,
The which her changing cheer by turns expreſs'd,
Now glowing with diſdain, with grief now overkeſt.†

* Heſts, beheſts, precepts, commands.

† Overkeſt, for overcaſt.

Her

Her thus immers'd in anxious thoughts profound
When as the knight perceiv'd, he nearer drew,
To weet what bitter bale did her astound,
And whence th' occasion of her anguish grew;
For that right noble matron well he knew,
And many perils huge and labours sore
Had for her sake endur'd, her vassal true,
Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
Her honour to respect, and reverence her lore.

" O dearest Dread!" he cried, " fair Island Queen!
" Mother of heroes! Empress of the main!
" What means that stormy brow of troublous
" teen, [train
" Sith* heaven-born Peace, with all her smiling
" Of Sciences and Arts, adorns thy reign
" With wealth and knowledge, splendour and
" renown? plain!
" Each port how throng'd! how fruitful ev'ry
" How blithe the country! and how gay the
" town!
" While Liberty secures and heightens ev'ry
" boon!"

Awaken'd from her trance of pensive wo
By these fair flatt'ring words, she rais'd her head,
And bending on the knight her frowning brow,
" Mock'st thou my sorrows, Fairy Son?" she said;
" Or is thy judgment by thy heart misled
" To deem that certain which thy hopes suggest?
" To deem them full of life and lustihead †
" Whose cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are dress'd,
" And with joy's careless mien and dimpled
" smiles impress'd!

" Thy unsuspecting heart how nobly good
" I know, how sanguine in thy country's cause,
" And mark'd thy virtue singly how it stood
" Th' assaults of mighty custom, which o'erawes
" The faint and tim'rous mind, and oft withdraws
" From Reason's lore th' ambitious and the vain,
" By the sweet lure of popular applause,
" Against their better knowledge to maintain
" The lawless throne of Vice or Folly's childish
" reign.

" How vast his influence, how wide his sway,
" Thyself erewhile by proof didst understand,
" And saw'st, as thro' his realms thou took'st thy
" way,
" How vice and folly had o'erspread the land:
" And canst thou then, O Fairy Son! demand
" The reason of my wo? or hope to ease
" The throbbings of my heart with speeches bland,
" And words more apt my sorrows to increase,
" The once-dear names of wealth, and liberty,
" and peace?

" Peace, wealth, and liberty that noblest boon,
" Are blessings only to the wise and good;
" To weak and vicious minds their worth un-
" known,
" And thence abus'd, but serve to furnish food
" For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
" With high-spic'd luxury, whence strife, debate,
" Ambition, envy, Faction's vip'rous brood,
" Contempt of order, manners profligate, [state.
" The symptoms of a foul, disease'd and bloated
" Ev'n Wit and Genius, with their learned train
" Of Arts and Muses, tho' from heav'n above
" Descended, when their talents they profane
" To varnish folly, kindle wanton love,
" And aid eccentric sceptic pride to rove
" Beyond celestial truth's attractive sphere,
" This moral system's central sun, aye prove
" To their fond votaries a curse severe,
" And only make mankind more obstinately err.
" And stand my sons herein from censure clear?
" Have they consider'd well and understood
" The use and import of those blessings dear
" Which the great Lord of Nature hath bestow'd
" As well to prove as to reward the good?
" Whence are these torrents then, these billowy
" Of vice, in which as in his proper flood [seas
" The fell Leviathan licentious plays,
" And upon shipwreck'd Faith and sinking Vir-
" tue preys?

" To you, ye noble, opulent, and great!
" With friendly voice I call and honest zeal;
" Upon your vital influences wait
" The health and sickness of the common weal:
" The maladies you cause yourselves must heal.
" In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
" Will truth and reason make their just appeal,
" In vain will sacred wisdom cry aloud, [blood.
" And justice drench in vain her vengeful sword in
" With you must reformation first take place:
" You are the head, the intellectual mind
" Of this vast body politic, whose base
" And vulgar limbs to drudgery consign'd,
" All the rich stores of science have resign'd
" To you, that, by the craftsman's various toil,
" The sea-worn mariner and sweating hind,
" In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
" You for yourselves and them may dress the
" mental soil.

" Bethink you then, my children! of the trust
" In you repos'd; ne let your heaven-born mind
" Consume in pleasure or unactive rust,
" But nobly rouse you to the task assign'd,
" The godlike task, to teach and mend mankind!
" Learn, that ye may instruct: to virtue lead
" Yourselves the way; the herd will crowd be-
" hind,
" And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
" Example is a lesson that all men can read.
" But if (to all or most I do not speak)
" In vain and sensual habits now grown old
" The strong Circæan charm you cannot break,
" Nor reassume at will your native mould ‡,
" Yet envy not the state you could not hold,
" And take compassion on the rising age;
" In them redeem your errors manifold,
" And by due discipline and nurture sage
" In virtue's lore betimes your docile sons engage.
" You chiefly who like me in secret mourn
" The prevalence of custom lewd and vain,

* Sith, since. † Lustihead, strong health, vigour. ‡ Mould, shape, form.

" And

" And you who tho' by the rude torrent borne
" Unwillingly along, you yield with pain
" To his beheſts, and act what you diſdain,
" Yet nouriſh in your hearts the gen'rous love
" Of piety and truth, no more reſtrain
" The manly zeal, but all your ſinews move
" The preſent to reclaim, the future race im-
" prove.

" Eftſoons by your joint efforts ſhall be quell'd
" Yon haughty giant, who ſo proudly ſways
" A ſceptre by repute alone upheld,
" Who where he cannot dictates ſtraight obeys:
" Accuſtom'd to conform his flatt'ring phraſe
" To numbers and light-plac'd authority
" Your party he will join, your maxims praiſe,
" And, drawing after all his menial fry,
" Soon teach the gen'ral voice your act to ratify.

" Ne for th' atchievement of this great emprize
" The want of means or counſel may ye dread;
" From my twin-daughters' fruitful wombs ſhall
" A race of letter'd ſages deeply read [riſe
" In learning's various writ, by whom yled
" Thro' each well-cultur'd plot, each beauteous
" grove,
" Where antic wiſdom whilom wont to tread,
" With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
" And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of
" knowledge prove.

" Yourſelves with virtue thus and knowledge
" fraught,
" Of what in ancient days of good or great
" Hiſtorians, bards, philoſophers, have taught,
" Join'd with whatever elſe of modern date
" Maturer judgment, ſearch more accurate,
" Diſcover'd have of Nature, Man and God,
" May by new laws reform the time-worn ſtate
" Of cell-bred diſcipline, and ſmoothe the road
" That leads thro' learning's vale to wiſdom's
" bright abode.

" By you invited to her ſecret bow'rs,
" Then ſhall Pædia re-aſcend her throne,
" With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flow'rs;
" Whilefromtheirforkedmountdeſcendingdown
" Yon ſupercilious pedant train ſhall own
" Her empire paramount, ere long by her
" Ytaught a leſſon in their ſchools unknown,
" To learning's richeſt treaſure to prefer
" The knowledge of the world and man's great
" buſineſs there.

" On this prime ſcience, as the final end
" Of all her diſcipline and nurt'ring care,
" Her eye Pædia fixing, aye ſhall bend
" Her ev'ry thought and effort to prepare
" Her tender pupils for the various war
" Which vice and folly ſhall upon them wage
" As on the perilous march of life they fare,
" With prudent lore fore-arming ev'ry age
" 'Gainſt Pleaſure's treach'rous joys and Pain's
" embattled rage.

" Then ſhall my youthful ſons, to wiſdom led
" By fair example and ingenuous praiſe,
" With willing feet the paths of duty tread,
" Thro' the world's intricate or rugged ways,
" Conducted by Religion's ſacred rays,
" Whoſe ſoul-invigorating influence
" Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
" Of ſordid ſelfiſhneſs, and brutal ſenſe; [lence.
" Andſwell th'ennobled heart with bleſt benevo-
" Then alſo ſhall this emblematic pile,
" By magic whilom fram'd to ſympathiſe
" With all the fortunes of this changeful iſle,
" Still as my ſons in fame and virtue riſe, [ſkies
" Grow with their growth, and to th' applauding
" It's radiant croſs uplift; the while to grace
" The multiplying niches freſh ſupplies
" Of worthies ſhall ſucceed, with equal pace
" Aye following their ſires in virtue's glorious
" race."

Fir'd with th' idea of her future fame,
She roſe majeſtic from her lowly ſtead,
While from her vivid eyes a ſparkling flame
Outbeaming, with unwonted light o'erſpread
That monumental pile, and, as her head
To ev'ry front ſhe turn'd, diſcover'd round
The venerable forms of heroes dead,
Who for their various merit, erſt renown'd,
In this bright faneofgloryſhrinesofhonourfound.

On theſe that royal dame her raviſh'd eyes
Would often feaſt; and ever as ſhe ſpied [riſe,
Forth from the ground the length'ning ſtructure
With new-plac'd ſtatues deck'd on ev'ry ſide,
Her parent breaſt would ſwellwithgen'rouspride.
And now with her in that ſequeſter'd plain
The knight a while conſtraining to abide,
She to the Fairy youth with pleaſure fain
Thoſeſculptur'd chiefs did ſhew, and their great
lives explain.

§ 59. *A Birth-Day Thought.*

Can I, all-gracious Providence!
Can I deſerve thy care?
Ah! no: I've not the leaſt pretence
To bounties which I ſhare.

Have I not been defended ſtill
From dangers and from death;
Been ſafe preſerv'd from ev'ry ill
E'er ſince thou gave me breath?

I live once more, to ſee the day
That brought me firſt to light;
O! teach my willing heart the way
To take thy mercies right.

Tho' dazzling ſplendor, pomp, and ſhow,
My fortune has denied;
Yet more than grandeur can beſtow
Content hath well ſupplied.

No ſtrife has e'er diſturb'd my peace,
No mis'ries have I known;
And, that I'm bleſs'd with health and eaſe,
With humble thanks I own.

I envy no one's birth or fame,
Their titles, train, or dreſs;
Nor has my pride e'er ſtretch'd its aim
Beyond what I poſſeſs.

I aſk

I ask and wish, not to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay;
Lord make me wiser ev'ry year,
And better ev'ry day.

§ 60. *A Moral Reflection. Written on the first Day of the Year* 1782.

Seventeen Hundred Eighty-one
Is now for ever past:
Seventeen Hundred Eighty-two
Will fly away as fast.

But whether life's uncertain scene
Shall hold an equal pace;
Or whether death shall come between,
And end my mortal race:

Or whether sickness, pain, or health,
My future lot shall be;
Or whether poverty or wealth,
Is all unknown to me.

One thing I know, that needful 'tis
To watch with careful eye;
Since ev'ry season spent amiss
Is registr'd on high.

Too well I know what precious hours
My wayward passions waste;
And oh! I find my mortal pow'rs
To dust and darkness haste.

Earth rolls her rapid seasons round,
To meet her final fire;
But virtue is with glory crown'd,
Tho' suns and stars expire.

What awful thoughts! what truths sublime!
What useful lesson this!
O! let me well improve my time!
Oh! let me die in peace!

§ 61. *The Triumph of Isis, occasioned by Isis, an Elegy.* T. Warton.

Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam
Semper in ore geris? referunt si vera parentes,
Hanc Urbem infano nullus qui Marte petivit,
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec Numina Sedem
Destituent.— Claudian.

On closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from op'ning clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown that bound her brow
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod;
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd:
No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of past'ral pipe or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
To shake yon towers when malice rears her crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?
Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite freedom's cause,
Still boast of freedom, while you break her laws;
To Pow'r your songs of gratulation pay;
To Courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
What tho' your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus' herse;
What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?——
Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.
Let *** boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctify'd and sleek:
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meand'ring thro' the matted reeds,
With loit'ring wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honour calls, and justice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bow'r
Still nor enjoys nor seeks the smile of pow'r.
Though wakeful vengeance watch my crystal spring
Tho persecution wave her iron wing,
And o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
"Those destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
And, as the dews of gracious heaven descend
Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,
Her stores on me spontaneous bounty pours.
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With Fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majestic gait:
Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,
And still the graces build my Grecian piles:
My gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

E'en late when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auſpicious ſhone in Iſis' happy plain; [ſhrine,
When yon proud * dome fair learning's amplest
Beneath its attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Was rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclaim,
To Radcliffe due, and Iſis' honour'd name?
What free-born crouds adorn'd the feſtive day,
Nor bluſh'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breaſt with honeſt ardour heav'd,
When Shelton's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the choſen few,
Rome's awful ſenate ruſh'd upon the view!
O may the day in lateſt annals ſhine,
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine;
That bade them leave the loftier ſcene awhile,
The pomp of guiltleſs ſtate, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the ſage design,
To hold ſhort dalliance with the tuneful Nine!
Then muſic left her ſilver ſphere on high,
And bore each ſtrain of triumph from the ſky;
Swell'd the loud ſong, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full peans of melliflous ſound.
My Naiads blythe the dying accents caught,
And liſtening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conſcious wave,
And all my reeds their ſofteſt whiſpers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,
And breath'd a freſher fragrance on my flow'rs.
But lo! at once the pealing concerts ceaſe,
And crowded theatres are huſh'd in peace.
See, on yon ſage, how all attentive ſtand,
To catch his parting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart. [ſpire,
Skill'd to pronounce what nobleſt thoughts in-
He blends the ſpeaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eyes to charm,
To win with action, and with ſenſe to warm.
Untaught in flow'ry periods to diſpenſe
The lulling ſounds of ſweet impertinence:
In frowns or ſmiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to riſe;
Bids happier days to Albion be reſtor'd,
Bids ancient juſtice rear her radiant ſword;
From me, as from my country, claims applauſe,
And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cauſe.
While arms like theſe my ſtedfaſt ſages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable ſhield;
Say, ſhall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this ſcholaſtic war?
Still vainly ſcribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, ſhall I foſter this domeſtic peſt,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breaſt?
Thus in ſome gallant ſhip that long has bore
Britain's victorious croſs from ſhore to ſhore,
By chance, beneath her cloſe ſequeſter'd cells
Some low-born worm, a lurking miſchief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and ſaps with ſecret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile.

In vain the foreſt lent its ſtatelieſt pride,
Rear'd her tall maſt, and fram'd her knotty ſide;
The martial thunder's rage in vain ſhe ſtood,
With ev'ry conflict of the ſtormy flood;
More ſure the reptile's little arts devour
Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry pow'r.
Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes ſublime,
Ye tow'rs that wear the moſſy veſt of time!
Ye maſſy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloiſters pale, that length'ning to the ſight
To contemplation, ſtep by ſtep, invite;
Ye high-arc'd walks, where oft the whiſpers clear
Of harps unſeen have ſwept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praiſe;
Lo! your lov'd Iſis, from the bord'ring vale,
With all a mother's fondneſs bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the ſeat;
Nurſe of each brave purſuit, each gen'rous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in ſcience and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!
Ev'n now, confeſs'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted ſons ariſe.
Tuning to knightly tale his Britiſh reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celeſtial fire.
With graceful ſtep ſee Addiſon advance,
The ſweeteſt child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke read Reaſon, his majeſtic bride:
See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
And ſpread the treaſur'd ſtores of Truth divine.
All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And beſt the labours plann'd of letter'd eaſe;
Who taught with truth, or with perſuaſion mov'd,
Whoſooth'd with numbers, or with ſenſe improv'd,
Who rang'd the pow'rs of reaſon, or refin'd
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each prieſt of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and ſtay the fleeting ſoul;
All crowd around, and, echoing to the ſky,
Hail! Oxford, hail! with filial tranſport cry.
And ſee yon ſapient train! with lib'ral aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the gothic gloom of ſlaviſh ſway
To ſhed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each muſing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counſels mark their meaning brows.
"Lo! theſe the leaders of thy patriot line,"
A Raleigh, Hamden, and a Somers ſhine.
Theſe from thy ſource the bold contagion caught,
Their future ſons the great example taught:
While in each youth th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguiſh'd, and the ſame!

* The Radcliffe Library.

Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
I see the sable-suited prince advance
With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
Edward. The Muses in yon cloister's shade
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw;
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.
And see, great father of the sacred band,
The * Patriot King before me seems to stand.
He, by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fost'ring hand;
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd land.
Though simple was the dome, where first to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowr's,
And proudly lifts to heaven her hundred tow'rs.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And sooth'd to soft society's controul
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
Elate he views his laurel'd progeny:
Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race express'd;
Conscious he sees fair Freedom still survive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the Goddess pour'd the beam
Unsully'd on his ancient diadem)
Well pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
Here deigns to linger ere she leave the land.

§ 62. *Inscription in a Hermitage, at Ansley-Hall, in Warwickshire.* T. Warton.

Beneath this stony roof reclin'd,
I sooth to peace my pensive mind:
And while to shade my lowly cave,
Embow'ring elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.
Within my limits lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes and brighter skies;
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.
At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And ev'ry op'ning primrose count
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.
At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-emboss'd book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed.
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.
While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

§ 63. *Monody, written near Stratford upon Avon.* T. Warton.

Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;
Thy brink with watry foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd,
Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the bard divine
Whose sacred dust yon high arch'd aisles incloses,
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
Above th' embow'ring shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy circled shrine,
Of daisies pied his infant off'ring made;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

§ 64. *On the Death of King George the Second.* T. Warton.

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that science sheds on Glory's grave!

* Alfred.

So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!
O Pitt, if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which ancient freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.
Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless off'ring to the shrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore:
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days;
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
How sceptred Hiëro stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she sat
The decent handmaid, not the slave, of state;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
For, taught like ours, she dar'd with prudent pride
Obedience from dependance to divide:
Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.
And sure, if e'er the muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophy'd throne?
At whose firm base thy fixed fast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
Aspires to baffle Faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conqu'ring banners sweep,
Again her Commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state:
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cause, one common end prescribes:
Nor fear nor fraud or spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valour strikes the blow.
O Pitt, while honour points thy lib'ral plan,
And o'er the Minister exalts the Man,
Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.
For 'tis not Hers, by false connections drawn
At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breast
To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress:
'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom favours of the cringing crew:
More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
In elder times, she woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand
To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command:
From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the prize;
From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.
Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial Muse
From that calm Bow'r*, which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth
In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which ev'ry classic Grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign, which now, no more an empty theme,
Adorns Philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality this favour'd isle.

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§ 65. *On the Marriage of the King, to her Majesty.* MDCCLXI. T. WARTON.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,
Tow'r'd in imperial state above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!
And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
Lo! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd thro' many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here walk'd the flame, that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;

* Trinity College, Oxford; in which also Lord Somers, and Sir James Harrington, author of the Oceana, were educated.

Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste Beauty's adamantine zone.
Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temp'rate suns display!
Where Property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war?
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream;
On ev'ry coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand;
Whose splendid domes and busy streets declare
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.
And oh! blest Queen, if e'er the magic pow'rs
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;
Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
Mid oaken bow'rs, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd:
While cunning Bards at ancient banquets sung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a Queen like Thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with ev'ry living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespeare drew:
But chief the dreadful group of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest.
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love,
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.
Thine too! majestic Bride, the favour'd clime,
Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime.
O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays!
Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flow'r
Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bow'r
Might catch thy glance, and, rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
If seemly gifts the train of Phœbus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain;
Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the sceptred pall of state aside.
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
Which claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.
These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection Freedom's fav'rite race!
But though the gen'rous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stand supreme in Nature's choicest charms;
Tho' George and Conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
One happier blessing still she calls her own;
And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of Fame,
Crowns her chief honours with a Charlotte's name.

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§ 66. *On the Birth of the Prince of Wales.*

T. Warton.

Written after the Installation at Windsor, in the same year.

Imperial Dome of Edward wise and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds;
Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glitt'ring lance;
Though Knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more
That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, conscious Dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites
As when, high-thron'd amid thy trophy'd shrine,
George shone the leader of the garter'd line?
Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
Still may thy bow'rs receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd Pair
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred Heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot sire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
In life's fresh spring ere buds the promis'd prime,
His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime:
The patriot fire shall catch, with sure presage,
Each lib'ral omen of his op'ning age;
Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
In stripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy;
There firmly wreathe the Braid of heavenly dye,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.
Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
With many an antique tow'r, in massy state,
In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
Vast images of Albion's elder days;
While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,
Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the dusky trappings hung on high,
Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye;
Shall fire the youth to crown his riper years
With rival Cressys, and a new Poictiers;
On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
His own victorious monuments to place.
Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:
Her simple institutes and rigid lore
The royal nurseling unreluctant bore;
Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace,
The cloister's moon-light-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor scorn'd to make the sun, at matins due,
Stream through the storied windows holy hue.
And oh, young Prince, be thine his moral praise;
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.

War

War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When ſtands th'embattled hoſt in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the ſhrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx flaſhes in the ſun:
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright ſcene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft too raſhly glows with fond delight
The youthful breaſt, and aſks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horror's form, a ſpectre wan,
Stalks yet unſeen, along the gleamy van.
May no ſuch rage be thine! no dazzling ray
Of ſpecious fame thy ſtedfaſt feet betray!
Be thine domeſtic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the ſceptre wreath'd with many a palm:
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The ſilver lyre to milder conqueſts ſtrung!
Inſtead of glorious feats achiev'd in arms,
Bid riſing arts diſplay their mimic charms:
Juſt to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the paſt, and rouſe to future praiſe:
Before the public eye, in breathing braſs,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs paſs:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain th' hiſtoric hall.
Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine ancient boaſt,
Thy tournaments and liſted combats loſt!
From Arthur's Board, no more, proud caſtle, mourn
Adventurous Valour's gothic trophies torn!
Thoſe elfin charms, that held in magic night
Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light
At length diſſolve in Truth's meridian ray,
And the bright Order burſts to perfect day:
The myſtic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On Virtue's baſe its reſcued glory rears;
Sees Civil Proweſs mightier acts achieve;
Sees meek Humanity diſtreſs relieve;
Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict ceaſe,
And claims its honours from the Chiefs of Peace.

§ 67. *Ode to Sleep.* T. Warton.

On this my penſive pillow, gentle Sleep!
Deſcend, in all thy downy plumage dreſt:
Wipe with thy wing theſe eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breaſt.

O ſteep my ſenſes in oblivion's balm,
And ſooth my throbbing pulſe with lenient hand;
This tempeſt of my boiling blood becalm!
Deſpair grows mild at thy ſupreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And ſadly toiling through the tedious night,
I ſeek ſweet ſlumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hov'ring, haunts my wretched ſight.

Nor would the dawning day my ſorrows charm:
Black midnight, and the radiant noon alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death ſtands prepar'd, but ſtill delays, to ſtrike.

§ 68. *The Hamlet, written in Whichwood Foreſt.* T. Warton.

The hinds how bleſt, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild,
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For ſplendid care and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with ſlanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the ſcythe in fragrant dew;
The ſheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding ſhades a craggy dell.
Midſt gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's ſweeteſt notes they hear;
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts and woodland rounds,
They ſpy the ſquirrel's airy bounds;
And ſtartle from her aſhen ſpray,
Acroſs the glen, the ſcreaming jay:
Each native charm their ſteps explore
Of ſolitude's ſequeſter'd ſtore.
For them the moon with cloudleſs ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary ſpirits to relieve,
The meadows incenſe breathe at eve.
No riot mars the ſimple fare
That o'er a glimm'ring hearth they ſhare:
But when the curfew's meaſur'd roar
Duly, the dark'ning valleys o'er,
Has echo'd from the diſtant town,
They wiſh no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to cloſe
Their drooping eyes in quick repoſe.
Their little ſons, who ſpread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice ſtray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowſlip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or haſten from the ſultry hill
To loiter at the ſhady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy creſt
To rob the raven's ancient neſt.
Their humble porch with honeyed flow'rs
The curling woodbine's ſhade embow'rs:
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in buſy ſwarms reſound.
Nor fell Diſeaſe, before his time,
Haſtes to conſume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The ſilver crown of treſſes hoar;
As ſtudious ſtill calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flow'ry turf they ſleep.

§ 69. *Ode. The Firſt of April.* T. Warton.

With dalliance rude young Zephyr woo'd
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuſe
The boiſt'rous boy the Fair denies,
Or with a ſcornful ſmile complies.
Mindful of diſaſter paſt,
And ſhrinking at the northern blaſt,
The ſleety ſtorm returning ſtill,
The morning hoar and ev'ning chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the bloſſom'd boughs around.
That clothe the garden's ſouthern bound:

Scarce a ſickly ſtraggling flow'r
Decks the rough caſtle's rifted tow'r:
Scarce the hardy primroſe peeps
From the dark dell's entangled ſteeps:
O'er the field of waving broom:
Slowly ſhoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the tranſitory gale:
While from the ſhrubb'ry's nak'd maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brighteſt broidery ſhone,
Ev'ry chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its burſting gems in cluſters blue.
Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The freſh-turn'd ſoil with tender blades
Thinly the ſprouting barley ſhades:
Fringing the foreſt's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the diſtant eye diſplays
Weakly green its budding ſprays.
The ſwallow, for a moment ſeen,
Skims in haſte the village green:
From the grey moor, on feeble wing,
The ſcreaming plovers idly ſpring:
The butterfly, gay-painted ſoon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon,
And fondly truſts its tender dyes,
To fickle ſuns and flatt'ring ſkies.
Fraught with a tranſient, frozen ſhow'r,
If a cloud ſhould haply low'r,
Sailing o'er the landſcape dark,
Mute on a ſudden is the lark;
But when gleams the ſun again
O'er the pearl-beſprinkled plain,
And from behind his wat'ry veil
Looks through the thin-deſcending hail,
She mounts, and leſs'ning to the ſight,
Salutes the blythe return of light,
And high her tuneful track purſues
Mid the dim rainbow's ſcatter'd hues.
Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks incloſe
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clam'rous call;
And, to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious neſts anew.
Muſing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees:
While, careleſs of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never ſear,
Tow'rs diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
And proudly vaunts her winter veſt.
Within ſome whiſpering oſier iſle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected ſmile;
And each trim meadow ſtill retains
The wint'ry torrent's oozy ſtains:
Beneath a willow, long forſook,
The fiſher ſeeks his cuſtom'd nook;
And burſting thro' the crackling ſedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He ſtartles from the bordering wood
The baſhful wild-duck's early brood.
O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Friſk the lambs, with faltering pace,
And with eager bleetings fill
The foſs that ſkirts the beacon'd hill.
His free born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's uſurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play:
Baſking beneath the noontide ray,
And ſtretch'd among the daiſies, pride
Of a green dingle's ſloping ſide:
While far beneath, where nature ſpreads
Her boundleſs length of level meads,
In looſe luxuriance taught to ſtray
A thouſand tumbling rills inlay
With ſilver veins the vale, or paſs
Redundant thro' the ſparkling graſs.
Yet, in theſe preſages rude,
Midſt her penſive ſolitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the foreſt, green and gay,
The dappled ſlope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harveſt wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his gloſſy robe
Of thouſand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres graſp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.

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§ 70. *Ode. The Suicide.* T. Warton.

Beneath the beech, whoſe branches bare
Smit with the lightning's vivid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whiſtle hollow as they wave;
Within a ſolitary grave,
A wretched Suicide holds his accurs'd abode.
Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dies
Damp miſts involv'd the ſcowling ſkies,
And dimm'd the ſtruggling day;
As by the brook that ling'ring laves
Yon ruſh-grown moor with ſable waves,
Full of the dark reſolve he took his ſullen way.
I mark'd his deſultory pace,
His geſtures ſtrange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd ſound;
And ah! too late aghaſt I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd;
He fell, and groaning graſp'd in agony the ground.
Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the ſlow return of light;
And ſought the pow'rs of ſleep,
To ſpread a momentary calm
O'er his ſad couch, and in the balm [ſteep.
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to
Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endleſs noons alone,
Amid the autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont in haſty fit,
Abrupt the ſocial board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beck'ning

Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
Deſpair, for ever in his view,
A ſpectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the ſhades of eve aroſe
And brought the day's unwelcome cloſe,
More horrible and huge her giant-ſhape ſhe rear'd.

'Is this,' miſtaken Scorn will cry,
'Is this the youth, whoſe genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?
'Whoſe boſom mild the fav'ring Muſe
'Had ſtor'd with all her ample views,
'Parent of faireſt deeds, and purpoſes ſublime?'

Ah! from the Muſe that boſom mild
By treach'rous magic was beguil'd,
To ſtrike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his ſoft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful ſenſe of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the ſharp ſtings of hopeleſs love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While miſery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wiſh not o'er his earthly tomb
The baleful nightſhade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor, oh! forbid the twiſted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With ſpring's green-ſwelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled buſt
Adorn his deſolated duſt,
With ſpeaking ſculpture wrought?
Pity ſhall woo the weeping Nine
To build a viſionary ſhrine,
Hung with unfading flow'rs, from fairy regions brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewleſs mourners ſhall delight
To touch the ſhadowy ſhell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura loſt, in early bloom,
In melancholy tones ſhall ring his penſive knell.

To ſooth a lone unhallow'd ſhade,
This votive dirge ſad duty paid,
Within an ivy'd nook:
Sudden the half-ſunk orb of day
More radiant ſhot its parting-ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took:

'Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praiſe;
'Nor thus for guilt in ſpecious lays
'The wreath of glory twine:
'In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
'Gay Fancy gives her veſt to flow,
'Unleſs Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

'Juſt Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
'Permits through life at large to rove
'The tribes of hell-born woe;
'Yet the ſame pow'r that wiſely ſends
'Life's fierceſt ills, indulgent lends
'Religion's golden ſhield to break th' embattled foe.

'Her aid divine had lull'd to reſt
'Yon foul ſelf-murtherer's throbbing breaſt,
'And ſtay'd the riſing ſtorm:
'Had bade the ſun of hope appear
'To gild the darken'd hemiſphere,
'And give the wonted bloom to nature's blaſted form.

'Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
'To take, what firſt it deign'd to give,
'Thy tributary breath:
'In awful expectation plac'd,
'Await thy doom, nor impious haſte
'To pluck from God's right hand his inſtru-
'ments of death.'

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§ 71. *Ode. Sent to a Friend on his leaving a favourite Village in Hampſhire.* T. WARTON.

AH, mourn thy lov'd retreat! No more
Shall claſſic ſteps thy ſcenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy ſteep,
Who now ſhall climb its brows, to view
Thy length of landſcapes ever new;
Where ſummer flings, in careleſs pride,
Her varied veſture far and wide?
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that ſails aloof:
The tufted pines, whoſe umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deſerted hall:
The vet'ran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that ſmokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's emboſom'd ſpire?
Who now ſhall indolently ſtray
Through the deep foreſt's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his cuſtom'd taſk to find
The well-known hoary-treſſed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
Who mid thy nooks of hazle ſit,
Loſt in ſome melancholy fit;
And liſt'ning to the raven's croak,
The diſtant flail, the falling oak?
Who, through the ſunſhine and the ſhow'r,
Deſcry the rainbow-painted tow'r?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the firſt cuckow's vernal lay?
Who, muſing waſte the ſummer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
The graſſy lane ſo rarely pac'd,
With azure flow'rets idly grac'd?
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers croſs the lawn:
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy penſive evening ſhade the ſky!
For, lo! the bard who rapture found
From ev'ry rural ſight or ſound;
Whoſe genius warm, and judgment chaſte,
No charm of genuine nature paſs'd;

Who felt the Muſe's pureſt fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bow'rs
With ſhadowy ſhapes and airy pow'rs.
Behold, a dread repoſe reſumes,
As erſt, thy ſad ſequeſter'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where ſhaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed ſhoots,
Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primroſe-chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow ſhriek the nymphs forſake
The pathleſs copſe, and hedge-row brake.
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong ſide
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green ſummit, ambuſh'd high,
No longer echo loves to lie,
No pearl-crown'd maid, with wily look,
Riſe beck'ning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimm'ring bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor bruſh, half-ſeen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conſcious frown,
The foreſt-oaks, that pale and lone
Nod to the blaſt with hoarſer tone,
Rough glens, and ſullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.
So by ſome ſage inchanter's ſpell,
(As old Arabian fables tell)
Amid the ſolitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily ſmil'd:
From ſapphire rocks the fountains ſtream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in ev'ry wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or ſolemn ſtood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd at diſtance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the criſped bow'rs
Rich ſpires aroſe, and ſparkling tow'rs.
If bound on ſervice new to go,
The maſter of the magic ſhow
His tranſitory charm withdrew.
Away th' illuſive landſcape flew:
Dun clouds obſcur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning ſmote the blooming mold:
In viſionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous caſtle diſappear'd:
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Uſurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

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§ 72. *The Art of preſerving Health.* Arsmtrong.

BOOK I. AIR.

Daughter of Pæan, queen of ev'ry joy,
Hygeia*; whole indulgent ſmiles ſuſtains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal eſſences beſtows
Immortal youth; auſpicious, O deſcend!
Thou, cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'ſt on the weſtern gale,
Or ſhak'ſt the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffuſeſt life and vigour thro' the tracts
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain,
When thro' the blue ſerenity of heaven
Thy pow'r approaches, all the waſteful hoſt
Of pain and ſickneſs, ſqualid and deform'd,
Confounded ſink into the loathſome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever ſhapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the ſhuddering air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with ſlow wings
Riſe from the putrid wat'ry element,
The damp waſte foreſt, motionleſs and rank,
That ſmothers earth and all the breathleſs winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten ſouth;
Whatever ills, th' extremes or ſudden change
Of cold and hot, or moiſt and dry produce;
They fly their pure effulgence: they, and all
The ſecret poiſons of avenging Heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of vice and needleſs pleaſure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning ſky,
Mournful eclipſe, or planets ill combin'd,
Portend diſaſtrous to the vital world,
Thy ſalutary pow'r averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would ſicken, nature ſoon would die.
Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture ſwells the breaſt, no poet ſings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O goddeſs, heavenly-gay!
Begin the ſong; and let it ſweetly flow,
And let it wiſely teach thy wholeſome laws:
'How beſt the fickle fabric to ſupport
'Of mortal man; in healthful body how
'A healthful-mind the longeſt to maintain.'
'Tis hard, in ſuch a ſtrife of rules to chuſe
The beſt, and thoſe of moſt extenſive uſe;
Harder in clear and animated ſong
Dry philoſophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the ſecret wilds I trace
Of Nature, and with daring ſteps proceed
Thro' paths the Muſes never trod before.
Nor ſhould I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that ſagacious mind
Which taught to check the peſtilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou, belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou, long the fav'rite of the healing pow'rs,
Indulge, O Mead! a well deſign'd eſſay,
How'er imperfect; and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country ſhare,
Till you the rich Aſclepian ſtores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.
Ye who amid this feveriſh world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind,
Fly the rank city, ſhun its turbid air;

* Hygeia, the goddeſs of Health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æſculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was diſtinguiſhed by the name of Pæan.

Breathe

Breathe not the chaos of eternal ſmoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, ſick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to fully heaven's tranſparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not Air
That from a thouſand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The ſpoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature, when from ſhape and texture ſhe
Relapſes into fighting elements:
It is not Air, but floats a nauſeous maſs
Of all obſcene, corrupt, offenſive things.
Much moiſture hurts; but here a ſordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The ſolid frame than ſimple moiſture can.
Beſide, immur'd in many a ſullen bay
That never felt the freſhneſs of the breeze,
This ſlumbering Deep remains, and ranker grows
With ſickly reſt: and (tho' the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyſs)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from ſo many thundering chimneys, tame
The putrid ſteams that over-ſwarm the ſky,
This cauſtic venom would perhaps corrode
Thoſe tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countleſs pores o'er all the pervious ſkin,
Imbib'd, would poiſon the balſamic blood,
And rouſe the heart to ev'ry fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the ſtreams, and each ambroſial breeze
That fans the ever-undulating ſky;
A kindly ſky! whoſe foſtering pow'r regales
Man, beaſt, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then ſome woodland ſcene where Nature ſmiles
Benign, where all her honeſt children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy ſeat;
Look round the ſmiling land, ſuch numbers riſe
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where, enthron'd in adamantine ſtate,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windſor ſits;
There chooſe thy ſeat, in ſome aſpiring grove
Faſt by the ſlowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader ſhe laves fair Richmond's green retreats
(Richmond, that ſees an hundred villas riſe
Rural or gay). Oh! from the ſummer's rage,
Oh! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham! But, if the buſy Town
Attract thee ſtill to toil for pow'r or gold,
Sweetly thou may'ſt thy vacant hours poſſeſs
In Hampſtead, courted by the weſtern wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or loſe the world amid the ſylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unſpoil'd.
Green riſe the Kentiſh hills in cheerful air;
But on the marſhy plains that Eſſex ſpreads
Build not, nor reſt too long thy wandering feet.
For on a ruſtic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there preſides: a meagre fiend,
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compreſs'd the ſlothful Naiad of the fens.
From ſuch a mixture ſprung, this fitful peſt
With feveriſh blaſts ſubdues the ſick'ning land:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of reſt,
Convulſive yawnings, laſſitude and pains
That ſting the burthen'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints, and ev'ry torpid limb;
Then parching heat ſucceeds, till copious ſweats
O'erflow: a ſhort relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated ſhocks the wretches pine:
The vigour ſinks, the habit melts away;
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face with ſqualid atrophy
Devour'd, in ſallow melancholy clad.
And oft the ſorcereſs, in her ſated wrath,
Reſigns them to the furies of her train;
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Tinged with her own accumulated gall.
In queſt of ſites, avoid the mournful plain
Where oſiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
Nor, for the wealth that all the Indies roll,
Fix near the marſhy margin of the main.
For from the humid ſoil, and wat'ry reign,
Eternal vapours riſe; the ſpungy air
For ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a ſounding deluge down.
Skies ſuch as theſe let ev'ry mortal ſhun
Who dreads the dropſy, palſy, or the gout,
Tertian, corroſive ſcurvy, or moiſt catarrh;
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-ſpun fibres idle and unſtrung,
Skin ill perſpiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loit'ring into phlegm.
Yet not alone from humid ſkies we pine;
For air may be too dry. The ſubtle heaven,
That winnows into duſt the blaſted downs,
Bare, and extended wide without a ſtream,
Too faſt imbibes th' attenuated lymph,
Which, by the ſurface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil eſſay
Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving ſtructure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A maſs of lees remains, a droſſy tide
That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins;
Unactive in the ſervices of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through
The ſecret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholy Fiend (that worſt deſpair
Of phyſic) hence the ruſt-complexion'd man
Purſues, whoſe blood is dry, whoſe fibres gain
Too ſtretch'd a tone: and hence in climes a duſt
So ſudden tumults ſeize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.
Fly, if you can, theſe violent extremes
Of air, the wholeſome is nor moiſt nor dry.
But as the pow'r of chooſing is denied
To half mankind, a further taſk enſues;
How beſt to mitigate theſe fell extremes,
How breathe unhurt the withering element,
Or hazy atmoſphere: tho' cuſtom moulds
To ev'ry clime the ſoft Promethean clay;
And he who firſt the fogs of Eſſex breath'd
(So kind is native air) may in the fens

Of

Of Eſſex from inveterate ills revive
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But, if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
Correct the ſoil and dry the ſources up
Of wat'ry exhalation; wide and deep
Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog;
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the ſtream;
And weed the foreſt, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where ſtrangled vapours lie;
Or thro' the thickets ſend the crackling flames.
Meantime at home with cheerful fires diſpel
The humid air: and let your table ſmoke
With ſolid roaſt or bak'd; or what the herds
Of tamer breed ſupply; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilſome pleaſures of the chace.
Generous your wine, the boaſt of rip'ning years,
But frugal be your cups; The languid frame,
Vapid and ſunk from yeſterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry hea-
But neither theſe, nor all Apollo's arts, [vens.
Diſarm the dangers of the dropping ſky,
Unleſs with exerciſe and manly toil [blood.
You brace your nerves, and ſpur the lagging
The fatt'ning clime let all the ſons of eaſe
Avoid; if indolence would wiſh to live,
Go, yawn and loiter out the long ſlow year
In fairer ſkies. If droughty regions parch [blood,
The ſkin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning
Deep in the waving foreſt chooſe your ſeat,
Where fuming trees refreſh the thirſty air;
And wake the fountains from their ſecret beds,
And into lakes dilate the rapid ſtream.
Here ſpread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
The moiſt relaxing vegetable ſtore
Prevail in each repaſt: your food ſupplied
By bleeding life, be gently waſted down,
By ſoft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm; or if the ſolid maſs
You chooſe, tormented in the boiling wave;
That thro' the thirſty channels of the blood
A ſmooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from its cold receſs
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirſt; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen ſherbet the fickle taſte relieve.
For with the vicious blood the ſimple ſtream
Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
Oft diſſipate more moiſture than they give.
Yet when pale ſeaſons riſe, or winter rolls
His horrors o'er the world, thou may'ſt indulge
In feaſt more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow caſk. Then too the ſcourging air
Provokes to keener toils than ſultry droughts
Allow. But rarely we ſuch ſkies blaſpheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our ſeaſons droop: incumbent ſtill
A pond'rous heaven o'erwhelms the ſinking ſoul:
Lab'ring with ſtorms, in heapy mountains riſe
Th' embattled clouds, as if the Stygian ſhades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the South deſcends.
Scarce in a ſhow'rleſs day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful Eaſt
Withers the tender ſpring, and ſourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of ſummers, balmy airs, and ſkies ſerene.
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This diſmal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your pow'rful miniſters of wrath,
Prepare ſome fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent nature! O diſſolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: give the genial Weſt
To breathe, and in its turn the ſprightly North:
And may once more the circling ſeaſons rule
The year; not mix'd in ev'ry monſtrous day!
Meantime, the moiſt malignity to ſhun [paign
Of burthen'd ſkies, mark where the dry cham-
Swells into cheerful hills; where marjorum
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the * cynorrhoden with the roſe
For fragrance vies; for in the thirſty ſoil
Moſt fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the baſking ſteep
Aſcend; there light thy hoſpitable fires,
And let them ſee the winter morn ariſe;
The ſummer evening bluſhing in the weſt:
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the bluſt'ring
north,
And bleak affliction of the peeviſh eaſt.
Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
The ſounding foreſt fluctuates in the ſtorm;
To ſink in warm repoſe, and hear the din
Howl o'er the ſteady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar ſleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarſer ſtrain
Of waters ruſhing o'er the ſlippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambroſial reſt.
To pleaſe the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is ſtudied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the juſt
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Beſides the ſportive brook for ever ſhakes
The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with inceſſant change
Of pureſt element, refreſhing ſtill
Your airy ſeat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praiſe the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whoſe lofty ſides
Th' ethereal deep with endleſs billows chafes.
His purer manſion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.
But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill! And whereſoe'er you build;
Whether on ſun-burnt Epſom, or the plains
Waſh'd by the ſilent Lee; in Chelſea low,
Or high Blackheath with wint'ry winds aſſail'd,
Dry be your houſe; but airy more than warm.
Elſe ev'ry breath or ruder wind will ſtrike
Your tender body thro' with rapid pains!

* The wild roſe, or that which grows on the common brier.

Fierce

Fierce coughs will teaſe you, hoarſeneſs bind your voice,
Or moiſt Gravedo load your aching brows.
Theſe to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloiſter'd air, tainted with ſteaming life,
Let lofty cielings grace your ample rooms;
And ſtill at azure noontide may your dome
At ev'ry window drink the liquid ſky.
Need we the ſunny ſituation here,
And theatres open to the ſouth, commend!
Here, where the morning's miſty breath infeſts
More than the torrid noon? How ſickly grow,
How pale, the plants in thoſe ill-fated vales
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the ſun!
While on the neighb'ring hill the roſe inflames
The verdant ſpring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languiſhingly ſweet;
O'er ev'ry hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the ſummer's ray.
Nor leſs the warmer living tribes demand
The foſt'ring ſun; whoſe energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whoſe gen'rous heat
Glows thro' the maſs of groſſer elements,
And kindles into life the pond'rous ſpheres.
Cheer'd by the fond invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majeſty of day!
If not the ſoul, the regent of this world,
Firſt-born of heaven, and only leſs than God!

BOOK II. DIET.

Enough of Air. A deſert ſubject now,
Rougher and wilder, riſes to my ſight.
A barren waſte, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muſe's brow; nor even a proud
Stupendous ſolitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouſe a noble horror in the ſoul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Thro' endleſs labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewell, ethereal fields! the humbler arts
Of life: the Table and the homely Gods
Demand my ſong. Elyſian gales, adieu! [flow,
The blood, the fountain whence the ſpirits
The gen'rous ſtream that waters ev'ry part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded; ſcourg'd for ever round and round:
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at laſt forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thouſand gates
Are open to its flight, it would deſtroy
The parts it cheriſh'd and repair'd before.
Beſides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildeſt moſt nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls; as in the ſtream
Its crumbling banks: but what the vital force
Of plaſtic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, thoſe plaſtic particles
Rebuild: ſo mutable the ſtate of man.
For this the watchful appetite was given,
Daily with freſh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This neceſſary waſte of fleſh and blood.
Hence the concoctive pow'rs, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
To different parts their winding courſe purſue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or ſome private uſe.
Nothing ſo foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
By vi'lent powers too eaſily ſubdued,
Too ſoon expell'd. His daily labour thaws
To friendly chyle the moſt rebellious maſs
That ſalt can harden, or the ſmoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
Nor that which Ceſtria ſends, tenacious paſte
Of ſolid milk. But ye of ſoſter clay,
Infirm and delicate! and ye who waſte
With pale and bloated ſloth the tedious day!
Avoid the ſtubborn element, avoid
The full repaſt; and let ſagacious age
Grow wiſer, leſſon'd by the dropping teeth.
Half ſubtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readieſt obeys th' aſſimilating powers;
And ſoon the tender vegetable maſs
Relents; and ſoon the young of thoſe that tread
The ſtedfaſt earth, or cleave the green abyſs,
Or pathleſs ſky. And if the ſteer muſt fall,
In youth and ſanguine vigour let him die;
Nor ſtay till rigid age or heavy ails
Abſolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage and luxuriant eaſe
Indulge the veteran ox; but wiſer thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exerciſe
Refin'd, and ſcanty fare: for, old or young
The ſtall'd are never healthy, nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame
To wholſome food th' abominable growth
Of reſt and gluttony; the prudent taſte
Rejects like bane ſuch loathſome luſciouſneſs.
The languid ſtomach curſes even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coyly they mix, and ſhun with ſlipp'ry wiles
The woo'd embrace. The irreſoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandiſhing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence,
What horrors riſe, were nauſeous to relate.
Chooſe leaner viands, ye whoſe jovial make
Too faſt the gummy nutriment imbibes:
Chooſe ſober meals, and rouſe to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' enfeebling
Irreſolute, protract the morning hours. [down,
But let the man, whoſe bones are thinly clad,
With cheerful eaſe and ſucculent repaſt
Improve his ſlender habit. Each extreme
From the bleſt mean of ſanity departs.

I could

I could relate what table this demands
Or that complexion; what the various pow'rs
Of various foods; but fifty years would roll,
And fifty more, before the tale were done.
Beſides, there often lurks ſome nameleſs, ſtrange,
Peculiar thing; nor on the ſkin diſplay'd,
Felt in the pulſe, nor in the habit ſeen;
Which finds a poiſon in the food that moſt
The temp'rature affects. There, are, whoſe blood
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins,
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moiſt Melon, or pale Cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supplied with ſlaughter; and the vernal pow'rs
For cooler, kinder, ſuſtenance implore.
Some ev'n the gen'rous nutriment deteſt
Which in the ſhell, the ſleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy ſtill, repent the gifts
Of Pales—ſoft, delicious, and benign;
The balmy quinteſſence of ev'ry flow'r,
And ev'ry grateful herb that decks the ſpring;
The foſt'ring dew of tender ſprouting life;
The beſt refection of declining age;
The kind reſtorative of thoſe who lie
Half dead, and panting from the doubtful ſtrife
Of nature ſtruggling in the graſp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not ſuch a ſalutary food
As ſuits with ev'ry ſtomach. But (except
Amid the mingled maſs of fiſh and fowl,
And boil'd and bak'd, you heſitate by which
You ſunk oppreſs'd, or whether not by all).
Taught by experience, ſoon you may diſcern
What pleaſes; what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the ſicken'd appetite too long;
Or heave with feveriſh flushings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue;
Or much diminiſh or too much increaſe
Th' expence, which nature's wiſe œconomy,
Without or waſte or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger looſe,
And bid the curious palate roam at will;
They ſcarce can err amid the various ſtores
That burſt the teeming entrails of the world.
Led by ſagacious taſte, the ruthleſs king
Of beaſts on blood and ſlaughter only lives;
The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger ſtarve: of milder ſeeds,
The generous horſe to herbage and to grain
Confines his wiſh; tho' fabling Greece reſound
The Thracian ſteeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by inſtinct's never-erring pow'r
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within,
Their cravings are well aim'd: voluptuous Man
Is by ſuperior faculties miſled,
Miſled from pleaſure e'en in queſt of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thouſands ſeek,
With diſhes tortur'd from their native taſte,
And mad variety, to ſpur beyond
Its wiſer will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleaſure? Learn a juſter taſte;
And know that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Purſue ſome nobler aim:
Diſmiſs your paraſites, who praiſe for hire;
And earn the fair eſteem of honeſt men,
Whoſe praiſe is fame. Form'd of ſuch clay as yours,
The ſick, the famiſh'd, ſhiver at your gates.
Even modeſt want may bleſs your hand unſeen,
Tho' huſh'd in patient wretchedneſs at home,
Is there no virgin grac'd with ev'ry charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whoſe neglected bloom
Unfoſter'd ſickens in the barren ſhade?
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too gen'rous and humane,
Conſtrain'd to leave his happy natal ſeat,
And ſigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miſeries abound,
A thouſand ways to waſte ſuperfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of ſickneſs or diſguſt.
But other ills th' ambiguous feaſt purſue,
Beſides provoking the laſcivious taſte.
Such various foods, tho' harmleſs each alone,
Each other violate; and oft we ſee
What ſtrife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
Th' unbounded taſte I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet, needleſsly ſevere.
But would you long the ſweets of health enjoy,
Or huſband pleaſure; at one impious meal
Exhauſt not half the bounties of the year,
Of ev'ry realm. It matters not meanwhile
How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
So far indulge: 'tis fit, beſides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But ſtay the curious appetite, and taſte
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of uſe, the kindeſt aliment
Sometimes offends; while cuſtom tames the rage
Of poiſon to mild amity with life.
So Heaven has form'd us to the general taſte
Of all its gifts, ſo cuſtom has improv'd
This bent of nature, that few ſimple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by exceſs offend. Beyond the ſenſe
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often; nor protract the feaſt
To dull ſatiety; till ſoft and ſlow
A drowſy death creeps on, th' expanſive ſoul
Oppreſs'd, and ſmother'd the celeſtial fire.
The ſtomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle ſubdues
The ſofteſt food; unfiniſh'd and deprav'd,
The chyle in all its future wand'rings owns
Its turbid fountain; not by purer ſtreams
So to be clear'd, but foulneſs will remain.
To ſparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic ſkill
From the crude ore can ſpin the ductile gold?
Groſs riot treaſures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues; but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For phyſic knows
How to diſburden the too tumid veins,

Ev'n

Ev'n how to ripen the half-labour'd blood:
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and ſhrunk with long inanity,
And with balſamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a ſecond ſpring;
Or the tall aſh, long raviſh'd from the ſoil,
Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger ſharpen to corroſive pain:
For the keen appetite will feaſt beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverſe.
Too greedily th' exhauſted veins abſorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled pow'rs
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-ſet ſiege
And famine humbled, may this verſe be borne.
And hear, ye hardieſt ſons that Albion breeds!
Long toſs'd and famiſh'd on the wint'ry main;
The war ſhook off, or hoſpitable ſhore
Attain'd, with temp'rance bear the ſhock of joy;
Nor crown with feſtive rights th' auſpicious day:
Such feaſts might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wand'ring ſpark
With what the ſooneſt feels its kindred touch:
Be frugal e'en of that; a little give
At firſt: that kindled, add a little more;
Till by delib'rate nouriſhing, the flame
Reviv'd with all its wonted vigour glows.
But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that: ſo nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Beſides, a meagre day ſubdues
The cruder clods by ſloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy averſion to the feaſt
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen low'rs;
Then is a time to ſhun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a faſt ſo ſeaſonable ſtarves
The latent ſeeds of woe, which rooted once
Might coſt you labour. But, the day return'd
Of feſtal luxury, the wiſe indulge
Moſt in the tender vegetable breed:
Then chiefly when the ſummer beams inflame
The brazen heavens, or angry Sirius ſheds
A fev'riſh taint thro' the ſtill gulph of air,
The moiſt cool viands then, and flowing cup
From the freſh dairy-virgin's lib'ral hand,
Will ſave your head from harm, tho' round the world
The dreaded * Cauſos roll his waſteful fires,
Pale humid Winter loves the gen'rous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
His quaking heart. The ſeaſons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen
Impoſe. Thro' autumn's languiſhing domain
Deſcending, nature by degrees invites
To growing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter when th' invigorating year
Emerges; when Favonius, fluſh'd with love,
Joyful and young, in ev'ry breeze deſcends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, ſhepherds, then begin to ſpare your flocks;
And learn, with wiſe humanity, to check
The luſt of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent ſky:
Now bounteous nature feeds with laviſh hand
The prone creation; yields what once ſuffic'd
Their dainty ſov'reign, when the world was young,
Ere yet the barb'rous thirſt of blood had ſeiz'd
The human breaſt. Each rolling month matures
The food that ſuits it moſt; ſo does each clime.
Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
Th' eſtabliſh'd ocean heaps a monſtrous waſte
Of ſhining rocks and mountains to the pole,
There lives a hardy race, whoſe plaineſt wants
Relentleſs earth, their cruel ſtep mother,
Regards not. On the waſte of iron fields,
Untam'd, intractable, no harveſts wave;
Pomona hates them, and the clowniſh god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with eaſe; for here the fruitful ſpawn
Of Ocean ſwarms, and heaps their genial board
With gen'rous fare and luxury profuſe.
Theſe are their bread, the only bread they know;
Theſe, and their willing ſlave, the deer that crops
The ſhrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the South
Her ſwarthy ſons in either Ind maintains;
Or thirſty Libya, from whoſe fervid loins
The lion burſts, and ev'ry fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderneſs. The mountain herd,
Aduſt and dry, no ſweet repaſt affords;
Nor does the tepid main ſuch kinds produce,
So perfect, ſo delicious, as the ſhoals
Of icy Zembla. Raſhly where the blood [tain
Brews fev'riſh frays; where ſcarce the tubes ſuſ-
Its tumid fervour and tempeſtuous courſe,
Kind Nature tempts not to ſuch gifts as theſe.
But here in livid ripeneſs melts the grape;
Here, finiſh'd by invigorating ſuns,
Thro' the green ſhade the golden orange glows!
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A gen'rous pulp; the coco ſwells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The criſp ananas wraps its poignant ſweets:
Earth's vaunted progeny; in ruder air
Too coy to flouriſh, ev'n too proud to live,
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here, with a mother's ſmile,
Glad Amalthea pours a copious horn:
Here buxom Ceres reigns: th' atumnal ſea
In boundleſs billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What ſuits the climate beſt, what ſuits the men,

* The burning Fever.

Nature

Nature profuſes moſt, and moſt the taſte
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirſty ſouls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in elſe intolerable air;
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, aſſuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.
Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthuſiaſtic wilds
By mortal elſe untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks [ſong.
Whence glide the ſtreams renown'd in ancient
Here from the deſert down the rumbling ſteep
Firſt ſprings the Nile; here burſts the ſounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the eaſt;
And there, in Gothic ſolitude reclin'd,
The cheerleſs Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What ſolemn twilight, what ſtupendous ſhades,
Enwrap theſe infant floods! Thro' ev'ry nerve
A ſacred horror thrills, a pleaſing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The foreſt deepens round;
And, more gigantic ſtill, th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are theſe the confines of ſome fairy world,
A land of Genii? Say, beyond theſe wilds
What unknown nations, if indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies? And whither leads,
To what ſtrange regions, or of bliſs or pain,
That ſubterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful ſteps I tread
This trembling ground. The taſk remains to ſing
Your gifts (ſo Pæan, ſo the pow'rs of health
Command) to praiſe your cryſtal element:
The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works;
Whoſe flexile genius ſparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the ſource, of nutriment
And life to all that vegetate or live.
O comfortable ſtreams! With eager lips,
And trembling hand, the languid thirſty quaff
New life in you: freſh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer ſought the fires of human kind
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of fev'riſh mirth
And ſick dejection. Still ſerene and pleas'd,
They knew no pains but what the tender ſoul
With pleaſure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Bleſt with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather ſleep than death.
Oh! could thoſe worthies from the world of gods
Return to viſit their degen'rate ſons,
How would they ſcorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on ſloth begot diſeaſe. [diſdain
Learn temp'rance, friends; and hear without
The choice of water. Thus the Coan * ſage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry ſchool:
What leaſt of foreign principles partakes
Is beſt; the lighteſt then; what bears the touch
Of fire the leaſt, and ſooneſt mounts in air;
The moſt inſipid, the moſt void of ſmell,
Such the rude mountain from its horrid ſides
Pours down; ſuch waters in the ſandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter froſts
And ſummer's heat ſecure. The cryſtal ſtream,
Through rocks reſounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurld, yields wholeſome, pure, [thaws,
And mellow draughts; except when winter
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirſt were ne'er ſo reſolute, avoid
The ſordid lake, and all ſuch drowſy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's ſlow canals
With reſt corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monſters, till the pow'r of fire
Has from profane embraces diſengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin ſtream,
In boiling, waſtes its finer ſoul in air.
Nothing like ſimple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle ſo ſoon to flow.
But where the ſtomach, indolently given,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' inſipid ſtream: tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more ſprightly draught;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyſs
Of fermentation ſpring; with ſpirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preſerve unthaw'd
Th'embodied maſs. You ſee what countleſs years,
Embalm'd in fiery quinteſſence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the ſlim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.
We curſe not wine; the vile exceſs we blame,
More fruitful than th' accumulated board
Of pain and miſery. For the ſubtle draught
Faſter and ſurer ſwells the vital tide;
And with more active poiſon, than the floods
Of groſſer crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! fly deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
Yet ſtill believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck
Of ſober vows! But the Parnaſſian Maids
Another time, † perhaps, ſhall ſing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes, of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes and various pow'rs.
Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor ev'ry treſpaſs ſhun. The fev'riſh ſtrife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, ſubdues, expels
The loit'ring crudities that burthen life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obſtructed tubes. Beſides, this reſtleſs world
Is full of chances, which by habit's pow'r
To learn to bear, is eaſier than to ſhun.

* Hippocrates.

† See Book IV.

Ah!

Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or ſacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moiſten well the thirſty ſuffrages;
Say how, unſeaſon'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel, but by ſlow degrees;
By ſlow degrees the lib'ral arts are won,
And Hercules grew ſtrong. But when you ſmooth
The brows of care, indulge your feſtive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The leaſt your bane, and only with your friends
There are ſweet follies; frailties to be ſeen
By friends alone, and men of gen'rous minds.
Oh ſeldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep? I would not daily taſte,
Except when life declines, ev'n ſober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, ſmooth and ſlow, with balm
The ſapleſs habit daily to bedew,
And give the heſitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wiſe, when youth with pleaſure flows,
To ſquander the reliefs of age and pain? [goal
What dext'rous thouſands juſt within the
Of wild debauch direct their nightly courſe!
Perhaps no ſickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions ſhock the head.
But, ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable diſeaſe, old age,
In youthful bodies more ſeverely felt,
More ſternly active, ſhakes their blaſted prime,
Except kind Nature by ſome haſty blow
Prevent the ling'ring fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The ſanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High ſeaſon'd fare, or exerciſe to toil
Protracted; ſpurs to its laſt ſtage tir'd life,
And ſows the temples with untimely ſnow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increaſing force; and day by day,
The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their * elemental veins
Condens'd to ſolid chords) a firmer tone,
Suſtain, and juſt ſuſtain, th' impetuous blood.
Here ſtops the growth. With overbearing pulſe
And preſſure, ſtill the great deſtroy the ſmall;
Still with the ruins of the ſmall grow ſtrong.
Life glows meantime amid the grinding force
Of viſcous fluids and elaſtic tubes;
Its various functions vigorouſly are plied
By ſtrong machinery; and in ſolid health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er diſeaſe.
But the full ocean ebbs; there is a point, [tend.
By nature fix'd, whence life muſt downwards
For ſtill the beating tide conſolidates
The ſtubborn veſſels, more reluctant ſtill
To the weak throbs of th' ill-ſupported heart.
This languiſhing, theſe strength'ning by degrees
To hard unyielding, unelaſtic bone.
Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on:
It loiters ſtill; and now it ſtirs no more.
This is the period few attain, the death
Of nature. Thus (ſo Heaven ordain'd it) life
Deſtroys itſelf: and, could theſe laws have
chang'd,
Neſtor might now the fates of Troy relate,
And Homer live immortal as his ſong.
What does not fade? The tow'r that long
had ſtood
The cruſh of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the ſlow but ſure deſtroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its baſe;
And flinty pyramids, and walls of braſs,
Deſcend: the Babylonian ſpires are ſunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time ſhakes the ſtable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires ruſh by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all thoſe worlds that roll around the ſun.
The ſun himſelf ſhall die, and ancient night
Again involve the deſolate abyſs,
Till the great Father thro' the lifeleſs gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For thro' the regions of unbounded ſpace,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various ſyſtems, fluctuates ſtill
Between creation and abhorr'd decay;
It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.
New worlds are ſtill emerging from the deep;
The old deſcending, in their turns to riſe.

BOOK III. EXERCISE.

Thro' various toils th' adventurous Muſe has
paſs'd;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for ſong;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in the Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain ſuch labours have we tried,
If aught theſe lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
I tame my youth to philoſophic cares,
And grow ſtill paler by the midnight lamp.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame; nor needleſsly to brave
Inglorious dangers, proud of mortal ſtrength,
Is all the leſſon that in wholeſome years [ſtow'd,
Concerns the ſtrong. His care were ill be-
Who would with warm effeminacy nurſe
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blaſts that ſweep the win'try heaven.

* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In duſt, in rain, in cold and ſultry ſkies:
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what ſickly ſtars aſcend.
He knows no laws by Eſculapius given,
He ſtudies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infeſt, nor thoſe envenom'd ſhafts that fly
When rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robuſt with labour, and by cuſtom ſteel'd
To ev'ry casualty of varied life;
Serene he bears the peeviſh Eaſtern blaſt,
And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and ſober life,
Of labour ſuch. By health the peaſant's toil
Is well repaid, if exerciſe were pain
Indeed, and temp'rance pain. By arts like theſe
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy ſons;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way
Unhurt, thro' ev'ry toil, in ev'ry clime.

Toil, and be ſtrong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil ſubdued,
Mellow'd and ſubtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year; come, let us ſtray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
Come, while the ſoft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs with balm,
And ſhed a charming langour o'er the ſoul.
Nor when bright Winter ſows with prickly froſt
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blaſts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, ſave when the ſkies in rain
Or fogs relent, no ſeaſon ſhould confine
Or to the cloſter'd gallery or arcade. [ſource
Go, climb the mountain: from the ethereal
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go mount the exulting ſteed.
Already, ſee, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager ſport
Intent with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chaſe the deſp'rate deer;
And thro' its deepeſt ſolitudes awake
The vocal foreſt with the jovial horn.

But if the breathleſs chace o'er hill and dale
Exceed your ſtrength, a ſport of leſs fatigue,
Not leſs delightful, the prolific ſtream
Affords. The cryſtal rivulet, that o'er
A ſtony channel rolls its rapid maze, [bounds
Swarms with the ſilver fry. Such thro' the
Of paſtoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, ſprung from Cumbrian mountains;
ſuch [ſtream
The Eſk, o'erhung with woods; and ſuch the
On whoſe Arcadian banks I firſt drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Turn'd to her murmurs by her love-ſick ſwains,
Unknown in ſong: tho' not a purer ſtream,
Thro' meads more flow'ry, or more romantic
groves,
Rolls toward the weſtern main. Hail, ſacred
May ſtill thy hoſpitable ſwains be bleſt [flood!
In rural innocence; thy mountains ſtill
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flouriſh; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming ſons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy tranſparent eddies have I lav'd;
Oft trac'd with patient ſteps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and, with the ſlender line
And yielding rod, ſolicit to the ſhore [clouds
The ſtruggling panting prey; while vernal
And tepid gales obſcur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton ſwarms.

Form'd on the Samian ſchool, or thoſe of Ind,
There are who think theſe paſtimes ſcarce hu-
Yet in my mind (and not relentleſs I) [mane;
His life is pure that wears no fouler ſtains.
But if thro' genuine tenderneſs of heart,
Or ſecret want of reliſh for the game,
You ſhun the glories of the chace, nor care
To haunt the peopled ſtream; the garden yields
A ſoft amuſement, an humane delight.
To raiſe th' inſipid nature of the ground,
Or tame its ſavage genius to the grace
Of careleſs ſweet ruſticity, that ſeems
The amiable reſult of happy chance,
Is to create: and gives a godlike joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou diſdain
To check the lawleſs riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he, whom, when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd and equal to his mod'rate mind:
His life approv'd by all the wiſe and good,
Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this ſtormy world,
Receive to reſt, of all ungrateful cares
Abſolv'd, and ſacred from the ſelfiſh crowd!
Happieſt of men, if the ſame ſoil invites
A choſen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
With whom in eaſy commerce to purſue
Nature's free charms, and vie for ſylvan fame!
A fair ambition, void of ſtrife or guile,
Or jealouſy, or pain to be outdone,
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs,
The viſto beſt, and beſt conducts the ſtream;
Whoſe groves the faſteſt thicken and aſcend;
Whom firſt the welcome ſpring ſalutes; who ſhews
The earlieſt bloom; the ſweeteſt, proudeſt charms
Of Flora; who beſt gives Pomona's juice
To match the ſprightly genius of champaign.
Thrice happy days in rural buſ'neſs paſs'd!
Bleſt winter nights! when, as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With ſoft domeſtic arts the hours beguile,
And pleaſing talk, that ſtarts no timorous fame,
With witleſs wantonneſs to hunt it down;
Or through the fairy-land of tale or ſong
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that ſtrikes humanity:

Till,

Till, loſt in fable, they the ſtealing hour
Of timely reſt forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and bleſs unbid
His feſtal roof; while, o'er the light repaſt
And ſprightly cups, they mix in ſocial joy,
And, thro' the maze of converſation, trace
Whate'er amuſes or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taſte
The native zeſt and flavour of the fruit
Where ſenſe grows wild, and takes of no manure)
The decent, honeſt, cheerful huſbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl,
And at my table find himſelf at home.

Whate'er you ſtudy, in whate'er you ſweat,
Indulge your taſte. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis ſome; and ſome the graceful dance:
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath
Or naked ſtubble, where from field to field
The ſounding coveys urge their lab'ring flight;
Eager amid the riſing cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: and there are
Whom ſtill the meed* of the green archer charms.
He chooſes beſt, whoſe labour entertains
His vacant fancy moſt: the toil you hate
Fatigues you ſoon, and ſcarce improves your limbs.

As beauty ſtill has blemiſh, and the mind
The moſt accompliſh'd its imperfect ſide,
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But ſome one part is weaker than the reſt:
The legs perhaps, or arms, refuſe their load,
Or the cheſt labours. Theſe aſſiduouſly,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigour and ſpringy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent diſcipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by juſt ſteps aſpire.
The prudent, ev'n in ev'ry moderate walk,
At firſt but ſaunter, and by ſlow degrees
Increaſe their pace. This doctrine of the wiſe
Well knows the maſter of the flying ſteed.
Firſt from the goal the manag'd courſers play
On bended reins; as yet the ſkilful youth
Repreſs their foamy pride: but ev'ry breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempeſt ſwells;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You ſpring, the fibres by the haſty ſhock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compreſs'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Beſides, collected in the paſſive veins,
The purple maſs a ſudden torrent rolls,
O'erpow'rs the heart, and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation: oft the ſource
Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Aſthma, and feller peripneumony †,
Or the ſlow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what heaven denied
Of ſoul is well compenſated in limbs,
Oft, from his rage or brainleſs frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity,
And ſcorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Purſu'd prolixly, e'en the gentleſt toil
Is waſte of health: repoſe by ſmall fatigue
Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the firſt moiſture of the brows:
The fine and ſubtle ſpirits coſt too much
To be profus'd, too much the roſcid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn, or try the duſty chace,
Or the warm deeds of ſome important day:
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wiſh'd repoſe; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taſte the ſpring. Oh! by the ſacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, ſiſters, ſires,
Forbear! no other peſtilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this ſo fatal, the ſagacious Muſe
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace.
But there are ſecrets which who knows not now,
Muſt, ere he reach them, climb the heavy Alps
Of ſcience, and devote ſeven years to toil.
Beſides, I would not ſtun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the ſhelves, and where the whirl-
pools boil,
What ſigns portend the ſtorm: to ſubtler minds
He leaves to ſcan from what myſterious cauſe
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence thoſe impetuous currents in the main,
Which neither oar nor ſail can ſtem; and why
The rough'ning deep expects the ſtorm, as ſure
As red Orion mounts the ſhrouded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For poliſh'd luxury and uſeful arts;
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic ſtrife,
And warm Paleſtra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their wearied limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and caſſia fraught, to ſooth and heal
The cheriſh'd nerves. Our leſs voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to ſuch arts as theſe.
'Tis not for thoſe whom gelid ſkies embrace,
And chilling fogs; whoſe perſpiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North:
'Tis not for thoſe to cultivate the ſkin
Too ſoft, or teach the recremental fume
Too faſt to crowd thro' ſuch precarious ways;
For thro' the ſmall arterial mouths, that pierce
In endleſs millions the cloſe-woven ſkin,
The baſer fluids in a conſtant ſtream
Eſcape, and viewleſs melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this moſt copious waſte
Of blood, degen'rate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted meaſure, all the pow'rs
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With eaſe and pleaſure move; but this reſtrain'd
Or more or leſs, ſo more or leſs you feel

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies *reward* or *prize*.
† The inflammation of the lungs.

The functions labour: from this fatal source
What woes descend is never to be sung.
To take their numbers were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air;
Or waves that, when the blust'ring North embroils
The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.
Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To ev'ry caprice of the sky; nor thwart
The genius of your clime: for from the blood
Least fickle rise the recremental steams,
And least obnoxious to the styptic air, [pores
Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous
The temper'd Scythian hence half naked treads
His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement
And hence our painted ancestors defied [heaven:
The East; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures
Th' equator heats or hyperborean frost:
Except, by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance: study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
Against the rigours of a damp cold heaven
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart; a frame so steel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism;
The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone;
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
But all things have their bounds: and he who
By daily use the kindest regimen [makes
Essential to his health, should never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures; ill-fited he
To want the known, or bear unusual things.
Besides, the pow'rful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
Should never with your prosp'rous days of health
Grow too familiar: for by frequent use
The strongest med'cines lose their healing pow'r,
And e'en the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry west,
Or the wide flood thro' rich Indostan roll'd,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free
Th' evaporation thro' the soften'd skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood:
So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames,
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution, just enough to clear
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is Poverty's worst woe;
With this external virtue age maintains
A decent grace; without it, youth and charms
Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know;
So doubtless do your wives: for married fires,
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil
From foreign themes recall my wand'ring song.
Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage,
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame;
'Tis wisely done: for while the thirsty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
Now while the stomach from the full repast
Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil;
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
But from the recent meal no labours please,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial pow'rs
Claim all the wand'ring spirits to a work
Of strong and subtle toil and great event,
A work of time; and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exercise,
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands; the lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard; by those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year,
Endless to name; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure. Oh, from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel!
But from the burning Lion when the sun
Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,
No needless slight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies; tho' 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood
While the soft ev'ning saddens into night;
Tho' the sweet Poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings; great Nature droops
Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude: he not in vain
Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
His pow'rs the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose: on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night

In

In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
And waken cheerful as the lively morn;
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full;
But be the first concoction half matur'd
Ere you to mighty indolence resign
Your passive faculties. He from the toils
And trouble of the day to heavier toil [rocks
Retires, whom trembling from the tow'r that
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The busy demons hurl, or in the main
O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain,
Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought;
While pale and monstrous panting shocks the soul.
And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
For ever torn, and chaos floating round.
What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers [fear:
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
We would not to the superstitious mind
Suggest new throbs, new vanity of
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine:
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
Defies the early fogs; but, by the toils
Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,
Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath:
The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal.
So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
The delicate Narcissus pines away
In hectic languor, and a slow disease
Taints all the family of flow'rs, condemn'd.
To cruel heavens. But why, already prone
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
Oh shame! oh pity! nipt with pale Quadrille
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil subdued, the warrior and the hind
Sleep fast and deep: their active functions soon
With generous streams the subtle tubes supply;
And soon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
The sons of Indolence with long repose
Grow torpid; and, with slowest Lethe drunk,
Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
Blunt ev'ry sense, and pow'rless ev'ry limb.
Ye prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
On the hard mattrass or elastic couch [sloth;
Extend your limbs, and wean yourself from

Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And springly nerves, the blandishments of down;
Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal [dreams.
Exhales his surfeit in prolixer

He without riot, in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supplied,
Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands
As custom forms her; and all sudden change
She hates of habit, ev'n from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her seasons change! Behold, by slow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;
The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows;
Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;
And aged Autumn brews the Winter storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not void
Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
He well advis'd, who taught our wiser sires
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
For while the effluence of the skin maintains
Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring
Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death
With sallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year: what seasons teem
With what diseases; what the humid South
Prepares, and what the Demon of the East:
But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
Besides, whatever plagues, in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,
And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you; or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins,
Be Celsus call'd: the fates come rushing on;
The rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults, destroy
The hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity:

The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundation of the world,
Th' imprison'd plagues, a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land,
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the gods has drank,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose; a monster never known before
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half the astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
With rash combustion thence the quiv'ring
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within: [spark
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still;
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings
At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head, [heav'd:
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking pow'rs
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a pond'rous sleep
Wrapp'd all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some, a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erflow'd, but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temp'rature
Had mix'd the blood, and rank with fetid
As if the pent-up humours by delay [steams:
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd),
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth houroppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted scap'd;
Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive;
Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind
In vain: where'er they fled the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
To seek protection in far distant skies; [main,
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste [tain'd,
The foreign blood which England then con-
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involv'd them still; and ev'ry breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute; and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To heaven with suppliant rites they sent their pray'rs; [priv'd;
Heaven heard them not. Of ev'ry hope de-
Fatigued with vain resources; and subdued
With woes resistless and enfeebling fear;
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the bus'ness then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,
The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd!

Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
Of tort'ring Albion! ye eternal fires [pow'rs
That lead thro' heaven the wand'ring year! ye
That o'er the encircling elements preside!
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home,
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
Has thinn'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wint'ry reign:
While in the west, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died
The death of cowards and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
And other themes invite my wand'ring song.

BOOK IV. THE PASSIONS.

The choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil, and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil, from ourselves proceeds,
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange de-
The passive body. Ye poetic shades, [cay
That know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! for, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways.

There

There is, they ſay (and I believe there is),
A ſpark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the groſſer frame;
And when the body ſinks, eſcapes to heaven,
Its native ſeat, and mixes with the Gods.
Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in ev'ry nerve
It thrills with pleaſure, or grows mad with pain:
And, in its ſecret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling pow'r
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.
By its own toil the groſs corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or deſtroys itſelf.
Nor leſs the labours of the mind corrode
The ſolid fabric: for by ſubtle parts,
And viewleſs atoms, ſecret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this ſtupendous world.
By ſubtle fluids pour'd thro' ſubtle tubes.
The nat'ral, vital, functions are perform'd,
By theſe the ſtubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart diſtributes life and ſtrength;
Theſe the ſtill-crumbling frame rebuild, and theſe
Are loſt in thinking, and diſſolve in air.
But 'tis not Thought (for ſtill the ſoul's employ'd),
'Tis painful thinking, that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent
On microſcopic arts its vigour fails.
Juſt ſo the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor aches itſelf, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious Study, Diſcontent, and Care,
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
And Fear, and Jealouſy, fatigue the ſoul,
Engroſs the ſubtle miniſters of life,
And ſpoil the lab'ring functions of their ſhare.
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears,
The lover's paleneſs, and the ſallow hue
Of Envy, Jealouſy, the meagre ſtare
Of ſore Revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.
The ſtrong built pedant, who both night and day
Feeds on the coarſeſt fare the ſchools beſtow,
And crudely fattens at groſs Burman's ſtall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropſy drown'd,
Or ſinks in lethargy before his time.
With youthful ſtudies you, and arts that pleaſe,
Employ your mind; amuſe, but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowſy metaphyſic ſage!
And ever may all heavy ſyſtems reſt!
Yet ſome there are, ev'n of elaſtic parts,
Whom ſtrong and obſtinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to reliſh what their gen'rous taſte
Would elſe refuſe. But may nor thirſt of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With conſtant drudgery the lib'ral ſoul.
Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour ſeize you, from Philoſophy
To fable ſhift, from ſerious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from proſe to ſong.
While reading pleaſes, but no longer, read;
And read aloud reſounding Homer's ſtrain,
And wield the thunder of Demoſthenes.
The cheſt ſo exercis'd improves its ſtrength;
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The reſtleſs blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter elſe thro' unelaſtic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What poſture ſuits: to ſtand and ſit by turns,
As nature prompts, is beſt. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.
'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The reſtleſs mind. For ever on purſuit
Of knowledge bent, it ſtarves the groſſer pow'rs:
Quite unemploy'd, againſt its own repoſe
It turns its fatal edge, and ſharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where Solitude, ſad nurſe of Care,
To ſickly muſing gives the penſive mind,
There Madneſs enters; and the dim-eyed Fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The ſun grows pale;
A mournful viſionary light o'erſpreads
The cheerful face of nature; earth becomes
A dreary deſert, and heaven frowns above.
Then various ſhapes of curs'd illuſion riſe:
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing; and with monſters teem
Unknown in hell. The proſtrate ſoul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrors that the murd'rer feels
With anxious flutt'rings wake the guiltleſs breaſt.
Such phantoms Pride in ſolitary ſcenes,
Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
From other cares abſolv'd, the buſy mind
Finds in yourſelf a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miſerable, or makes you ſo.
For while yourſelf you anxiouſly explore,
Timorous Self-love, with ſick'ning Fancy's aid,
Preſents the danger that you dread the moſt,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence ſome for love, and ſome for jealouſy,
For grim religion ſome, and ſome for pride,
Have loſt their reaſon; ſome for fear of want,
Want all their lives; and other's ev'ry day,
For fear of dying, ſuffer worſe than death.
Ah! from your boſoms baniſh, if you can,
Thoſe fatal gueſts; and firſt the demon Fear,
That trembles at impoſſible events,
Leſt aged Atlas ſhould reſign his load,
And heaven's eternal battlements ruſh down.
Is there an evil worſe than Fear itſelf?
And what avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourſelves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the preſent; nor with needleſs cares
Of what may ſpring from blind Misfortune's womb,
Appal the ſureſt hour that life beſtows.
Serene, and maſter of yourſelf, prepare
For what may come; and leave the reſt to Heaven.
Oft from the body, by long ails miſtun'd,
Theſe evils ſpring, the moſt important health,
That of the mind, deſtroy; and when the mind

They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life:
Vain are the consolations of the wise; [pain.
In vain your friends would reason down your
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, or friends untimely slain!
Court not the luxury of tender thought!
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
Lay schemes for wealth, or pow'r, or fame, the wish
Of noble minds, and push them night and day,
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting ev'ry hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky,
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul;
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares.
But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts, and in the tempting bowl
Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion drink.
Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom dissolves
In empty air; Elysium opens round.
A pleasing phrensy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring stream,
Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man:
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd; so may the throbbing heart:
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes, ascend.
You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the wretch,
The felon, with unnat'ral mixture first
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.
Or on the fugitive Champaign you pour
A thousand curses; for to heaven it rapt
You soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
Perhaps you rue ev'n that divinest gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine;
And wish that Heaven from mortals had withheld
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.
Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend;
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.
Add, that your means, your health, your parts decay:
Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd,
They hardly known you; or, if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
Despis'd, unwept, you fall: who might have left
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name;
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and mem'ry of your former worth.
How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
His manly sense and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him ev'n the dissolute admir'd: for he
A graceful looseness, when he pleas'd, put on;
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied Man: and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said; 'tis the pursuit of all that live:
Yet few attain it, if 't was e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam; and were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick;
And cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy ev'n in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquets e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
But him the least the dull or painful hours

Of

Of life oppreſs, whom ſober Senſe conducts,
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Senſe I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Senſe are one: and, truſt me, ſtill
A faithleſs heart betrays the head unſound.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is Senſe and Spirit, with Humanity:
'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis ev'n vindictive, but in vengeance juſt,
Knaves fain would laugh at it; ſome great ones dare;
But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth;
This is the ſolid pomp of proſp'rous days,
The peace and ſhelter of adverſity.
And, if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock
Defies of Envy and all-ſapping Time.
The gaudy gloſs of Fortune only ſtrikes
The vulgar eye; the ſuff'rage of the wiſe,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By ſenſe alone, and dignity of mind.
  Virtue, the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
Is the beſt gift of Heaven; a happineſs
That ev'n above the ſmiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baſer hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man juſtly boaſts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to ſhield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel ſun-ſhine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected uſe,
Are riches worth your care, for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence ſupplied:
This noble end is, to produce the ſoul;
To ſhew the virtues in the faireſt light;
To make humanity the miniſter
Of bounteous Providence: and teach the breaſt
That gen'rous luxury the gods enjoy
  Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly ſage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (ſtrange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the paſſions, how to check their ſway
He knew, as far as reaſon can controul
The lawleſs pow'rs. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the ſchool of Pæan, I relate
What paſſions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.
  Know then, whatever cheerful and ſerene
Supports the mind, ſupports the body too.
Hence, the moſt vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope, the balm and life-blood of the ſoul:
It pleaſes, and it laſts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind deluſion, thro' the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on,
And make our happieſt ſtate no tedious thing.
Our greateſt good, and what we leaſt can ſpare,
Is Hope; the laſt of all our evils, Fear.
  But there are paſſions grateful to the breaſt,
And yet no friends to life: perhaps they pleaſe
Or to exceſs, and diſſipate the ſoul; [clown,
Or while they pleaſe, torment. The ſtubborn
The ill tam'd ruffian, and pale uſurer,
(If love's omnipotence ſuch hearts can mould)
May ſafely mellow into love; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and gen'rous, if they can.
Love in ſuch boſoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleaſes. But, ye finer ſouls,
Form'd to ſoft luxury, and prumpt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives; with caution and reſerve
Indulge the ſweet deſtroyer of repoſe,
Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.
For, while the cheriſh'd poiſon in your breaſt
Ferments and maddens; ſick with jealouſy,
Abſence, diſtruſt, or even with anxious joy,
The wholeſome appetites and pow'rs of life
Diſſolve in languor. The coy ſtomach loaths
The genial board; your cheerful days are gone;
The gen'rous bloom that fluſh'd your cheeks is fled.
To ſighs devoted, and to tender pains,
Penſive you ſit, or ſolitary ſtray,
And waſte your youth in muſing. Muſing firſt
Toy'd into care your unſuſpecting heart:
It found a liking there, a ſportful fire,
And that fomented into ſerious love;
Which muſing daily ſtrengthens and improves
Thro' all the heights of fondneſs and romance:
And you're undone, the fatal ſhaft has ſped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no:
The body waſtes away; th' infected mind,
Diſſolv'd in female tenderneſs, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet Heaven! from ſuch intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breaſts! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be ſhunn'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly ſunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderneſs,
Adds bloom to health; o'er ev'ry virtue ſheds
A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitleſs, hopeleſs, diſappointed, rack'd
With jealouſy, fatigued with hope and fear,
Too ſerious, or too languiſhingly fond,
Unnerves the body, and unmans the ſoul,
And ſome have died for love, and ſome run mad;
And ſome with deſp'rate hand themſelves have ſlain.
  Some to extinguiſh, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dang'rous Fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to diſſipate
The cares of love amongſt an hundred brides.
Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound, to thoſe who are ſincerely ſick.
For while from fev'riſh and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid, and the ſoil ſubſides,
The tender fancy ſmarts with ev'ry ſting,
And what was love before is madneſs now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim?
Be temperate ſtill: when Nature bids, obey;
Her wild impatient ſallies bear no curb:
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or looſe imagination, ſpurs you on

To deeds above your ſtrength, impute it not
To Nature; Nature all compulſion hates.
Ah! let not luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might ſleep without;
To make what ſhould be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious taſk; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Lais melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of ſoft joys
How chang'd your riſe! the ghoſt of what you was!
Languid and melancholy, gaunt and wan,
Your veins exhauſted, and your nerves unſtrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and ſprightly zeſt, the blood
Grows vapid phlegm: along the tender nerves
(To each ſlight impulſe tremblingly awake)
A ſubtle fiend that mimics all the plagues,
Rapid and reſtleſs, ſprings from part to part.
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
Your vigour pines; your vital pow'rs decay;
Diſeaſes haunt you; and untimely age
Creeps on, unſocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious epicure! to waſte
The ſtores of pleaſure, cheerfulneſs, and health:
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition ev'ry hour purſue.
Who pines with love, or in laſcivious flames
Conſumes, is with his own conſent undone:
He chooſes to be wretched, to be mad,
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a paſſion, whoſe tempeſtuous ſway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breaſt,
And ſhakes to ruin proud Philoſophy.
For pale and trembling Anger ruſhes in,
With faltering ſpeech, and eyes that wildly ſtare
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the ſeas,
Deſperate, and arm'd with more than human ſtrength
How ſoon the calm, humane, and poliſh'd man
Forgets compunction, and ſtarts up a fiend!
Who pines in love, or waſtes with ſilent cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly deſcends, and ling'ring, to the ſhades.
But he whom anger ſtings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and ruſhes apoplectic down;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
For, as the body thro' unnumber'd ſtrings
Reverberates each vibration of the ſoul;
As is the paſſion, ſuch is ſtill the pain
The body feels; or cronic, or acute.
And oft a ſudden ſtorm at once o'erpow'rs
The life, or gives your reaſon to the winds.
Such fates attend the raſh alarm of fear,
And ſudden grief, and rage, and ſudden joy.
There are, meantime, to whom the boiſt'rous fit
Is health, and only fills the ſails of life;
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on,
A generous ſally ſpurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breaſt, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably ſtrung,
Wave all diſpute; be cautious if you joke,
Keep Lent for ever, and forſwear the bowl;
For one raſh moment ſends you to the ſhades.
Or ſhatters ev'ry hopeful ſcheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague
That ruins, tortures, or diſtracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched, in an hour
O'erwhelms you not with woes ſo horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more ſudden blows.
While choler works, good friend, you may be wrong;
Diſtruſt yourſelf, and ſleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
But calm advice againſt a raging fit
Avails too little; and it braves the pow'r
Of all that ever taught in proſe or ſong,
To tame the fiend that ſleeps a gentle lamb,
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reaſon well, ſee as you ought to ſee,
And wonder at the madneſs of mankind;
Seiz'd with the common rage, you ſoon forget
The ſpeculation of your wiſer hours.
Beſet with furies of all deadly ſhapes,
Fierce and inſidious, violent and ſlow,
With all that urge or lure us on to fate,
What refuge ſhall we ſeek, what arms prepare?
Where reaſon proves too weak, or void of wiles,
To cope with ſubtle or impetuous pow'rs,
I would invoke new paſſions to your aid;
With indignation would extinguiſh fear,
With fear or generous pity vanquiſh rage,
And love with pride; and force to force oppoſe.
There is a charm, a pow'r that ſways the breaſt;
Bids every paſſion revel or be ſtill;
Inſpires with rage, or all your cares diſſolves;
Can ſooth diſtraction, and almoſt deſpair;
That pow'r is Muſic: far beyond the ſtretch
Of thoſe unmeaning warblers on our ſtage;
Thoſe clumſy heroes, thoſe fat-headed gods,
Who move no paſſion juſtly but contempt;
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and ſtrong!)
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is our's; we bear thoſe monſtrous arts;
Good Heaven! we praiſe them; we with loudeſt peals
Applaud the fool that higheſt lifts his heels,
And with inſipid ſhow of rapture die
Of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muſe's laurel juſtly ſhares,
A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire,
Who with bold rage, or ſolemn pomp of ſounds,
Inflames, exalts, and raviſhes the ſoul;
Now tender, plaintive, ſweet almoſt to pain,
In love diſſolves you; now in ſprightly ſtrains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breaſt,
Or melts the heart with airs divinely ſad,
Or wakes to horror the tremendous ſtrings.
Such was the bard whoſe heavenly ſtrains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame ſay true,
The man who bade the Theban domes aſcend,
And tam'd the ſavage nations with his ſong;
And ſuch the Thracian, whoſe harmonious lyre,
Tun'd to ſoft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable pow'rs of Hell,

And

And half redeem'd his loſt Eurydice.
Muſic exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diſeaſes, ſoftens ev'ry pain,
Subdues the rage of poiſon, and the plague;
And hence the wiſe of ancient days ador'd
One pow'r of phyſic, melody and ſong.

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§ 73. *Ode on the Spring.* GRAY.

LO! where the roſy-boſom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear;
Diſcloſe the long-expected flow'rs,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring;
While, whiſp'ring pleaſure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader, browner ſhade;
Where'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'ercanopies the glade;
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit, and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repoſe:
Yet, hark, how thro' the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honey'd ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhew their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun.

To Contemplation's ſober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the buſy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours drest:
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough miſchance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in duſt to reſt.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The ſportive kind reply:
Poor moraliſt! and what art thou?
A ſolitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay;
On haſty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

§ 74. *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, drowned in a Tub of Gold Fiſhes.* GRAY.

'TWAS on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dyed
The azure flow'rs that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind,
The penſive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws!
Her coat that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and em'rald eyes,
She ſaw, and purr'd applauſe.

Still had ſhe gaz'd; but 'midſt the tide
Two angel forms were ſeen to glide,
The Genii of the ſtream:
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richeſt purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapleſs nymph with wonder ſaw:
A whiſker firſt, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd in vain to reach the prize:
What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What cat's averſe to fiſh?

Preſumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
Nor knew the gulph between:
(Malignant Fate ſat by and ſmil'd);
The ſlipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some ſpeedy aid to ſend.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid ſtirr'd;
Nor cruel Tom nor Suſan heard:—
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glitters, gold.

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§ 75. *Ode on a diſtant Proſpect of Eton College.* GRAY.

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her Henry's holy ſhade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of Windſor's heights th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flow'rs among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way!

Ah

Ah happy hills! ah pleaſing ſhade!
Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliſs beſtow;
As, waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say, father Thames, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race,
Diſporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleaſure trace;
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind.
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt:
Theirs buxom health of roſy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet ſee, how all around 'em wait
The miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand,
To ſeize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful anger, pallid fear,
And ſhame that ſkulks behind;
Or pining love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or jealouſy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart;
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs deſpair,
And ſorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter ſcorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
The ſtings of falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorſe with blood defil'd,
And moody madneſs laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

Lo! in the vale of years, beneath,
A griſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That ev'ry labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! poverty, to fill the band,
That 'numbs the ſoul with icy hand:
And ſlow conſuming age.

To each his ſuff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why ſhould they know their fate?
Since ſorrow never comes too late,
And happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more—where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

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§ 76. *Ode to Adverſity.* Grey.

Daughter of Jove, relentleſs pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taſte of pain;
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy Sire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore;
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learnt to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noiſe, and thoughtleſs joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe; and with them go
The ſummer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain proſperity receiv'd, [liev'd.
To her they vow their truth, and are again be-

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,

Still

Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend,
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Juſtice, to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread Goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive;
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to ſcan;
What others are, to feel; and know myſelf a man.

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§ 77. *The Progreſs of Poeſy. A Pindaric Ode.* GRAY.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings.
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour; [roar.
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the

I. 2.

O ſovereign of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen cares
And frantic paſſions hear thy ſoft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
Perching on the ſceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The roſy-crowned loves are ſeen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic ſports, and blue-eyed pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;
Now purſuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To briſk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting ſtrains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er ſhe turns, the Graces homage pay,
With arms ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move
The bloom of young deſire, and purple light of love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and penury, the racks of pain,
Diſeaſe, and ſorrow's weeping train;
And death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of fate!
The fond complaint, my ſong, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muſe?
Night and all her ſickly dews,
Her ſpectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky:
Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glitt'ring ſhafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the ſolar road, [roam.
Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
The Muſe has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the ſhiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous ſhade
Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,
She deigns to hear the ſavage youth repeat,
In looſe numbers, wildly ſweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and duſky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddeſs roves,
Glory purſues, and gen'rous ſhame, [flame.
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep;
Iſles, that crown th' Egean deep;
Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In ling'ring lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languiſh!
Mute but to the voice of anguiſh!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry ſhade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:
Till the ſad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnaſſus for the Latian plains:
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant pow'r,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt, [coaſt.
They ſought, O Albion! next thy ſea-encircled

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and ſmil'd.
This pencil take, (ſhe ſaid), whoſe colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:

Thine

Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror, that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time,
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw: but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courses of ethereal race, [sounding pace.
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long re-

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! tis heard no more—
O lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun,
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate, [Great!
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the

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§ 78. *The Bard. A Pindaric Ode.* Gray.

I. 1.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
'Confusion on thy banners wait!
'Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
'They mock the air with idle state!
'Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
'Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
'To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak and desert cave
'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they
'wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's [lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main:
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd
'On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, [head.
'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
'The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
'No more I weep. They do not sleep,
'On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
'I see them sit: they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy [line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-sheet of Edward's race:
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"When Severn shall re-echo with affright
"The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that
"Shrieks of an agonizing king! [ring:
"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
"That tear'st the bowers of thy mangled mate,
"From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
"The scourge of heaven. What terrors round
"him wait!
"Amazement in his van with flight combin'd,
"And sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
"Low on his fun'ral couch he lies!
"No pitying heart, no eye, afford
"A tear to grace his obsequies.
"Is the sable warrior fled?
"Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
"The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were
"Gone to salute the rising morn. [born?
"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
"Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
"Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
"That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his even-
"ing prey.

II. 3.

II. 3.

" Fill high the ſparkling bowl,
" The rich repaſt prepare,
" Reſt of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt:
" Cloſe by the regal chair
" Fell thirſt and famine ſcowl
" A baleful ſmile upon their baffled gueſt.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe?
" Long years of havoc urge their deſtin'd courſe,
" And thro' the kindred ſquadrons mow their
" way.
" Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's laſting ſhame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his conſort's faith, his father's fame,
" And ſpare the meek uſurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the roſe of ſnow,
" Twin'd with her bluſhing foe we ſpread;
" The briſtled boar in infant gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
" Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
" doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun.)
" Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
(" The web is wove. The work is done.)"
' Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn,
' Leave me unbleſt, unpitied, here to mourn:
' In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
' They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
' But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's
' height
' Deſcending ſlow their glitt'ring ſkirts unroll?
' Viſions of glory, ſpare my aching ſight!
' Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my ſoul!
' No more our long-loſt Arthur we bewail.
' All-hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's iſſue,
' hail!

III. 2.

' Girt with many a baron bold
' Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
' And gorgeous dames, and ſtateſmen old
' In bearded majeſty, appear.
' In the midſt a form divine!
' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
' Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
' Attemper'd ſweet to virgin grace.
' What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air!
' What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play!
' Hear from the grave, great Taliefſin, hear;
' They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay.
' Bright Rapture calls, and, ſoaring as ſhe ſings,
' Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd
' wings.

III. 3.

' The verſe adorn again
' Fierce War, and faithful Love,
' And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſs'd.
' In buſkin'd meaſures move
' Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain.
' With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.
' A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
' Gales from blooming Eden bear;
' And diſtant warblings leſſen on my ear,
' That loſt in long futurity expire.
' Fond impious man! think'ſt thou yon ſanguine cloud,
' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
' Enough for me: with joy I ſee
' The diff'rent doom our fates aſſign.
' Be thine Deſpair, and ſceptred Care;
' To triumph, and to die, are mine.
He ſpoke; and, headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endleſs night.

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§ 79. *The Fatal Siſters. An Ode.* GRAY.

Now the ſtorm begins to low'r
(Haſte, the loom of hell prepare);
Iron ſleet of arrowy ſhow'r
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom
Where the duſky warp we ſtrain,
Weaving many a ſoldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grifly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gaſping warrior's head.

Shafts for ſhuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along:
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiſſue cloſe and ſtrong.

Miſta, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, ſee!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy ſun be ſet,
Pikes muſt ſhiver, jav'lings ſing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk craſh, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimſon web of war.)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict ſhare,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' enſanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, ſpread
O'er the youthful king your ſhield.

We the reins to ſlaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to ſpare:
Spite of danger he ſhall live.
(Weave the crimſon web of war.)

They, whom once the deſert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample ſway ſhall ſtretch)
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntleſs earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:

Fate

Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king ſhall bite the ground.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;
Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the ſun.
Siſters, weave the web of death.
Siſters, ceaſe! the work is done.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph ſing:
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
Learn the tenour of our ſong.
Scotland, through each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Siſters, hence with ſpurs of ſpeed!
Each her thund'ring faulchion wield;
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

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§ 80. *The Deſcent of Odin. An Ode.* GRAY.

UPROSE the king of men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtraight his coal-black ſteed:
Down the yawning ſteep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkneſs ſpied:
His ſhaggy throat he open'd wide;
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore diſtill'd.
Hoarſe he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long purſues, with fruitleſs yell,
The father of the powerful ſpell.
Onward ſtill his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes),
Till full before his fearleſs eyes
The portals nine of hell ariſe.
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
By the moſs-grown pile he ſat,
Where long of yore to ſleep was laid
The duſt of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread;
The thrilling verſe that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a ſullen ſound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, preſume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled ſprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on theſe mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's ſnow, the ſummer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me ſleep again.
Who is he, with voice unbleſt,
That calls me from the bed of reſt?

ODIN.

A traveller to thee unknown
Is he that calls, a warrior's ſon.
Thou the deeds of light ſhalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is ſpread,
Dreſt for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet ſee
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the ſhield of gold:
'Tis the drink of Balder bold.
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven!
Unwilling I my lips uncloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey;
Propheteſs, ariſe, and ſay
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother ſends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Propheteſs, my ſpell obey;
Once again ariſe, and ſay
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom ſhall Hoder's blood be ſpilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the Weſt,
By Odin's fierce embrace compreſt,
A wondrous boy ſhall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er ſhall comb his raven hair,
Nor waſh his viſage in the ſtream,
Nor ſee the ſun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corſe ſhall ſmile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;
Propheteſs, awake, and ſay
What virgins theſe, in ſpeechleſs woe,
That bend to earth their ſolemn brow,
That their flaxen treſſes tear.
And ſnowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their ſorrows roſe;
Then I leave thee to repoſe.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now!
Mightieſt of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding maid of ſkill divine
Art thou, nor propheteſs of good,
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boaſt at home
That never ſhall enquirer come

To

To break my iron ſleep again,
Till Lok has burſt his tenfold chain:
Never, till ſubſtantial Night
Has re-aſſum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

§ 81. *The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment.* GRAY.

OWEN's praiſe demands my ſong,
Owen ſwift, and Owen ſtrong;
Faireſt flow'r of Roderic's ſtem
Gwyneth's ſhield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded ſtores,
Nor on all profuſely pours;
Lord of ev'ry regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
Big with hoſts of mighty name,
Squadrons three againſt him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding;
Side by ſide as proudly riding,
On her ſhadow long and gay
Locklin ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman ſails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they ſweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.
Dauntleſs on his native ſands
The dragon-ſon of Mona ſtands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory dreſt,
High he rears his ruby creſt.
There the thund'ring ſtrokes begin,
There the preſs, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky ſhore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thouſand banners round him burn;
Where he points his purple ſpear,
Haſty, haſty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to ſtop, and ſhame to fly:
There Confuſion, Terror's child;
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild;
Agony, that pants for breath;
Deſpair, and honourable Death.
* * * * * * * * *

§ 82. *Ode on the Inſtallation of the Duke of Grafton. Irregular.* GRAY.

"HENCE, avaunt ('tis holy ground)!
"Comus, and his midnight crew,
"And Ignorance with looks profound,
"And dreaming Sloth of palid hue,
"Mad Sedition's cry profane,
"Servitude that hugs her chain;
"Nor in theſe conſecrated bow'rs
"Let painted Flatt'ry hide her ſerpent-train in
"flow'rs.
"Nor Envy baſe, nor creeping Gain,
"Dare the Muſe's walk to ſtain,
"While bright-eyed Science watches round:
"Hence away, 'tis holy ground!"

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Burſts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There ſit the ſainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to ſhine
Thro' ev'ry unborn age, and undiſcover'd clime.
Rapt in celeſtial tranſport they;
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They ſend of tender ſympathy,
To bleſs the place where on their op'ning ſoul
Firſt the genuine ardour ſtole.
'Twas Milton ſtruck the deep-ton'd ſhell;
And, as the choral warblings round him ſwell,
Meek Newton's ſelf bends from his ſtate ſublime,
And nods his hoary head, and liſtens to the
rhyme.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
"That contemplation loves,
"Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
"Oft at the bluſh of dawn
"I trod your level lawn,
"Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia ſilver-bright
"In cloiſters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
"With Freedom by my ſide, and ſoft-eyed
Melancholy."

But, hark! the portals ſound, and pacing forth,
With ſolemn ſteps and ſlow,
High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
And mitred Fathers, in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn;
And ſad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love; and princely Clare;
And Anjou's heroine; and the paler Roſe,
The rival of her crown and of her woes;
And either Henry there,
The murder'd Saint, and the majeſtic Lord
That broke the bonds of Rome
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human paſſions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb).
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich ſtreams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade theſe awful fanes and turrets riſe,
To hail their Fitzroy's feſtal morning come;
And thus they ſpeak in ſoft accord
The liquid language of the ſkies:

"What is grandeur? what is pow'r?
"Heavier toil, ſuperior pain.
"What the bright reward we gain?
"The grateful memory of the Good.
"Sweet is the breath of vernal ſhow'r,
"The bee's collected treaſures ſweet,
"Sweet muſic's melting fall, but ſweeter yet
"The ſtill ſmall voice of Gratitude."
Foremoſt, and leaning from her gold'n cloud,
The venerable Margaret ſee!
"Welcome my noble ſon (ſhe cries, aloud),
"To this thy kindred train, and me:
"Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
"A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
"Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
"The flow'r unheeded ſhall deſcry.

"And

" And bid it round heaven's altars ſhed
" The fragrance of its bluſhing head:
" Shall raiſe from earth the latent gem
" To glitter on the diadem.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band:
" Not obvious, not obtruſive, ſhe
" No vulgar praiſe, no venal incenſe flings;
" Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
" Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
" She reveres herſelf and thee. [brow
" With modeſt pride to grace thy youthful
" The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, ſhe
" And to thy juſt, thy gentle hand brings.
" Submits the faſces of her ſway,
" While ſpirits bleſt above, and men below,
" Join with glad voice the loud ſymphonious lay.
" Thro' the wild waves, as they roar,
" With watchful eye and dauntleſs mien
" Thy ſteady courſe of honour keep,
" Nor fear the rocks, nor ſeek the ſhore:
" The ſtar of Brunſwick ſmiles ſerene,
" And gilds the horrors of the deep."

§ 83. *A Prayer for Indifference.* GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary;
For once I'll try my wiſh to gain
Of Oberon the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton ſprite,
That lurk'ſt in woods unſeen,
And oft by Cynthia's ſilver light
Tripp'ſt gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient ſtories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd
Thou fought'ſt a wondrous ſpell;

Oh deign once more t' exert thy pow'r!
Haply ſome herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of weſtern flow'r,
Conceals a balm for me.

I aſk no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to pleaſe;
Far from the heart thoſe gifts remove
That ſighs for peace and eaſe:

Nor peace nor eaſe the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as diſtreſs the ſoul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliſs but to a certain bound;
Beyond, is agony.

Take then this treacherous ſenſe of mine,
Which dooms me ſtill to ſmart;
Which pleaſure can to pain refine,
To pains new pangs impart.

Oh haſte to ſhed the ſacred balm!
My ſhatter'd nerves new ſtring;
And for my gueſt, ſerenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach, ſee Hope, ſee Fear,
See Expectation fly;
And Diſappointment in the rear,
That blaſts the promis'd joy.

The tear which pity taught to flow
The eye ſhall then diſown;
The heart that melts for others' woe
Shall then ſcarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then ſhall cloſe;
And tranquil days ſhall ſtill ſucceed
To nights of calm repoſe.

O fairy elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort ſend;
And ſo may never-fading bliſs
Thy flow'ry paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
Thy tiny footſteps lead
To ſome new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread:

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heaven's ambroſial dew;
From ſweeteſt, freſheſt, flow'rs diſtill'd,
That ſhed freſh ſweets for you!

And what of life remains for me
I'll paſs in ſober eaſe;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content but half to pleaſe.

§ 84. *The Fairy's Anſwer to Mrs. Greville's Prayer for Indifference.*

By the Counteſs of C——.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend
Theſe haſty lines I'm bid to ſend,
Or give, if I am able:
I dare not heſitate to ſay,
Tho' I have trembled all the day—
It looks ſo like a fable.

Laſt night's adventure is my theme;
And ſhould it ſtrike you as a dream,
Yet ſoon its high import
Muſt make you own the matter ſuch,
So delicate, it were too much
To be compos'd in ſport.

The moon did ſhine ſerenely bright,
And ev'ry ſtar did deck the night,
While Zephyr fann'd the trees;
No more aſſail'd my mind's repoſe,
Save that yon ſtream, which murmuring flows,
Did echo to the breeze.

Enrapt in ſolemn thoughts I ſate,
Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
Yet void of hope or fear;
When, lo! behold an airy throng,
With lighteſt ſteps, and jocund ſong,
Surpris'd my eye and ear.

A form ſuperior to the reſt
His little voice to me addreſs'd,
And gently thus began:

" I've

" I've heard ſtrange things from one of you,
" Pray tell me if you think 'tis true;
" Explain it if you can.

" Such incenſe has perfum'd my throne!
" Such eloquence my heart has won!
" I think I gueſs the hand:
" I know her wit and beauty too,
" But why ſhe ſends a pray'r ſo new
" I cannot underſtand.

" To light ſome flames, and ſome revive,
" To keep ſome others juſt alive,
" Full oft I am implor'd;
" But, with peculiar pow'r to pleaſe,
" To ſupplicate for nought but eaſe!
" 'Tis odd, upon my word!

" Tell her, with fruitleſs care I've ſought;
" And though my realms, with wonders fraught,
" In remedies abound,
" No grain of cold indifference
" Was ever yet allied to ſenſe
" In all my fairy round.

" The regions of the ſky I'd trace,
" I'd ranſack every earthly place,
" Each leaf, each herb, each flow'r,
" To mitigate the pangs of fear,
" Diſpell the clouds of black despair,
" Or lull the reſtleſs hour.

" I would be generous as I'm juſt;
" But I obey, as others muſt,
" Thoſe laws which fate has made.
" My tiny kingdom how defend,
" And what might be the horrid end,
" Should man my ſtate invade?

" 'Twould put your mind into a rage,
" And ſuch unequal war to wage
" Suits not my regal duty!
" I dare not change a first decree:
" She's doom'd to pleaſe, nor can be free:
" Such is the lot of Beauty!"

This ſaid, he darted o'er the plain,
And after follow'd all his train:
No glimpſe of him I find:
But ſure I am, the little ſprite
Theſe words, before he took his flight,
Imprinted on my mind.

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§ 85. *The Beggar's Petition.* ANON.

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have born him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhortest ſpan;
Oh give relief, and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore!

Theſe tatter'd clothes my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon houſe erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road:
For Plenty there a reſidence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here as I crav'd a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.

Oh take me to your hoſpitable dome!
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miſerably old.

Should I reveal the ſources of my grief,
If ſoft humanity e'er touch'd your breaſt,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repreſs'd,

Heaven ſends misfortunes; why ſhould we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the ſtate you ſee;
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
The Child of Sorrow and of Miſery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then like the lark I ſprightly hail'd the morn:
But, ah! oppreſſion forc'd me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care!
Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to deſpair!
And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.

Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhortest ſpan;
Oh give relief and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore!

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§ 86. *Pollio. An Elegiac Ode; written in the Wood near R—— Caſtle, 1762.* MICKLE.

Hæc Jovem ſentire, deoſque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto. *Hor.*

THE peaceful evening breathes her balmy ſtore,
The playful ſchool-boys wanton o'er the green,
Where ſpreading poplars ſhade the cottage-door,
The villagers in ruſtic joy convene.

Amid the ſecret windings of the wood,
With ſolemn Meditation let me ſtray;
This is the hour when to the wise and good
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day,

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whiſpers the gently-waving boughs among:
The ſtar of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the ſilent hoſt of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The ſilver empreſs of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a ſtream of light,
And faintly in its breaſt the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and conſtant, from yon dell reſound;

The lonely hearths blaze o'er the diſtant glade;
The bat, low-wheeling, ſkims the duſky ground,
Auguſt and hoary, o'er the ſloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its ſculptur'd tow'rs;
Dull thro' the roofs reſounds the whiſtling gale,
Dark ſolitude among the pillars low'rs.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And ſolemn ſhade a chapel's ſad remains,
Where yon ſcath'd poplar through the windows waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch ſuſtains.

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary ſhepherd, o'er his ſtaff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and ſighs a broken pray'r,

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning ſhade
Surround yon craggy bank, the caſtle rears
Its crumbling turrets; ſtill its tow'ry head
A warlike mien, a ſullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midſt the ſnow of age, a boaſtful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Tho' trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the duſky wall-flow'rs creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led,
Gone is the bow'r, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments ſpread.

'Twas here our ſires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eyeing their reſcued fields with proud delight!
Now loſt to them! and, ah! how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
So ſhone the moon thro' theſe ſoft-nodding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of ſpring.

When April's ſmiles the flow'ry lawn adorn,
And modeſt cowſlips deck the ſtreamlet's ſide;
When fragrant orchards to the roſeat morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dyed:

So fair a bloſſom gentle Pollio wore,
Theſe were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page diſplay'd its lore,
To him bright Fancy all her wealth reſign'd;

Him with her pureſt flames the Muſe endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied:
The ſacred ſiſters led where Virtue glow'd
In all her charms; he ſaw, he felt, and died.

O partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with theſe ſcenes now paſt, my heart o'erflows;
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to riſe,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the riſing ſun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
Oft by the moon have bruſh'd the evening dew,
When all was fearleſs innocence and glee.

The ſainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conſcious of thoſe happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And ſainted well have loſt their chearing pow'rs;

For thou art gone. My guide, my friend! oh where,
Where haſt thou fled, and left me here behind?
My tend'reſt wiſh, my heart to thee was bare;
Oh now cut off each paſſage to my mind!

How dreary is the gulph! how dark, how void,
The trackleſs ſhores that never were repaſs'd!
Dread ſeparation! on the depth untried,
Hope falters, and the ſoul recoils aghaſt!

Wide round the ſpacious heavens I caſt my eyes:
And ſhall theſe ſtars glow with immortal fire?
Still ſhine the lifeleſs glories of the ſkies?
And could thy bright, thy living ſoul expire?

Far be the thought! The pleaſures moſt ſublime,
The glow of friendſhip, and the virtuous tear,
The tow'ring wiſh that ſcorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languiſh here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wint'ry land,
The languid ſtranger feebly buds, and dies:
Yet there 's a clime where Virtue ſhall expand
With godlike ſtrength beneath her native ſkies!

The lonely ſhepherd on the mountain's ſide
With patience waits the roſy-opening day;
The mariner at midnight's darkſome tide
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's ſtorm-beaten ocean toſs'd,
In mental viſion view the happy ſhore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coaſt,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more!

Oh that ſome kind, ſome pitying kindred ſhade,
Who now perhaps frequents this ſolemn grove,
Would tell the awful ſecrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wiſh—yet ſurely not in vain
Man's boſom glows with that celeſtial fire
Which ſcorns earth's luxuries, which ſmiles at pain,
And wings his ſpirit with ſublime deſire!

To fan this ſpark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, O my ſoul! ſtill be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the ſhades be thine,
And ſwell thy breaſt with viſionary joy!

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or ſacred mount,
In ancient days, the holy ſeers retir'd;
And, led in viſion, drank at Siloë's fount,
While riſing eſtaſies their boſoms fir'd.

Reſtor'd creation bright before them roſe,
The burning deſerts ſmil'd as Eden's plains:
One friendly ſhade the wolf and lambkin choſe;
The flow'ry mountain ſung, 'Meſſiah reigns!'

Tho'

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breaſt inſpire,
Yet let me oft frequent this ſolemn ſcene;
Oft to the abbey's ſhatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonſhine dimly gleams between.
There, where the croſs in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'erſhade the letter'd ſtones,
While midnight ſilence wraps theſe drear abodes,
And ſooths me wandering o'er my kindred bones.
Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the burſting graves the juſt ſhall riſe,
All Nature ſmiling; and, by angels borne,
Meſſiah's croſs far blazing o'er the ſkies!

§ 87. *The Tears of Scotland.* SMOLLET.

MOURN, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy ſons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie ſlaughter'd on their native ground:
Thy hoſpitable roofs no more
Invite the ſtranger to the door;
In ſmoky ruins ſunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner ſees, afar,
His all become the prey of war:
Bethinks him of his babes and wife;
Then ſmites his breaſt, and curſes life.
Thy ſwains are famiſh'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy raviſh'd virgins ſhriek in vain;
Thy infants periſh on the plain.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-ſpreading waſte of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praiſe,
Still ſhone with undiminiſh'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring ſpirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe, and merry lay,
No more ſhall cheer the happy day:
No ſocial ſcenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No ſtrains but thoſe of ſorrow flow,
And nought be heard but ſounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the ſlain
Glide nightly o'er the ſilent plain.

Oh baneful cauſe, oh fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The ſons againſt their fathers ſtood;
The parent ſhed his children's blood.
Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's ſoul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn muſt feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring ſteel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forſaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whiſtles round her head,
Her helpleſs orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of ſhelter, food, and friend,
She views the ſhades of night deſcend;
And, ſtretch'd beneath th' inclement ſkies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilſt the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
Reſentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breaſt ſhall beat;
And, ſpite of her inſulting foe,
My ſympathizing verſe ſhall flow:
"Mourn, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
"Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

§ 88. *Ode to Mirth.* SMOLLET.

PARENT of joy! heart-eaſing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born,
Yet Goddeſs ſure of heavenly birth,
Viſit benign a ſon of Grief forlorn:
Thy glitt'ring colours gay
Around him, Mirth, diſplay;
And o'er his raptur'd ſenſe
Diffuſe thy living influence:
So ſhall each hill, in purer green array'd,
And flower-adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
The grove ſhall ſmooth the horrors of the ſhade,
And ſtreams in murmurs ſhall forget to flow.
Shine, Goddeſs, ſhine with unremitted ray,
And gild (a ſecond ſun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can ſmile with thee;
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His univerſal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden ſhow'r.
Lo! Darkneſs trembling 'fore the hoſtile ray,
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obſcene, that own her gloomy ſway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale ſhiv'ring ghoſts, that dread th' all-chearing light,
Quick as the lightning's flaſh glide to ſepulchral night.

But whence the gladd'ning beam
That pours his purple ſtream
O'er the long proſpect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I ſee her ſit
In majeſty of light,
With Laughter at her ſide.
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltleſs ſtrikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's pow'r,
Fear not now wild Paſſion's rage;
Nor fear ye aught, in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the ſuppliant Poet's pray'r:
No cloud that rides the blaſt ſhall vex the troubled air.

§ 89. *Ode to Leven Water.* SMOLLET.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happieſt ſwain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.
Pure ſtream! in whoſe tranſparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents ſtain thy limpid ſource,
No rocks impede thy dimpling courſe,
That ſweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, poliſh'd pebbles ſpread;
While, lightly pois'd, the ſcaly brood
In myriads cleave thy cryſtal flood:
The ſpringing trout, in ſpeckled pride;
The ſalmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthleſs pike, intent on war;
The ſilver eel and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake.
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks, ſo gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be ſeen;
And laſſes, chanting o'er the pail;
And ſhepherds, piping in the dale;
And ancient faith, that knows no guile;
And induſtry, embrown'd with toil;
And hearts reſolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The bleſſings they enjoy to guard.

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§ 90. *Songe to Ælla, Lorde of the Caſtel of Bryſtowe ynne daies of yore. From* CHATTERTON, *under the name of* ROWLEY.

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie ſonge bolde as thie courage be,
As everlaſtynge to poſteritye.

Whanne Dacya's ſonnes, whoſe hayres of bloude-
redde hue [ing due,
Lyche kynge-cuppes braſtynge wythe the morn-
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets ſhore;
Than dyddſt thou furiouſe ſtande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beeſprengedd all the mees wythe gore,

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thouſandes of Dacyanns went;
Bryſtowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reſte)
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beſte,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd
Or whare thou kennſt from farre [pleyne,
The dyſmall crye of warre,
Orr ſeeſt ſommemountayneinadeof corſeof ſleyne;
Orr ſeeſt the hatchedd ſtede,
Yprauncеynge o'er the mede,
And neighetobeamenged the poynctedd ſpeeres,
Orr ynne blacke armoure ſtaulke arounde
Embattel'd Bryſtowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous onn the Caſtle ſteeres;

Or fierye round the mynſterr glare;
Let Bryſtowe ſtylle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & conſumyngefyre;
Lyche Avones ſtreme enſyrke ytte rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tyll ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

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§ 91. *Briſtowe Tragedie; or, The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin.*

CHATTERTON, *under the name of* ROWLEY.

THE feather'd ſongſter chaunticleer
Had wounde hys bugle horne,
And told the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne;

Kynge Edwarde ſawe the rudie ſtreakes
Of lyght eclypſe the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde,
"That ſyttes enthron'd on hyghe,
"Charles Bawdin, and his fellowes twaine,
"To-daie ſhall ſurelie die."

Then wythe a jugge of nappy ale
His Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour thatt to-daie
"Hee leaves thys mortall ſtate."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe.
Wythe hart brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the caſtle-gate;
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

But whenne hee came, his children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe.
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

"O goode Syr Charles!" ſayd Canterlone,
"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," ſayd brave Syr Charles,
"Whatte ſays thie traytour kynge?"

"I greeve to telle: Before yonne ſonne
"Does fromme the welkinne flye,
"Hee hath uponne hys honour ſworne
"Thatt thou ſhalt ſurelie die."

"Wee all muſt die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Of thatte I'm not affearde:
"What bootes to lyve a little ſpace?
"Thanke Jeſu, I'm prepar'd.

"Butte telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
"I'de ſooner die to-daie
"Thanne lyve hys ſlave, as manie are,
"Tho' I ſhould lyve for aie."

Thenne Canterlone hee dydde goe out,
To telle the maior ſtraite
To gett all thynges ynne reddyneſs
For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne

Thenne Maiſterr Canynge ſaughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quoth hee, "unto your grace
"To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Your tale ſpeke out,
"You have been much oure friende;
"Whatever youre requeſte may bee,
"We wylle to ytte attende."

"My nobile liege! all my requeſt
"Ys for a nobile knyghte,
"Who, tho' may hap he has done wronge,
"He thoghte ytte ſtylle was ryghte:

"Hee has a ſpouſe and children twaine,
"Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
"Yff thatt you are reſolv'd to lett
"Charles Bawdin die to daie."

"Speke nott of ſuch a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynne fury ſayde;
"Before the ev'ning ſtarre doth ſheene,
"Bawdin ſhall looſe hys hedde:

"Juſtice does loudlie for hym calle
"And hee ſhall have hys meede:
"Speke, Maiſter Canynge! whatte thynge elſe
"Att preſent doe you neede?"

"My nobile liege!" goode Canynge ſayde,
"Leave juſtice to our Godde,
"And laye the yronne rule aſyde,
"Be thyne the olyve rodde.

"Was Godde to ſerche our hertes and reines,
"The beſt were ſynners grete;
"Chriſt's vycarr only knowes ne ſynne.
"Ynne alle thys mortall ſtate.

"Let mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
"'Twylle faſte thye crowne fulle ſure;
"From race to race thy familie
"Alle ſov'reigns ſhall endure:

"But yff wythe bloode and ſlaughter thou
"Beginne thy infante reigne,
"Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
"Wyll never lonng remayne."

"Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
"Has ſcorn'd my pow'r and mee;
"Howe canſt thou thenne for ſuch a manne
"Intreate my clemencye?"

"My noble liege! the truly brave
"Wylle val'rous actions prize,
"Reſpect a brave and nobile mynde,
"Altho' ynne enemies."

"Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne heav'n
"That dydd mee beinge gyve,
"I wyll nott taſte a bitt of breade
"Whilſt thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

"By Marie, and all Seinctes ynne heav'n,
"Thys ſunne ſhall be hys laſte."
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the preſence paſte.

With herte brimm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And ſatt hymm downe uponne a ſtoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

"We all muſt die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Whatt bootes ytte howe or whenne?
"Dethe ys the ſure, the certaine fate
"Of all wee mortall menne.

"Saye why, my friend, thie honeſt ſoul
"Runs overr att thyne eye;
"Is ytte for my moſt welcome doome
"Thatt thou doſt child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie Canynge, "I do weepe,
"Thatt thou ſoe ſoone muſt dye,
"And leave thy ſonnes and helpleſs wyfe;
"'Tis thys that wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the teares thatt out thyne eye
"From godlie fountaines ſprynge;
"Dethe I deſpiſe, and alle the pow'r
"Of Edwarde, traytour kynge.

"Whan throgh the tyrant's welcom means
"I ſhall reſigne my lyfe,
"The Godde I ſerve wylle ſoon provyde
"For bothe mye ſonnes and wife.

"Before I ſawe the lyghtſome ſunne,
"Thys was appointed mee;
"Shall mortal manne repine or grudge
"What Godde ordeynes to bee?

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I ſtoode,
"Whan thouſands dy'd arounde;
"Whan ſmokynge ſtreams of crimſon bloode
"Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde!

"How dydd I knowe that ev'ry darte,
"That cutte the airie waie,
"Myghte notte finde paſſage toe my harte,
"And cloſe myne eyes for aie?

"And ſhall I now, for feere of dethe,
"Looke wanne and bee dyſmayed?
"Ne! fromm my herte flie childlyſhe feere,
"Be alle the manne diſplay'd.

"Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
"And guarde thee and thyne ſonne,
"Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
"Why thenne hys wylle be donne,

"My honeſte friende, my faulte has beene
"To ſerve Godde and mye prynce;
"And thatt I no tyme-ſerver am,
"My dethe wylle ſoone convynce.

"Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
"Of parents of grete note;
"My fadre dydd a nobile arms
"Emblazon onne hys cote:

"I make ne doubte butt he ys gone
"Where ſoone I hope to goe;
"Where wee for ever ſhall bee bleſt,
"From oute the reech of woe:

"He taught mee juſtice and the laws
"Wyth pitie to unite;
"And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
"The wronge cauſe fromm the ryghte:

"Hee taught mee wythe a prudent hande
"To feede the hungrie poore,
"Ne lette mye ſervants drive awaie
"The hungrie fromme my doore:

" And none can ſaye, butt all mye lyfe
" I have hys wordyes kept;
" And ſumm'd the actyonns of the daie
" Eche nyghte before I ſlept.

" I have a ſpouſe, goe aſke of her
" Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
" I have a kynge, and none can laie
" Blacke treaſon onne my hedde.

" Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
" Fromm fleſhe I dydd refrayne;
" Whie ſhould I thenne appeare diſmay'd
" To leave thys worlde of payne?

" Ne! hapleſs Henrie! I rejoyce,
" I ſhalle ne ſee thye dethe;
" Moſte willynglie in thy juſt cauſe
" Do I reſign my brethe.

" Oh fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
" Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
" While Richard's ſonnes exalt themſelves,
" Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

" Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
" And godlie Henrie's reigne,
" Thatt you dydd choppe your eaſie daies
" For thoſe of bloude and peyne?

" Whatte tho' I onne a ſledde bee drawne,
" And mangled by a hynde,
" I do defye the traytour's pow'r,
" He can ne harm my mynde;

" Wyatte tho', uphoiſted onne a pole,
" Mye lymbes ſhall rotte ynne ayre,
" And ne ryche monument of braſſe
" Charles Bawdin's name ſhall bear;

" Yet ynne the holie booke above,
" Whyche tyme can't eat awai,
" There wythe the ſervants of the Lorde
" Mye name ſhall lyve for aie.

" Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
" I leve thys mortall lyfe;
" Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
" Mye ſonnes and loving wyfe!

" Now dethe as welcome to mee comes,
" As e'er the month of Maie;
" Nor woulde I even wyſhe to lyve,
" Wyth my dere wyfe to ſtaie."

Quod Canynge, " 'Tys a goodlie thynge
" To bee prepar'd to die;
" And from thys worlde of peyne and grefe
" To Godde ynne heaven to flie."

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to ſounde;
Syr Charles hee herde the horſes feete
A-prauncyng onne the grounde;

And juſte before the officers,
Hys lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dyſmalle dynne.

" Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
" Ynne quiet lett mee die;
" Praie Godde, that every Chriſtian ſoule
" Maye kooke onne dethe as I.

" Sweet Florence! why theſe brinie tears;
" Theye waſhe my ſoule awaie,
" And almoſt make mee wiſhe for lyfe,
" Wyth thee, ſweete dame, to ſtaie,

" 'Tys but a journie I ſhalle goe
" Untoe the lande of blyſſe;
" Nowe, as a proofe of huſbande's love,
" Receive thys holie kyſſe."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her ſaie,
Tremblynge theſe wordyes ſpoke,
" Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
" My herte ys welle nyghe broke:

" Ah, ſweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
" Wythoute thye lovyinge wyfe!
" The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
" Ytt eke ſhall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Who turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus toe her dydd ſaie:

" I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
" Truſte thou ynne Godde above,
" And teache thye ſonnes to feare the Lorde,
" And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

" Teache them to runne the nobile race
" Thatt I theyre fader runne:
" Florence! ſhould dethe thee take—adieu!
" Yee officers, lead onne."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her treſſes tere;
" Oh! ſtaie, my huſbande! lorde! and lyfe!"
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare;

'Till tyredd oute wyth ravynge loud,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a ſledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and ſwete;
Lookes, thatt enſhoone ne moe concern
Thanne anie ynne the ſtrete.

Before him went the council-menne,
Ynne ſcarlette robes and golde,
And taſſils ſpanglynge ynne the ſunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Auguſtyne next
Appeared to the ſyghte,
Alle cladd ynn homelie ruſſett weedes,
Of godlie monkyſh plyghte:

Ynn diffraunt partes a godlie pſaume
Moſte ſweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes ſyx mynſtrelles came,
Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From reſcue of kynge Henries friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bold as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawn onne a clothe-layde ſledde,
By two blacke ſtedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde.

Behynde hym five-and-twentye moe
Of archers ſtronge and ſtoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte Jameſes Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes ſyx mynſtrelles came,
Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of ſcarlett deckt;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke Eaſterne princes trickt:

And after them a multitude
Of citizens dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were all full of heddes,
As hee dydd paſse alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe croſſe,
Syr Charles dydd turne and ſaie,
"O Thou, thatt ſaveſt manne fromme ſynne,
"Waſh maye ſoule clean thys daye."

Att the grete mynſter windowe ſat
The kynge ynn mycle ſtate,
To ſee Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys moſt welcom fate.

Soon as the ſledde drewe nygh enowe,
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd ſtande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou ſeeſt mee, Edwarde! traytour vile!
"Expos'd to infamie;
"But be aſſur'd, diſloyall manne!
"I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
"Thou weareſt nowe a crowne,
"And haſt appoynted mee to dye,
"By power nott thyne owne.

"Thou thynkeſt I ſhall dye to-daie;
"I have beene dede 'till nowe,
"And ſoone ſhall lyve to weare a crowne
"For aie uponne my browe:

"Whylſt thou, perhapps for ſome few yeares,
"Shalt rule thys fickle lande
"To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
"'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r unjuſt, thou traytour ſlave!
"Shall falle onne thy owne hedde."
Fromm out of hearyng of the kinge
Departed thenne the ſledde.

Kynge Edwarde's ſoule ruth'd to hys face;
Hee turn'd hys head awaie,
And to hys broder Glouceſter
Hee thus dydd ſpeke and ſaie:

"To him that ſoe-much-dreaded dethe
"Ne ghaſtlie terrors brynge,
"Beholde the manne! hee ſpake the truthe,
"Hee's greater than a kynge!
"So lett hym die!" Duke Richard ſayde;
"And maye echone our foes
"Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie exe,
"And feede the carryon crowes."

And now the horſes gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle!
The exe dydd gliſterr ynne the ſunne,
Hys pretious bloude to ſpylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the ſcaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gain'd in the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd ſaie,
"Beholde you ſee mee dye
"For ſervynge loyally mye kynge,
"Mye kynge moſt rightfullie.

"As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,
"Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
"Your ſonnes and huſbandes ſhall be ſlayne,
"And brookes withe bloude ſhalle flowe.

"You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
"Whenne ynne adverſitye;
"Lyke mee, untoe the true cauſe ſtycke,
"And for the true cauſe dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preeſtes, uponne his knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beſeechynge hym unto hymſelfe
Hys partynge ſoule to take.

Then kneelynge downe, he layd hys heede
Moſt ſeemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne ſtroke!

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the ſcaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to waſhe 't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie exe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynſter-tower,
And one from off the caſtle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery ſpectacle;
His hedde was plac'd onne the hygh croſſe,
Ynne hyghe-ſtreete moſt nobile.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate;
Godde proſper long our kynge,
And grant hee may, wyth Bawdin's ſoule,
Ynne heaven Godd's mercie ſynge!

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§ 92. *The Mynſtrelles Songe in Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude.* CHATTERTON, &c.

O! SYNGE untoe my roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge *(a)* ryver bee.

(a) Running.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Black hys cryne (*b*) as the wyntere nyght,
Whyte hys rode (*c*) as the ſommer ſnowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tongue as the throſtles note,
Quycke ynne daunce as thought cann bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle ſtote,
O! hee lys bie the wyllowe tree.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered dell belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe ſynge,
To the nyghte-mares as theie goe.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

See! the whyte moone ſheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves ſhroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge ſkie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Heere, upon mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Ne one hallie ſcyncte to ſave
Al the celneſs of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dent the brieres
Rounde hys hallie corſe to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,
Heere mie boddie ſtille ſchalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyſe and all yttes goode I ſcorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaſte by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Water wytches, crownede wythe reytes (*d*),
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damſelle ſpake, and dyed.

(*b*) Hair.
(*c*) Complexion.
(*d*) Water-flags.
(*e*) Endeavoured.
(*f*) Freeze.
(*g*) Undismayed.
(*h*) Armed, pointed.
(*i*) Hoisted on high, raised.
(*j*) Foes, enemies.
(*k*) Fly.
(*l*) Head.
(*m*) Stretched.

§ 93. *Chorus in Goddwyn, a Tragedie.* Chatterton, &c.

Whan Freedom, dreſte yn blodde-ſteyned veſte,
To everie knyghte her warre-ſonge ſunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were ſpredde;
A gorie anlace by her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned Affryghte, hys harte of ſilver hue,
In vayne aſſayled (*e*) her boſom to acale (*f*); [woe,
She hearde onflemed (*g*) the ſhriekynge voice of
And ſadneſſe ynne the owlette ſhake the dale,
She ſhooke the burled (*h*) ſpeere,
On hie ſhe jeſte (*i*) her ſheelde,
Her foemen (*j*) all appere,
And flizze (*k*) along the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod (*l*) ſtraught (*m*) ynto the ſkyes, [ſtarre.
Hys ſpeere a ſonne-beame, and hys ſheelde a
Alyche (*n*) twaie (*o*) brendeyng (*p*) gronſyres (*q*) rolls hys eyes, [to war.
Chaftes (*r*) with his yronne feete, and ſoundes
She ſyttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys ſpeere
She ryſes from the ſhocke,
Wieldyng her own yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe ſhe drive ytte on,
Wytte ſcillye (*s*) wympled (*t*) gies (*u*) ytte to hys crowne, (ys gon,
Hys longe ſharpe ſpeere, his ſpreddyng ſheelde
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thouſandes down.
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld (*x*), ariſt (*y*),
Hys feerie heaulme (*z*) noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys ſtreynynge fyſt.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

(*n*) Like.
(*o*) Two.
(*p*) Flaming.
(*q*) Meteors.
(*r*) Beats, ſtamps.
(*s*) Closely.
(*t*) Mantled, covered.
(*u*) Guides.
(*x*) Armed.
(*y*) Arose.
(*z*) Helmet.

§ 94. *Grongar Hill.* Dyer.

Silent Nymph! with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy ſiſter Muſe.
Now while Phœbus riding high,
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky,
Grongar Hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſcape bright and ſtrong;
Grongar! in whoſe moſſy cells,
Sweetly muſing Quiet dwells;
Grongar! in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,

So

So oft I have, the evening ſtill,
As the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind;
And groves and grottos, where I lay,
And viſtas ſhooting beams of day.
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale,
As circles on a ſmooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe.
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landſcape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours, intervene;
But the gay, the open ſcene
Does the face of Nature ſhew
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.
Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the ſkies;
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires:
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.
Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew:
The ſlender fir that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak with broad ſpread boughs;
And, beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood;
His ſides are cloth'd with waving wood;
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an awful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependance find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of ſtate:
But tranſient is the ſmile of Fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And ſee the rivers, how they run
Thro' woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun!
Sometimes ſwift, ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go,
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endleſs ſleep!
Thus is Nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſcape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky!
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the ſhady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep, methinks, may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem:
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glaſs.
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way;
The preſent 's ſtill a cloudy day.
O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee!
Content me with a humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid:
For while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air,
And miſers gather wealth and care.
Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſic fill the ſky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts! be great who will;
Search for peace with all your ſkill;

Open

Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain ye ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the domes of Care!
Graſs and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleaſure cloſe allied,
Ever by each other's ſide;
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

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§ 95. *A Monody on the Death of his Lady.*

By George Lord Lyttleton.

'Ipſe cava ſolans ægrum teſtudine amorem,
'Te, dulcis conjux, te ſolo in littore ſecum,
'Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.'

AT length eſcap'd from ev'ry human eye,
From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a ſhare,
Or force my tears their flowing ſtream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring ſhade,
This lone retreat, for tender ſorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my ſtores of grief;
Of grief ſurpaſſing every other woe,
Far as the pureſt bliſs, the happieſt love,
Can on th' ennobled mind beſtow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our groſs deſires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'erſhadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-ſmiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy ſeen!
But never ſhall you now behold her more:
Nor will ſhe now, with fond delight,
And taſte refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are thoſe beauteous eyes in endleſs night,
Thoſe beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to ſhine
Reaſon's pure light, and Virtue's ſpark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of theſe woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her deſpiſing, when ſhe deign'd to ſing,
The ſweeteſt ſongſters of the ſpring;
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more:
The nightingale was mute,
And ev'ry ſhepherd's flute
Was caſt in ſilent ſcorn away,
While all attended to her ſweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now reſume your ſong:
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive ſtory tell;
For death has ſtopp'd that tuneful tongue,
Whoſe muſic could alone your warbling notes excel.
In vain I look round,
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footſteps to deſcry;
Where oft we us'd to walk;
Where oft in tender talk
We ſaw the ſummer ſun go down the ſky;
Nor by yon fountain's ſide,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can ſhe now be found:
In all the wide-ſtretch'd proſpect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her eſpy,
But the ſad ſacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O ſhades of Hagley, where is now your boaſt?
Your bright inhabitant is loſt.
You ſhe preferr'd to all the gay reſorts
Where female vanity might wiſh to ſhine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modeſt beauties ſhunn'd the public eye:
To your ſequeſter'd dales,
And flower-embroider'd vales,
From an admiring world ſhe choſe to fly.
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The ſilent paths of wiſdom trod,
And baniſh'd every paſſion from her breaſt;
But thoſe, the gentleſt and the beſt,
Whoſe holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who like the little playful fawns,
Where wont to trip along theſe verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's ſide,
Who now your infant ſteps ſhall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand, whoſe tender care,
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And ſtrew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth?
O loſs beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weeep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How ſhall thy weaken'd mind, oppreſs'd with woe,
And, drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now, ſhe, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpleſs age to ſave?

Where were ye, Muſes, when relentleſs Fate
From theſe fond arms your fair diſciple tore;
From theſe fond arms, that vainly ſtrove
With hapleſs, ineffectual love,
To guard her boſom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favouring pow'r, Aönian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date;
For whom ſo oft, in theſe inſpiring ſhades,
Or under Camden's moſs-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your ſacred ſtore;
Whate'er your ancient ſages taught,
Your ancient bards ſublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breaſt with all your ſpirit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Caſtalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount, your ſteps detain,
Nor in the Theſpian valleys did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's* bank
Beſet with oſier's dank,

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

Nor

Nor where Clitumnus* rolls his gentle ſtream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep Anio† pours his floods,
Nor yet where Meles‡ or Iliſſus§ ſtray.
Ill does it now beſeem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire diſeaſe and death your darling ſhould be left.

Now what avails it, that in early bloom,
When light fantaſtic toys
Are all her ſex's joys,
With you ſhe ſearch'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her ancient praiſe,
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright ſparkling could inſpire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what, in Britain's iſle,
Moſt favour'd with your ſmile,
The pow'rs of Reaſon and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conſpir'd to raiſe?
Ah! what is now the uſe
Of all thoſe treaſures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now conſign'd!

At leaſt, ye Nine, her ſpotleſs name
'Tis yours from death to ſave,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin ſiſters, come,
And ſtrew with choiceſt flow'rs her hallow'd tomb;
But foremoſt thou, in ſable veſtment clad,
With accents ſweet and ſad,
Thou plaintive Muſe, whom o'er his Laura's
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn; [urn
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impaſſion'd tear, a more pathetic lay!

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by ſome ſweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in ev'ry look
Thro' her expreſſive eyes her ſoul diſtinctly ſpoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modiſh vice behind,
And made each charm of poliſh'd courts
With candid Truth's ſimplicity, [agree
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly ſenſe
She join'd the ſoft'ning influence
Of more than female tenderneſs:
How, in the thoughtleſs days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good deſtroy;
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want, and every woe,
To guilt itſelf when in diſtreſs,
The balm of pity would impart;
And all relief that bounty could beſtow!
E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall; [to all.
Tears, from ſweet Virtue's ſource, benevolent

Not only good and kind,
But ſtrong and elevated was her mind;
A ſpirit that with noble pride
Could look ſuperior down
On Fortune's ſmile or frown;
That could, without regret or pain,
To Virtue's loweſt duty ſacrifice
Or Intereſt or Ambition's higheſt prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous diſdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffenſive light
All pleaſing ſhone; nor ever paſs'd
The decent bounds that Wiſdom's ſober hand,
And ſweet Benevolence's mild command,
And baſhful Modeſty, before it caſt.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd;
That ſcorn'd unjuſt Suſpicion's coward fear,
And, without weakneſs, knew to be ſincere.
Such Lucy was, when in her faireſt days,
Amidſt th' acclaim of univerſal praiſe.
In life's and glory's freſheſt bloom, [tomb.
Death came remorſeleſs on, and ſunk her to the

So, where the ſilent ſtreams of Liris glide,
In the ſoft boſom of Campania's vale,
When now the wint'ry tempeſts all are fled,
And genial ſummer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;
From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets riſe,
On every bough the golden fruits are ſeen;
With odours ſweet it fills the ſmiling ſkies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen:
But, in the midſt of all its blooming pride,
A ſudden blaſt from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual ſnows; [and dies.
The tender blighted plant ſhrinks up its leaves,

Ariſe, O Petrarch! from th' Elyſian bow'rs,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambroſial flow'rs,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Ariſe, and hither bring the ſilver lyre,
Tun'd by thy ſkilful hand.
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire,
With which o'er many a land
Was ſpread the fame of thy diſaſt'rous love;
To me reſign the vocal ſhell,

* The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.
† The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.
‡ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Mellisigenes.
§ The Illissus is a river at Athens.

And teach my ſorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale ſo well,
As may e'en things inanimate, [move.
Rough mountain oaks, and deſert rocks, to pity

Whatwere,alas! thywoes,compar'dtomine?
To thee thy miſtreſs in the bliſsful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domeſtic care
She never bore a ſhare,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every ſecret grief that feſter'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of ſickneſs watch thee,and thy languidhead
Whole nights on her unwearied arm ſuſtain,
And charm away the ſenſe of pain:
Nor did ſhe crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name

O beſt of wives! O dearer far to me
Then when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms:
How can my ſoul endure the loſs of thee?
How in the world, to me a deſert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my ſweet companion can I live!
Without thy lovely ſmile,
The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
What pleaſures now can pall'd Ambition give?
E'en the delightful ſenſe of well-earn'd praiſe,
Unſhar'd by thee, no more my lifeleſs thoughts could raiſe.

For my diſtracted mind
What ſuccour can I find?
On whom for conſolation ſhall I call?
Support me, ev'ry friend;
Your kind aſſiſtance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppreſſive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, ſo much was thine,
That none has any comfort to beſtow.
My books, the beſt relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea ſadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and ſpeaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happieſt pair of human kind:
The rolling year its various courſe perform'd
And back return'd again;
Another, and another, ſmiling came,
And ſaw our happineſs unchang'd remain.
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wiſhes bind:
Our ſtudies, pleaſures, taſte the ſame.
O fatal, fatal ſtroke!
That all this pleaſing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which even wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every ſchemeof bliſsourheartshadform'd,
With ſoothing hope for many a future day,
In one ſad moment broke!

Yet, O my ſoul! thy riſing murmurs ſtay;
Nor dare th' all-wiſe Diſpoſer to arraign,
Or againſt his ſupreme decree
With impious grief complain,
That allthy full-blown joys atonceſhould fade,
Was his moſt righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to hercontroul,
And, in theſe low abodes of ſin and pain,
Her pure exalted ſoul,
Unjuſtly, for thy partial good, detain?
No—rather ſtrive thy grovelling mind to raiſe
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd ſhe now with pity ſees,
How frail, how inſecure, how ſlight,
Is every mortal bliſs?
Even Love itſelf, if riſing by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect ſtate,
Whoſe fleeting joys ſo ſoon muſt end,
It does not to its ſovereign good aſcend.
Riſe then, my ſoul, with hope elate,
And ſeek thoſe regions of ſerene delight,
Whoſe peaceful path, and ever-open gate,
No feet but thoſe of harden'd Guilt ſhall miſs:
There Death himſelf thy Lucy ſhall reſtore;
There yield up all his pow'r ne'er to divide you more.

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§ 96. *A Winter Piece.* Anon.

It was a winter's evening,and faſt came down the ſnow, [blow;
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitterblaſtdid
When a damſel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her way, [ſay:
Preſs'd her baby to her boſom, and ſadly thus did

"Oh! cruel was my father, that ſhut his door on me [could ſee;
And cruel was my mother, that ſuch a ſight
And cruel is the wint'ry wind, that chills my heart with cold; [for gold!
But crueller than all, the lad that left my love

Huſh, huſh, my lovely baby, and warm thee in my breaſt; [diſtreſt!
Ah, little thinks thy father how ſadly we're
For, cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
He'd ſhield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

Cold,cold mydeareſt jewel! thy little life is gone:
Oh let my tears revive thee, ſo warm that trickle down: [they fall:
My tears that guſh ſo warm, oh they freeze before
Ah wretched, wretched mother! thou 'rt now bereft of all."

Then down ſhe ſunk deſpairing upon the drift-ed ſnow, [loud her woe:
And, wrung with killing anguiſh, lamented
She kiſs'd her babe's pale lips, and laid it by her ſide;
Then caſt her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head, and died.

§. 97. *The School Mistress. In Imitation of Spenser.* SHENSTONE.

——— Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. *Virg.*

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village, mark'd with little spire, [fame,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to
There dwells, in lowly shade and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They, grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent, [shent.
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely

And all in sight doth rise a birchin tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilome a twig of small regard to see,
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew; [low;
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat
And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast:
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! Such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy!

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day! [found,
The noises intermix'd, which thence re-
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound [around.
And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchin sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Æol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster*: these in frowns array'd.
How then would fare on earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern God to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own,
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare,
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit, ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth;
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim:
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she new, and quaintly cold expound.
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plaintain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;

* The south-west wind, south, &c.

And

And marj'ram ſweet, in ſhepherd's poſie found;
And lavender, whoſe ſpikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidſt the labours of her loom,
And crown her 'kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume. [crown'd
And here trim roſemarine, that whilom
The daintieſt garden of the proudeſt peer,
Ere, driven from its envied ſite, it found
A ſacred ſhelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring ſkirts appear.
O waſſel days! O cuſtoms meet and well!
Ere this was baniſh'd from its lofty ſphere;
Simplicity then ſought this humble cell,
Nor ever would ſhe more with thane and lordling dwell.
Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned ſuch pſalms as Steenhold forth did mete.
If winter 'twere ſhe to her hearth did cleave:
But in her garden found a ſummer ſeat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Iſrael's ſons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a ſong entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every ſtring,
Uphung their uſeleſs lyres—ſmall heart had they to ſing.
For ſhe was juſt, and friend to virtuous lore,
And paſs'd muchtime in truly virtuous deed;
And in thoſe elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popiſh rage did bleed,
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
And ſimple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny ſaints in ſmould'ring flames did burn: [return.
Ah! deareſt Lord! forefend thilk days ſhould e'er
In elbow chair, like that of Scottiſh ſtem,
By the ſharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our ſov'reign prince and liefeſt liege is plac'd,
The matron ſate: and ſome with rank ſhe grac'd,
The ſource of children's and of courtier's pride! [paſs'd)
Redreſs'd affronts (for vile affronts there
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.
Right well ſhe knew each temper to deſcry,
To thwart the proud, and the ſubmiſs to raiſe;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And ſome entice with pittance ſmall of praiſe;
And other ſome with baleful ſprig ſhe 'frays:
E'en abſent, ſhe the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd ſhe ſways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whiſper in her ear, and all the ſcene unfold.
Lo! now with ſtate ſhe utters the command!
Eftſoons the urchins to their taſks repair;
Their books of ſtature ſmall, they take in hand,
Which, with pellucid horn ſecured are,
To ſave from finger wet the letters fair.
The work ſo gay that on their back is ſeen
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has ygazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod; unpleaſing ſight, I ween!
Ah! luckleſs he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil ſtar! it irks me whilſt I write!
As erſt the bard* by Mulla's ſilver ſtream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he ſung, and did in tears indite;
For, brandiſhing the rod, ſhe doth begin
To looſe the brogues, the ſtripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty ſkin,
Fair as the furry coat of whiteſt ermilin.
O ruthful ſcene! when from a nook obſcure
His little ſiſter doth his peril ſee:
All playful as ſhe ſate, ſhe grows demure,
She finds full ſoon her wonted ſpirits flee;
She meditates a pray'r to ſet him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her ſad grief that ſwells in either eye,
And wrings her ſo, that all for pity ſhe could die.
No longer can ſhe now her ſhrieks command,
And hardly ſhe forbears, thro' awful fear,
To ruſhen forth, and, with preſumptuous hand,
To ſtay harſh juſtice in its mid career.
On thee ſhe calls, on thee, her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the ſhameful blow!)
She ſees no kind domeſtic viſage near,
And ſoon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a looſe at laſt to unavailing woe.
But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his diſguiſed face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous ſhow'r that does his cheek diſtain?
When he in abject wiſe implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of ſweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high ſhe levels well her aim,
And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling ſtroke proclaim.
The other tribe, aghaſt, with ſore diſmay
Attend, and conn their taſks with mickle care,
By turns, aſtonied, ev'ry twig ſurvey,
And from their fellows hateful wounds beware,
Knowing, I wiſt, how each the ſame may ſhare;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known cheſt the dame repair,
Whence oft with ſugar'd cates ſhe doth 'em greet,
And gingerbread y-rare; now, certes, doubly ſweet!

* Spenser.

See,

See, to their ſeats they hye with merry glee,
And in beſeemly order ſitten there,
All but the wight of bum y-galled; he
Abhorreth bench, and ſtool, and form, and chair
(This hand in mouth y-fixed, that rends his hair);
And eke with ſnubs profound, and heaving breaſt,
Convulſions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjuſt beheſt,
And ſcorns her offer'd love, and ſhuns to be careſs'd.

His face beſprent with liquid chryſtal ſhines;
His blooming face, that ſeems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth his drooping head declines,
All ſmear'd and ſullied by a vernal ſhow'r.
Oh the hard boſoms of deſpotic pow'r!
All, all but ſhe, the author of his ſhame,
All, all but ſhe, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r ſhall claim,
If ſo, I deem aright, tranſcending worth and fame.

Behind ſome door in melancholy thought,
Mindleſs of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows joyaunce careth ought,
But to the wind all merriment reſigns,
And deems it ſhame if he to peace inclines;
And many a ſullen look aſkaunce is ſent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he deſigns;
And ſtill the more to pleaſure him ſhe's bent,
The more doth he, perverſe, her 'haviour paſt reſent.

Ah me! how much I fear leſt pride it be!
But if that pride it be which thus inſpires,
Beware, ye dames! with nice diſcernment ſee,
Ye quench not too the ſparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muſe's lyres
(All coward arts) is valour's gen'rous heat;
The firm fix'd breaſt which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot ſoul, more juſtly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry falſe deceit.

Yet, nurs'd with ſkill, what dazzling fruits appear!
E'en now ſagacious foreſight points to ſhow
A little bench of heedleſs biſhops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard ſublime, if bard may e'er be ſo;
As Milton, Shakeſpeare, names that ne'er ſhall die!
Tho' now he crawl along the ground ſo low;
Nor weeting how the muſe ſhould ſoar on high,
Wiſheth, poor ſtarv'ling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who cens'ring the deſign,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be, if rigid Fates incline;
And many an epic to his rage ſhall yield,
And many a poet quit th' Aönian field:
And, ſour'd by age, profound he ſhall appear,
As he who now, with 'ſdainful fury thrill'd,
Surveys mine work, and levels many a ſneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, 'What ſtuff is here!'

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle ſky,
And liberty unbars her priſon-door;
And like a ruſhing torrent out they fly,
And now the graſſy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boiſt'rous revel-rout and wild uproar.
A thouſand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven ſhield their ſhort liv'd paſtimes, I implore!
For well may Freedom, erſt ſo dearly won,
Appear to Britiſh elf more gladſome than the ſun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your ſportive trade,
And chaſe gay flies, and cull the faireſt flow'rs,
For when my bones in graſs green ſods are laid,
For never may ye taſte more careleſs hours
In knightly caſtles, or in ladies' bow'rs.
O vain, to ſeek delight in earthly things!
But moſt in courts, where proud Ambition tow'rs;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can ſpring
Beneath the pompous dome of keſar or of king.

See in each ſprite ſome various bent appear!
Theſe rudely carol moſt incondite lay;
Thoſe ſaunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer,
Salute the ſtranger paſſing on his way:
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the ſtanding lake their courſes bend,
With pebbles ſmooth, at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's ſav'ry cottage tend,
In paſtyk ings and queens th' allotted mite to ſpend.

Here, as each ſeaſon yields a different ſtore,
Each ſeaſon's ſtores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Gallingful ſore th' unmonied wight, are ſeen;
And gooſeb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green:
And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear;
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween;
O may no wight e'er pennyleſs come there,
Leſt, ſmit with ardent love, he pine with hopeleſs care!

See cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread ſo white in tempting poſies tied,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aſide,
And muſt be bought, tho' penury betide;
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown;
And here each ſeaſon do thoſe cakes abide,
Whoſe honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring thro' Britain's iſle Salopia's* praiſes known.

* Shrewsbury Cakes.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried;
Her daughters lovely, and her ſtripling brave:
Amidſt the reſt, may flow'rs adorn his grave
Whoſe art did firſt theſe dulcet cates diſplay!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerleſs o'er her darkling region ſtray,
Till Reaſon's morn ariſe, and light them on their way.

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§ 98. *Oriental Eclogues.* By Mr. Collins.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or the Shepherd's Moral.

Scene, a Valley, near Bagdat.—Time, the Morning.

'YE Perſian maids, attend your Poet's lays,
'And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden
'days.
'Not all are bleſt, whom Fortune's hand ſuſtains
'With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the
'plains:
'Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
''Tis virtue makes the bliſs, where'er we dwell.'
Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred Truth inſpir'd;
Nor praiſe but ſuch as Truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
Informing morals to the ſhepherd maid;
Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
What groves nor ſtreams beſtow, a virtuous mind.
When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their ſweets away;
By Tygris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung,
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young:
'Ye Perſian dames,' he ſaid, 'to you belong
'(Well may they pleaſe) the morals of my ſong:
'No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
'Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
'The morn that lights you to your loves ſupplies
'Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes;
'For you thoſe flow'rs her fragrant hands beſtow.
'And yours the love that kings delight to know.
'Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
'The beſt kind bleſſings Heaven can grant the fair:
'Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray,
'Boaſt but the worth Balſora's* pearls diſplay!
'Drawn from the deep, we own the ſurface bright:
'But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light.
'Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
'By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.
'Self-flatt'ring ſex! your hearts believe in vain
'That Love ſhall blind, when once he fires the ſwain;
'Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
'As ſpots on ermin beautify the ſkin:
'Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care
'Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;
'Each tender paſſion man delights to find
'The lov'd perfection of a female mind!
'Bleſt were the days when Wiſdom held her
'reign,
'And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
'With Truth! ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
'Immortal Truth! and daughters bleſt their
'love.
'O haſte, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away!
'Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
'The balmy ſhrub for you ſhall love our ſhore,
'By Ind excell'd or Araby, no more.
'Loſt to our fields, for ſo the fates ordain,
'The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
'Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings
'are clear;
'To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty, appear:
'Here make thy court amidst our rural ſcene,
'And ſhepherd girls ſhall own thee for their queen,
'With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
'Diſtruſting all, a wiſe ſuſpicious maid;
'But man the moſt—not more the mountain doe
'Holds the ſwift falcon for her deadly foe.
'Cold is her breaſt, like ſnow'rs that drink the dew;
'A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.
'No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known,
'But Faith, whoſe heart is fixed on one alone:
'Deſponding Meekneſs, with her down-caſt eyes,
'And friendly Pity, full of tender ſighs;
'And Love the laſt. By theſe your hearts approve;
'Theſe are the virtues that muſt lead to love.'
Thus ſung the ſwain; and ancient legends ſay,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along;
The ſhepherds lov'd, and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

ECLOGUE II.

Haſſan; or the Camel-Driver.

Scene, the Deſert.—Time, Mid-day.

IN ſilent horror, o'er the boundleſs waſte,
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſs'd:
One cruſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb, was nigh:
The beaſts with pain their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view,
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began;
'Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
'When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my
'way!
'Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
'The thirſt or pinching hunger that I find!
'Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall thirſt aſſuage,
'When fails this cruſe, his unrelenting rage?
'Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
'Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?
'Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
'In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!

* The Gulf of that name, famous for the pearl fiſhery.

'Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
'Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
'In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
'Which plains more bleak, or verdant vales
'bestow:
'Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
'And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
'way!
'Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
'Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
'The lily Peace outshines the silver store,
'And life is dearer than the golden ore:
'Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
'To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town.
'Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
'And are we only yet repaid by thee?
'Ah! why this ruin so attractive made?
'Or why, fond man, so easily betray'd?
'Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
'The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
'Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
'The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
'Why think we these less pleasing to behold
'Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
'way!
'O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
'When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of
'woe.
'What if the lion in his rage I meet!
'Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
'And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
'Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
'By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
'Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
'Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their
'way!
'Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
'way!
'At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
'If aught of rest I find upon my sleep:
'Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
'And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
'Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor:
'From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
'They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
'Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
'way!
'O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
'The tender Zara, will be most undone!
'Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the pow'rful
'maid,
'When fast she dropp'd her tears, and thus
'she said:'
"Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
"Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain;
"Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise
"Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
"Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see;
"No griefs endure; nor weep, false youth, like
"me!"
'O let me safely to the Fair return,
'Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn!
'O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
'Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears!'
He said; and call'd on heaven to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana.

Scene, a Forest.—Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' tow'rs are seen
In distant view along the level green:
While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade;
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.
Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain;
At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead:
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of od'rous flowers she made.
Gay motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,*
The violet blue, that on the moss-bank grows;
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chace away:
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among.
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair, happy maid! to other scenes remove;
To richer scenes of golden pow'r and love!
Go, leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd'.
Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd:

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the Fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore;
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'
Blest was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
'O happy days!' the maids around her say;
'O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

ECLOGUE IV

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives.

Scene, a Mountain, in Circassia.—Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for ev'ry maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains,
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high;
And pass'd in radiance thro' the cloudless sky;
Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
Where 'wildering fear and desp'rate sorrow led:
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and valleys stole away.
Along the mountain's bending side they ran;
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

Oh stay thee, Agib; for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, oh turn thee, and survey,
Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we tried!
And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the sad'ning wind;
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Drops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair;
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land! whose blessings tempt the sword;
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind:
Midst fair Sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flow'ry plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale;
Fair scenes! but ah! no more with peace possest,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
No more the shepherds' whit'ning tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd;
But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair,
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from [far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd;
The affrighted shepherds, thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

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§ 99. *The Splendid Shilling.* J. Phillips.

"——Sing heavenly Muse!
"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme;"
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,

To

To Juniper's Magpye, or Town Hall,* repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph whoſe wanton eye
Transfix'd his ſoul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glaſs
Wiſheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he ſmokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff,
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corſe ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or, from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-poliſh'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming ſcent;
Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Ceſtrian cheeſe,
High overſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's ſtream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful ſoil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Maſſic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and ſilent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monſter! hated by Gods and men,
To my aërial citadel aſcends:
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhould I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark receſs I fly
Of wood-hole; ſtraight my briſtling hairs erect
Thro' ſudden fear; a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech;
So horrible he ſeems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And ſpreading band, admir'd by modern ſaints,
Diſaſtrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!). Behind him
Another monſter, not unlike himſelf, [ſtalks
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whoſe polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Erſt have endued; if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay
Of debtor, ſtraight his body, to the touch
Obſequious (as whilom knights were wont),
To ſome enchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance ſtrict detain him; till, in form
Of money, Pallas ſets the captive free.

Beware ye debtors! when ye walk beware,
Be circumſpect: oft with inſidious ken
This caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof; and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets ſing)
Grimalkin, to domeſtic vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin. So her diſembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue;
The waſp inſidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Diſtinct with gold, entangled in her ſnares,
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make: with eager ſtrides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected ſpoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſes triumphant drags.

So paſs my days. But when nocturnal ſhade
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumbing froſts
With pleaſant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friends, delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts
My anxious mind; or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſp'rate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe:
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy 's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain: awake, I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant phantom curſe.
Thus do I live, from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays
Mature—john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My galligaſkins, that have long withſtood
The winter's fury, and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdued (what will not time ſubdue?)
A horrid chaſm diſcloſe, with orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds,
Eurus and Auſter, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blaſts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ſhip,
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruiſing near
The Lilybean ſhore, with hideous cruſh
On Scylla or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks)

* Two noted alehouſes in Oxford, 1700.

She ſtrikes rebounding; whence the ſhatter'd oak
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the ſea; in at the gaping ſide
The crowding waves ruſh with impetuous rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming! Horrors ſeize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They ſtare, they rave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray;
(Vain efforts!) ſtill the batt'ring waves ruſh in,
Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
The ſhip ſinks found'ring in the vaſt abyſs.

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§ 100. *An Epiſtle to a Lady.* NUGENT.

CLARINDA, dearly lov'd, attend
The counſels of a faithful friend;
Who, with the warmeſt wiſhes fraught,
Feels all, at leaſt, that friendſhip ought!
But ſince, by ruling Heaven's deſign,
Another's fate ſhall influence thine;
Oh may theſe lines for him prepare,
A bliſs, which I would die to ſhare!
Man may for wealth or glory roam,
But woman muſt be bleſt at home;
To this ſhould all her ſtudies tend,
This her great object and her end.
Diſtaſte unmingled pleaſures bring,
And uſe can blunt Affliction's ſting;
Hence perfect bliſs no mortals know,
And few are plung'd in utter woe:
While Nature, arm'd againſt Deſpair,
Gives pow'r to mend, or ſtrength to bear;
And half the thought content may gain,
Which ſpleen employs to purchaſe pain.
Trace not the fair domeſtic plan
From what you would, but what you can!
Nor, peeviſh, ſpurn the ſcanty ſtore,
Becauſe you think you merit more!
Bliſs ever differs in degree,
Thy ſhare alone is meant for thee;
And thou ſhouldſt think, however ſmall,
That ſhare enough, for 'tis thy all:
Vain ſcorn will aggravate diſtreſs,
And only make that little leſs.
Admit whatever trifles come;
Units compoſe the largeſt ſum:
Oh tell them o'er, and ſay how vain
Are thoſe who form Ambition's train;
Which ſwell the monarch's gorgeous ſtate,
And bribe to ill the guilty great!
But thou, more bleſt, more wiſe than theſe,
Shalt build up happineſs on eaſe.
Hail, ſweet Content! where joy ſerene
Gilds the mild ſoul's unruffled ſcene;
And, with blithe Fancy's pencil wrought,
Spreads the white web of flowing thought,
Shines lovely in the cheerful face,
And clothes each charm with native grace;
Effuſion pure of bliſs ſincere,
A veſtment for a god to wear.
Far other ornaments compoſe
The garb that ſhrouds diſſembled woes,
Piec'd out with motley dyes and ſorts,
Freaks, whimſies, feſtivals, and ſports:
The troubled mind's fantaſtic dreſs,
Which madneſs titles Happineſs;
While the gay wretch to revels bears
The pale remains of ſighs and tears;
And ſeeks in crowds, like her undone,
What only can be found in one.
But chief, my gentle friend! remove
Far from thy couch ſeducing Love:
Oh ſhun the falſe magician's art
Nor truſt thy yet unguarded heart!
Charm'd by his ſpells fair Honour flies,
And thouſand treach'rous phantoms riſe;
Where Guilt in Beauty's ray beguiles,
And Ruin lurks in Friendſhip's ſmiles.
Lo! where th' enchanting captive dreams
Of warbling groves and purling ſtreams;
Of painted meads, of flow'rs that ſhed
Their odours round her fragrant bed.
Quick ſhifts the ſcene, the charm is loſt,
She wakes upon a deſert coaſt;
No friendly hand to lend its aid,
No guardian bow'r to ſpread its ſhade;
Expos'd to ev'ry chilling blaſt,
She treads th' inhoſpitable waſte;
And down the drear decline of life
Sinks, a forlorn, diſhonour'd wife.
Neglect not thou the voice of Fame,
But, clear from crime, be free from blame!
Tho' all were innocence within,
'Tis guilt to wear the garb of ſin;
Virtue rejects the foul diſguiſe:
None merit praiſe who praiſe deſpiſe.
Slight not, in ſupercilious ſtrain,
Long practis'd modes, as low or vain!
The world will vindicate their cauſe,
And claim blind faith in Cuſtom's laws.
Safer with multitudes to ſtray,
Than tread alone a fairer way:
To mingle with the erring throng,
Than boldly ſpeak ten millions wrong.
Beware of the relentleſs train
Who forms adore, whom forms maintain!
Leſt prudes demure, or coxcombs loud,
Accuſe thee to the partial crowd;
Foes who the laws of honour ſlight,
A judge who meaſures guilt by ſpite.
Behold the ſage Aurelia ſtand,
Diſgrace and fame at her command;
As if Heaven's delegate deſign'd,
Sole arbiter of all her kind.
Whether ſhe try ſome favour'd piece
By rules deviſ'd in ancient Greece;
Or whether, modern in her flight,
She tells what Paris thinks polite:
For much, her talents to advance,
She ſtudied Greece, and travell'd France;
There learn'd the happy art to pleaſe
With all the charms of labour'd eaſe;
Thro' looks and nods, with meaning fraught,
To teach what ſhe was never taught.
By her each latent ſpring is ſeen;
The workings foul of ſecret ſpleen;
The guilt that ſkulks in fair pretence;
Or folly veil'd in ſpecious ſenſe.

And

And much her righteous ſpirit grieves,
When worthleſſneſs the world deceives;
Whether the erring crowd commends
Some patriot ſway'd by private ends;
Or huſband truſt a faithleſs wife,
Secure, in ignorance, from ſtrife.
Averſe ſhe brings their deeds to view,
But juſtice claims the rig'rous due;
Humanely anxious to produce
At leaſt ſome poſſible excuſe.
Oh ne'er may virtue's dire diſgrace
Prepare a triumph for the baſe!
Mere forms the fool implicit ſway,
Which witlings with contempt ſurvey;
Blind folly no defect can ſee,
Half wiſdom views but one degree.
The wiſe remoter uſes reach,
Which judgment and experience teach.
Whoever would be pleas'd and pleaſe,
Muſt do what others do with eaſe.
Great precept, undefin'd by rule,
And only learn'd in Cuſtom's ſchool;
To no peculiar form confin'd,
It ſpreads thro' all the human kind;
Beauty, and wit, and worth ſupplies,
Yet graceful in the good and wiſe.
Rich with this gift, and none beſide,
In Faſhion's ſtream how many glide!
Secure from ev'ry mental woe,
From treach'rous friend or open foe;
From ſocial ſympathy, that ſhares
The public loſs or private cares;
Whether the barb'rous foe invade,
Or Merit pine in Fortune's ſhade.
Hence gentle Anna, ever gay,
The ſame to-morrow as to-day,
Save where, perchance, when others weep,
Her cheek the decent ſorrow ſteep;
Save when, perhaps, a melting tale
O'er ev'ry tender breaſt prevail:
The good, the bad, the great, the ſmall,
She likes, ſhe loves, ſhe honours all.
And yet, if ſland'rous malice blame,
Patient ſhe yields a ſiſter's fame.
Alike if ſatire or if praiſe,
She ſays whate'er the circle ſays;
Implicit does whate'er they do,
Without one point in wiſh or view.
Sure teſt of others, faithful glaſs,
Thro' which the various phantoms paſs.
Wide blank, unfeeling when alone;
No care, no joy, no thought her own.
Not thus ſucceeds the peerleſs dame,
Who looks and talks, and acts for fame;
Intent ſo wide her cares extend,
To make the univerſe her friend.
Now with the gay in frolics ſhines,
Now reaſons deep with deep divines:
With courtiers now extols the great,
With patriots ſighs o'er Britain's fate:
Now breathes with zealots holy fires,
Now melts in leſs refin'd deſires:
Doom'd to exceed in each degree,
Too wiſe, too weak, too proud, too free;
Too various for one ſingle word,
The high ſublime of deep abſurd:
While ev'ry talent nature grants
Juſt ſerves to ſhew how much ſhe wants.
Altho' in ——— combine
The virtues of our ſex and thine:
Her hand reſtrains the widow's tears;
Her ſenſe informs, and ſooths, and cheers:
Yet, like an angel in diſguiſe,
She ſhines but to ſome favour'd eyes;
Nor is the diſtant herd allow'd
To view the radiance thro' the cloud.
But thine is ev'ry winning art;
Thine is the friendly, honeſt heart;
And ſhould the gen'rous ſpirit flow
Beyond where prudence fears to go;
Such ſallies are of nobler kind
Than virtues of a narrow mind.

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§ 101. *Alexander's Feaſt; or the Power of Muſic. An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.* DRYDEN.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won,
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtle bound;
So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his ſide
Sat, like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy, pair;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.
Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove:
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant ſpheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſovereign of the world.—
The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound;
A preſent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.
The praiſe of Bacchus then the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhews his honeſt face.

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise:
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War he sung is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee,
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
And louder, yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around!
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand,
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the King seiz'd a flambeau with zeal, to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.
Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learnt to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

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§ 102. *An Epistle from Mr. Phillips to the Earl of Dorset. Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.*

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow.
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a shining league the level main,
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows, of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, e'en here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.

Ere

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun thro' hazy skies to blow,
At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose;
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature, in a rich disguise.
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:
For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes yield
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies:
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends;
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.
Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads;
While here enchanting gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wand'ring feet the magic paths pursue;
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear;
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

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§ 103. *The Man of Sorrow.* GREVILLE.

AH! what avails the lengthening mead,
By Nature's kindest bounty spread
Along the vale of flow'rs!
Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!

For me, alas! the god of day,
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
Nor night her comfort brings:
I have no pleasure in the rose;
For me no vernal beauty blows,
Nor Philomela sings.

See how the sturdy peasants stride
Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
In cheerful ign'rance blest!
Alike to them the rose or thorn,
Alike arises every morn,
By gay Contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
Her choice divinely free:
She visits oft the hamlet cot,
When Want and Sorrow are the lot
Of Avarice and me.
But see—or is it Fancy's dream?
Methought a bright celestial gleam
Shot sudden thro' the groves;
Behold, behold, in loose array,
Euphrosyne, more bright than day,
More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, oh welcome, Pleasure's queen!
And see, along the velvet green
The jocund train advance:
With scatter'd flow'rs they fill the air;
The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry Heaven,
When to the feeling wretch is given
A soul alive to joy!
Joys fly with every hour away,
And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
To cares that peace destroy.

And see, with visionary haste
(Too soon) the gay delusion past,
Reality remains!
Despair has seiz'd my captive soul;
And horror drives without controul,
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng;
What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong
To the distemper'd soul?
I see the lawn of hideous dye;
The towering elm nods misery;
With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
Ye were for misery made.—
'Twas thus the Man of Sorrow spoke;
His wayward step then pensive took
Along th' unhallow'd shade.

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§ 104. *Monody to the Memory of a Young Lady.* SHAW.

YET do I live? Oh how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below?
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest Emma's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall.
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day [sight;
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)
Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
Did ever mind so much of heaven partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame?
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
Though mild as evening skies,
With downcast, streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.
Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle days)
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
And oh, discard the pageantry of phrase:
Ill suit the flow'rs of speech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The source of my complaint,
My soul may own th' impassion'd line:
A flood of tears may gush to my relief, [of grief.
And from my swelling heart discharge this load.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
"How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"
In pity cease—alas! I know too well
How in her sweet expressive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace,
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd!

No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
While smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign or to disguise:
And, oh the boast how rare!
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there.
Oh feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless death! that, steel'd to human woe,
With murd'rous hands deals havoc on mankind.
Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! groans come wing'd on ev'ry breeze!
The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow,
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain—perverse, still on th' unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.

But oh, fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas the day!—where'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where were the delegates of Heav'n, oh where
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep?
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see or force th' endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husbands' heart.
How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in falt'ring accents, spoke her fears:
"Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
"And we must part, alas! to meet no more!
"But oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
"If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd "ear;
"If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
"Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune "smil'd in vain;
"If it has been my sole endeavour still
"To act in all obsequious to thy will;
"To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
"Then only truly blest when thou wert so;
"If I have doated with that fond excess,
"Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
"If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
"To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
"When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
"Some happier maid may take thy Emma's "place,
"With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
"And hate it, for the love thou bor'st to me:
"My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears;
"But one word more—I cannot bear thy tears—
"Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow
"(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)
"That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
"This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
"Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
"And, oh! be tender, for its mother's sake.
"Wilt thou?——
"I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent;
"And, in that pleasing hope, thy Emma dies "content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight: [day
Just Heaven! I cried, from memory's earliest
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known;
Misfortune still, with unrelenting sway,
Has claim'd me for her own.
But oh! in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—

Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is paſt,
Ev'n now ſhe looks—ſhe ſighs her laſt——
Vainly I ſtrive to ſtay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, proteſt againſt her death.

When the ſtern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the ſkies,
How curſe my fate in bitterneſs of woe!
But whither would this dreadful phrenſy lead?
Fond man forbear, [creed;
Thy fruitleſs ſorrow ſpare,
Dare not to aſk what Heaven's high will de-
In humble rev'rence kiſs th' afflictive rod,
And proſtrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some ſaving truth thy roving ſoul to teach;
To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
And point out bliſs beyond misfortune's reach:
To ſhew that all the flatt'ring ſchemes of joy,
Which tow'ring Hope ſo fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can deſtroy,
And plunge th' exulting maniac in deſpair.
Then, oh! with pious fortitude ſuſtain
Thy preſent loſs—haply thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain:
Time ſhall adminiſter its wonted balm, [calm.
And huſh this ſtorm of grief to no unpleaſing

Thus the poor bird, by ſome diſaſtrous fate
Caught, and impriſon'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and ſpends its little rage:
But finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping awhile, in ſullen mood
Droops the ſweet mourner—but ere long
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the ſong:
Serenely ſorrowing, breathes its piteous caſe,
And with its plaintive warblings ſaddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven,—yet, yet the tears will flow,
To think how ſoon my ſcene of bliſs is paſt!
My budding joys, juſt promiſing to blow,
All nipp'd and wither'd by one envious blaſt!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along; [ſong?
Where's now the ſprightly jeſt, the jocund
Time creeps, unconſcious of delight:
How ſhall I cheat the tedious day;
And oh——the joyleſs night!
Where ſhall I reſt my weary head?
How ſhall I find repoſe on a ſad widow'd bed?

Come Theban drug*, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace reſtore;
Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean ſhade,
Awhile ſhall ceaſe his ſorrows to deplore:
Haply, when lock'd in ſleep's embrace,
Again I ſhall behold my Emma's face,
Again with tranſport hear
Her voice ſoft whiſpering in my ear;
May ſteal once more a balmy kiſs,
And taſte at leaſt of viſionary bliſs.

But, ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my ſhadowy ſchemes of bliſs depoſe,
Will tear the dear illuſion from my ſight,
And wake me to the ſenſe of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I ſtray.
Alas! what pleaſures now can theſe convey?
Her lovely form purſues where'er I go,
And darkens all the ſcene with woe.
By Nature's laviſh bounties cheer'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove
Through valley, grot, and grove;
Nought can their beauties or my loſs reſtore;
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my diſeaſe,
And my ſad ſighs are borne on ev'ry paſſing breeze.

Sickneſs and ſorrow hov'ring round my bed,
Who now with anxious haſte ſhall bring relief,
With lenient hand ſupport my drooping head,
Aſſuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly buſineſs call away,
Who now ſhall in my abſence fondly mourn,
Count ev'ry minute of the loit'ring day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should ought my boſom diſcompoſe,
Who now, with ſweet complacent air,
Shall ſmooth the rugged brow of Care,
And ſoften all my woes?
Too faithful Memory——ceaſe, oh ceaſe—
How ſhall I e'er regain my peace?
(Oh, to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilſt ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart!

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to ſhare his woes,
When reaſon's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy ſweet liſping tongue ſhall aſk the cauſe,
How oft with ſorrow ſhall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's ſmile upon thy face!
How oft to my full heart ſhalt thou reſtore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By bleſſings once enjoy'd now more diſtreſs'd,
More beggar by the riches once poſſeſs'd,
My little darling!—dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'ſt caus'd—oh ſtrange to hear!
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now ſhall ſeek, with fond delight,
Thy infant ſteps to guide aright?
She, who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artleſs ways,
By all thy ſoft endearments bleſt,
And claſp thee oft with tranſport to her breaſt,
Alas! is gone——yet ſhalt thou prove
A father's deareſt, tendereſt love;
And, O ſweet ſenſeleſs ſmiler, (envied ſtate!)
As yet unconſcious of thy hapleſs fate,

* Laudanum.

When years thy judgment ſhall mature,
And Reaſon ſhews thoſe ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief t' aſſuage,
For virtue prove the Phœnix of the earth
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age?

When ſick and languiſhing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care ſupply?
And oft as to thy liſtening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilſt on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly ſtealing to thy father's ſide,
Whene'er thou ſeeſt the ſoft diſtreſs,
Which I would vainly ſeek to hide,
Say, wilt thou ſtrive to make it leſs?
To ſooth my ſorrows all thy cares employ.
And in my cup of grief infuſe one drop of joy?

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§ 105. *An Evening Addreſs to a Nightingale.*
SHAW.

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
Poureſt thy plaints melodious in mine ear;
Not, like baſe worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of woe;
Thanks for thy ſorrow-ſoothing ſtrain:
For, ſurely, thou haſt known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapleſs love;
Elſe why ſo feelingly complain, [grove?
And with thy piteous notes thus ſadden all the
Say, doſt thou mourn thy raviſh'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy ſtrains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young?
Alas! for both I weep:
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
A lovely babe, that ſhould have liv'd to bleſs,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the ſource of rapture and diſtreſs,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to reſcue I eſſay'd,
By ev'ry art that ſcience could deviſe;
Alas! it languiſh'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to ſeek her in the ſkies.
Then, oh! our comforts be the ſame,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To ſhun the noiſy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our ſorrows in this lonely bow'r.
But why, alas! to thee complain,
To thee—unconſcious of my pain?
Soon ſhalt thou ceaſe to mourn thy lot ſevere,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy renewing ſpring
Again ſhall plume thy ſhatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart ſhall tranſport prove,
Again ſhall flow thy notes reſponſive to thy love.
But, oh! for me in vain may ſeaſons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears:
Deploring ſtill the comfort of my ſoul,
I count my ſorrows by increaſing years.
Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, ſay,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long ling'ring years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep a ſtranger to repoſe:
O what deluſion did thy tongue employ!
"That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
"Her laſt bequeſt, with all a mother's care,
"The bitterneſs of ſorrow ſhould remove,
"Soften the horrors of deſpair,
"And cheer a heart long loſt to joy!"
How oft, when fondling in my arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
My ſoul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond-alarms!
And oh what flatt'ring ſcenes had fancy feign'd!
How did I rave of bleſſings yet in ſtore!
Till ev'ry aching ſenſe was ſweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter more.
"Juſt Heaven!" I cried, with recent hopes elate,
"Yet will I live—will live, tho' Emma's dead:
"So long bow'd down beneath the ſtorms of fate,
"Yet will I raiſe my woe-dejected head!
"My little Emma, now my all,
"Will want a father's care;
"Her looks, her wants, my raſh reſolves recall,
"And, for her ſake, the ills of life I'll bear:
"And oft together we 'll complain,
"Complaint the only bliſs my ſoul can know:
"From me my child ſhall learn the mournful ſtrain,
"And prattle tales of woe.
"And, oh! in that auſpicious hour,
"When Fate reſigns her perſecuting pow'r,
"With duteous zeal her hand ſhall cloſe,
"No more to weep, my ſorrow-ſtreaming eyes,
"When death gives miſery repoſe,
"And opes a glorious paſſage to the ſkies."
Vain thought! it muſt not be—ſhe too is dead,
The flattering ſcene is o'er;
My hopes for ever, ever fled;
And vengeance can no more.
Cruſh'd by misfortune, blaſted by diſeaſe,
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or eaſe,
Or ſooth the anguiſh of an aching heart!
Now all one gloomy ſcene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (oh falſely deem'd ſevere),
Shall kindly ſtop my grief-exhauſted breath,
And dry up ev'ry tear.
Perhaps, obſequious to my will,
But, ah! from my affections far remov'd!
The laſt ſad office ſtrangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
As if unconſcious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet, while this weary life ſhall laſt,
While yet my tongue can form th' impaſſion'd ſtrain,
In piteous accents ſhall the muſe complain,
And dwell with fond delay on bleſſings paſt:

For oh, how grateful to a wounded heart
The tale of misery to impart!
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
Ev'n He*, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song.
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

§ 106. *An Ode to Narcissa.* SMOLLET.

THY fatal shafts unerring move;
I bow before thine altar, Love!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame!

For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transport whelm my soul!

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die!

§ 107. *Elegy in Imitation of Tibullus.* SMOLLET.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest:
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour,
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe and virgins dance around,
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There, leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine:
Then, with a long farewel to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest;
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

§ 108. *The Propagation of the Gospel in Greenland.* COWPER.

AND still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons, to pour it on the farthest north†:
Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows.
Oh, blest within th' inclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilizing streams your fields divide.
That shew revers'd the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at ev'ning where you dwell:
But winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey;
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle;
And peace, the genuine offspring of her smile:
The pride of letter'd ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplish'd minds;
That decks with all the splendour of the true
A false religion—is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here;
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have ris'n at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

§ 109. *On Slavery, and the Slave Trade.* COWPER.

BUT, ah! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,
For merchants, rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end;
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far receding shore,
But not the thought, that they must meet no more.
Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego?
Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind;
Puts off his gen'rous nature, and to suit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.
Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
On man, a mourner in his best estate!
All other sorrows virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure;
Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd
T' improve the fortitude that bears a load;
To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,
The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.

* Lord Lyttleton:
† The Moravian missionaries in Greenland: Vide Krantz.

But

But slav'ry!—virtue dreads it as her grave;
Patience itself is meanness, in a slave:
Or if the will and sovereignty of God
Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod;
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
And snap the chain the moment when you may.
Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
That has a heart, and life in it, Be free!
The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor force
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:
He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
And, conscious of an unencumber'd back,
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane;
Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

§ 110. *On Liberty, and in Praise of Mr. Howard.* COWPER.

Oh could I worship ought beneath the skies
That earth hath seen, or fancy could devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand.
With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
Duly as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
Again, when evening in her sober vest
Drew the grey curtain of the fading West;
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home;
We feel thy force still active, at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r;
While conscience, happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.
Propitious Spirit! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rites have suffer'd, and our land, too long;
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care:
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood:
And honest merit stands on slipp'ry ground
Where covert guile, and artifice abound:
Let just restraint, for public peace design'd,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind;
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
But let insolvent innocence go free.
Patron of else the most despis'd of men,
Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen;
Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed:
I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
(Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.
Blest with all wealth can give thee—to resign
Joys, doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine;
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow
To seek a nobler, amidst scenes of woe;
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,
Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
But knowledge, such as only dungeons teach,
And only sympathy like thine could reach;
That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,
Might smooth her feathers, and enjoy her cage—
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal
The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
Oh that the voice of clamour and debate,
That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,
Were hush'd, in favour of thy gen'rous plea,
The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee!

§ 111. *On Domestic Happiness, as the Friend of Virtue; and of the false Good-nature of the Age.* COWPER.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Tho' few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy chrystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destin'd to the skies again.
Thou art not known where Pleasure is ador'd,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tied love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown,
Till prostitution elbows us aside
In all our crowded streets, and senates seem
Conven'd for purposes of empire less
Than to release th' adult'ress from her bond!
Th' adult'ress! what a theme for angry verse,
What provocation to the indignant heart
That feels for injur'd love! But I disdain
The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame.
No. Let her pass; and, charioted along,
In guilty splendour shake the public ways:
The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white;
And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch
Whom matrons now, of character unsmirch'd,
And chaste themselves, are not asham'd to own.
Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time
Not to be pass'd: and she that had renounc'd
Her sex's honour, was renounc'd herself
By all that priz'd it; not for Prudery's sake,
But Dignity's resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a waif
Desirous to return, and not receiv'd;
But was an wholesome rigour in the main,
And taught th' unblemish'd to preserve with care
That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
Men too were nice in honour in those days,
And judg'd offenders well: and he that shar'p'd
And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd,

Was

Was mark'd, and shunn'd as odious. He that sold
His country, or was slack when she requir'd
His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch,
Paid with the blood that he had basely spar'd
The price of his default. But now—yes, now,
We are become so candid and so fair,
So liberal in construction, and so rich
In Christian charity, a good-natur'd age!
That they are safe: sinners of either sex [bred,
Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd, well
Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough
To pass us readily through ev'ry door.
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)
May claim this merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause:
But she has burnt her masks, not needed here,
Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.

§ 112. *On the Employments of what is called an Idle Life.* COWPER.

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly, in return,
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has these?
Will he be idle who has much t' enjoy?
Me therefore, studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful; happy to deceive the time,
Nor waste it; and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When he shall call his debtors to account
From whom are all our blessings—business finds
Ev'n here. While sedulous I seek t' improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd
The mind he gave me; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life—
Has business; feels himself engag'd t' achieve
No unimportant, though a silent task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem,
To him that leads it, wise, and to be prais'd;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
He that is ever occupied in storms
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

§ 113. *The Post comes in—the News-paper is read—The World contemplated at a distance.* COWPER.

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wint'ry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright,
He comes, the herald of a noisy world, [locks,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold, and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings: have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utt'rance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning who, with shining face,
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeez'd,
And bor'd with elbow-points thro' both his sides,
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage.
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise, that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break—
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit, see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes; [heels,
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them. At his
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take:
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd

T' engross

T' engroſs a moment's notice: and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet baſhfulneſs! it claims at leaſt this praiſe:
The dearth of information and good ſenſe
That it foretels us, always comes to paſs.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here,
There foreſts of no meaning ſpread the page
In which all comprehenſion wanders loſt;
While fields of pleaſantry amuſe us there
With merry deſcants on a nation's woes.
The reſt appears a wilderneſs of ſtrange
But gay confuſion—roſes for the cheeks
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothleſs, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean plunder'd of their ſweets,
Nectareous eſſences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feaſts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journies, ſubmarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.
'Tis pleaſant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at ſuch a world: to ſee the ſtir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd:
To hear the roar ſhe ſends through all her gates
At a ſafe diſtance, where the dying ſound
Falls a ſoft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
Thus ſitting, and ſurveying thus at eaſe
The globe and its concerns, I ſeem advanc'd
To ſome ſecure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns ſubmitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am ſtill; the ſound of war
Has loſt its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice that makes man a wolf to man,
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
By which he ſpeaks the language of his heart,
And ſigh, but never tremble at the ſound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, ſo he from land to land;
The manners, cuſtoms, policy of all
Pay contribution to the ſtore he gleans;
He ſucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And ſpreads the honey of his deep research
At his return, a rich repaſt for me!
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Aſcend his topmaſt, through his peering eyes
Diſcover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and ſhare in his eſcapes:
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is ſtill at home.

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§ 114. *A fragment* MALLET.

FAIR morn aſcends: freſh zephyr's breath
Blows lib'ral o'er yon bloomy heath,
Where, ſown profuſely, herb and flow'r,
Of balmy ſmell, of healing pow'r,
Their ſouls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe freſh life in ev'ry gale.
Here ſpreads a green expanſe of plains,
Where, ſweetly penſive, Silence reigns;
And there, at utmoſt ſtretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the ſky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with ſounding ſweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I ſeem alone with nature here!
Here are thy walks, O ſacred Health!
The Monarch's bliſs, the Beggar's wealth,
The ſeas'ning of all good below,
The ſovereign's friend in joy or woe.
O Thou, moſt courted, moſt deſpis'd,
And but in abſence, duly priz'd!
Pow'r of the ſoft and roſy face!
The vivid pulſe, the vermeil grace,
The ſpirits, when they gayeſt ſhine,
Youth, beauty, pleaſure, all are thine!
O ſun of life, whoſe heavenly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The ſtorm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till nature, with thy parting light,
Repoſes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophied roofs of ſtate,
Abodes of ſplendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in ſweet ſleep,
Hot Riot would his anguiſh ſteep,
But toſſes through the midnight ſhade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to ſhady cell,
Where Temp'rance, where the Muſes dwell,
Thou oft art ſeen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn;
Or, on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye
With ſong and proſpect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
But when the ſun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat ſits fervent on the plain,
With Thirſt and Langour in his train
(All nature ſick'ning in the blaze),
Thou in the wild and woody maze
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighb'ring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolneſs has her ſeat.
There plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive in his airy mood,
To ev'ry murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flow'ry nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf quiv'ring in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in viſion led,
He holds high converſe with the Dead;
Sages or Poets. See, they riſe!
And ſhadowy ſkim before his eyes,
Hark! Orpheus ſtrikes the lyre again,
That ſoften'd ſavages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the Sent of Heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.

Fathers

Fathers and Friends of human kind!
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlight'ning truth, adorning art.
Thus muſing in the ſolemn ſhade,
At once the ſounding breeze was laid:
And nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe;
Dumb ſilence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bow'r:
When iſſuing from the inmoſt wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's Genius good.
O Freedom! ſov'reign boon of Heav'n,
Great Charter with our being giv'n;
For which the patriot and the ſage
Have plann'd, have bled, thro' ev'ry age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, who cannot claim,
What but from God immediate came!
* * * * * * *

§ 115. *Ode to Evening.* *Dr.* Jos. Warton.

Hail, meek-ey'd maiden, clad in ſober grey,
Whoſe ſoft approach the weary woodman loves;
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes
Jocund he whiſtles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus ſinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the miſty meadows walk;
The drooping daiſies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurſe the nodding violet's tender ſtalk.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmoſt bow'rs and cooling caverns ran,
Return, to trip in wanton ev'ning dance;
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light ſkims the ſwallow o'er the wat'ry ſcene;
And from the ſheep-cot, and freſh-furrow'd field,
Stout ploughmen meet, to wreſtle on the green.

The ſwain, that artleſs ſings on yonder rock,
His ſupping ſheep and length'ning ſhadow ſpies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreſhing hour,
And with hoarſe humming of unnumber'd flies.

Now ev'ry Paſſion ſleeps: deſponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-reſtleſs Pride;
And holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful ſoul,
Anger and mad Ambition's ſtorms ſubdue.

O modeſt Evening! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy penſive train;
Liſt'ning to every wildly-warbling note
That fills with farewell ſweet thy dark'ning plain.

§ 116. *Iſis. An Elegy. By Mr.* Mason, *of Cambridge.*

Far from her hallow'd grot, where, mildly bright,
The pointed chryſtals ſhot their trembling light;
From dripping moſs, where ſparkling dew-drops fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed ſhell,
Pale Iſis lay; a willow's lowly ſhade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the ſleeping maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breaſt
In careleſs folds looſe flow'd her zoneleſs veſt;
While down her neck her vagrant treſſes flow,
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn ſuſtain'd her arm, that ſculptur'd vaſe
Where Vulcan's art had laviſh'd all his grace.
Here, full with life, was heaven-taught Science ſeen,
Known by the laurel wreath and muſing mien;
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace, ſedate and bland,
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;
While ſolemn domes, arch'd ſhades, and viſtas green,
At well-mark'd diſtance cloſe the ſacred ſcene.
On this the goddeſs caſt an anxious look,
Then dropp'd a tender tear, and thus ſhe ſpoke:
Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vaſe;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories riſe.
Yes, Iſis! oft haſt thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treaſures o'er yon fav'rite mead:
Oft haſt thou ſtopp'd thy pearly car to gaze,
While ev'ry Science nurs'd its growing bays;
While ev'ry Youth, with fame's ſtrong impulſe
Preſs'd to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,
Snatch'd each celeſtial wreath to bind his brow
The Muſes, Graces, Virtues, could beſtow.
E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Memory's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers, ſhine.
See Hough, ſuperior to a tyrant's doom,
Smile at the menace of the ſlave of Rome:
E'en ſoul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
Each breaſt ſtrong panting with its country's love,
All that to Albion gave their heart or head,
That wiſely counſell'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful ſmile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang freſh trophies o'er my honor'd ſpring.
Ah! I remember well yon beechen ſpray,
There Addiſon firſt tun'd his poliſh'd lay;
'Twas there great Cato's form firſt met his eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majeſty;
"My ſon," he cried, "obſerve this mien with awe,
"In ſolemn lines the ſtrong reſemblance draw;
"The piercing notes ſhall ſtrike each Britiſh ear,
"Each Britiſh eye ſhall drop the patriot tear!
"And, rous'd to glory by the nervous ſtrain,
"Each youth ſhall ſpurn at ſlavery's abject reign;
"Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
"And ſpeak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's cauſe."
The Hero ſpoke; the bard aſſenting bow'd;
The lay to Liberty and Cato flow'd;
While Echo, as ſhe rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the ſtrong cadence of his Roman ſong.
But, ah! how Stillneſs ſlept upon the ground,
How mute attention check'd each riſing ſound,

Scarce

Scarce ſtole a breeze to wave the leafy ſpray,
Scarce trill'd ſweet Philomel her ſofteſt lay,
When Locke walk'd muſing forth! e'en now I view
Majeſtic Wiſdom thron'd upon his brow; [view
View Candour ſmile upon his modeſt cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
'Twas here the ſage his manly zeal expreſs'd,
Here ſtripp'd vain Falſehood of her gaudy veſt;
Here Truth's collected beams firſt fill'd his mind,
Ere long to burſt in bleſſings on mankind;
Ere long to ſhew to reaſon's purged eye,
That "Nature's firſt beſt gift was Liberty."
Proud of this won'drous ſon, ſublime I ſtood,
(While louder ſurges ſwell'd my rapid flood);
Then, vain as Niobe, exulting cried,
Iliſſus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
Tho' Plato's ſteps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,
Tho' fair Lycæum lent its awful ſhade,
Tho' ev'ry Academic green impreſs'd
Its image full on thy reflecting breaſt,
Yet my pure ſtream ſhall boaſt as proud a name,
And Britain's Iſis flow with Attic fame.
Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic boaſt?
See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coaſt;
See! Hydra Faction ſpreads its impious reign,
Poiſon each breaſt, and madden ev'ry brain:
Hence frontleſs crowds that, not content to fright
The bluſhing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blaſt the fair face of day; and, madly bold,
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To Freedom's foes, ah! ſee the goblet crown'd,
Hear plauſive ſhouts to Freedom's foes reſound;
The horrid notes my reſluent waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now ſheds, by ſtealth, a partial private gleam
In ſome lone cloiſter's melancholy ſhade,
Where a firm few ſupport her ſickly head,
Deſpis'd, inſulted, by the barb'rous train,
Who ſcour, like Thracia's moon-ſtruck rout, the plain,
Sworn foes, like them, to all the Muſe approves,
All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.
Are theſe the ſons my foſt'ring breaſt muſt rear,
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
Muſt theſe go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their inſults thro' a peaceful land;
And boaſt, while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,
That "Iſis taught Rebellion to her Sons?"
Forbid it, Heaven! and let my riſing waves
Indignant ſwell, and whelm the recreant ſlaves!
In England's cauſe their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cauſe of Troy.
Is this denied; then point ſome ſecret way
Where far, far hence theſe guiltleſs ſtreams may ſtray; [ſpreads.
Some unknown channel lend, where Nature
Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads:
There, where a hind ſcarce tunes his ruſtic ſtrain,
Where ſcarce a pilgrim treads the pathleſs plain,
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majeſtic ſtructures crown its ſide;
Forget that e'er my wrapt attention hung
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue;
Calm and reſign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And, pleas'd, prefer oblivion to diſgrace.

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§ 117. *Epiſtolary Verſes to George Colman, Eſq. written in the Year* 1756. *By Mr.* Robert Lloyd.

You know, dear George, I'm none of thoſe
That condeſcend to write in proſe:
Inſpir'd with pathos and ſublime,
I always ſoar—in doggrel rhyme;
And ſcarce can aſk you how you do,
Without a jingling line or two.
Beſides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of eaſy writing;
Perhaps the reaſon makes it pleaſe
Is, that I find 'tis writ with eaſe.
I vent a notion here in private,
Which public taſte can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
Than Addiſon, and his Spectator;
Who ſays (it is no matter where,
But that he ſays it I can ſwear)
With eaſy verſe moſt bards are ſmitten;
Becauſe they think it 's eaſy written;
Whereas, the eaſier it appears,
The greater marks of care it wears;
Of which to give an explanation,
Take this, by way of illuſtration:
The fam'd Mat. Prior, it is ſaid,
Oft bit his nails, and ſcratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Becauſe he did not like the rhymes:
To make my meaning clear, and pleaſe ye,
In ſhort, he labour'd to write eaſy.
And yet no Critic e'er defines
His poem's into labour'd lines.
I have a ſimile will hit him;
His verſe, like clothes, was made to fit him;
Which (as no taylor e'er denied)
The better fit the more they 're tried.
Though I have mentioned Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
'Tis the reſult of admiration
To ſpend itſelf in imitation;
If imitation may be ſaid,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than theſe
That I 'm idolater of Eaſe.
Who, but a madman would engage
A Poet in the preſent age?
Write what we will, our works beſpeak us
Imitatores, ſervum Pecus.
Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road:
The proverb ſtill ſticks cloſely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas ſaid an age ago,
Ere Milton ſoar'd in thought ſublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,

Ere

Ere Colman wrote in ſtyle ſo pure,
Or the great Town the Connoiſſeur;
Ere I burleſqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my ſcraps of wit;
And, happy in the cloſe connection,
T' acquire ſome name from their reflection:
So (the ſimilitude is trite)
The moon ſtill ſhines with borrow'd light;
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the ſun for her lac'd clothes.
Methinks there is no better time
To ſhew the uſe I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-ſinning,
Preſuming on good-nature's ſcore,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.
The firſt advantage which I ſee
Is, that I ramble looſe and free:
The bard indeed full oft complains
That rhymes are fetters, links, and chains;
And, when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keeps him priſ'ner to the ſenſe.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhyme 's like your fetters on the ſtage,
Which, when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only ſtrut the more,
While, raving in pathetic ſtrains,
He ſhakes his legs to clank his chains.
From rhyme, as from a handſome face,
Nonſenſe acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its ſcope,
That ſenſe may, unperceiv'd, elope.
So M——rs of baſeſt tricks
(I love a fling at politics)
Amuſe the nation, court, and king,
With breaking F—kes, and hanging Byng;
And make each puny rogue a prey,
While they, the greater, ſlink away.
This ſimile, perhaps, would ſtrike,
If match'd with ſomething more alike;
Then take it dreſs'd a ſecond time
In Prior's Eaſe, and *my* Sublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the ſtreet,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haſte to catch a thief;
While the ſly rogue who filch'd the prey,
Too cloſe beſet to run away,
Stop thief! ſtop thief! exclaims aloud,
And ſo eſcapes among the crowd?
So Miniſters, &c.
O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For ſure thy loſſes now are great;
Two ſuch what Briton can endure?
Minorca, and the Connoiſſeur!
To-day,* or e'er the ſun goes down,
Will die the *Cenſor*, Mr Town!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With "bluſhing honours thick upon him:"
O may his name theſe verſes ſave,
Be theſe inſcrib'd upon his grave:
"Know, Reader, that on Thurſday died
"The Connoiſſeur, a Suicide!
"Yet think not that his ſoul is fled,
"Nor rank him 'mongſt the vulgar dead,
"Howe'er defunct you ſet him down,
"He's only going out of *Town*."

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§ 118. *Ode to Arthur Onſlow, Eſq.*†

THIS goodly frame what virtue ſo approves,
And teſtifies the pure ethereal ſpirit,
As mild Benevolence!
She, with her ſiſter Mercy, ſtill awaits
Beſide th' eternal throne of Jove,
And meaſures forth with unwithdrawing hand
The bleſſings of the various year,
Sunſhine or ſhow'r, and chides the madding tempeſt.
With her the heaven-bred nymph, meek Charity,
Shall faſhion Onſlow forth in faireſt portrait;
And with recording care
Weave the freſh wreath that flow'ring virtue claims.
But, oh, what muſe ſhall join the band?
He long has ſojourn'd in the ſacred haunts,
And knows each whiſp'ring grot and glade
Trod by Apollo and the light-foot Graces,
How then ſhall awkward gratitude,
And the preſumption of untutor'd duty,
Attune my numbers, all too rude?
Little he recks the meed of ſuch a ſong;
Yet will I ſtretch aloof,
And when I tell of Courteſy,
Of well-attemper'd Zeal,
Of awful Prudence ſoothing fell Contention,
Where ſhall the lineaments agree
But in thee, Onſlow? You your wonted leave
Indulge me, nor miſdeem a ſoldier's bold emprize,
Who, in the diſſonance of barb'rous war
Long train'd, reviſits oft the ſacred treaſures
Of antique memory!
Or where ſage Pindar reins his fiery car
Through the vaſt vault of Heaven ſecure,
Or what th' Attic muſe that Homer fill'd,
Her other ſon, thy Milton taught,
Or range the flow'ry fields of gentle Spencer.
And, ever as I go, allurements vain
Cheriſh a feeble fire, and feed my idle
Fancy: oh could I once
Charm to their melody my ſhrilling reeds!
To Henries and to Edwards old,
Dread names! I'd meditate the faithful ſong;
Or tell what time Britannia,

* September 30th, 1756, when Mr. Town, author of the Connoisseur, a periodical Essay, (since published in four volumes, printed for R. Baldwin, London), took leave of his readers, with an humourous account of himself.

† This elegant Poem was written by a Gentleman well known in the learned world, as a token of gratitude for favours conferred on his father during the last war, whose character he has therein assumed.

Whilom the fairest daughter of old Ocean,
In loathly disarray, dull eyes,
And faded cheek, wept o'er her abject sons:
Till William, great deliverer!
Led on the comely train, gay Liberty,
Religion, matron staid,
With all her kindred goddesses;
Justice, with steady brow,
Trim Plenty, laureat Peace, and green-hair'd Commerce,
In flowing vest of thousand hues.
Fain would I shadow out old Bourbon's pile
Tott'ring with doubtful weight, and threat'ning cumb'rous fall;
Or trace our navy, where in tow'ring pride
O'er the wide swelling waste it rolls avengeful.
As when collected clouds
Forth from the gloomy south, in deep array,
Athwart the dark'ning landscape throng,
Fraught with loud storms, and thunder's dreadful peal,
At which the murd'rer stands aghast,
And wasting Riot ill dissembles terror.
How headlong Rhone and Ebro, erst distain'd
With Moorish carnage, quakes thro' all her branches!
Soon shall I greet the morn, [name,
When, Europe sav'd, Britain and George's
Shall sound o'er Flandria's level field,
Familiar in domestic merriment;
Or by the jolly mariner
Be carol'd loud adown the echoing Danube.
The just memorial of fair deeds
Still flourishes, and, like th' untainted soul,
Blossoms in freshest age above
The weary flesh, and envy's rankling wound.
Such, after years mature,
In full account shall be thy meed.
Oh may your rising hope
Well principled in ev'ry virtue bloom!
Till a fresh-springing flock implore
With infant hands a grandsire's pow'rful pray'r,
Or round your honour'd couch their prattling sports pursue.

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§ 119. *Ode to Melancholy.* Ogilvie.

Hail, queen of thought sublime! propitious pow'r, [roam,
Who o'er the unbounded waste art joy'd to
Led by the moon, when, at the midnight hour,
Her pale rays tremble thro' the dusky gloom.

O bear me, Goddess, to thy peaceful seat!
Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,
Or lodg'd where mountains screen thy deep retreat,
Or wand'ring wild thro' Chili's boundless shade.

Say, rove thy steps o'er Libya's naked waste?
Or seek some distant solitary shore?
Or, on the Ande's topmost mountain plac'd,
Dost sit, and hear the solemn thunder roar?

Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,
Hear'st thou low murmurs from the distant dome?
Or stray thy feet where pale, dejected Woe
Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb?

Hark! yon deep echo strikes the trembling ear!
See night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole!
O'er heaven's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,
And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul.

O lead my steps beneath the moon's dim ray,
Where Tadmor stands all desert and alone!
While from her time-shook tow'rs the bird of prey [moan.
Sounds thro' the night her long-resounding

Or bear me far to yon dark, dismal plain,
Where fell-eyed tigers, all athirst for blood,
Howl to the desert: while the horrid train
Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel stood;

That queen of nations! whose superior call
Rous'd the broad East, and bid her arms destroy!
When warm'd to mirth, let judgment mark her fall,
And deep reflection dash the lip of joy.

Short is Ambition's gay, deceitful dream,
Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow:
Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,
And Time's cold breath dissolves the with'ring bough.

Slow as some miner saps th' aspiring tow'r,
When working secret with destructive aim,
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,
But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man;
Full in the draught be keen-eyed Hope portray'd:
Let flutt'ring Cupids crowd the growing plan:
Then give one touch, and dash it deep with shade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays
Be Care's deep engines on the soul impress'd;
Beneath the hemlet's keen refulgent blaze
Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let Love's gay sons, a smiling train, appear,
With beauty pierc'd—yet heedless of the dart;
While, closely couch'd, pale, sick'ning Envy near
Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd, like a raven, on some blasted yew,
Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin;
Scar'd—while her eyes survey th' ethereal blue,
Lest heaven's strong lightning burst the dark within.

Then paint, impending o'er the maddening deep
That rock, where heart-struck Sappho, vainly brave,
Stood firm of soul—then from the dizzy steep
Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.

Here, wrapt in studious thought, let Fancy rove,
Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare;
To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,
Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care.

Should e'er Ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,
Let judging reason draw the veil aside;
Or, fir'd with envy at some mighty name,
Read o'er the monument that tells—He died.

What

What are the enſigns of imperial ſway?
What all that Fortune's lib'ral hand has brought?
Teach they the voice to pour a ſweeter lay?
Or rouſe the ſoul to more exalted thought?

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms unknown?
When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier?
Not wealth, but pity, ſwells the burſting groan?
Not pow'r, but whiſp'ring Nature, prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on ſome ſceptered brow,
Beneath that roof with ſculptur'd marble fraught,
Why ſleeps unmov'd the breathleſs duſt below?

Sleeps it more ſweetly than the ſimple ſwain
Beneath ſome moſſy turf that reſts his head;
Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,
And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead?

The lily, ſcreen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd ſpot where roſes ſpring;
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And ſcents the zephyr's balmy breathing wing.

The buſts of grandeur, and the pomp of pow'r,
Can theſe bid Sorrow's guſhing tears ſubſide?
Can theſe avail in that tremendous hour, [tide?
When Death's cold hand congeals the purple

Ah no! the mighty names are heard no more:
Pride's thought ſublime, and Beauty's kindling bloom,
Serve but to ſport one flying moment o'er,
And ſwell with pompous verſe th' eſcutcheon'd tomb.

For me—may Paſſion ne'er my ſoul invade,
Nor be the whims of tow'ring Phrenzy giv'n;
Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful ſhade [ven!
Where Contemplation wings the ſoul to Hea-

Oh guard me ſafe from Joy's enticing ſnare!
With each extreme that Pleaſure tries to hide,
The poiſon'd breath of ſlow-conſuming Care,
The noiſe of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

But oft, when midnight's ſadly ſolemn knell
Sounds long and diſtant from the ſky-topt tow'r,
Calm let me ſit in Proſper's lonely cell*,
Or walk with Milton thro' the dark obſcure.

Thus, when the tranſient dream of life is fled,
May ſome ſad friend recall the former years;
Then, ſtretch'd in ſilence o'er my duſty bed,
Pour the warm guſh of ſympathetic tears.

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§ 120. *Ode to the Genius of Shakeſpeare.*
OGILVIE.

I. 1.

RAPT from the glance of mortal eye, [light?
Say, burſts thy Genius to the world of
Seeks it yon ſtar-beſpangled ſky?
Or ſkims its fields with rapid flight?
Or, mid yon plains where Fancy ſtrays,
Courts it the balmy breathing gale?
Or where the violet pale
Droops o'er the green-embroider'd ſtream;
Or where young Zephyr ſtirs the ruſtling ſprays,
Lies all diſſolv'd in fairy dream.
O'er yon bleak deſert's unfrequented round
Seeſt thou where Nature treads the deep'ning gloom,
Sits on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb?
Hear'ſt thou the ſolemn muſic wind along? [ſong?
Or thrills the warbling note in thy melliflous

I. 2.

Oft, while on earth, 'twas thine to rove
Where'er the wild-eyed goddeſs lov'd to roam,
To trace ſerene the gloomy grove,
Or haunt meek Quiet's ſimple dome;
Still hovering round the Nine appear,
That pour the ſoul tranſporting ſtrain;
Join'd to the Loves' gay train,
The looſe rob'd Graces, crown'd with flow'rs,
The light wing'd gales that lead the vernal year,
And wake the roſy-featur'd hours.
O'er all bright Fancy's beamy radiance ſhone,
How flam'd thy boſom as her charms reveal!
Her fire-clad eye ſublime, her ſtarry zone,
Her traces looſe, that wanton'd on the gale;
On thee the goddeſs fix'd her ardent look,
Then from her glowing lips theſe melting accents broke:

I. 3.

"To thee, my favourite ſon, belong
"The lays that ſteal the liſtening hour;
"To pour the rapture-darting ſong,
"To paint gay Hope's Elyſian bower.
"From Nature's hand to ſnatch the dart,
"To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart;
"Or lightly ſweep the trembling ſtring,
"And call the Loves with purple wing
"From the blue deep, where they dwell
"With Naiads in the pearly cell.
"Soft on the ſea-born goddeſs gaze†;
"Or in the looſe robes' floating maze,
"Diſſolv'd in downy ſlumbers reſt;
"Or flutter o'er her panting breaſt.
"Or wild to melt the yielding ſoul,
"Let Sorrow, clad in ſable ſtole,
"Slow to thy muſing thought appear;
"Or penſive Pity, pale;
"Or Love's deſponding tale [tear."
"Call from th' intender'd heart the ſympathetic

II. 1.

Say, whence the magic of thy mind?
Why thrills thy muſic on the ſprings of thought?
Why, at thy pencil's touch refin'd,
Starts into life the glowing draught?
On yonder fairy carpet laid,
Where beauty pours eternal bloom,
And zephyr breathes perfume;
There nightly to the tranced eye
Profuſe the radiant goddeſs ſtood diſplay'd,
With all her ſmiling offſpring nigh.

* See Shakeſpeare's Tempeſt.

† Venus.

Sudden the mantling cliff, the arching wood,
The broider'd mead, the landſcape and the grove,
Hills, vales, and ſky-dipt ſeas, and torrents rude,
Grots, rills, and ſhades, and bow'rs that breath'd of love,
All burſt to ſight! while glancing on the view,
Titania's ſporting train bruſh'd lightly o'er the dew.

II. 2.

The pale ey'd Genius of the ſhade
Led thy bold ſtep to Proſper's magic bow'r;
Whoſe voice the howling winds obey'd,
Whoſe dark ſpell chain'd the rapid hour:
Then roſe ſerene the ſea-girt iſle;
Gay ſcenes, by Fancy's touch refin'd,
Glow'd to the muſing mind:
Such viſions bleſs the hermit's dream,
When hovering angels prompt his placid ſmile,
Or paint ſome high ecſtatic theme.
Then flam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
Then ſail'd bright Ariel on the bat's fleet wing:
Or ſtarts the liſt'ning throng in ſtill amaze,
The wild note trembling on the aërial ſtring!
The form, in heaven's reſplendent veſture gay,
Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the melting lay*.

II. 3.

Oh lay me near yon limpid ſtream,
Whoſe murmur ſooths the ear of woe!
There in ſome ſweet poetic dream
Let Fancy's bright Elyſium glow!
'Tis done—o'er all the bluſhing mead
The dark wood ſhakes his cloudy head:
Below, the lily-fringed dale
Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale;
While, in paſtime all unſeen,
Titania, rob'd in mantle green,
Sports on the moſſy bank: her train
Skims light along the gleaming plain;
Or to the flutt'ring breeze unfold
The blue wing ſtreak'd with beamy gold;
Its pinions op'ning to the light!—
Say, burſts the viſion on my ſight?
Ah, no! by Shakeſpeare's pencil drawn,
The beauteous ſhapes appear;
While meek-eyed Cynthia near [lawn.†
Illumes with ſtreamy ray the ſilver-mantled

III. 1.

But hark! the tempeſt howls afar! [waſte!
Burſts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathleſs
What cherub blows the trump of war?
What demon rides the ſtormy blaſt?
Red from the lightning's livid blaze,
The bleak heath ruſhes on the ſight;
Then, wrapt in ſudden night
Diſſolves.—But, ah! what kingly form
Roams the lone deſert's deſolated maze‡
Unaw'd, nor heeds the ſweeping ſtorm?
Ye pale-ey'd lightnings, ſpare the cheek of age!
Vain wiſh! tho' anguiſh heaves the burſting groan,
Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of rage
Hears not the mourner's unvailing moan:
Heart-pierc'd he bleeds; and, ſtung with wild deſpair,
Bares his time-blaſted head, and tears his ſilver hair.

III. 2.

Lo! on yon long-reſounding ſhore,
Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep;
What phantoms bath'd in infant gore
Stand mutt'ring on the dizzy ſteep!
Their murmur ſhakes the zephyr's wing!
The ſtorm obeys their powerful ſpell;
See from his gloomy cell
Fierce Winter ſtarts! his ſcowling eye
Blots the fair mantle of the breathing Spring,
And lowers along the ruffled ſky,
To the deep vault the yelling harpies run§;
Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew,
Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimmering ſun,
And the pale furnace gleams with brimſtone blue.
Hell howls; and fiends, that join the dire acclaim,
Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid flame.

III. 3.

But, ah! on Sorrow's cypreſs bough
Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom?
On Death's cold check will paſſion glow?
Or Muſic warble from the tomb?
There ſleeps the Bard, whoſe tuneful tongue
Pour'd the full ſtream of mazy ſong.
Young Spring, with lip of ruby, here
Show'rs from her lap the bluſhing year;
While, along the turf reclin'd,
The looſe wing ſwimming on the wind,
The Loves, with forward geſture bold,
Sprinkle the ſod with ſpangling gold:
And oft the blue-eyed Graces trim
Dance lightly round on downy limb;
Oft too, when eve, demure and ſtill,
Chequers the green dale's purling rill,
Sweet Fancy pours the plaintive ſtrain;
Or, wrapt in ſoothing dream,
By Avon's ruffled ſtream, [the plain.
Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along

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§ 121. *Ode to Time; occaſioned by ſeeing the Ruins of an old Caſtle.* OGILVIE.

I. 1.

O THOU, who mid the world-involving gloom,
Sitt'ſt on yon ſolitary ſpire!
Or ſlowly ſhak'ſt the ſounding dome,
Or hear'ſt the wildly-warbling lyre;
Say, when thy muſing ſoul
Bids diſtant times unroll,
And marks the flight of each revolving year,
Of years whoſe ſlow-conſuming pow'r
Has clad with moſs yon leaning tow'r,
That ſaw the race of Glory run,
That mark'd Ambition's letting ſun,
That ſhook old Empire's tow'ring pride,
That ſwept them down the floating tide—

* Ariel: see the Tempest. † See the Midsummer-Night's Dream. ‡ Lear.
§ The Witches in Macbeth.

Say;

Say, when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting tear?

I. 2.

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wand'ring eye:
Yon hill, whose gold-illumin'd brow,
Just trembling thro' the bending sky,
O'erlooks the boundless wild below,
Once bore the branching wood
That o'er yon murmuring flood
Hung wildly waving to the rustling gale;
The naked heath with moss o'ergrown,
That hears the lone-owl's nightly moan,
Once bloom'd with summer's copious store,
Once rais'd the lawn-bespangling flow'r;
Or heard some lover's plaintive lay,
When, by pale Cynthia's silver ray,
All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale, [tale.
And taught the list'ning moon the melancholy

I. 3.

Ye wilds where heaven-rapt Fancy roves!
Ye sky crown'd hills, and solemn groves!
Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells!
Ye caves where night-bred Silence dwells!
Ghosts that in yon lonely hall
Lightly glance along the wall;
Or beneath yon ivy'd tow'r,
At the silent midnight hour,
Stand array'd in spotless white,
And stain the dusky robe of Night;
Or with slow solemn pauses roam
O'er the long-sounding hollow dome!
Say, mid yon desert solitary round,
When darkness wraps the boundless spheres,
Does ne'er some dismal, dying sound
On Night's dull serious ear rebound; [years?
That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consuming

II. 1.

O call th' inspiring glorious hour to view,
When Caledonia's martial train
From yon steep rock's high-arching brow
Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane!
When War's blood-tinctur'd spear
Hung o'er the trembling rear; [flight:
When light-heel'd Terror wing'd their headlong
Yon tow'rs then rung with wild alarms!
Yon desert gleam'd with shining arms!
While on the bleak hill's bright'ning spire
Bold Vict'ry flam'd, with eyes of fire;
Her limbs celestial robes infold,
Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold,
She spoke: her words infus'd resistless might,
And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the soul of fight.

II. 2.

But, ah! what hand the smiling prospect brings:
What voice recals th' expiring day?
See, darting swift on eagle-wings,
The glancing moment bursts away!
So from some mountain's head,
In mantling gold array'd,
While bright-eyed Fancy stands in sweet surprise:
The vale where musing Quiet treads.
The flow'r-clad lawns, and bloomy meads,
Or streams where zephyr loves to stray
Beneath the pale eve's twinkling ray;
Or waving woods detain the sight—
When from the gloomy cave of night
Some cloud sweeps shadowy o'er the dusky skies,
And wraps the flying scene, that fades, and swims, and dies.

II. 3.

Lo! rising from yon dreary tomb,
What spectres stalk across the gloom!
With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
And voice that moans with feeble wail!
O'er yon long resounding plain
Slowly moves the solemn train;
Wailing wild with shrieks of woe
O'er the bones that rest below!
While the dull night's startled ear
Shrinks aghast with thrilling fear!
Or stand with thin robes wasting soon,
And eyes that blast the sick'ning moon!
Yet these, ere Time had roll'd their years away,
Ere Death's fell arm had mark'd its aim,
Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,
Beheld the trembling swains obey,
And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the trump of Fame.

III. 1.

But why o'er these indulge the bursting sigh?
Feels not each shrub the tempest's pow'r?
Rocks not the dome when whirlwinds fly?
Nor shakes the hill when thunders roar?
Lo! mould'ring, wild. unknown,
What fanes, what tow'rs o'erthrown,
What tumbling chaos marks the waste of Time!
I see Palmyra's temples fall;
Old Ruin shakes the hanging wall!
Yon waste where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle where moans the grey-eyed owl,
Shows the proud Persian's great abode*;
Where sceptred once, an earthly god! [clime,
His pow'r-clad arm controul'd each happier
Where sports the warbling Muse, and Fancy soars sublime.

III. 2.

Hark! what dire sound rolls murm'ring on the gale?
Ah! what soul thrilling scene appears? [brow!
I see the column'd arches fail!
And structures hoar, the boast of years!
What mould'ring piles, decay'd,
Gleam through the moon-streak'd shade,
Where Rome's proud Genius rear'd her awful
Sad monument!—Ambition near [brow!
Rolls on the dust, and pours a tear;
Pale Honour drops the flutt'ring plume,
And Conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb;
Slow Patience sits, with eye depress,
And Courage beats his sobbing breast; [flow,
Ev'n War's red cheek the gushing streams o'er-
And Fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of Woe.

* Persepolis.

III. 3.

Lo, on yon pyramid ſublime,
Whence lies Old Egypt's deſert clime,
Bleak, naked, wild! where ruin low'rs,
Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs,
On the ſteep height, waſte and bare,
Stands the Pow'r with hoary hair!
O'er his ſcythe he bends; his hand
Slowly ſhakes the flowing ſand,
While the hours, and airy ring
Lightly flit, with downy wing,
And ſap the works of man; and ſhade
With ſilver'd locks his furrow'd head;
Thence rolls the mighty pow'r his broad ſurvey,
And ſeals the nations' awful doom:
He ſees proud grandeur's meteor ray;
He yields to joy the feſtive day;
Then ſweeps the length'ning ſhade, and marks them for the tomb.

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§ 122. *Ode to Evening.* OGILVIE.

MEEK Pow'r, whoſe balmy-pinion'd gale
Steels o'er the flow'r-enamell'd dale!
Who's voice in gentle whiſpers near
Oft ſighs to Quiet's liſt'ning ear;
As, on her downy couch at reſt,
By Thought's inſpiring viſions bleſt
She ſits, with white-rob'd Silence nigh,
And muſing heaves her ſerious eye,
To mark the flow ſun's glimm'ring ray,
To catch the laſt pale gleam of day;
Or, ſunk in ſweet repoſe, unknown
Lies on the wild hill's van alone:
And ſees thy gradual pencil flow
Along the heaven-illumin'd bow.
Come, Nymph demure, with mantle blue,
Thy traces bath'd in balmy dew,
With ſtep ſmooth ſliding o'er the green,
The graces breathing in thy mien;
And thy veſture's gather'd fold
Girt with a zone of circling gold;
And bring the harp, whoſe ſolemn ſtring
Dies to the wild wind's murm'ring wing;
And the Nymph, whoſe eye ſerene
Marks the calm-breathing woodland ſcene:
Thought, mountain ſage! who loves to climb,
And haunts the dark rock's ſummit dim;
Let Fancy, falcon-wing'd, be near:
And through the cloud-envelop'd ſphere,
Where muſing roams Retirement hoar,
Lull'd by the torrent's diſtant roar,
Oh bid with trembling light to glow
The raven-plume that crowns his brow.
Lo, where thy meek-ey'd train attend!
Queen of the ſolemn thought, deſcend!
Oh hide me in romantic bow'rs!
Or lead my ſtep to ruin'd tow'rs!
Where gleaming through the chinky door
The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor:
While beneath the hallow'd pile,
Deep in the deſert ſhrieking aiſle,
Rapt Contemplation ſtalks along,
And hears the ſlow clock's pealing tongue;
Or, mid the dun diſcolour'd gloom,
Sits on ſome hero's peaceful tomb,
Throws life's gay glitt'ring robe aſide,
And tramples on the neck of Pride.
Oft, ſhelter'd by the rambling ſprays,
Lead o'er the foreſt's winding maze;
Where, thro' the mantling boughs, afar
Glimmers the ſilver-ſtreaming ſtar;
And, ſhower'd from ev'ry ruſtling blade,
The looſe light floats along the ſhade:
So hov'ring o'er the human ſcene
Gay Pleaſure ſports with brow ſerene:
By Fancy beam'd, the glancing ray
Shoots, flutters, gleams, and fleets away:
Unſettled, dubious, reſtleſs, blind,
Floats all the buſy buſtling mind;
While Mem'ry's unſtain'd leaves retain
No trace from all th' ideal train.
But ſee, the landſcape op'ning fair
Invites to breathe the purer air!
Oh when the cowſlip-ſcented gale
Shakes the light dew-drop o'er the dale,
When on her amber-dropping bed
Looſe Eaſe reclines her downy head;
How bleſt! by fairy-haunted ſtream
To melt in mild ecſtatic dream!
Die to the pictur'd wiſh, or hear
(Breath'd ſoft on Fancy's trembling ear)
Such lays by angel-harps refin'd,
As half unchain the flutt'ring mind,
When on life's edge it eyes the ſhore,
And all its pinions ſtretch to ſoar.
Lo, where the ſun's broad orb withdrawn
Skirts with pale gold the duſky lawn;
While, led by ev'ry gentler pow'r,
Steals the ſlow, ſolemn, muſing hour.
Now from the green hill's purple brow
Let me mark the ſcene below;
Where, feebly glancing thro' the gloom,
Yon myrtle ſhades the ſilent tomb:
Not far, beneath the evening beam
The dark lake rolls his azure ſtream,
Whoſe breast the ſwan's white plumes divide,
Slow-ſailing o'er the floating tide.
Groves, meads, and ſpires, and foreſts bare,
Shoot glimm'ring thro' the miſty air;
Dim as the viſion-pictur'd bow'r
That gilds the ſaint's expiring hour,
When, rapt to ecſtaſy, his eye
Looks through the blue ethereal ſky:
All heaven unfolding to his ſight!
Gay forms that ſwim in floods of light!
The ſun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime,
The ruby-beaming dome ſublime;
The tow'rs in glitt'ring pomp diſplay'd—
The bright ſcene hovers o'er his bed:
He ſtarts—but from his eager gaze
Black clouds obſcure the leſſening rays;
On mem'ry ſtill the ſcene is wrought,
And lives in Fancy's featur'd thought.
On the airy mount reclin'd
What wiſhes ſooth the muſing mind!

How ſoft the velvet lap of Spring!
How ſweet the Zephyr's violet wing!
Goddeſs of the plaintive ſong,
That leads the melting heart along!
Oh bid thy voice of genial pow'r
Reach Contemplation's lonely bow'r;
And call the ſage with tranced ſight
To climb the mountain's ſteepy height;
To wing the kindling wiſh, or ſpread
O'er Thought's pale cheek enliv'ning red;
Come, hoary Pow'r, with ſerious eye,
Whoſe thought explores yon diſtant ſky;
Now, when the buſy world is ſtill,
Nor paſſion tempts the wav'ring will,
When ſweeter hopes each pow'r controul,
And quiet whiſpers to the ſoul,
Now ſweep from life th' illuſive train
That dance in Folly's dizzy brain:
Be Reaſon's ſimple draught portray'd,
Where blends alternate light and ſhade;
Bid dimpled Mirth, with thought belied,
Sport on the bubble's glitt'ring ſide;
Bid Hope purſue the diſtant boon,
And Phrenſy watch the fading moon;
Paint Superſtition's ſtarting eye,
And Wit that leers with geſture ſly;
Let Cenſure whet her venom'd dart,
And green-eyed Envy gnaw the heart;
Let Pleaſure lie on flow'rs reclin'd,
While Anguiſh aims her ſhaft behind.
Hail, Sire ſublime! whoſe hallow'd cave
Howls to the hoarſe deep's daſhing wave;
Thee Solitude to Phœbus bore,
Far on the lone, deſerted ſhore,
Where Orellano's ruſhing tide
Roars on the rock's projected ſide.
Hence burſting o'er thy ripen'd mind,
Beams all the father's thought refin'd;
Hence oft, in ſilent vales unſeen,
Thy footſteps print the fairy green;
Or thy ſoul melts to ſtrains of woe,
That from the willow's quiv'ring bough
Sweet warbling breathe—the zephyrs round
O'er Dee's ſmooth current waft the ſound,
When ſoft on bending oſiers laid
The broad ſun trembling through the bed;
All wild thy heav'n-rapt fancy ſtrays,
Led thro' the ſoul-diſſolving maze;
Till ſlumber downy-pinion'd, near
Plants her ſtrong fetlocks on thy ear;
The ſoul unfetter'd burſts away,
And baſks enlarg'd in beamy day.

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§ 123. *Ode to Innocence.* OGILVIE.

'TWAS when the ſlow-declining ray
Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold;
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No ſound diſturb'd the ſleeping fold:

When, by a murm'ring rill reclin'd,
Sat, wrapt in thought, a wand'ring ſwain;
Calm peace compos'd his muſing mind;
And thus he rais'd the flowing ſtrain:

"Hail, Innocence! celeſtial Maid!
"What joys thy bluſhing charms reveal!
"Sweet as the arbour's cooling ſhade,
"And milder than the vernal gale.

"On Thee attends a radiant choir,
"Soft-ſmiling Peace, and downy Reſt;
"With Love, that prompts the warbling lyre;
"And Hope, that ſooths the throbbing breaſt.

"Oh ſent from heaven to haunt the grove,
"Where ſquinting Envy ne'er can come!
"Nor pines the cheek with luckleſs love,
"Nor Anguiſh chills the living bloom.

"But ſpotleſs Beauty, rob'd in white,
"Sits on yon moſs-grown hill reclin'd:
"Serene as heaven's unſullied light,
"And pure as Delia's gentle mind.

"Grant, heavenly Pow'r! thy peaceful ſway
"May ſtill my ruder thoughts controul;
"Thy hand to point my dubious way,
"Thy voice to ſooth the melting ſoul.

"Far in the ſhady, ſweet retreat
"Let Thought beguile the ling'ring hour;
"Let Quiet court the moſſy ſeat,
"And twining olives form the bow'r:

"Let dove-eyed Peace her wreath beſtow,
"And oft ſit liſt'ning in the dale,
"While Night's ſweet warbler from the bough
"Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

"Soft, as in Delia's ſnowy breaſt,
"Let each conſenting paſſion move;
"Let Angels watch its ſilent reſt,
"And all its bliſsful dreams be Love!"

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§ 124. *Morning; or, The Complaint. An American Eclogue.* GREGORY.

FAR from the ſavage bandit's fierce alarms,
Or diſtant din of horrid deſpot's arms,
Tho' Pennſylvania boaſts her peaceful plain,
Yet there in blood her petty tyrants reign.

With waving pines tho' vocal woods be crown'd
And ſtream-fed vales with living wealth abound,
To golden fields tho' ripening rays deſcend,
With bluſhing fruit tho' loaded branches bend
To thoſe who ne'er muſt freedom's bleſſings taſte,
'Tis barren all, 'tis all a wortuleſs waſte.

While hoarſe the cataract murmur'd on the gale
And chilling dews ſwept thro' the murky dale;
Along the hills the diſmal tempeſt howl'd,
And lightnings flaſh'd, and deep the thunder roll'd;
Beneath a leafleſs tree, ere morn aroſe,
The ſlave Adala thus laments his woes:
Ye griſly ſpectres, gather round my ſeat,
From caves unbleſt, that wretch's groans repeat!
Terrific forms, from miſty lakes ariſe!
And bloody meteors threaten thro' the ſkies!
Oh curs'd deſtroyers of our hapleſs race,
Of human kind the terror and diſgrace!
Lo! hoſts of duſky captives, to my view,
Demand a deep revenge! demand their due!

And frowning chiefs now dart athwart the gloom
And o'er the salt sea wave pronounce your doom.
But Gods are just, and oft the stroke forbear,
To plunge the guilty in tenfold despair.

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!

With limbs benumb'd my poor companions lie,
Oppress'd by pain and want the aged sigh;
Thro' reedy huts the driving tempest pours,
Their festering wounds receive the sickly show'rs;
In madd'ning draughts our lords their sense steep,
And doom their slaves to stripes and death in sleep;
Now, while the bitter blast surrounds my head,
To times long past my restless soul is led,
Far, far beyond the azure hills, to groves
Of ruddy fruit, where beauty fearless roves—
O blissful seats! O self-approving joys!
Nature's plain dictates! ignorance of vice!
O guiltless hours! Our cares and wants were few,
No arts of luxury or deceit we knew.
Our labour, sport—to tend our cottage care,
Or from the palm the luscious juice prepare;
To sit indulging love's delusive dream,
And snare the silver tenants of the stream;
Or (nobler toil) to aim the deadly blow
With dext'rous art against the spotted foe;
O days with youthful daring mark'd! 'twas then
I dragg'd the shaggy monster from his den,
And boldly down the rocky mountain's side
Hurl'd the grim panther in the foaming tide.
Our healthful sports a daily feast afford.
And ev'n still found us at the social board.

Can I forget, ah me! the fatal day,
When half the vale of peace was swept away!
Th' affrighted maids in vain the gods implore,
And weeping view from far the happy shore;
The frantic dames impatient ruffians seize,
And infants shriek, and clasp their mothers knees;
With galling fetters soon their limbs are bound,
And groans throughout the noisome bark resound.
Why was I bound! why did not Whydah see
Adala gain or death, or victory!
No storms arise, no waves revengeful roar,
To dash the monsters on our injur'd shore.
Long o'er the foaming deep to worlds unknown,
By envious winds the bulky vessel's blown,
While by disease and chains the weak expire,
Or parch'd endure the flow consuming fire.
Who'd in this land of many sorrows live,
Where death's the only comfort tyrants give?
Tyrants unblest! Each proud of strict command,
Nor age nor sickness holds the iron hand;
Whose hearts, in adamant involv'd, despise
The drooping female's tears, the infant's cries,
From whose stern brows no grateful looke'er beams,
Whose blushless front nor rape nor murder shames.

Nor all I blame; for Nastal, friend to peace,
Thro' his wide pastures bids oppression cease*;
No drivers goad, no galling fetters bind,
No stern compulsion damps th' exalted mind.
There strong Arcona's fated to enjoy
Domestic sweets, and rear his progeny;
To till his glebe employs Arcona's care,
To Nastal's God he nightly makes his pray'r;
His mind at ease, of Christian truths he'll boast—
He has no wife, no lovely offspring lost.
Gay his savannah blooms, while mine appears
Scorch'd up with heat, or moist with blood and tears.
Cheerful his hearth in chilling winter burns,
While to the storm the sad Adala mourns.

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!

Shall I his holy Prophet's aid implore.
And wait for justice on another shore?
Or, rushing down yon mountain's craggy steep,
End all my sorrows in the sullen deep?
A cliff there hangs in yon grey morning cloud,
The dashing wave beneath roars harsh and loud—
But doubts and fears involve my anxious mind,
The gulph of death once pass'd, what shore we find:
Dubious, if sent beyond th' expanded main,
This soul shall seek its native realms again:
Or if in gloomy mists condemn'd to lie,
Beyond the limits of yon arching sky.
A better prospect oft my spirit cheers,
And in my dreams the vale of peace appears,
And fleeting visions of my former life:
My hoary sire I clasp, my long-lost wife,
And oft I kiss my gentle babes in sleep, [weep,
Till, with the sounding whip, I'm wak'd to

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!

Chiefs of the earth, and monarchs of the sea,
Who vaunt your hardy ancestors were free;
Whose teachers plead th' oppress'd and injur'd's cause,
And prove the wisdom of your Prophet's laws;
To force and fraud if justice must give place,
You're dragg'd to slavery by some rougher race.
Some rougher race your flocks shall force away,
Like Afric's sons your children must obey;
The very Gods that view our constant toil,
Shall see your offspring till a ruder soil,
The pain of thirst and pinching hunger know,
And all the torments that from bondage flow,
When far remov'd from Christian worlds we prove
The sweets of peace, the lasting joys of love.
But, hark! the whip's harsh echo thro' the trees!
On every trembling limb fresh horrors seize—
Alas! 'tis morn, and here I sit alone—
Be strong, my soul, and part without a groan!
Ruffians proceed! Adala ne'er shall swerve,
Prepare the rack, and strain each aching nerve!

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains.

Thou God, who gild'st with light the rising day!
Who life dispens'st by thy genial ray!
Will thy slow vengeance never, never fall,
But undistinguish'd favour shine on all?
O hear a suppliant wretch's last, sad pray'r!
Dart fiercest rage! infect the ambient air!
This pallid race, whose hearts are bound in steel,
By dint of suffering teach them how to feel.

* The Quakers in America have set free all their Negroes, and allow them wages as other servants.

Or,

Or, to some despot's lawless will betray'd,
Give them to know what wretches they have made!
Beneath the lash let them resign their breath,
Or court, in chains, the clay-cold hand of death,
Or, worst of ills! within each callous breast
Cherish uncurb'd the dark internal pest;
Bid Av'rice swell with undiminish'd rage,
While no new worlds th' accursed thirst assuage;
Then bid the monsters on each other turn,
The fury passions in disorder burn;
Bid Discord flourish, civil crimes increase,
Nor one fond wish arise that pleads for peace—
Till, with their crimes in wild confusion hurl'd,
They wake t' eternal anguish in a future world*.

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§ 125. *Evening; or, the Fugitive. An American Eclogue.* GREGORY.

MOMBAZE.

SAY whether, wand'rer, points thy cheerless way;
When length'ning shades announce the close of day?
In yon wild waste no friendly roof thou'lt find
The haunt of serpents and the savage kind.
And sure remembrance mocks me, or I trace
In thine the semblance of Zamboia's face?
Yet scarce thyself! for in thy alter'd eye
I read the records of hard destiny.
From thy rack'd bosom sighs that ceaseless flow,
A man bespeak thee exercis'd in woe.
Say, then, what chance has burst thy rigid chains,
Has led thee frantic o'er these distant plains?
What potent sorrows can thy peace infest?
What crimes conceal'd prey on thy anxious breast?

ZAMBOIA.

No crimes this heart infest, this hand defile,
Or frantic drive me o'er a foreign soil.
A murder'd wife and wrongs unmatch'd I mourn,
And buried joys, that never shall return!
If then thou 'rt tempted by the traitor's meed,
Take this poor life, and prosper by the deed!

MOMBAZE.

Not the rich produce of Angola's shore,
Not all the miser's heap'd and glittering store;
Not all that pride would grasp, or pomp display,
Should tempt this hand the wretched to betray.
No traitors dwell within this blest domain,
The friends of peace we live, a guileless train.
Grief dims thy eye, or gladly would'st thou see
Thy lov'd Mombaze yet survives in me.
Canst thou forget? I taught thy youth to dare
The sylvan herd, and wage the desp'rate war.
Canst thou forget? One common lot we drew,
With thee enchain'd, a captive's fate I knew.
Distrust me not, but unreserv'd disclose
The anxious tale that in thy bosom glows:
To part our griefs is oft to mitigate,
And social sorrows blunt the darts of fate.

ZAMBOIA.

Dear to my sight that form, and doubly dear
Thy well-known accents meet Zamboia's ear.
O! had I died, and left the name of slave
Deep, deep entomb'd within an early grave!
O! had I died, ere ruthless fates constrain,
With thee enthrall'd, to cross the western main!
Oh! to have met a glorious death in arms,
And ne'er beheld Melinda's fatal charms!
Time would be short, and memory would fail,
To dwell distinctly on the various tale.
Tedious to tell what treach'rous arts were tried,
To sooth the smart of still revolting pride.
I liv'd, and lov'd—then kiss'd the fatal chain;
No joy but one to cheer a life of pain.
Yet witness bear, thou dear departed ghost,
That lonely rov'st thy Gambia's sacred coast!
How sweet the toil that met the morning's ray,
How light the labour that o'er-lasted day!
The reed-built hovel, and the scanty fare,
Imperial bliss could give, Melinda there!
Soft was my pillow, on thy gentle breast,
When o'er press'd Nature droop'd in want of rest!
And if a rebel tear disgrac'd my eye,
Thine was the tear, and thine the bursting sigh.
Bliss I could boast, unenvied had it pass'd,
But bliss too great, for hapless slaves, to last.
A wretch, who banish'd from his native clime,
Defil'd with many a black and monstrous crime
Presided o'er us, and with iron hand
Held savage sway o'er all the servile band:
In him each hellish passion rudely glow'd,
And cruelty in him most cruel shew'd.
Him lust infernal, one sad ev'ning, led
T' invade the chasteness of my marriage bed:
I chanc'd t' approach—the caitiff I surpris'd—
My wife preserv'd, and had his guilt chastis'd
While full with vengeance boil'd my wounded heart:
But chance reserv'd him for a baser part.
Meanwhile, o'erjoy'd that vice e'en once had fail'd,
I bless'd the gods that innocence prevail'd.
The baffled villain, now a foe profess'd,
Rolls scenes of blood within his rankling breast;
With coward arts he forg'd a crafty tale;
And hands unrighteous poize the partial scale.
Imputed crimes to crush the weak suffice,
Hearsay is guilt, and damning fact surmise.
Where uncurb'd will usurps the place of laws,
No friendly pleader takes the wretch's cause.
Our tyrant's fears each want of proof supplied,
We stand condemn'd, unquestion'd, and untried.
O! had the grief and shame been all my own,
And the black vengeance lit on me alone!
But harsher fates a harder curse decreed;
These eyes were doom'd to see Melinda bleed.
I saw her by relentless ruffians bound,
The brandish'd scourge inflict the mortal wound;
Her tender frame abus'd, and mangled o'er,
I saw her welt'ring in a flood of gore.
The murd'rous scene had soon a dreadful close—
And do I live! and can I speak my woes!
Her pregnant womb no longer could sustain
The public shame, and agony of pain;
A birth abortive robb'd her of her breath,
And pangs convulsive seal'd her eyes in death.

* This Eclogue was written during the American war.

One

One only pledge my weary soul detains,
This hapless infant, all that now remains;
The mournful image of my once-lov'd wife,
And ties me down awhile to hated life.
Else this bold hand should liberty restore,
And my rapt spirit seek a happier shore.
Tho' devious paths with timid haste we fly,
Where yon blue mountains meet the bending sky:
Nor serpents' haunts I dread, nor deserts drear,
The master-savage, Man, alone I fear.

MOMBAZE.

Since from our native realms compell'd to part,
Such pointed sorrows have not touch'd my heart.
Insatiate plunderers! could it not suffice
To rend, inhuman, all the social ties?
From guiltless joys that bless'd our native soil,
Drag'd to a life of misery and toil;
Would you yet take the little God has given,
And intercept the gracious dews of Heaven?
Your rage for blood, wild as your thirst of gain,
Shall no respects, not truths divine, restrain?
Th' eternal fabric can a name undo?
Is rape and murder sanctified in you?
And us, what laws, as impious as severe,
Forbid the common rites of man to share?
Did'st thou, creative Power! thy views confine?
For one proud race the spacious earth design?
For them alone does plenty deck the vale,
Blush in the fruit, and tinge the scented gale?
For them the seasons all their sweets unfold?
Blooms the fresh rose, and shines the waving gold?
O no! all bounteous is thy equal hand,
And thy fix'd laws irrevocable stand!
Hapless Zamboia! had it been thy fate
With me to share my more propitious state;
Thy soul had breath'd no impious wish to die,
Nor the big tear had trembled in thine eye.
Disjoin'd from thee, I too to slavery went;
But heaven a father, not a master, lent,
He seems as Virtue's self in mortal guise;
Tho' wealthy, simple; and tho' modest, wise.
Blest be the hand that life and freedom gave!
That pow'r can boast, exerted but to save!
Blest the sage tongue that stor'd the vacant mind,
The manners soften'd, and the heart refin'd!
That, still to Heaven's unerring dictates true,
Eternal truth unfolded to our view!
But, come! thy faint and weary limbs repose.
Forgetful of thy fears, thy griefs compose;
By morning's dawn with earnest foot I speed,
Nor sleep these eyes till I behold thee freed.
Some wealth I have! and, did I prize it more,
Well spar'd for this I deem the sacred store.
So talk'd these friends, and to the cottage haste;
While sad Zamboia his pursuers trac'd.
The ruffian band arrest the hapless swain,
And pray'rs, and tears, and promises are vain:
Their vengeful fervour, no—not gifts abate;
But, bound in chains, they drag him to his fate*.

§ 126. *A Description of a Parish Poor House.*
CRABBE.

THEIR is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day:
There children dwell, who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there:
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age, with more than childhood fears!
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve:
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd below:
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

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§ 127. *Description of a Country Apothecary.*
CRABBE.

BUT soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls:
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and bus'ness, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;

* A higher reward is generally offered for the *head* of a fugitive negro than for bringing him alive.

He

He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and phyſic in his eye;
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who firſt inſults the victim whom he kills;
Whoſe murd'rous hand a drowſy bench protect,
And whoſe moſt tender mercy, is neglect.
Paid by the pariſh for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his ſapient ſneer;
In haſte he ſeeks the bed where miſery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, ſome habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he ruſhes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonſtrance vain;
He ceaſes now the feeble help to crave
Of man, and mutely haſtens to the grave.

§ 128. *Deſcription of a Country Clergyman viſiting the Sick.* CRABBE.

BUT, ere his death, ſome pious doubts ariſe,
Some ſimple fears which "bold bad" men deſpiſe;
Fain would he aſk the pariſh prieſt to prove
His title certain to the joys above;
For this he ſends the murmuring nurſe, who calls
The holy ſtranger to theſe diſmal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "paſſing rich with forty pounds a year?"
Ah no! a ſhepherd of a different ſtock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock;
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's taſk
As much as God or man can fairly aſk;
The reſt he gives to loves, and labours light,
To fields the morning, and to feaſts the night;
None better ſkill'd the noiſy pack to guide,
To urge their chace, to cheer them, or to chide;
Sure in his ſhot, his game he ſeldom miſs'd,
And ſeldom fail'd to win his game at whiſt;
Then, while ſuch honours bloom around his head,
Shall he ſit ſadly by the ſick man's bed,
To raiſe the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that ev'n the pious feel?

§ 129. *The Reaſon for deſcribing the Vices of the Village.* CRABBE.

YET why, you aſk, theſe humble crimes relate,
Why make the poor as guilty as the great?
To ſhew the great, thoſe mightier ſons of pride,
How near in vice the loweſt are allied:
Such are their natures, and their paſſions ſuch,
But theſe diſguiſe too little, thoſe too much:
So ſhall the man of pow'r and pleaſure ſee
In his own ſlave as vile a wretch as he;
In his luxuriant lord the ſervant find
His own low pleaſures and degenerate mind:
And each in all the kindred vices trace
Of a poor, blind, bewilder'd, erring race;
Who, a ſhort time in varied fortune paſt,
Die, and are equal in the duſt at laſt,
And you, ye poor, who ſtill lament your fate,
Forbear to envy thoſe you reckon great;
And know, amid thoſe bleſſings they poſſeſs,
They are, like you, the victims of diſtreſs;
While Sloth with many a pang torments her ſlave,
Fear waits on guilt, and Danger ſhakes the brave.

§ 130. *Apology for Vagrants.* ANON.

FOR him, who, loſt to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal ſtrife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendleſs, homeleſs object of deſpair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from ſad freedom fond to ſadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Thoſe laſt of woes his evil days have wrought;
Relieve with ſocial mercy, and, with me,
Folly's misfortune in the firſt degree.
Perhaps on ſome inhoſpitable ſhore
The houſeleſs wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who, then no more by golden proſpects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold, on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her ſoldier ſlain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye diſſolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the ſad preſage of his future years,
The child of miſery, baptiz'd in tears!

§ 131. *Epiſtle to a young Gentleman, on his leaving Eton School. By Dr.* ROBERTS.

SINCE now a nobler ſcene awakes thy care,
Since manhood dawning, to fair Granta's tow'rs,
Where once in life's gay ſpring I lov'd to roam,
Invites thy willing ſteps; accept, dear youth,
This parting ſtrain; accept the fervent pray'r
Of him who loves thee with a paſſion pure
As ever friendſhip dropp'd in human heart;
The prayer, That he who guides the hand of youth
Thro' all the puzzled and perplexed round
Of life's meand'ring path, upon thy head
May ſhower down every bleſſing, every joy
Which health, which virtue, and which fame can give!
Yet think not I will deign to flatter thee:
Shall he, the guardian of thy faith and truth,
The guide, the pilot of thy tender years,
Teach thy young heart to feel a ſpurious glow
At undeſerved praiſe? Periſh the ſlave
Whoſe venal breath in youth's unpractis'd ear
Pours poiſon'd flattery, and corrupts the ſoul
With vain conceit; whoſe baſe ungenerous art
Fawns on the vice, which ſome with honeſt hand
Have torn for ever from the bleeding breaſt!
Say, gentle youth, remember'ſt thou the day
When o'er thy tender ſhoulders firſt I hung
The golden lyre, and taught thy trembling hand
To touch th' accordant ſtrings? From that bleſt hour
I've ſeen thee panting up the hill of fame;
Thy little heart beat high with honeſt praiſe,
Thy cheek was fluſh'd, and oft thy ſparkling eye
Shot flames of young ambition. Never quench
That generous ardour in thy virtuous breaſt.
Sweet is the concord of harmonious ſounds,
When the ſoft lute or pealing organ ſtrikes
The well-attemper'd ear; ſweet is the breath
Of honeſt love, when nymph and gentle ſwain

Waft

Waft ſighs alternate to each other's heart:
But not the concord of harmonious ſounds,
When the ſoft lute or pealing organ ſtrikes
The well-attemper'd ear; nor the ſweet breath
Of honeſt love, when nymph and gentle ſwain
Waft ſighs alternate to each other's heart,
So charm with raviſhment the raptur'd ſenſe,
As does the voice of well-deſerv'd report
Strike with ſweet melody the conſcious ſoul.
On ev'ry object thro' the giddy world
Which faſhion to the dazzled eye preſents,
Freſh is the gloſs of newneſs; look, dear youth,
O look, but not admire: O let not theſe
Raſe from thy noble heart the fair records
Which youth and education planted there:
Let not affection's full, impetuous tide,
Which riots in thy generous breaſt, be check'd
By ſelfiſh cares; nor let the idle jeers
Of laughing fools make thee forget thyſelf.
When didſt thou hear a tender tale of woe,
And feel thy heart at reſt? Have I not ſeen
In thy ſwoln eye the tear of ſympathy,
The milk of human kindneſs? When didſt thou,
With envy rankling, hear a rival prais'd?
When didſt thou ſlight the wretched? when deſ-
The modeſt humble ſuit of poverty? [piſe
Theſe virtues ſtill be thine; nor ever learn
To look with cold eye on the charities
Of brother, or of parents; think on thoſe
Whoſeanxiouscarethro'childhood'sſlipperypath
Suſtain'd thy feeble ſteps; whoſe every wiſh
Is wafted ſtill to thee; remember thoſe,
Even in thy heart, while memory holds her ſeat.
And oft as to thy mind thou ſhalt recal
The ſweet companions of thy earlieſt years,
Mates of thy ſport, and rivals in the ſtrife
Of every generous art, remember me.

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§ 132. *Great Cities, and London in particular, allowed their due Praiſe.* COWPER.

BUT tho' true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial ſoil of cultivated life
Thrive moſt, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft; in proud, and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and moſt noiſome ſewer,
The dregs and feculence of ev'ry land.
In cities, foul example on moſt minds
Begets its likeneſs. Rank abundance breeds
In groſs and pamper'd cities ſloth and luſt,
And wantonness, and gluttonous exceſs.
In cities, vice is hidden with moſt eaſe,
Or ſeen with leaſt reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapſe, can hope no triumph there
Beyond th' achievement of ſucceſsful flight.
I do confeſs them nurs'ries of the arts,
In which they flouriſh moſt; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in th' eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect ſize.
Such London is, by taſte and wealth proclaim'd
The faireſt capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worſt. [comes
There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank be-
A lucid mirror, in which Nature ſees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a ſtone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chiſel occupy alone
The pow'rs of ſculpture, but the ſtyle as much;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice inciſion of her guided ſteel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a ſoil
So ſterile with what charms ſoe'er ſhe will,
The richeſt ſcenery, and the loveliеſt forms.
Where finds Philoſophy her eagle eye,
With which ſhe gazes at yon burning diſk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his ſpots?
In London. Where her implements exact,
With which ſhe calculates, computes, and ſcans
All diſtance, motion, magnitude; and now
Meaſures an atom, and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce ſuch a mart,
So rich, ſo throng'd, ſo drain'd, and ſo ſupplied
As London, opulent, enlarg'd, and ſtill
Increaſing London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth, than ſhe
A more accompliſh'd world's chief glory now.
She has her praiſe. Now mark a ſpot or two
That ſo much beauty would do well to purge;
And ſhew this queen of cities, that ſo fair,
May yet be foul, ſo witty, yet not wiſe.
It is not ſeemly, nor of good report,
That ſhe is ſlack in diſcipline; more prompt
T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law.
That ſhe is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oft-times honour too.
To peculators of the public gold.
That thieves at home muſt hang; but he that puts
Into his overgorg'd and bloated purſe
The wealth of Indian provinces, eſcapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of holy writ, ſhe has preſum'd t' annul
And abrogate, as roundly as ſhe may,
The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing faſhion to the poſt of truth,
And cent'ring all authority in modes
And cuſtoms of her own, till Sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unreſpected forms,
And knees and haſſocks are well-nigh divorc'd.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make ſweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, ſhould moſt abound,
And leaſt be threaten'd, in the fields and groves?
Poſſeſs ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and ſedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleneſs, and taſte no ſcenes
But ſuch as art contrives, poſſeſs ye ſtill
Your element; there only ye can ſhine,
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to conſole at noon
The penſive wand'rer in their ſhades. At eve
The moon-beam, ſliding ſoftly in between
The ſleeping leaves, is all the light they wiſh;
Birds warbling, all the muſic. We can ſpare

The

The ſplendour of your lamps; they but eclipſe
Our ſofter ſatellite. Your ſongs confound
Our more harmonious notes. The thruſh departs
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public miſchief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly ſuch as yours,
Grac'd with a ſword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, which enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, ſteadfaſt but for you,
A mutilated ſtructure, ſoon to fall.

§ 133. *The Want of Diſcipline in the Engliſh Univerſities.* COWPER.

In colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a ſage, call'd Diſcipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely ſilver'd o'er,
Beſpoke him paſt the bounds of freakiſh youth,
But ſtrong for ſervice ſtill, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a ſmile
Play'd on his lips, and in his ſpeech was heard
Paternal ſweetneſs, dignity, and love.
The occupation deareſt to his heart
Was to encourage goodneſs. He would ſtroke
The head of modeſt and ingenuous worth
That bluſh'd at its own praiſe, and preſs the youth
Cloſe to his ſide that pleas'd him. Learning grew,
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the paſſions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice,
If e'er it chanc'd, as ſometimes chance it muſt,
That one, among ſo many, overleap'd
The limits of controul, his gentle eye
Grew ſtern, and darted a ſevere rebuke;
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with ſuch fits of awe
As left him not, till penitence had won
Loſt favour back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Diſcipline, a faithful ſervant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years:
A palſy ſtruck his arm; his ſparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice unſtrung,
Grew tremulous, and mov'd deriſion more
Than rev'rence in perverſe rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Diſcipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell ſick, and died.
Then Study languiſh'd, Emulation ſlept,
And Virtue fled. The ſchools became a ſcene
Of ſolemn farce, where Ignorance in ſtilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue perform'd the ſcholar's part,
Proceeding ſoon a graduated Dunce.
Then Compromiſe had place, and Scrutiny
Became ſtone blind, Precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whoſe purſe was ſo.
A diſſolution of all bonds enſued:
The curbs invented for the muliſh mouth
Of headſtrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew ruſty by diſuſe; and maſſy gates
Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere maſquerade;
The taſſel'd cap and the ſpruce band a jeſt,
A mock'ry of the world. What need of theſe
For gameſter's, jockies, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted ſportſmen, oft'ner ſeen
With belted waiſt, and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot;
And ſuch expence as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,
Is ſquander'd in purſuit of idle ſports
And vicious pleaſures; buys the boy a name
That ſits a ſtigma on his father's houſe,
And cleaves through life inſeparably cloſe
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world that muſt receive him ſoon,
Add to ſuch erudition thus acquir'd,
Where ſcience and where virtue are profeſs'd?
They may confirm his habits, rivet faſt
His folly; but to ſpoil him is a taſk
That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs
Of faſhion, diſſipation, taverns, ſtews.
Now, blame we moſt the nurſlings or the nurſe?
The children, crook'd, and twiſted, and deform'd
Through want of care, or her, whoſe winking eye
And ſlumb'ring oſcitancy mars the brood?
The nurſe, no doubt. Regardleſs of her charge,
She needs herſelf correction; needs to learn,
That it is dang'rous ſporting with the world,
With things ſo ſacred as a nation's truſt,
The nurture of her youth, her deareſt pledge.

§ 134. *Happy the Freedom of the Man whom Grace makes free—His reliſh of the Works of God—Addreſs to the Creator.* COWPER.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are ſlaves beſide. There's not a chain
That helliſh foes confed'rate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he caſts it off
With as much eaſe as Samſon his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature; and tho' poor, perhaps, compar'd
With thoſe whoſe manſions glitter in his ſight,
Calls the delightful ſcen'ry all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the reſplendent rivers; his t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inſpir'd,
Can lift to Heaven an unpreſumptuous eye,
And ſmiling ſay—My Father made them all:
Are they not his by a peculiar right?
And by an emphaſis of int'reſt his,
Whoſe eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whoſe heart with praiſe, and whoſe exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and ſtill upholds a world,
So cloath'd with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners; ye that reap
The loaded ſoil, and ye may waſte much good
In ſenſeleſs riot; but ye will not find
In feaſt or in the chace, in ſong or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd

Of

Of uſurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer uſe of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman; free by birth
Of no mean city, plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the ſea,
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the ſame in ev'ry ſtate;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whoſe ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it leſs:
For he has wings that neither ſickneſs, pain,
Nor penury can cripple or confine;
No nook ſo narrow but he ſpreads them there
With eaſe, and is at large. Th' oppreſſor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His ſpirit takes, unconſcious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyſelf with God, if thou wouldſt taſte
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou ſhalt perceive that thou waſt blind before:
Thine eye ſhall be inſtructed; and thine heart,
Made pure, ſhall reliſh with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the ſcanty herb
It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate, heedleſs of the ſcene outſpread
Beneath, beyond, and ſtretching far away
From inland regions to the diſtant main.
Man views it and admires, but reſts content
With what he views. The landſcape has his praiſe,
But not its Author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The paradiſe he ſees, he finds it ſuch;
And, ſuch well-pleas'd to find it, aſks no more.
Not ſo the mind that has been touch'd from Heav'n,
And in the ſchool of ſacred wiſdom taught
To read his wonders, in whoſe thought the world,
Fair as it is, exiſted ere it was:
Not for its own ſake merely, but for his
Much more who faſhion'd it, he gives it praiſe;
Praiſe that, from earth reſulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledg'd Sovereign, finds at once
Its only juſt proprietor in Him.
The ſoul that ſees him, or receives ſublim'd
New faculties, or learns at leaſt t' employ
More worthily the pow'rs ſhe own'd before,
Deſcerns in all things, what, with ſtupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then ſhe overlook'd,
A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms
Terreſtrial, in the vaſt and the minute,
The unambiguous footſteps of the God
Who gives its luſtre to an inſect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much converſant with Heaven, ſhe often holds
With thoſe fair miniſters of light to man,
That fill the ſkies nightly with ſilent pomp,
Sweet converſe! enquires what ſtrains were they
With which heaven rang, when ev'ry ſtar, in haſte
To gratulate the new created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the ſons of God
Shouted for joy—"Tell me, ye ſhining hoſts,
"That navigate a ſea that knows no ſtorms,
"Beneath a vault unſullied with a cloud,
"If from your elevation, whence ye view
"Diſtinctly ſcenes inviſible to man,
"And ſyſtems, of whoſe birth no tidings yet
"Have reach'd this nether world, ye ſpy a race
"Favour'd as ours, tranſgreſſors from the womb,
"And haſting to a grave, yet doom'd to riſe,
"And to poſſeſs a brighter heaven than yours?
"As one who, long detain'd on foreign ſhores,
"Pants to return, and when he ſees afar [rocks
"His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd
"From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
"Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
"So I with animated hopes behold,
"And many an aching wiſh, your beamy fires,
"That ſhew like beacons in the blue abyſs,
"Ordain'd to guide th' embodied ſpirit home
"From toilſome life to never-ending reſt.
"Love kindles as I gaze. I feel deſires
"That give aſſurance of their own ſucceſs,
"And that infus'd from heav'n muſt thither tend."
So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates; thy lamp, myſterious Word!
Which whoſo ſees no longer wanders loſt,
With intellects bemaz'd, in endleſs doubt,
But runs the road of wiſdom. Thou haſt built,
With means that were not, till by thee employ'd,
Worlds that had never been, had'ſt thou in ſtrength
Been leſs, or leſs benevolent than ſtrong.
They are thy witneſſes, who ſpeak thy pow'r
And goodneſs infinite, but ſpeak in ears
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures teſtify of thee
Till thou proclaim thyſelf. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praiſe of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its uſe.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Poſſeſs the heart, and fables falſe as hell,
Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death
The uninform'd and heedleſs ſons of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourſelves as blind,
The glory of thy work, which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human ſcrutiny, and prov'd
Then ſkilful moſt when moſt ſeverely judg'd.
But chance is not, or is not where thou reign'ſt:
Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r
(If pow'r ſhe be that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refuſing, while we can,
Inſtruction, and inventing to ourſelves
Gods ſuch as guilt makes welcome, Gods that ſleep,
Or diſregard our follies, or that ſit
Amus'd ſpectators of this buſtling ſtage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
Made ſuch by thee, we love thee for that cauſe
For which we ſhunn'd and hated thee before.
Then we are free: then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the ſoul, and by a flaſh from Heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not
Till thou haſt touch'd them; 'tis the voice of ſong,

A loud

A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works,
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.
In that blest moment, Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opake, discloses with a smile
The Author of her beauties, who, retir'd
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word!
From thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.
From thee is all that sooths the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, O! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

§ 135. *That Philosophy which stops at Secondary Causes reproved.* COWPER.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs,
This truth, philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men
That live an atheist life; involves the heaven
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery bile upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming health.
He calls for famine; and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
And taints the golden ear: he springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects,
Of action and re-action. He has found
The source of the disease that Nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught,
And learn, tho' late, the genuine cause of all.

§ 136. *Rural Sounds as well as Sights delightful.* COWPER.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To sooth and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose
Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain, [notes
But cawing rooks, and kites, that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jaye, the pye, and ev'n the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet, heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

§ 137. *The Weariſomeneſs of what is commonly called a Life of Pleaſure.* COWPER.

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears;
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale [own.
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd---finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cypher, while her proxy plays.

Other

Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again,
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life, and cling to it; as he
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them! No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits—all forbid.
Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose head-achs nail them to a noon-day bed;
And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stript off by cruel chance;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

§ 138. *Satirical Review of our Trips to France.* Cowper.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savour maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility. Breathe soft
Ye clarionets, and softer still ye flutes,
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
True, we may thank the perfidy of France,
That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
With all the cunning of an envious shrew:
And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state.
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets, in peace, the injuries of war,
And gives his distrest foe a friend's embrace.
And, sham'd as we have been, to the very beard
Brav'd and defied, and in our own sea prov'd
Too weak for those decisive blows that once
Insur'd us mast'ry there, we yet retain
Some small pre-eminence: we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own.
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And shew the shame ye might conceal, at home,
In foreign eyes!—be grooms, and win the plate.
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!

§ 139. *The Pulpit the Engine of Reformation.* Cowper.

The Pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch the holy thing)---
The Pulpit (when the sat'rist has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte)---
I say the Pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs) [stand
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies: his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete,
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own; and trains, by ev'ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.

§ 140. *The Petit-Maitre Clergyman.* Cowper.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves,
But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyship's, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment, for its gold,
And well prepar'd by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love o' th' world
To make God's work a sinecure: a slave
To his own pleasures, and his patron's pride—
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

§ 141. *Armine and Elvira, a Legendary Tale.* Cartwright.

PART I.

A hermit on the banks of Trent,
Far from the world's bewildering maze,
To humbler scenes of calm content
Had fled, from brighter, busier days.

If haply from his guarded breast
Should steal the unsuspected sigh;
And Memory, an unbidden guest,
With former passions fill'd his eye:

Then pious hope and duty prais'd
The wisdom of th' unerring sway;
And while his eye to heaven he rais'd,
Its silent waters sunk away.

Life's gayer enſigns once he bore—
Ah! what avails the mournful tale?
Suffice it, when the ſcene was o'er,
He fled to the ſequeſter'd vale.

"What tho' the joys I lov'd ſo well,
"The charms," he cry'd, "that youth has
"known,
"Fly from the hermit's lonely cell!
"Yet is not Armine ſtill my own?

"Yes, Armine, yes, thou valued youth!
"'Midſt every grief thou ſtill art mine!
"Dear pledge of Winifreda's truth,
"And ſolace of my life's decline.

"Tho' from the world and worldly care
"My wearied mind I mean to free,
"Yet ev'ry hour that heaven can ſpare,
"My Armine, I devote to thee.

"And ſure that heaven my hopes ſhall bleſs,
"And make thee fam'd for virtues fair,
"And happy too, if happineſs
"Depend upon a parent's pray'r:

"Laſt hope of life's departing day,
"In whom its future ſcenes I ſee!
"No truant thought ſhall ever ſtray
"From this lone hermitage and thee."

Thus, to his humble fate reſign'd,
His breaſt each anxious care foregoes;
All but the care of Armine's mind,
The deareſt taſk a parent knows!

And well were all his cares repaid;
In Armine's breaſt each virtue grew,
In full maturity diſplay'd
To fond Affection's anxious view.

Nor yet neglected were the charms
To poliſh'd life that grace impart:
Virtue, he knew, but feebly warms
Till ſcience humanize the heart.

And, when he ſaw the lawleſs train
Of paſſions in the youthful breaſt,
He curb'd them not with rigid rein,
But ſtrove to ſooth them into reſt.

"Think not, my ſon, in this," he cry'd,
"A father's precept ſhall diſpleaſe;
"No—be each paſſion gratify'd
"That tends to happineſs or eaſe.

"Nor ſhall th' ungrateful taſk be mine
"Their native gen'rous warmth to blame,
"That warmth if reaſon's ſuffrage join
"To point the object and the aim.

"This ſuffrage wanting, know, fond boy,
"That every paſſion proves a foe:
"Tho' much it deal in promis'd joy,
"It pays, alas! in certain woe.

"Complete Ambition's wildeſt ſchame;
"In Power's moſt brilliant robes appear;
"Indulge in Fortune's golden dream;
"Then aſk thy breaſt if Peace be there.

"No: it ſhall tell thee, Peace retires
"If once of her lov'd friends depriv'd;
"Contentment calm, ſubdu'd deſires,
"And happineſs that's ſelf-deriv'd."

To temper thus the ſtronger fires
Of youth he ſtrove; for well he knew,
Boundleſs as thought tho' man's deſires,
The real wants of life were few.

And oft revolving in his breaſt
Th' inſatiate luſt of wealth or fame,
He, with no common care oppreſt,
To fortune thus would oft exclaim:

"O Fortune! at thy crowded ſhrine
"What wretched worlds of ſuppliants bow!
"For ever hail'd thy power divine,
"For ever breath'd the ſerious vow.

"With tottering pace and feeble knee,
"See age advance in ſhameleſs haſte,
"The palſy'd hand is ſtretch'd to thee
"For wealth he wants the power to taſte:

"See, led by Hope, the youthful train,
"Her fairy dreams their hearts have won;
"She points to what they ne'er ſhall gain,
"Or dearly gain—to be undone.

"Muſt I too form the votive prayer,
"And wilt thou hear one ſuppliant more?
"His prayer, O Fortune! deign to hear,
"To thee who never pray'd before.

"O may one dear, one favour'd youth,
"May Armine ſtill thy power diſclaim;
"Kneel only at the ſhrine of truth,
"Count freedom wealth, and virtue fame!"

Lo! to his utmoſt wiſhes bleſt,
The prayer was heard; and freedom's flame,
And truth the ſunſhine of the breaſt,
Were Armine's wealth, were Armine's fame.

His heart no ſelfiſh cares confin'd,
He felt for all that feel diſtreſs;
And, ſtill benevolent and kind,
He bleſs'd them, or he wiſh'd to bleſs.

For what tho' Fortune's frown deny
With wealth to bid the ſufferer live,
Yet Pity's hand can oft ſupply
A balm ſhe never knew to give:

Can oft with lenient drops aſſuage
The wounds no ruder hand can heal,
When grief, deſpair, diſtraction, rage,
While Death the lips of love ſhall ſeal.

Ah then, his anguiſh to remove,
Depriv'd of all his heart holds dear,
How ſweet the ſtill ſurviving love
Of Friendſhip's ſmile, of Pity's tear!

This knew the ſire: he oft would cry,
"From theſe, my ſon, O ne'er depart!
"Theſe tender charities that tie
"In mutual league the human heart.

"Be thine thoſe feelings of the mind,
"That wake at Honour's, Friendſhip's call:
"Benevolence, that unconfin'd
"Extends her liberal hand to all.

" By Sympathy's untutor'd voice
" Be taught her ſocial laws to keep;
" Rejoice if human heart rejoice,
" And weep if human eye ſhall weep.

" The heart that bleeds for others' woes
" Shall feel each ſelfiſh ſorrow leſs;
" His breaſt, who happineſs beſtows,
" Reflected happineſs ſhall bleſs.

" Each ruder paſſion ſtill withſtood
" That breaks o'er virtue's ſober line,
" The tender, noble, and the good,
" To cheriſh and indulge be thine.

" And yet, my Armine, might I name
" One paſſion as a dangerous gueſt,
" Well mayſt thou wonder when I blame
" The tendereſt, nobleſt, and the beſt.

" Nature, 'tis true, with love deſign'd
" To ſmooth the race our fathers ran;
" The ſavage of the human kind
" By love was ſoften'd into man.

" As feels the ore the ſearching fire,
" Expanding and refining too,
" So fairer glow'd each fair deſire,
" Each gentle thought ſo gentler grew.

" How chang'd, alas! thoſe happy days!
" A train how different now ſucceeds!
" While ſordid Avarice betrays,
" Or empty Vanity miſleads.

" Fled from the heart each nobler gueſt,
" Each genuine feeling we forego;
" What nature planted in the breaſt
" The flowers of love, are weeds of woe.

" Hence all the pangs the heart muſt feel
" Between contending paſſions toſt,
" Wild Jealouſy's avenging ſteel,
" And life, and fame, and virtue loſt!

" Yet falling life, yet fading fame,
" Compar'd to what his heart annoy
" Who cheriſhes a hopeleſs flame,
" Are terms of happineſs and joy.

" Ah, then, the ſoft contagion fly!
" And timely ſhun th' alluring bait!"
The riſing bluſh, the downcaſt eye,
Proclaim'd—the precept was too late.

PART II.

DEEP in the boſom of a wood,
Where art had form'd the moated iſle,
An antique caſtle tow'ring ſtood,
In Gothic grandeur roſe the pile.

Here Raymond, long in arms renown'd,
From ſcenes of war would oft repair:
His bed an only daughter crown'd,
And ſmil'd away a father's care.

By Nature's happieſt pencil drawn,
She wore the vernal morning's ray;
The vernal morning's bluſhing dawn
Breaks not ſo beauteous into day.

Her breaſt, impatient of controul,
Scorn'd in its ſilken chains to lie,
And the ſoft language of the ſoul
Flow'd from her never-ſilent eye.

The bloom that open'd on her face
Well ſeem'd the emblem of her mind,
Where ſnowy innocence we trace
With bluſhing modeſty combin'd.

To theſe reſiſtleſs grace impart
That look of ſweetneſs form'd to pleaſe,
That elegance devoid of art,
That dignity that's loſt in eaſe.

What youth ſo cold could view unmov'd
The maid that ev'ry beauty ſhar'd?
Her Armine ſaw; he ſaw, he lov'd;
He lov'd—alas! and he deſpair'd!

Unhappy youth! he ſunk oppreſt;
For much he labour'd to conceal
That gentleſt paſſion of the breaſt,
Which all can feign, but few can feel.

Ingenuous fears ſuppreſs'd the flame,
Yet ſtill he own'd its hidden power;
With tranſport dwelling on her name,
He ſooth'd the ſolitary hour.

" How long," he cry'd, " muſt I conceal
" What yet my heart could wiſh were known?
" How long the trueſt paſſion feel,
" And yet that paſſion fear to own?

" Ah, might I breathe my humble vow!
" Might ſhe too deign to lend an ear!
" Elvira's ſelf ſhould then allow
" That Armine was at leaſt ſincere.

" Wild wiſh! to deem the matchleſs maid
" Would liſten to a youth like me,
" Or that my vows could e'er perſuade,
" Sincere and conſtant tho' they be!

" Ah! what avail my love or truth?
" She liſtens to no lowly ſwain;
" Her charms muſt bleſs ſome happier youth,
" Some youth of Fortune's titled train,

" Then go, fallacious Hope! adieu!
" The flattering proſpect I reſign;
" And bear from my deluded view
" The bliſs that never muſt be mine!

" Yet will the youth, whoe'er he be,
" In truth or tenderneſs excel?
" Or will he on thy charms like me
" With fondneſs never-dying dwell?

" Will he with thine his hopes unite?
" With ready zeal thy joys improve?
" With fond attention and delight
" Each wiſh prevent, each fear remove?

" Will he, ſtill faithful to thy charms,
" For conſtant love be long rever'd?
" Nor quit that heaven within thy arms
" By every tender tie endear'd?

" What tho' his boaſtful heart be vain
" Of all that birth or fortune gave,
" Yet is not mine, tho' rude and plain,
" At leaſt as noble and as brave?

" Then

"Then be its gentle ſuit preferr'd!
"Its tender ſighs Elvira hear!
"In vain—I ſigh---but ſigh unheard;
"Unpitied falls this lonely tear!"

Twice twelve revolving moons had paſs'd,
Since firſt he caught the fatal view;
Unchang'd by time his ſorrows laſt,
Unchear'd by hope his paſſion grew.

That paſſion to indulge, he ſought
In Raymond's groves the deepeſt ſhade;
There fancy's haunting ſpirit brought
The image of his long-lov'd maid.

But hark! what more than mortal ſound
Steals on Attention's raptur'd ear?
The voice of harmony around
Swells in wild whiſpers ſoft and clear.

Can human hand a tone ſo fine
Sweep from the ſtring with touch prophane?
Can human lip with breath divine
Pour on the gale ſo ſweet a ſtrain?

'Tis ſhe---the ſource of Armine's woe---
'Tis ſhe---whence all his joy muſt ſpring---
From her lov'd lips the numbers flow,
Her magic hand awakes the ſtring.

Now, Armine, now thy love proclaim,
Thy inſtant ſuit the time demands;
Delay not---Tumult ſhakes his frame,
And loſt in extacy he ſtands.

What magic chains thee to the ground?
What ſtar malignant rules the hour,
That thus in fix'd delirium drown'd
Each ſenſe entranc'd hath loſt its pow'r?

The trance diſpel! awake! ariſe!
Speak what untutor'd love inſpires!
The moment's paſt—thy wild ſurpriſe
She ſees, nor unalarm'd retires.

"Stay, ſweet illuſion! ſtay thy flight!
"'Tis gone!---Elvira's form it wore---
"Yet one more glimpſe of ſhort delight!
"'Tis gone, to be beheld no more!

"Fly, loitering feet! the charm purſue
"That plays upon my hopes and fears!
"Hah!---no illuſion mocks my view!
"'Tis ſhe---Elvira's ſelf appears!

"And ſhall I on her ſteps intrude?
"Alarm her in theſe lonely ſhades?
"O ſtay, fair nymph! no ruffian rude
"With baſe intent your walk invades.

"Far gentler thoughts"---his faultering tongue,
By humble diffidence reſtrain'd,
Paus'd in ſuſpence---but thus ere long,
As love impell'd, its power regain'd:

"Far gentler thoughts that form inſpires;
"With me far gentler paſſions dwell;
"This heart hides only blameleſs fires,
"Yet burns with what it fears to tell.

"The faultering voice that fears controul,
"Bluſhes that inward fires declare,
"Each tender tumult of the ſoul
"In ſilence owns Elvira there."

He ſaid; and as the trembling dove
Sent forth t' explore the watry plain,
Soon fear'd her flight might fatal prove,
And ſudden ſought her ark again,

His heart recoil'd; as one that rued
What he too haſtily confeſs'd,
And all the riſing ſoul ſubdued
Sought refuge in his inmoſt breaſt.

The tender ſtrife Elvira ſaw
Diſtreſt; and as ſome parent mild,
When arm'd with words and looks of awe,
Melts o'er the terrors of her child,

Reproof prepar'd and angry fear
In ſoft ſenſations died away;
They felt the force of Armine's tear,
And fled from pity's riſing ſway.

"That mournful voice, that modeſt air,
"Young ſtranger, ſpeak the courteous breaſt;
"Then why to theſe rude ſcenes repair,
"Of ſhades the ſolitary gueſt?

"And who is ſhe whoſe fortunes bear
"Elvira's melancholy name?
"O may thoſe fortunes prove more fair
"Than hers who ſadly owns the ſame!"

"Ah gentle maid, in mine ſurvey
"A heart," he cries, "that's yours alone;
"Long has it own'd Elvira's ſway,
"Tho' long unnotic'd and unknown.

"On Sherwood's old heroic plain
"Elvira grac'd the feſtal day;
"There, foremoſt of the youthful train,
"Her Armine bore the prize away.

"There firſt that form my eyes ſurvey'd,
"With future hopes that fill'd my heart;
"But ah! beneath that frown they fade—
"Depart, vain, vanquiſh'd hopes! depart!"

He ſaid; and on the ground his eyes
Were fix'd abaſh'd: th' attentive maid,
Loſt in the tumult of ſurpriſe.
The well-remember'd youth ſurvey'd,

The tranſient colour went and came:
The ſtruggling boſom ſunk and roſe;
The trembling tumults of her frame
The ſtrong conflicting ſoul diſcloſe.

The time, the ſcene ſhe ſaw with dread,
Like Cynthia ſetting glanc'd away:
But ſcatter'd bluſhes as ſhe fled,
Bluſhes that ſpoke a brighter day.

A friendly ſhepherd's neighbouring ſhed
To paſs the live-long night he ſought:
And hope, the lover's downy bed
A ſweeter charm than ſlumber brought.

On every thought Elvira dwelt,
The tender air, the aſpect kind,
The pity that he found ſhe felt,
And all the angel in her mind,

No ſelf-plum'd vanity was there,
With fancy'd conſequence elate;
Unknown to her the haughty air
That means to ſpeak ſuperior ſtate,

Her brow no ſtern reſentments arm,
No ſwell of empty pride ſhe knew,
In trivial minds that takes th' alarm,
Should humble Love aſpire to ſue.

Such Love, by flattering charms betray'd,
Shall yet, indignant, ſoon rebel,
And, bluſhing for the choice he made,
Shall fly where gentler virtues dwell.

Tis then the mind, from bondage free,
And all its former weakneſs o'er,
Aſſerts its native dignity,
And ſcorns what folly priz'd before.

The ſcanty pane the riſing ray
On the plain wall in diamonds threw;
The lover hail'd the welcome day,
And to his favourite ſcene he flew.

There ſoon Elvira bent her way,
Where long her lonely walks had been;
Nor leſs had the preceeding day,
Nor Armine leſs endear'd the ſcene.

Oft' as ſhe paſs'd, her riſing heart
Its ſtronger tenderneſs confeſs'd,
And oft ſhe linger'd to impart
To ſome ſoft ſhade her ſecret breaſt.

"How ſlow the heavy hours advance."
She cry'd, "ſince that eventful day,
"When firſt I caught the fatal glance
"That ſtole me from my ſelf away!

"Ah, youth belov'd! tho' low thy birth,
"The noble air, the manly grace,
"That look that ſpeaks ſuperior worth,
"Can faſhion, folly, fear eraſe?

"Yet ſure from no ignoble ſtem
"Thy lineage ſprings, tho' now unknown:
"The world cenſorious may condemn,
"But, Armine, I am thine alone.

"To ſplendour only do we live?
"Muſt pomp alone our thoughts employ?
"All, all that pomp and ſplendour give
"Is dearly bought with love and joy!

"But oh!---the favour'd youth appears---
"In penſive grief he ſeems to move:
"My heart forbodes unnumber'd fears;
"Support it Pity, Virtue, Love!

"Hither his footſteps ſeem to bend---
"Come, Reſolution, to my aid!
"My breaſt what varying paſſions rend!
"Averſe to go---to ſtay---afraid!"

"Dear object of each fond deſire
"That throbs tumultuous in my breaſt!
"Why with averted glance retire?
"At Armine's preſence why diſtreſt?

"What tho' he boaſt no titled name,
"No wide extent of rich domain,
"Yet muſt he feed a hopeleſs flame,
"Muſt truth and nature plead in vain?"

"Think not," ſhe ſaid, "by forms betray'd,
"To humbler worth my heart is blind;
"For ſoon ſhall every ſplendour fade,
"That beams not from thy gifted mind.

"But firſt thy heart explore with care,
"With faith its fond emotions prove;
"Lurks no unworthy paſſion there?
"Prompts not ambition bold to love?

"Yes, lovely maid," the youth replies,
"A bold ambition prompts my breaſt,
"The towering hope that love ſupplies,
"The wiſh in bleſſing to be bleſt.

"The meaner proſpects I deſpiſe
"That wealth, or rank, or power beſtow;
"Be yours the grovelling bliſs ye prize,
"Ye ſordid minds that ſtoop ſo low!

"Be mine the more refin'd delights
"Of love that baniſhes controul,
"When the fond heart with heart unites,
"And ſoul's in uniſon with ſoul."

Elvira bluſh'd the warm reply,
(To love a language not unknown)
The milder glories fill'd her eye,
And there a ſofter luſtre ſhone.

The yielding ſmile that's half ſuppreſt,
The ſhort quick breath, the trembling tear,
The ſwell tumultuous of the breaſt,
In Armine's favour all appear.

At each kind glance their ſouls unite,
While love's ſoft ſympathy imparts
That tender tranſport of delight
That beats in undivided hearts.

Reſpectful to his lips he preſs'd
Her yielded hand; in haſte away
Her yielded hand ſhe drew diſtreſt,
With looks that witneſs'd wild diſmay.

"Ah whence, fair excellence, thoſe fears?
"What terror unforeſeen alarms?"
"See! where a father's frown appears"—
She ſaid, and ſunk into his arms.

"My daughter! heavens! it cannot be—
"And yet it muſt—O dire diſgrace!
"Elvira have I liv'd to ſee
"Claſp'd in a peaſant's vile embrace!

"This daring guilt let death repay"—
His vengeful arm the javelin threw,
With erring aim it wing'd its way,
And far, by Fate averted, flew.

Elvira breathes—her pulſes beat,
Returning life illumes her eye:
Trembling a father's view to meet,
She ſpies a reverend hermit nigh.

"Your wrath," ſhe cries, "let tears aſſuage—
"Unheeded muſt Elvira pray?
"O let an injur'd father's rage
"This hermit's ſacred preſence ſtay!

"Yet deem not, loſt in guilty love,
"I plead to ſave my virgin fame;
"My weakneſs Virtue might approve,
"And ſmile on nature's holy flame."

"O welcome to my hopes again,
"My ſon!" the raptur'd hermit cries;
"I fought thee ſorrowing on the plain,"
And all the father fill'd his eyes,

"Art thou," the raging Raymond ſaid,
"Of this audacious boy the ſire?
"Curſe on the dart that idly ſped,
"Nor bade his peaſant ſoul expire!"

"His peaſant ſoul!"—indignant fire
Flaſh'd from the conſcious father's eye:
"A gallant earl is Armine's ſire,
"And know, proud chief, that earl am I.

"Tho' here, within the hermit's cell,
"I long have liv'd unknown to fame,
"Yet crowded camps and courts can tell—
"Thou too haſt heard of Egbert's name."

"Hah! Egbert! he, whom tyrant rage
"Forc'd from his country's bleeding breaſt?
"The patron of my orphan age,
"My friend, my warrior ſtands confeſt!

"But why?"—"The painful ſtory ſpare:
"That proſtrate youth," ſaid Egbert, "ſee;
"His anguiſh aſks a parent's care,
"A parent, once who pitied thee!"

Raymond, as one who, glancing round,
Seems from ſome ſudden trance to ſtart,
Snatch'd the pale lovers from the ground,
And held them trembling to his heart.

Joy, Gratitude, and Wonder ſhed
United tears o'er Hymen's reign,
And nature her beſt triumph led,
For Love and Virtue join'd her train.

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§ 142. *An Italian Song.* ROGERS.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Cloſe by my cot ſhe tells her tale
To every paſſing villager.
The ſquirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And ſhells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my lov'd lute's romantic ſound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For thoſe that win the race at eve.

The ſhepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the ſilent greenwood ſhade;
Theſe ſimple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

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§. 143. *Henry and Emma, a Poem upon the Model of the Nut-Brown Maid.* PRIOR.

TO CHLOE.

THOU, to whoſe eyes I bend; at whoſe command
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artleſs be my hand)
I take the ſprightly reed, and ſing, and play;
Careleſs of what the cenſuring world may ſay:
Bright Chloe, object of my conſtant vow,
Wilt thou a while unbend thy ſerious brow?
Wilt thou with pleaſure hear thy lover's ſtrains,
And with one heav'nly ſmile o'erpay his pains?
No longer ſhall *the Nut-Brown Maid* be old;
Tho' ſince her youth three hundred years have roll'd.
At thy deſire, ſhe ſhall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in laſting verſe be prais'd.

No longer man of woman ſhall complain,
That he may love and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle ſex purſue,
Who change the conſtant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever ſaid,
Of female paſſion feign'd, or faith decay'd:
Henceforth ſhall in my verſe refuted ſtand,
Be ſaid to winds, or writ upon the ſand.
And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame;
O faireſt of the ſex! be thou my Muſe:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuſe:
Let me partake the bleſſings I rehearſe,
And grant me love, the juſt reward of verſe.

As beauty's potent queen, with ev'ry grace,
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her ſon has to my boſom dealt
That conſtant flame, which faithful Henry felt;
O let the ſtory with thy life agree:
Let men once more the bright example ſee;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor ſend me by thy frown from her I love,
Diſtant and ſad, a baniſh'd man to rove.
But oh! with pity long-entreated crown
My pains and hopes; and, when thou ſay'ſt that one alone.
Of all mankind thou lov'ſt, oh! think on me

WHERE beauteous Iſis and her huſband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the ſame,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts beſtow'd, and great reſpect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with ſucceſsful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to the king's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully diſcharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witneſs of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign ſpoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noiſy court
In honourable eaſe and rural ſport,
The remnant of his days he ſafely paſs'd;
Nor found they lagg'd too ſlow, nor flew too faſt.
He made his wiſh with his eſtate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaſte and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name:
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as when little round his knees ſhe play'd,
He call'd her oft, in ſport, his *Nut-brown Maid*;
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As ſtill they pleaſe, who imitate their lord);

Uſage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
Themutual terms aroundthelandswereknown;
And Emma and *the Nut-brown Maid* were one.
As with her ſtature, ſtill her charms increas'd;
Thro' all the iſle her beauty was confeſs'd.
Oh! what perfections muſt that virgin ſhare,
Who faireſt is eſteem'd, where all are fair!
From diſtant ſhires repair the noble youth,
And find report, for once, had leſſen'd truth.
By wonder firſt, and then by paſſion mov'd,
They came; they ſaw; they marvell'd; and they lov'd.
By public praiſes, and by ſecret ſighs,
Each own'd the gen'ral power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant ſtrove,
By glorious deeds to purchaſe Emma's love.
In gentle verſe, the witty told their flame,
Andgrac'dtheirchoiceſtſongswithEmma'sname.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Uſeleſs their ſtrength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only muſt direct the dart,
Which elſe will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of th' attempts of force, and ſoft effects of art.
Great Venus muſt prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cauſe her favour muſt be ſhown:
And Emma, of mankind, muſt love but him alone.
While theſe in public to the caſtle came,
And by their grandeur juſtify'd their flame;
More ſecret ways the careful Henry takes;
His ſquires, his arms, and equipage forſakes:
In borrow'd name and falſe attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to ſee the beauteous maid.
WhenEmmahunts, in huntſman's habit dreſt,
Henry on foot purſues the bounding beaſt.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears:
And graceful at his ſide his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where ſhe has bent her way,
With knowing ſkill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill, and ſhun the brake;
And ſhows the path her ſteed may ſafeſt take;
Directs her ſpear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd, in his toils, to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praiſes with no common ſound.
A falco'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarſels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wriſt the tow'ring merlin ſtands,
Practis'd to riſe, and ſtoop, at her commands.
And when ſuperior now the bird has flown,
Andheadlongbroughtthetumblingquarrydown;
With humble rev'rence he accoſts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet ſtill, as from the ſportive field he goes,
His downcaſt eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and ſorrow is expreſt,
A nobler game purſued than bird or beaſt.
A ſhepherd now along the plain he roves;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighb'ring ſwains around the ſtranger throng,
Or to admire or emulate his ſong:
While, with ſoft ſorrow, he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praiſe.
But, ſoon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raiſes to a nobler ſtrain;
With dutiful reſpect, and ſtudious fear,
Leſt any careleſs ſound offend her ear.
A frantic gipſy, now the houſe he haunts,
And in wild phraſes ſpeaks diſſembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmiſtry he deals:
They tell the ſecret firſt, which he reveals:
Says who ſhall wed, and who ſhall be beguil'd;
Whatgroomſhallget,andſquiremaintainthechild.
But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A ſofter look unbends his op'ning brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in ſoft accents forms the kind reply;
That ſhe ſhall prove as fortunate as fair,
AndHymen'schoiceſtgiftsareallreſerv'dforher.
Now oft had Henry chang'd his ſly diſguiſe,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
Oft had found means alone to ſee the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft, the pangs of abſence to remove
By letters, ſoft interpreters of love:
Till time and induſtry (the mighty two
That bring our wiſhes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt toEmma'sheartaſhareofHenry'spain.
While Cupid ſmil'd, by kind occaſion bleſt,
And, with the ſecret kept, the love increas'd;
The amorous youth frequents the ſilent groves
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves: 'tis true; and is belov'd again;
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with ſmiles receives his preſent flame;
But, ſmiling, will ſhe ever be the ſame?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And ſummer ſeas are turn'd by ſudden winds.
Another love may gain her eaſy youth:
Timechangesthought;andflatt'ryconquerstruth.
O impotent eſtate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal ſtrife;
Where fleeting joy does laſting doubt inſpire;
And moſt we queſtion, what we moſt deſire.
Amongſt thy various gifts, great heav'n, beſtow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauſeous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleaſurable taſte;
Or deems it not ſincere; or fears it cannot laſt.
With wiſhes rais'd, with jealouſies oppreſt,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breaſt)
By one great trial he reſolves to prove
The faith of women, and the force of love.
If, ſcanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame incloſe a ſteady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy ſecure;
And live a ſlave to Hymen's happy pow'r.
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in reaſon's equal ſcale,
Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,
The latent miſchief from his heart to tear,
Reſume his azure arms, and ſhine again in war.

South of the caſtle, in a verdant glade,
A ſpreading beech extends her friendly ſhade:
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her ſilence had her heart declar'd.
As active ſpring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half expreſs'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon the tree: and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's ſoft addreſs,
That as the wound, the paſſion might increaſe.
As potent nature ſhed her kindly ſhow'rs,
And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flowers;
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conqueſt, with her preſent crown'd,
Glorious thro' all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each ſwain the myſtic honour ſhown;
The gift ſtill prais'd, the giver ſtill unknown.

His ſecret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms expreſs,
That unforeſeen miſchance diſturb'd his peace;
That he muſt ſomething to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone ſhe griev'd:
For diff'rent this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear boſom of *his Nut-brown Maid*;
Which always bleſs'd her eyes, and own'd her pow'r;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanc'd. The houſe in ſleep were laid;
The nurſe experienc'd, and the prying maid:
At laſt that ſprite, which does inceſſant haunt
The lover's ſteps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For Love, fantaſtic power, that is afraid
To ſtir abroad till watchfulneſs be laid,
Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and valleys ſtrays,
And leads his vot'ries ſafe thro' pathleſs ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes ſhall find
Where Cupid goes; tho' he, poor guide, is blind.

The maiden, firſt arriving, ſent her eye
To aſk, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear, and with deſire, with joy and pain,
She ſees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his ſteps proclaim no lover's haſte;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are caſt;
His artful boſom heaves diſſembled ſighs;
And tears ſuborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With eaſe, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real ſorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling, the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive ſtood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke ſilence firſt: the tale alternate ran:

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, haſt thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain boſom ever ſtrove
With the firſt tumults of a real love?
Haſt thou now dreaded, and now bleſt his ſway,
By turns averſe, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin ſoftneſs haſt thou e'er bewail'd,
As reaſon yielded, and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's reſiſtleſs dart,
His killing pleaſure, his ecſtatic ſmart,
And heav'nly poiſon thrilling thro' thy heart?
If ſo, with pity view my wretched ſtate;
At leaſt deplore, and then forget my fate:
To ſome more happy knight reſerve thy charms,
By fortune favour'd, and ſucceſsful arms:
And only, as the ſun's revolving ray,
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one ſigh, and ſet apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endleſs care.
For me, alas! out-caſt of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire diſgrace;
For lo! theſe hands in murder are embru'd;
Theſe trembling feet by juſtice are purſu'd:
Fate calls aloud, and haſtens me away;
A ſhameful death attends my longer ſtay;
And I this night muſt fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a baniſhed man to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliſs that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true paſſion, if unbleſt it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare,
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor falſe one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my boſom reign'd:
The god of love himſelf inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of ſtores, and total war.

O! ceaſe then coldly to ſuſpect my love;
And let my deed, at leaſt, my faith approve.
Alas! no youth ſhall my endearments ſhare;
Nor day nor night ſhall interrupt my care;
No future ſtory ſhall with truth upbraid
The cold indiff'rence of *the Nut-brown Maid*:
Nor to hard baniſhment ſhall Henry run;
While careleſs Emma ſleeps on beds of down.
View me reſolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'ſt, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe:
For I atteſt, fair Venus and her ſon,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obſtruct thy vent'rous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and ſay:
That beauteous Emma vagrant courſes took;
Her father's houſe and civil life forſook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that leſſen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honour once, is always ſtain'd:

Timely advis'd, the coming evil ſhun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can abſolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that waſh out ſin, can waſh out ſhame.
Then fly the ſad effects of deſp'rate love; [rove.
And leave a baniſh'd man through lonely woods to

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapleſs caſe be falſely told
By the raſh young, or the ill-natur'd old:
Let ev'ry tongue its various cenſures chooſe;
Abſolve with coldneſs, or with ſpite accuſe:
Fair Truth at laſt her radiant beams will raiſe;
And malice vanquiſh'd heightens virtue's praiſe.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O! let my preſence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus ſhall exalt my name
Above the rumours of cenſorious Fame;
Nor from that buſy demon's reſtleſs pow'r
Will ever Emma other grace implore, [known,
Than that this truth ſhould to the world be
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou wield the ſword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the ſturdy foe? [nigh,
When the loud tumult ſpeaks the battle
And winged deaths in whiſtling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted ſtay,
Perform thy part, and ſhare the dangerous day?
Then, as thy ſtrength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitleſs ſorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy ſafety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little uſeleſs aid, and coward fly: [love
Then wilt thou curſe the chance that made thee
A baniſh'd man condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thaleſtris knew
To ſend the arrow from the twanging yew:
And, great in arms, and foremoſt in the war,
Bonduca brandiſh'd high the Britiſh ſpear.
Could thirſt of vengeance and deſire of fame
Excite the female breaſt with martial flame?
And ſhall not love's diviner pow'r inſpire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
Near thee, miſtruſt not, conſtant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquiſh, fighting by thy ſide.
Though my inferior ſtrength may not allow,
That I ſhould bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand I will the ſhaft ſupply,
And joy to ſee thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hoſtile reed,
Should'ſt thou (but Heav'n avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed;
To ſtop the wounds my fineſt lawn I'd tear,
Waſh them with tears, and wipe them with my hair:
Bleſt, when my dangers and my toils have ſhown,
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou, tender maid, canſt thou ſuſtain
Afflictive want, or hunger's preſſing pain?
Thoſe limbs, in lawn and ſofteſt ſilk array'd,
From ſun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? Can they reſiſt
The parching dog-ſtar, and the bleak north-eaſt,
When, chill'd by adverſe ſnows, and beating rain,
We tread with weary ſteps the longſome plain;
When with hard toil we ſeek our ev'ning food,
Berries and acorns from the neighb'ring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other houſe,
But the thin covert of ſome gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant ſend thine eye
Around the dreary waſte; and weeping try
(Tho' then alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hoſpitable gate,
And ſeats, where Eaſe and Plenty brooding ſate?
Thoſe ſeats, whence long excluded thou muſt mourn;
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a baniſh'd man condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy riſe of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede?
Did I but purpoſe to embark with thee
On the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer's ſea,
While gentle Zephyrs play in proſp'rous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the ſwelling ſails;
But would forſake the ſhip, and make the ſhore,
When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſts roar?
No, Henry, no: one ſacred oath has ty'd
Our loves; one deſtiny our life ſhall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
When from the cave thou riſeſt with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouſe the bounding prey;
The cave with moſs and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful fit, to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent bring'ſt the ſmitten deer
(For ſeldom, archers ſay, thy arrows err),
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
And ſtrike the ſparkling flint, and dreſs the food:
With humble duty, and officious haſte,
I'll cull the fartheſt mead for thy repaſt:
The choiceſt herbs I to thy board will bring;
And draw thy water from the freſheſt ſpring:
And when, at night, with weary toil oppreſt,
Soft ſlumbers thou enjoy'ſt, and wholeſome reſt;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous aſk, at morn's returning ray,
If thou haſt health, and I may bleſs the day.
My thoughts ſhall fix, my lateſt wiſh depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinſman, father, friend:
By all theſe ſacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart: and grateful let him own,
That ſhe, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'ſt me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildneſs of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goeſt, unhappieſt of thy kind,
Muſt leave the habit and the ſex behind.
No longer ſhall thy comely treſſes break
In flowing ringlets on thy ſnowy neck;

Or

Or ſit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer ſhall the boddice, aptly lac'd
From thy full boſom to thy ſlender waiſt,
That air and harmony of ſhape expreſs,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully leſs:
Nor ſhall thy lower garments' artful plait,
From thy fair ſide dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaſte beauties with a modeſt pride,
And double ev'ry charm they ſeek to hide.
Th' ambroſial plenty of thy ſhining hair,
Cropt off and loſt, ſcarce lower than thy ear,
Shall ſtand uncouth: a horſeman's coat ſhall hide
Thy taper ſhape and comelineſs of ſide:
The ſhort trunk-hoſe ſhall ſhew thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-ſight free,
And, with a bolder ſtride, and looſer air,
Mingled with men, a man thou muſt appear.
Nor ſolitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Miſtaken maid, ſhalt thou in foreſts find:
'Tis long ſince Cynthia and her train were there:
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws ſhall offend thy view;
For ſuch muſt be my friends; a hideous crew
By adverſe fortune mix'd in ſocial ill,
Train'd to aſſault, and diſciplin'd to kill:
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's laſh ſtill flagrant on their back:
By ſloth corrupted, by diſorder fed,
Made bold by want, and proſtitute for bread:
With ſuch muſt Emma hunt the tedious day,
Aſſiſt their violence, and divide their prey:
With ſuch ſhe muſt return at ſetting light,
'Tho' not partaker, witneſs of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable ſounds,
And pitying love, muſt feel the hateful wounds
Of jeſt obſcene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred queſtion, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worſe,
Muſt hear the frequent oath, the direful curſe,
That lateſt weapon of the wretches war;
And blaſphemy, ſad comrade of deſpair.
Now, Emma, now the laſt reflection make,
What thou would'ſt follow, what thou muſt forſake;
By our ill-omen'd ſtars, and adverſe heav'n,
No middle object to the choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love;
Or leave a baniſh'd man condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to ſuffer what thy honour hates;
Mix thee amongſt the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee ſhun.
Yet with her Henry ſtill let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but ſhare the woe:
And ſure my little heart can never err
Amidſt the worſt; if Henry ſtill be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the ſinner's mind proceeds the ſin:
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has aſſay'd no danger gains no praiſe.
In a ſmall iſle, amidſt the wideſt ſeas,
Triumphant Conſtancy has fix'd her ſeat:
In vain the ſyrens ſing, the tempeſts beat:
Their flattery ſhe rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone theſe little charms I dreſs'd;
Condemn'd them, or abſolv'd them by thy teſt.
In comely figure rang'd, my jewels ſhone,
Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone:
For thee again they ſhall be laid aſide;
The woman, Henry, ſhall put off her pride
For thee, my clothes, my ſex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the ſciſſars, with theſe hands I'll tear
(If that obſtructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black ſoot or yellow walnut ſhall diſgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
Theſe nails with ſcratches ſhall deform my breaſt,
Leſt by my look or colour be expreſs'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dreſs'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this diſguiſe,
Let me be grateful ſtill in Henry's eyes;
Loſt to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can abſolve; if he ſhall own,
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildeſt thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'ſt to go
Wild to the woods with me: ſaid Emma ſo?
Or did I dream what Emma never ſaid?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whoſe roving fancy would reſolve the ſame
With him, who next ſhould tempt her eaſy fame;
And blow with empty words the ſuſceptible flame.
Now why ſhould doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confeſs thy frailty, and avow thy ſex:
No longer looſe deſire for conſtant love
Miſtake; but ſay, 'tis man with whom thou long'ſt to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poiſons, racks, and flames and ſwords;
That Emma thus muſt die by Henry's words?
Yet what could ſwords or poiſon, racks or flame,
But mangle and diſjoint this brittle frame?
More fatal Henry's words: they murder Emma's fame.
And fall theſe ſayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil ſpeech and ſoft perſuaſion hung;
Whoſe artful ſweetneſs and harmonious ſtrain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd ſighs, and tears, and wiſhes, to its aid;
And, whilſt it Henry's glowing flame convey'd
Still blam'd the coldneis of *the Nut-brown Maid?*
Let envious jealouſy and canker'd ſpite
Produce my actions to ſevereſt light,
And tax my open day, or ſecret night.
Did e'er my tongue ſpeak my unguarded heart
The leaſt inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?

And

And haſt thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I muſt never own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'ſt of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our ſex is one.
Falſe are our words, and fickle is our mind:
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to laſt, or promiſes to bind.
By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by ſtrength or cunning we invade:
When, arm'd with rage, we march againſt the foe,
We lift the battle-ax, and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with paſſion, we attack the fair,
Deluſive ſighs and brittle vows we bear:
Our falſehood and our arms have equal uſe;
As they our conqueſt or delight produce.
The fooliſh heart thou gav'ſt, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be leſs wretched, be no longer true;
What ſtrives to fly thee why ſhouldſt thou purſue?
Forget thy preſent flame, indulge a new.
Single the loveliеſt of the am'rous youth;
Aſk for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou ſhalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, perſiſt, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right:
Be wiſe and falſe, ſhun trouble, ſeek delight;
Change thou the firſt, nor wait thy lover's flight.
Why ſhouldſt thou weep? let Nature judge our caſe;
I ſaw thee young and fair; purſu'd the chaſe
Of youth and beauty: I another ſaw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I purſued
More youth, more beauty: bleſt viciſſitude!
My active heart ſtill keeps its priſtine flame;
The object alter'd, the deſire the ſame.
This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms;
With preſent power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my ſubjected mind
(If beauty's force to conſtant love can bind),
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou doſt now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.
Nor can the wildneſs of thy wiſhes err
So wide, to hope that thou mayſt live with her.
Love, well thou know'ſt, no partnerſhip allows:
Cupid averſe rejects divided vows:
Then from thy fooliſh heart, vain maid, remove
An uſeleſs ſorrow, and an ill-ſtarr'd love;
And leave me with the fair at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the ſuperior ſex art thou the worſt?
Am I of mine the moſt completely curſt?
Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our diff'rent care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend,
A ſervant (ſhe may ſcorn the name of friend):
What ſhe demands, inceſſant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
My buſy diligence ſhall deck her board
(For there at leaſt I may approach my lord);
And, when her Henry's ſofter hours adviſe
His ſervant's abſence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and ſighs forbid to riſe.
Yet, when increaſing grief brings ſlow diſeaſe;
And ebbing life, on terms ſevere as theſe,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's miſtreſs ſhews him Emma dead;
Reſcue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my hearſe be deck'd,
And decent emblem; and at leaſt perſuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where ſhe,
With frequent eye my ſepulchre may ſee.
The nymph amidſt her joys may haply breathe
One pious ſigh, reflecting on my death,
And the ſad fate which ſhe may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou, forſworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart; [tear
Thou ſure muſt give one thought and drop one
To her, whom love abandon'd to deſpair;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded ſtone
Bid it in laſting characters be known,
That, of mankind, ſhe lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, ſolemn Jove! and, conſcious Venus, hear!
And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilſt I ſwear;
No time, no change, no future flame, ſhall move
The well-plac'd baſis of my laſting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At leaſt excuſe a trial too ſevere:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No baniſh'd man condemn'd in woods to rove
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight deſires to quit thy arms,
Faireſt collection of thy ſex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'ſt wiſh, ſhall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.
In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illuſtrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confeſs; for ſhe has felt his ſword
And trembling fled before the Britiſh lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
For ſhe amidſt his ſpacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And ſees his num'rous herd imprint her ſands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, ſhalt raiſe thy thought
To greatneſs next to empire; ſhalt be brought
With ſolemn pomp to my paternal ſeat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word ſhall wait.
Muſic and ſong ſhall wake the marriage-day:
And, whilſt the prieſts accuſe the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roſes ſhall obſtruct her way.

Friendſhip

Friendſhip ſhall ſtill thy evening feaſts adorn:
And blooming peace ſhall ever bleſs thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race ſhall run;
And Age unheeded by delight come on;
While yet ſuperior Love ſhall mock his pow'r;
And when old Time ſhall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold:
What reſts of both, one ſepulchre ſhall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breaſt
(That heaven of ſoftneſs, and that ſeat of reſt),
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in foreſts rove.

EMMA.

O day the faireſt ſure that ever roſe!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and ſource of her delight;
O wing'd with pleaſure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love!
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will be ever kind, and juſt, and good?
And is there then no miſtreſs in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was raſh and vain;
A falſe idea, and a fancied pain.
Doubt ſhall for ever quit my ſtrengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealouſy's corroding ſmart;
No other inmate ſhall inhabit there,
But ſoft Belief, young Joy, and pleaſing Care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the ſuppliant goddeſs ſtands,
And ſheds her treaſure with unwearied hands;
Her preſent favour cautious I 'll embrace;
And not unthankful uſe the proffer'd grace:
If ſhe reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods ſhe lent.
Nor happineſs can I, nor miſery feel,
From any turn of her fantaſtic wheel: [pow'rs,
Friendſhip's great laws, and love's ſuperior
Muſt mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I muſt my bleſſings or my ſorrows date;
And Henry's will muſt dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with cloſe delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful ſoul ſhall hide)
I ſee thee, lord and end of my deſire.
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power inveſted, and with pleaſure cheer'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppreſſor fear'd;
Loaded and bleſt with all the affluent ſtore
Which human vows at ſmoking ſhrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life ſubſervient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bleſs thy kindneſs ſhown
To her, who of mankind could love but the alone.

While thus the conſtant pair alternate ſaid,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and ſportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapp'd their wings and low they bowd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er.
To chooſe propitious ſhafts; a precious ſtore,
That, when their god ſhould take his future darts,
To ſtrike (however rarely) conſtant hearts,
His happy ſkill might proper arms employ,
All tipp'd with pleaſure, and all wing'd with joy;
And thoſe, they vow'd, whoſe lives ſhould imitate
Theſe lovers' conſtancy, ſhould ſhare their fate.

The queen of beauty ſtopp'd her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the god of war:
Soon as ſhe calls, the god is always near.

Now, Mars, ſhe ſaid, let Fame exalt her voice;
Nor let thy conqueſts only be her choice:
But when ſhe ſings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hoſtile ſpear and captive ſhield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
And when, as prudent Saturn ſhall complete
The years deſign'd to perfect Britain's ſtate,
The ſwift-wing'd pow'r ſhall take her trump again,
To ſing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unwearied Marlbro's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his ſpoils;
The Britiſh ſoldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquiſh'd by his hand:
Let her at leaſt perform what I deſire;
With ſecond breath the vocal braſs inſpire,
And tell the nations, in no vulgar ſtrain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are paſt;
And when thy laurels at my feet are caſt;
Faithful may'ſt thou, like Britiſh Henry prove:
And Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy ſons appear;
And conſtant beauty ſhall reward their care.

Mars ſmil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the ſky;
And thou, ſhe ſmiling ſaid, great god of days
And verſe, behold my deed, and ſing my praiſe;
As on the Britiſh earth, my fav'rite iſle,
Thy gentle rays and kindeſt influence ſmile,
Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy thoſe memorable loves:
From every annual courſe let one great day
To celebrated ſports and floral play
Be ſet aſide; and, in the ſofteſt lays
Oft thy poetic ſons, be ſolemn praiſe,
And everlaſting marks of honour paid
To *the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.*

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§ 144. *An Heroic Epiſtle to Sir William Chambers, Knight, Comptroller General of his Majeſty's Works, and Author of a late Diſſertation on Oriental Gardening. Enriched with Explanatory Notes, chiefly extracted from that elaborate Performance.* ANON.

Non omnes arbuſta juvant humilesque myricae. *Virgil.*

KNIGHT of the Polar Star! by Fortune plac'd,
To ſhine the Cynoſure* of Britiſh taſte;

* Cynosure, an affected phraſe; Cynosura is the conſtellation of Urſa Minor, or the Leſſer Bear, the next ſtar to the Pole. Dr. Newton on the word in Milton.

Whoſe

Whose orb collects in one refulgent view
The scatter'd glories of Chinese Virtù;
And spreads their lustre in so broad a blaze,
That Kings themselves are dazzled, while they gaze!
O let the Muse attend thy march sublime,
And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme;
Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song
With scenes of Yven-Ming,* and sayings of Li-Tsong;†
Like thee to scorn Dame Nature's simple fence;
Leap each ha-ha of truth and common sense;
And, proudly rising in her bold career,
Demand attention from the gracious ear
Of him, whom we and all the world admit
Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.
Does Envy doubt? Witness, ye chosen train!
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign;
Witness ye H*ls, ye J*ns*ns, Sc*ts, S*bb*s,
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.
Let D**d H*e, from the remotest North,
In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth;
D**d, who there supinely deigns to lye
The fattest Hog of Epicurus' stye;
Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
D**d shall bless old England's halcyon days;
The mighty Home, bemir'd in prose so long,
Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song:
While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in Ghosts to deal,
Bids candid Smollet from his coffin steal;
Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,
Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,
And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
To come from Hell, and warble *truth at Court.*‡
There was a time, "in Esher's peaceful grove,
"When Kent and Nature vy'd for Pelham's "love,"
That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,
And own'd that Beauty bless'd their mutual toil.
Mistaken Bard! could such a pair design
Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line?
Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
Felt, as we feel, Taste's oriental ray,
Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,
Call'd Kent a Driveller, and the Nymph a Drab.
For what is Nature? Ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;
Prolong the peal, yet spite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water.§
So, when some John his dull invention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's;
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple pies.
Come then, prolific art, and with thee bring
The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring;
To Richmond come, for see untutor'd Brown
Destroys those wonders which were once thy own.
Lo, from his melon-ground the peasant slave
Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's Cave;
Knock'd down the waxen Wizard, seiz'd his wand,
Transform'd to lawn what late was Fairy land;
And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design
Of Stephen Duck and good Queen Caroline.
Haste, bid yon livelong Terrace re-ascend,
Re-place each vista, straighten every bend;
Shut out the Thames; shall that ignoble thing
Approach the presence of great Ocean's King?
No! let Barbaric glories‖ feast his eyes,
August Pagodas round his palace rise,
And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
"A work to wonder at, perhaps a Kew."
Nor rest we here, but, at our magic call,
Monkies shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl;¶

* One of the Imperial gardens at Pekin.

† "Many trees, shrubs, and flowers," sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, "thrive best in low, moist situations; many on hills and mountains; some require a rich soil; but others will grow on clay, in sand, or even upon rocks, and in the water: to some a sunny exposition is necessary: but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but in general shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations, knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants, and consequently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diss. P. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth, as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

‡ Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned received a considerable pension in the time of Lord B---t's administration.

§ This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile, are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Dissertation. "*Nature* (says the Chinese, or Sir William for him) affords us but few materials to work with. *Plants, ground,* and *water,* are her only productions; and, though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of *changes rung upon bells,* which, though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of *jingling*; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived."---"*Art* must therefore supply *the scantiness of Nature,*" &c. &c. page 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, *like the honest Bachelor's feast,* which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; *three legs of mutton and turnips, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple-pies.*" Preface, page 7.

‖ So Milton "Where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings *Barbaric* pearl and gold."

¶ "In their lofty woods *serpents* and *lizards* of many beautiful sorts crawl upon the ground. Innumerable *monkies, cats,* and *parrots* clamber upon the trees." Page 40. "In their lakes are many *islands,* some small, some large, amongst which are seen stalking along, *the elephant,* the rhinoceros, the dromedary, ostrich, and the giant baboon." Page 66. "They keep, in their enchanted scenes, a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles, and animals, which are tamed by it, and guarded by enormous *dogs of Tibet,* and

Huge dogs of Tibit bark in yonder grove,
Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love;
In ſome fair iſland will we turn to graſs
(With the Queen's leave) her elephant and aſs.
Giants from Africa ſhall guard the glades, [maids;
Where hiſs our ſnakes, where ſport our Tartar
Or, wanting theſe, from Charlotte Hayes we bring
Damſels alike adroit to ſport and ſting.

Now, to our lawns of dalliance and delight
Join we the groves of horror and affright:
This to atchieve no foreign aids we try;
Thy gibbets, Bagſhot*! ſhall our wants ſupply;
Hounſlow whoſe heath ſublimer terrors fills,
Shall with her gibbets lend her powder-mills.
Here too, O King of Vengeance†, in thy fane,
Tremendous Wilkes ſhall rattle his gold chain‡;
And round that fane, on many a Tyburn tree,
Hang fragments dire of Newgate-hiſtory;
On this ſhall H*ll*d's dying ſpeech be read,
Here B—te's confeſſion, and his wooden head;
While all the minor plunderers of the age,
(Too numerous far for this contracted page)
The R*g*ys,——s§, Mungos, B*dl*ws there,
In ſtraw-ſtuft effigy, ſhall kick the air.
But, ſay ye powers, who come when fancy calls
Where ſhall our mimic London rear her walls‖?
The Eaſtern feature, Art muſt next produce:
Tho' not for preſent yet for future uſe,
Our ſons ſome ſlave of greatneſs may behold,
Caſt in the genuine Aſiatic mould:
Who of three realms ſhall condeſcend to know
No more than he can ſpy from Windſor's brow;
For Him, that bleſſing of a better time,
The Muſe ſhall deal awhile in brick and lime;
Surpaſs the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in deſign,
And o'er the Thames fling one ſtupendous line
Of marble arches¶, in a bridge, that cuts
From Richmond Ferry ſtant to Brentford Butts,
Brentford with London's charms will we adorn;
Brentford, the biſhoprick of Parſon Horne.
There at one glance, the royal eye ſhall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James's Street;
Stout T*lb*t there ſhall ply with hackney chair**,
And Patriot Betty fix her fruit-ſhop there††.
Like diſtant thunder, now the coach of ſtate
Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its weight;
The Court hath croſs'd the ſtream; the ſports begin,
Now N**l preaches of rebellion's ſin:
And as the powers of his ſtrong pathos riſe,
Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir F!**r's eyes‡‡.
While ſkulking round the pews, that babe of grace,
Who ne'er before at ſermon ſhew'd his face,
See Jemmy Twitcher ſhambles; ſtop, ſtop thief§§!
He's ſtol'n the E* of D*nb*hs' handkerchief.
Let B*rr*t*n arreſt him in mock fury‖‖,
And M**d hang the knave¶¶ without a jury.
But hark! the voice of battle ſhouts from far,
The Jews and Macaronis are at war***: [ſtocks,
The Jews prevail, and, thundering from the
They ſeize, they bind, they circumciſe†††C*sF*.
Fair Schw***n ſmiles the ſport to ſee,
And all the Maids of Honour cry Te-he‡‡‡!

and *African giants*, in the habits of magicians." Page 42. "Sometimes in this romantic excurſion, the paſſenger finds himſelf in extenſive receſſes, ſurrounded with arbours of jeſſamine, vine, and roſes: where beauteous *Tartarean damſels*, in looſe tranſparent robes that flutter in the air, preſent him with rich wines, &c. and invite him to taſte the ſweets of retirement on Perſian carpets, and beds of Camuſakin down." Page 40.

* "Their ſcenes of terror are compoſed of gloomy woods, &c. *Gibbets*, croſſes, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture are ſeen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the ſummits of the higheſt mountains, foundries, lime-kilns, and glaſs-works, which ſend forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick ſmoke, that give to theſe mountains the appearance of volcanos." Page 37. "Here the paſſenger from time to time is ſurpriſed with repeated ſhocks of electrical impulſe; the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air," &c. Page 39. Now to produce both theſe effects, viz. the appearance of volcanos and earthquakes, we have here ſubmitted the occaſional exploſion of a *powder-mill*, which (if there be not too much ſimplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once anſwer all the purpoſes of *lime-kilns* and *electrical machines*, and imitate *thunder* and the *exploſion of cannon* into the bargain. Vide page 40.

† "In the moſt diſmal receſſes of the woods, are temples dedicated to the *King of Vengeance*, near which are placed pillars of ſtone, with *pathetic deſcriptions of tragical events*; and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by *outlaws* and *robbers*." Page 37.

‡ This was written when Mr. Wilkes was Sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as Lord Mayor.

§ *Martins*. The aſteriſms will be eaſily ſupplied.

‖ "There is likewiſe in the ſame garden, viz. Yven-Ming Yven, near Pekin, *a fortified town*, with its ports, ſtreets, public ſquares, temples, markets, ſhops, and tribunals of juſtice; in ſhort, with every thing that is at Pekin, only on a ſmaller ſcale. In this town the Emperors of China, who are too much *the ſlaves of their greatneſs* to appear in public, and their women, who are ſecluded from it by cuſtom, are frequently diverted with the hurry and buſtle of the capital which is here repreſented, ſeveral times of the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

¶ Sir William's enormous account of Chineſe *bridges*, too long to be here inſerted. Vide page 53.

** "Some of theſe eunuchs perſonate porters." Page 32.

†† "Fruits and all ſorts of refreſhments are cried about the ſtreets in this mock city." Page 33.

‡‡ "Drew *iron* tears down Pluto's cheek." Milton.

§§ "Neither are thieves, pickpockets, and ſharpers forgot in theſe feſtivals; that noble profeſſion is uſually allotted to a good number of the moſt dextrous!" Vide ibid.

‖‖ "The watch ſeizes on the culprit." Vide ibid.

¶¶ "He is conveyed before the judge, and ſometimes ſeverely baſtinadoed." Ibid.

*** "Quarrels happen—battles enſue." Ibid.

††† "Every liberty is permitted, there is no diſtinction of perſons." Ibid.

‡‡‡ "This is done to divert his Imperial Majeſty, and the ladies of his train." Vide ibid.

Be these the rural pastimes that attend
Great B*nsw*k's leisure: these shall best unbend
His royal mind, whene'er, from state withdrawn,
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;
These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
Tho' Europe's balance trembles on its beam.
And thou, Sir William! while thy plastic hand
Creates each wonder, which thy Bard has plann'd;
While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise
Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprise,
O let that Bard his Knight's protection claim,
And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

§ 145. *Pleasures of Memory: a Poem. By* Samuel Rogers, *Esq.*

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening blaz'd
The Gipsy's faggot--there we stood and gaz'd;
Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flash'd thro' locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:
And heroes fled the Sybil's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years!
Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way;
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver grey)
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his pray'r; "Long may such goodness live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
But hark! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell [well!
The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes fare-
It calls me hence, beneath their shade to trace
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.
On yon gray stone that fronts the chancel-door.
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble tho' the ring,
When the heart danc'd, and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

§ 146. *From the Same.*

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,
And on the scath'd oak warr'd the winter wind:
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell sooth'd his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry.
The track that shunn'd his sad enquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.
Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from his door,
Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth;
These, when to guard misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.
Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
Say thro' the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations blest the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies;—
'Tis vain! thro' ether's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.
Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest. [attest,
When with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,
Want, with her babes, round generous valour clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye:
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd from the sky.

§ 147. *From the Same.*

When the blithe son of Savoy, roving round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and shelter'd cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
Tho' far below the forked lightenings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rock'd to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With memory's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends, to hear their cherub voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.
But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?
Say, can she chace the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on phrenzy's wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain,
Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!

He,

He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
Who from the quarried mass, like Phidias drew
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of Fame,
The spectre Poverty unnerv'd his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!
From the rude stone what bright ideas start!
Ev'n now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence these scenes, these images declare,
Whence but from her who triumphs o'er despair?
Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught,
Go spring the mine of elevated thought.
He who thro' Nature's various walk, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line pourtrays;
Whose mind, prophan'd by no unhallow'd gueſt,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
Or musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the spirit of departed Time.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
So richly cultur'd ev'ry native grace:
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace:
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!
Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd?
When age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the ear,
Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view;
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.
So thro' the grove th' impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
Till the light leaves the truant-boy discloſe,
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose.

§ 148. *From the Same.*

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature open'd to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle gueſts delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they lov'd in life so well!
O thou! with whom my heart was wont to share [care;
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know
The humble walks of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild controul,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul:
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet chearful, active yet resign'd;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet Remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!
Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.

§ 149. *Verses on a Tear. From the Same.*

Oh! that the Chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude controul
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law* which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

* The law of Gravitation.

§ 150. *A Sketch of the Alps at Day-break. From the Same.*

THE ſun beams ſtreak the azure ſkies,
And line with light the mountain's brow:
With hounds and horns the hunters riſe,
And chaſe the roe-buck thro' the ſnow.

From rock to rock, with giant bound,
High on their iron poles they paſs;
Mute, leſt the air, convuls'd by ſound,
Rend from above a frozen maſs.*

The goats wind ſlow their wonted way,
Up craggy ſteeps and ridges rude;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From deſert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd, like an eagle's neſt, on high.

§ 151. *A Wiſh. From the Same.*

MINE be a cot beſide the hill;
A bee-hive's hum ſhall ſooth my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall ſhall linger near.

The ſwallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built neſt;
Oft ſhall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And ſhare my meal, a welcome gueſt.

Around my ivied porch ſhall ſpring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel ſhall ſing,
In ruſſet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where firſt our marriage vows were giv'n,
With merry peals ſhall ſwell the breeze,
And point with taper ſpire to heav'n.

§ 152. *An Ode on Claſſic Education*†. ANON.

DOWN the ſteep abrupt of hills
Furious foams the headlong tide.
Thro' the meads the ſtreamlet trills,
Swelling ſlow in gentle pride.
Ruin vaſt and dread diſmay
Mark the clam'rous cataract's way.
Glad increaſe and ſweets benign
Round the riv'let's margin ſhine.

Youth! with ſteadfaſt eye peruſe
Scenes to leſſon thee diſplay'd;
Yes—in theſe the moral Muſe
Bids thee ſee thyſelf portray'd.
Thou with headſtrong waſteful force
May'ſt reflect the torrent's courſe;
Or reſemble ſtreams, that flow
Bleſt and bleſſing as they go.

Infant ſenſe to all our kind
Pure the young ideas brings,
From within the fountain mind
Iſſuing at a thouſand ſprings.
Who ſhall make the current ſtray
Smooth along the channell'd way?
Who ſhall, as it runs, refine?
Who? but CLASSIC DISCIPLINE.

She, whatever fond deſire,
Stubborn deed or guileful ſpeech,
Inexperience might inſpire,
Or abſurd indulgence teach,
Timely cautious ſhall reſtrain,
Bidding childhood hear‡ the rein
She with ſport ſhall labour mix,
She excurſive fancy fix.

Prime ſupport of learned lore,
PERSEVERENCE joins her train,
Pages oft turn'd o'er and o'er
Turning o'er and o'er again;
Giving, in due form of ſchool,
Speech its meaſure, pow'r, and rule:
Meanwhile memory's treaſures grow
Great tho' gradual; ſure, tho' ſlow.

Patient CARE by juſt degrees
Word and image learns to claſs;
Thoſe compounds, and ſep'rates theſe,
As in ſtrict review they paſs;
Joins, as various features ſtrike,
Fit to fit and like to like,
Till in meek array advance
Concord, Method, Elegance.

TIME meanwhile, from day to day,
Fixes deeper Virtue's root;
Whence, in long ſucceſſion gay,
Bloſſoms many a lively ſhoot:
Meek OBEDIENCE, *following ſtill,*
Frank and glad, a Maſter's will;
Modeſt CANDOUR, hearing prone
Any judgment ſave its own:

EMULATION, whoſe keen eye
Forward ſtill and forward ſtrains,
Nothing ever deeming high
While a higher hope remains:
SHAME ingenuous, native, free,
Source of conſcious dignity:
ZEAL impartial to purſue
Right, and juſt, and good and true.

Theſe and ev'ry kindred grace
More and more perfection gain;
While ATTENTION toils to trace
Grave record or lofty ſtrain;
Learning how, in Virtue's pride,
Sages liv'd or heroes died;
Marking how in virtue's cauſe
Genius gave and won applauſe.

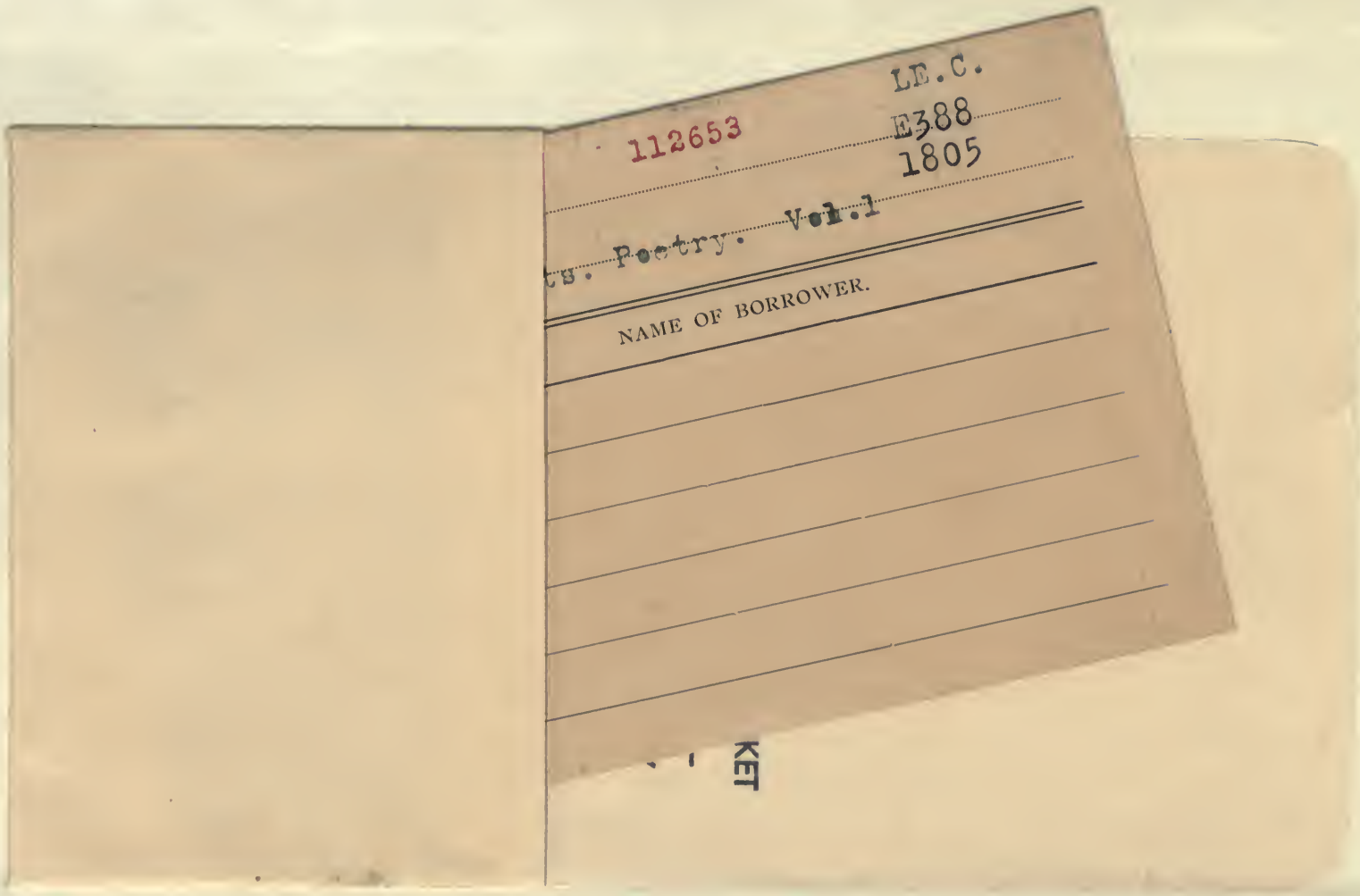
Thus with EARLY CULTURE bleſt,
Thus to early rule inur'd,
Infancy's expanding breaſt
Glows with ſenſe and pow'rs matur'd,
Whence, if future merit raiſe
Private love or public praiſe,
Thine is all the work—be thine
The glory——CLASSIC DISCIPLINE.

* There are paſſes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with ſpeed, and ſay nothing leſt the agitation of the air ſhould looſen the ſnows above. GRAY, ſect. v. let. 4.

† Spoken in the year 1794, at the annual Viſitation of Dr. Knox's School at Tunbridge.

‡ *Audit* currus habenas. VIRGIL.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.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